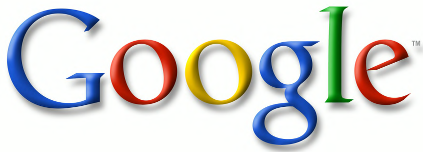

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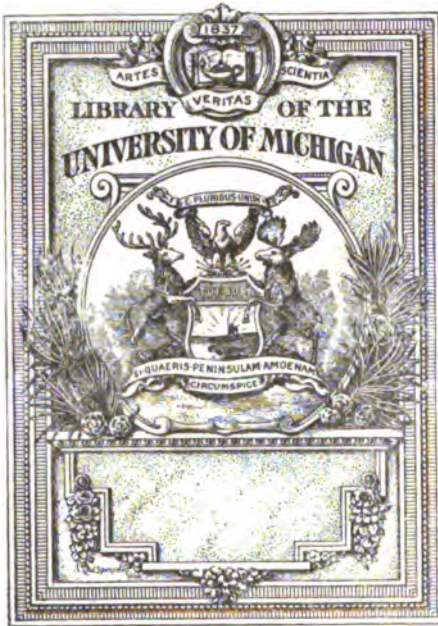

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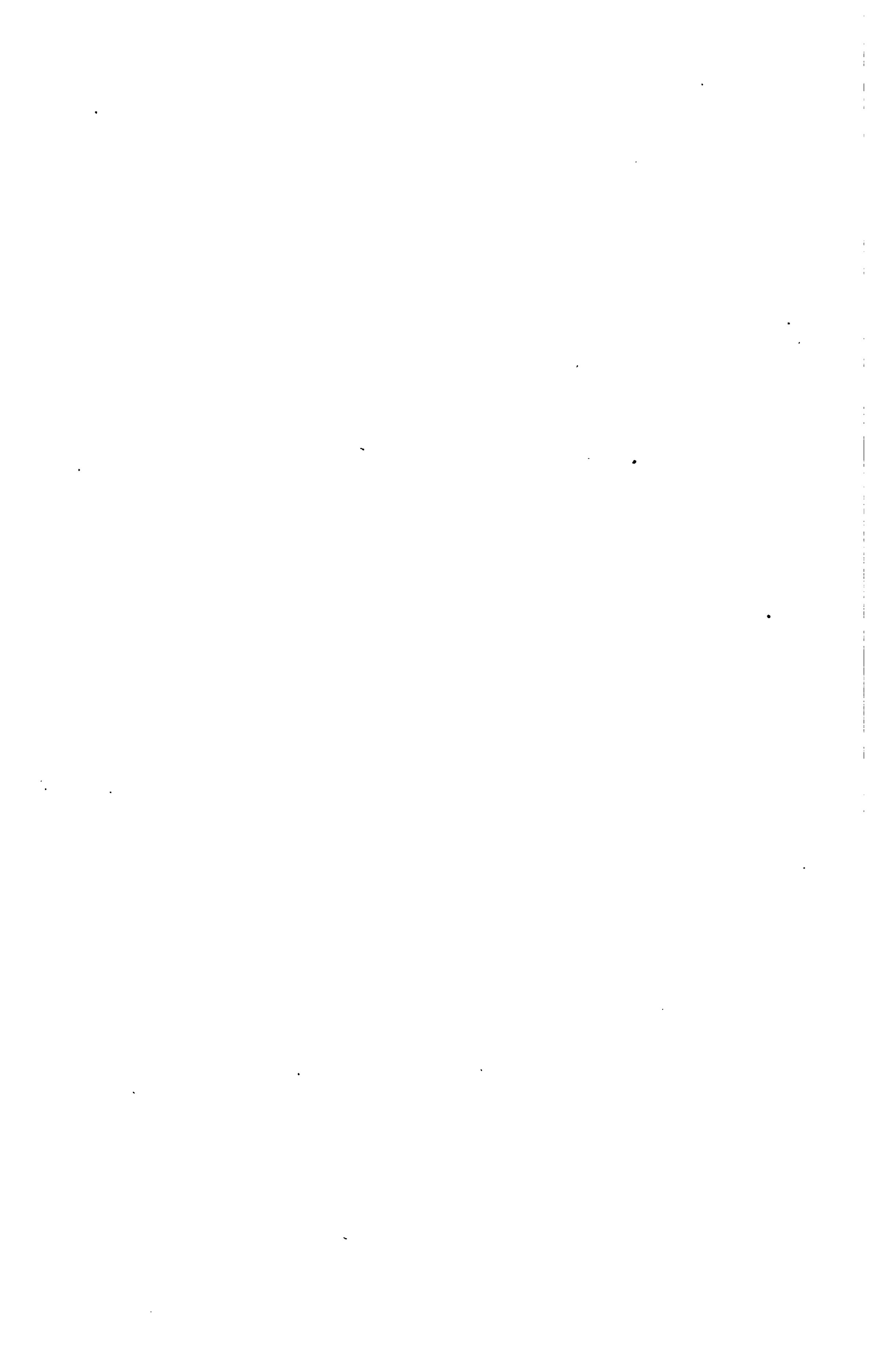

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH

MAGAZINE,

JANUARY—DECEMBER,

1853.

EDINBURGH:
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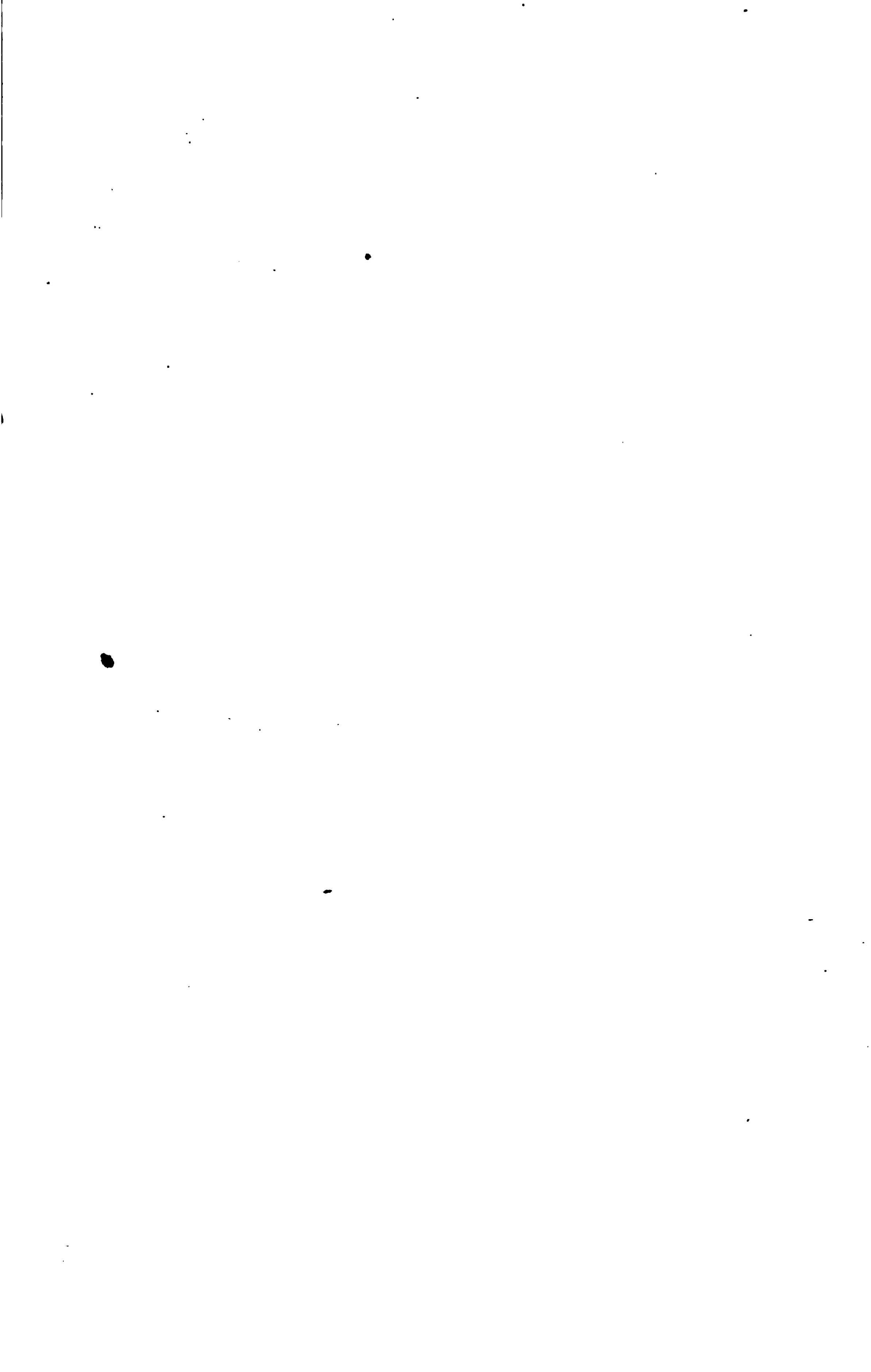

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1853.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

X. GREECE.

It is impossible, in our historical and classical associations, to separate from modern Greece our ideas of its ancient classic splendour. We cannot divest ourselves of the epics, lyrics, and dramas of her poets, the eloquence of her orators, the wisdom of her philosophers, and the bravery of her warriors. We are, as it were, inspired by Homer. We can imagine Demosthenes rousing into enthusiasm, courage, and patriotism all the energies of the popular assemblies whom he addressed in the most forcible, logical, and eloquent harangues that were ever uttered by man. We can also in imagination enter into the spirit of the Olympic Games, in which the most athletic and dexterous of the Greeks contended more vigorously for honours than they would for their lives—and we, in idea at least, enter upon the triumphal battle-fields and sea-fights which impart splendour to Grecian history. And we should indeed be ungrateful did we not acknowledge the instruction which we have derived in learning, in science, and in art from the ancient Greeks. It was the civilisation of the Greeks which first enlightened and gave poetry, erudition, sculpture, architecture and painting to the Romans. It was to the Greeks that the Byzantine historians and writers owed their education and their knowledge. And it was immediately after the Eastern Empire was utterly subdued by the Turks that Central and Western Europe derived from the Greeks, who fled from Thrace, the benefits which revived learning among the Latins, and which afterwards extended erudition and civilisation to the Teutonic and Celtic nations of the west and north.

But, with the exception of such of those magnificent ruins as have survived the depredations and ferocities, not only of the barbarians of the middle ages, but of some modern Vandals, and the local associations of scenery, with the configuration, unchanged since the days of Herodotus, of the continent and islands of Greece, the traveller amid those classic lands will find little that is agreeable or hopeful, but he will daily encounter that disorder and degradation which generate sorrow and which subdue hope.

About 270 years before the utter subjugation of Greece by the Turks, the latter, after conquering Constantinople, partitioned Greece into feudal lordships, which they distributed among the Normans, Venetians, and French military leaders. Those feudal lords oppressed the Greeks no less severely than did the Ottomans at a subsequent period.

For 237 years—that is, from 1481 to 1718—the Greeks and Turks were almost incessantly at war, contesting every position of Greece. The treaty of Passarovitz ceded to the Porte the absolute sovereignty of all the Grecian States.

The spirit and practice of the Turkish Government—the insecurity of property during a long period, first of the rule of the Latins and afterwards of the Turks, disheartened the majority, rendered desperate, and generally demoralised the Hellenic race. This was not only the case in the Morea and Continental Greece, but especially in the Greek islands.

When the Greeks first attempted their independence, they met with the sympathies of all Christian Europe, and the sincere approbation of all who cherished the spirit of civil, political, and religious liberty. Had the Greeks been trained by education and practice to exercise and to appreciate the blessings of freedom, the hopes at that time of the benefactors of mankind would long ere this have been realised. But, unfortunately, the education and traditions for several centuries—the jealousies and animosities of chiefs, and the diversity of the races of inhabitants, have all been unfavourable to civilisation, and to religious and civil freedom.

The Greeks revolted against Turkish domination in 1821—asserted independence, and proclaimed a Republican Government. A destructive war ensued; the Governments of Russia, France, and Great Britain interfered, and the Sultan was induced to consent to the independence of Greece. In 1827, Count Capo d'Istrias was elected President of Greece for the term of seven years; in January, 1828, he entered upon the duties of his office, and he succeeded in establishing nearly an efficient administration.

Greece was then divided provisionally into thirteen administrative sections; viz., Eastern and

Western Greece, Argolida, Arcadia, Laconia, Lower and Upper Messenia, Elida, Achaia, Eubœa, the North and South Cyclades, and the Sporades.

The government was re-organised by the fourth National Congress, which met at Argos in the summer of 1829, Capo d'Istrias still remaining at its head. The Panhellenium, a council of twenty-seven members, was replaced by another body consisting also of twenty-seven members, called the Gerousia, senate or congress. This body gave its opinion on matters of legislation, but had not the power of a negative upon the decisions of the regency. Besides the senate, there was a ministry consisting of four departments, each having a secretary; viz., the home department, foreign affairs, including commerce, the judiciary, public instruction, and ecclesiastical affairs, war, and marine and finances. Three supreme tribunals were also instituted.

In February, 1830, the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, and Russia, named Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg as the hereditary Sovereign of Greece, with the title of "Sovereign Prince." He accepted the appointment, but afterwards resigned it.

Prince Otho of Bavaria was, in virtue of the authority transmitted by the Greek nation to the convention held at London, and by the treaty concluded there in 1832, appointed king, and ascended the throne in February, 1833, with a regency of four persons until he attained twenty years of age, which was on the 1st of June, 1835.

The government was in 1833 divided into ten monarchies; viz., the Morea into five, Eastern and Western Greece into three, and the islands into two monarchies. These were subdivided into eparchies, and the whole into 468 municipalities or communes (Dimoi). Since the retirement of Capo d'Istrias, the affairs of Greece have been involved in financial difficulties, heavy taxations, and commercial restrictions.

The provisional government of Greece adopted liberal and sound principles of commerce and navigation; and if that under King Otho had continued to act under those principles, we might expect that the shipping and trade of this country —so conveniently situated for commerce, although its productions are not very abundant—would, before now, have enriched the population as well as the treasury.

Under the government of King Otho, which is in practice nearly a despotism, not only have many vexatious regulations and restrictions been introduced, but the state-officers and other *employés* interfere in a manner which in no country but in Spain and her colonies, and to some extent Portugal and Naples, has offered so unworthy an example to the world. Among other vexatious practices are those of absolutely rating the prices at which currants and other articles of export are to be purchased, and of affixing capricious values to augment the duties on commodities. Greece, under these circumstances, certainly does not afford the prospect of attaining financial, political, or commercial prosperity.

The export and import duties have been in practice augmented, so that the contrabandist, and not the treasury, profits by the unwise and impracticable policy; and so stringent are some of the articles of the recent customs'-law that the authorities in the out-ports are ashamed to attempt carrying them into effect.

The export-duties are severely oppressive on the growers of currants and other fruits. The new customs'-law is based upon the principle that "Fraud is the basis of all trade," and that this fraud can only be prevented by a formidable system of penalties and punishments.

The taxation of Greece is certainly grievous in amount, oppressively exacted from the people, and the whole system is ignorantly arranged and worse managed. For so small a population, the whole being under a million of inhabitants, the government is upon too great and too expensive a scale, and the outlay upon palaces and public edifices not only profuse, but unjust; while, at the same time, there is ample cause to suspect that neither economy nor honesty have been strictly observed in any branch of the public expenditure. The Greek loan, and the excess of payments over income, has increased the debt to nearly two and a half millions sterling guaranteed by England, France, and Russia, £600,000 to Bavaria, besides a heavy internal debt; and the expenditure for the three years ending 1852 exceeds the revenue by one-sixth.

If Candia had been annexed to Greece on the revolution, and if a strong, intelligent, and strictly just administration had been established, the natural capabilities of Greece and Candia, and the energy of the people, would have, during the last ten years, rendered both countries rich and independent. Agriculture, commerce, and revenue, would have naturally flourished, the public credit would have been maintained, and neither England, France, nor Russia, would have had to pay the interest of the Greek loan.

The military force of Greece for 1852 consists of 8,603 men, including gensd'armerie, frontier guards, and a small cavalry and artillery force.

The navy consists of two corvettes, of twenty-six guns, two small steamboats, three brigs, seven schooners, five cutters, one royal yacht, two or three packet-boats, and twelve gun-boats. The whole power of this force is insignificant; but the Greeks are admirable sailors.

The whole exports for 1849 amounted to 13,000,000 drachmas, or about £500,000 sterling; and the imports to 20,000,000 drachmas, or about £750,000 sterling. Yet with this miserable commerce, and a country the greater part of which is rendered unfit for profitable agriculture by rocks and mountains, there is a Government, an executive and administrative establishment, consisting of ministers of the interior, foreign affairs, finance, and justice, war, religion and public instruction, all with extensive bureaucratic appointments. The legislature consists of a senate and house of representatives; and although the former constitution of France was in a great degree imitated, there is scarcely a semblance of public liberty in Greece. The legal tribunals are the Areopagus, or Court

of Cassation, the royal Court of Appeal at Athens, and the royal Court of Appeal at Neuplia: besides which there are minor courts.

The police, which is the worst in Europe, is under a director-general. There is also a post-master-general, but the communication by letters is slow and uncertain.

Although the Greeks have preserved their ancient language in a much greater degree than the Italians, it is only in Eastern Greece that the Hellenic race predominates; and they are inferior both in chivalry, bravery, and virtue to the inhabitants of Northern Greece, who are chiefly Bulgarians, Wallachians, and Albanians. Out of Greece, however, the Greeks distinguish themselves as mariners and as merchants; and although in their own country they inherit a great share of the mendacity of their ancestors, yet as merchants in foreign countries they are generally faithful in fulfilling their engagements, and they soon accommodate themselves to the customs and morals of the people among whom they reside.

The Court of Athens is the focus of intrigues; and Russia and Greece having the same religion for their establishments, an extensive and intimate connexion subsists between the priests of Greece and those of the Russian empire, which combination, by its influence over a superstitious people, and the ambition of an unscrupulous hierarchy, appears to us to be menacing the *statu quo* of Turkey in Europe.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE WINE TRADE.

An impression has long existed that a very extensive manufacture of wines is going on in various parts of the world for the special benefit of British consumers. Vague rumours about elder-berry-juice, logwood, cider, Cape, and "brandy-kowe," about mixing, blending, doctoring, and other mysterious processes and ingredients, have been afloat; and curious bits of knowledge which have occasionally come to light have seemed to lend these rumours some confirmation. Thus Mr. Cyrus Redding recalls to mind the amusing incident which occurred in Carlton House, an anecdote now pretty well known, but which, it seems, Mr. Redding first had from Colonel McMahon. How the Prince Regent had in a corner of his cellar a small quantity of remarkably fine wine of a peculiar quality and flavour; how this wine remaining for some time untouched, "the household" thought their master had forgotten it, and to make up for this inexcusable lapse of memory, took upon themselves to drink it nearly out; how the Prince one day, expecting some illustrious connoisseurs to dinner, ordered this particular wine to be served, and thus threw "the household" into a state of consternation; and how one of them hastened thereupon to take counsel with a confidential wine-merchant in the city, who quickly allayed his terrors. "Send me," said this ingenious individual, "a bottle of what remains, and I will send you in return as much wine of that description as you want; only you must take care that what I send is drunk immediately." This advice was followed, and the success was complete. The Prince Regent and his distinguished guests (so the story goes) were delighted with this rare old wine, whose peculiar merits had been so long overlooked. Three or four times afterwards the Prince, whose taste in wine was exquisite, ordered some from the same batch; and on every occasion the confidential dealer had recourse to his private vineyard in his cellar, and "the mixture as before" was forthcoming. This process was continued until "the household," fearing a discovery, thought it prudent to inform their royal master that the stock of this favourite beverage was exhausted.

Another suggestive little anecdote, equally well authenticated, was furnished by the late Mr. Porter, secretary of the Board of Trade. We give it in that gentleman's own words, as reported in his evidence delivered before the Committee on Wine Duties. "An acquaintance of mine," he said, "who invented, some years ago, a substitute for corks, which were made with India-rubber stuffed with wool, was asked if he could make some to resemble champagne corks. He undertook to do so, and was desired to make a small quantity by way of trial. Two days after he had sent them in, he had a note from the parties, requesting to see him; he accordingly went, and they produced a bottle of this *quasi* champagne wine, with the comment that it was in excellent order; he found it very palatable; but he could not make out how the corks, which he had supplied to them only two days before, could possibly have been used for the corking of champagne wine; and there can be no doubt it must have been all made in this country."

Stories of this kind—and there have been many such—floating about in society, have served to strengthen the prevalent impression, that the wine consumed in England is largely adulterated. The result has been, as many respectable wine-merchants complain, not a little injurious to their trade. "It is spoken of," said Mr. Porter, "as a trade very much altered from the respectable character it used to bear; that persons of inferior moral temperament have entered into it, that tricks are played that would not have been countenanced in former times, that the trade is getting a very bad name and repute, and that by such means, and, as he believed, by the restriction of the consumption arising from the high rate of duties, it is a confined and restricted, and by no means a prosperous trade." On the other hand, some

wine-dealers of good reputation have strenuously denied the prevalence of objectionable practices in their trade to any important extent. They admit that wines are frequently "blended," and pretty constantly "fortified" with alcohol; but these, they hold, are legitimate, proper, and useful processes. As to the various methods of manufacturing and cooking wines, which are alleged to be practised, these witnesses deny their existence, or affirm that they are confined to a very small and disreputable section of the trade.

At length, however, the public are enabled to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion upon this interesting question. Among the various engines that have at different periods been resorted to for eliciting the truth on any subject, there is none that will compare for efficiency with a Parliamentary committee. A court of the Inquisition was well enough in its way; but it was not infallibly successful. The rack, the thumbscrew, the iron boot, with an *auto da fé* "looming in the distance," were powerful pieces of machinery; but it is on record that they sometimes failed to loosen a stubborn tongue, and sometimes extracted from an agonised or terrified witness more evidence than the facts would bear out. A jury-trial, managed by practised counsel, is not amiss; but astute witnesses are occasionally found, capable of baffling the most ingenious cross-examination. A committee of Parliament succeeds in getting at the truth simply by not resorting to any means of intimidation or compulsion. The witness, generally speaking, is not required to reply to any question which he would rather not answer. He may tell as many falsehoods as he chooses to invent, with little fear of being legally called to account for perjury. The consequence is, that the witnesses usually answer every question that is put to them, and never wilfully make a mis-statement. The latter offence would, it is true, meet with instant punishment, of a kind which few men would be willing to endure. The false witness would neither be tortured nor imprisoned; he would merely be sent to Coventry. A quiet smile of contempt would circulate through the committee as soon as the attempted deception was perceived; the courteous chairman would suddenly stiffen into rigid sternness, the examination would be brought to an abrupt close, and the witness would slink hurriedly from the committee-room, with the consciousness that he was a disgraced man for life. But, as has been said, this moral penalty is one that is very rarely, if ever, incurred. There are, of course, in the volumes of evidence on various subjects which every session brings forth, plenty of rash assertions, of biassed opinions, of fallacies and delusions; but probably no statement of fact will be found which the person who made it did not at the time believe to be correct; and facts being what are chiefly required in such cases, it is this circumstance which gives to the labours of Parliamentary committees almost all their value.

The "Select Committee on Import Duties on Wines," which sat last session, collected a large mass of evidence, much of it of a highly interesting and valuable character. Forty-one witnesses were examined, of whom thirty were wine-growers, shippers, importers, or agents of much experience in the business; two were British wine manufacturers, two were licensed victuallers, and the remainder were gentlemen who had had peculiar opportunities, either official or private, of making themselves acquainted with the subject under investigation. The witnesses seemed all to have delivered their minds pretty freely, both on matters of opinion and on matters of fact. A good deal of information was obtained that probably would not have been elicited by any other means. A careful review of all this evidence leads to the rather startling conclusion that very little of the wine consumed in this country is in a natural or wholesome condition. Nearly the whole of it is adulterated, and usually with some noxious ingredient, the most common and the most deleterious being brandy. Before proceeding to adduce some of the remarkable evidence bearing upon this point, it will be requisite to explain, in a few words, the injurious effect of the present import-duties, and especially the manner in which they operate to exclude light and pure wines from the English market.

It is a well-known historical fact that, two centuries ago, much more wine was drunk in this country than at present, in proportion to the population, and, at the same time, a much smaller quantity of spirits was consumed. Wine and beer were then the ordinary beverages of all classes of the people. The importation of wine into this country, in the year 1669, for a population of about 5,000,000, was 90,000 pipes of all descriptions, including 40,000 pipes of French wine. This would be at the rate of two gallons, or twelve bottles (reckoning six bottles to the gallon) per head of the population. The duty was then only fourpence per gallon. In the year 1851, the total importation of wine, for a population of 27,000,000, was but 56,000 pipes, or not quite two-thirds of the importation of 1669; and of this quantity only 4,000 pipes were French wine. The annual consumption of wine is, therefore, at present only about three-tenths of a gallon, or one bottle and a half per head of the whole population—just one-eighth of what it was in 1669. *The duty is at present 5s. 9d. per gallon.* Let not the sincere advocates of total abstinence imagine that this surprising decrease in the consumption of wine has resulted from, or contributed to, the growth of temperate habits in this country. The exact contrary is unfortunately the fact. Two hundred years ago, as has been already stated, though light wines and beer were consumed in much larger quantities than at present, distilled spirits were comparatively little known. They were drunk in coffee-houses and in the lobbies of theatres, under the name of "strong waters;" in fact, much as "liqueurs" are now taken on the Continent. About the commencement of last century, the duties on all wines were raised for revenue purposes; and, at the same time, from a desire to favour our Portuguese allies at the expense of our French opponents, the duty on the light French wines was made more than double that on the fiery

wines of Portugal—the latter paying 2s. and the former 4s. 10d. per gallon. These duties were increased from time to time, until, in the year 1782, French wines paid a duty of 9s. 5d. per gallon, and Portuguese of 4s. 10d. The consequence was, that in the last-mentioned year the consumption of all wines had fallen to about 18,000 pipes, being just a fifth part of what it was in 1669. But the consumption of spirits had, in the meantime, frightfully increased. The common people, debarred by the high price from the use of the light, exhilarating, but not intoxicating beverage to which they were previously accustomed, were driven to supply its place by various preparations of ardent spirits, all about equally pernicious to health as well as to morals. "It was given in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1743," said Mr. Porter, "that the quantity of spirituous liquors made for consumption in England and Wales was, in 1733, 10,500,000 gallons; in 1734, 13,500,000 gallons; in 1740, 15,250,000 gallons; in 1741, 17,000,000 gallons; and in 1742, 19,000,000 gallons. These quantities were consumed by a population not exceeding 6,000,000, giving three and one-sixth gallons for each individual in 1742. There were then more than 20,000 places within the bills of mortality in which gin was sold by the glass. About that period there were very stringent laws passed for the prohibition of the sale of spirits, which were evaded by a variety of means; in fact, it was found quite impossible to enforce the Gin Act, as it was called. Within less than two years from that measure passing, namely, in March, 1738, there was a proclamation issued to inforce the Gin Act. Within less than those two years, 12,000 people had been convicted under the Act within the bills of mortality; of these, 5000 had been sentenced to pay each a penalty of £100, and 3000 others had paid £10 each to excuse their being sent to Bridewell House of Correction. But these proceedings entirely failed, and, subsequent to and including that period, the consumption of spirits was as I have stated to you. It was considerably greater in 1741 and 1742 than it had been in 1738, when that proclamation was issued."

Such were the consequences which followed the imposition of a duty upon wine so high as to withdraw it from the consumption of the mass of the people. At the present day, owing to the improved habits which prevail, and more especially to the introduction of tea and coffee into common use, the consumption of spirits is less than it was in the middle of the last century. But it is still disgracefully large, amounting to nearly one gallon per annum for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. This is five times the quantity of wine that is consumed; and each gallon of spirits, it must be recollected, contains at least seven times the quantity of alcohol which is contained in a gallon of the light wines of France. The effect produced by the high duties which place these wines out of the reach of the common people, in extending the consumption of spirits, has been especially marked in the case of Scotland. That portion of the United Kingdom has, at this time, a bad pre-eminence for the quantity of distilled liquors consumed by its population. Yet, in former days, previous to the union with England, this was not the case. When French wines were admitted at a low duty, they were abundantly imported, and were largely consumed by the very parties who, when prevented from indulging their taste for this favourite cordial, betook themselves to spirits as the only substitute that was to be had. There was a time when it was common to see, in the mansion of a country laird, the cask of claret on tap and free to all comers, like the ale-barrel in an old-fashioned English farmhouse. Mr. Redding says that he "was told by the late poet, Thomas Campbell (his father was born in 1710, and, consequently, the statement goes back a great way), that his grandfather told him they fenced in garden, field and paddock, with claret-staves." Those who deprived the Scottish people of what was once their national beverage are responsible for the serious deterioration of the national morals in point of temperance which afterwards took place."*

Another consequence of the imposition of these high duties is that the consumption of wine in the United Kingdom has been directed almost entirely to the very strong and spirituous descriptions, such as highly-brandied ports, sherries, Madeira, and Marsala. The reason is obvious enough. When wine is made costly, people must buy that kind which will "go farthest." A single bottle of strong port or sherry will serve for four or five persons, who would perhaps consume half a dozen bottles of ordinary French wine. The latter quantity, under the present duty, would cost twenty or thirty shillings, while the bottle of spirituous wine would be obtained for four or five. Of course, most persons prefer the stronger wine, not as a matter of taste, but as a matter of economy. If the light French wines could be obtained in this country, as at Hamburgh and other German seaports, for eighteenpence or a shilling a bottle, they would certainly be preferred to the fiery compounds which are now consumed under the names of port and sherry.

We are thus brought to the causes which lead to such extensive adulteration of wines for the English market. So long as wine is dear, it must be had strong. Consequently, wherever in any part of the world a district is discovered producing

* A remarkable example of the effect produced by the opposite system is presented in the case of Liberia. The founders and rulers of that colony have been especially anxious to foster habits of sobriety among the settlers. With this object, a high duty has been imposed upon distilled spirits, while French wines are admitted free. The result has fully answered the expectations of the law-makers. Several writers who have recorded their impressions of the colony, take particular notice of the temperate habits which prevail among all classes of the community. A respectable Liberian colonist, Mr. Roberts (brother of the president) stated at a public meeting at New York, a few weeks ago, that he knew of but two drunkards in the settlement. Of course, higher influences than any mere fiscal regulations have been at work to produce such a state of things. But if, instead of a system which gives them cheap wines and makes spirits costly, the Liberians had adopted such a tariff as exists in Great Britain, it may be doubted whether churches, schools and "temperance societies" would have been more effectual in promoting good habits on the coast of Africa than in this country.

wine which is naturally of great strength, it is appropriated to the supply of British consumers. There is one such district in Portugal, in the valley watered by the Upper Douro; another in southern Spain, around the town of Xeres de la Frontera; a third in Madeira, and a fourth on the Western coast of Sicily. Of course the greater the natural strength of the wine, the larger will be the infusion of alcohol which it will bear. Wine-growers and wine-dealers, finding that the demand in Great Britain is for very strong wines—simply because such wines will "go farthest," and thus be cheapest to the buyer—are accustomed to add large quantities of spirits, both before and after the wines are imported into this country. Then, to disguise the flavour of the spirits, other ingredients are added. And, finally, to supply in some measure the demand for cheap wines, various other mixtures are manufactured in which the genuine juice of the grape is only one of the several "raw materials" employed.

With these preliminary explanations, we may proceed to give some account of the mysterious processes which the liquids by courtesy or custom termed "wines," undergo to prepare them for this market. Taking the several varieties in due order, we commence with that illustrious beverage, "good, honest, old English port," as one of the witnesses affectionately termed it. On this subject we have, in the first place, the evidence of Mr. Joseph Forrester, a gentleman who has been twenty-two years engaged in growing and shipping Port wines, and who is laudably anxious that the duty should be lowered, in order that lighter and more wholesome wine may reach the British consumer, and that the injurious practices of adulteration may be prevented. From this unexceptionable testimony it appears that by the present Portuguese law *no unsophisticated port wine is allowed to reach this country!* When an Oporto merchant desires to ship a pipe of pure wine, he purchases of a farmer a "permit," which has been obtained for shipping a pipe of the sophisticated wine, and, by a species of what is considered allowable smuggling, substitutes his good wine for the doctored wine, which alone the law allows to be exported. The following are the terms in which Mr. Forrester made this important statement:—"If the wine be unsophisticated, as a matter of course by law that wine is not permitted to come to this market; the law distinctly prohibits its being shipped thence; as the wine is intended by the merchant for this market, he purchases from one whose wines have been allowed a permit, and with that permit substitutes his unsophisticated wine, and loads that down to his stores at Oporto." The purchase of this permit, it is stated, increases the cost of the wine by about £3 a pipe. The prime cost of a pipe of good port wine, in the farmer's hands, is, it appears, on an average, about £11. This wine, at a duty of 1s. a gallon (about £5 10s. a pipe), could be sold in this country at 10d. a bottle. At present, however, it has to pay export-dues in Portugal amounting to about £7 a pipe, and an import-duty in England amounting to about £33 a pipe. The shipper, who pays the export-duty, must, of course, have his profit upon that, as well as upon the original cost of the wine. The wine-merchant, who pays the import-duty, must in like manner obtain a fair return for his money; and the result is that the wine is thus raised in cost to about 4s. the bottle—of which 1s. goes to the Imperial Treasury, and the rest to the Portuguese Wine Company, or into the pockets of the dealers.

Now, to make wine saleable at this excessively high price, it is necessary that it should be an exceedingly strong wine, so that a little of it may go a great way, either when taken unmixed, or when "blended" with other wines. The Portuguese authorities, being aware of this necessity, have established the law that no wines shall be imported from Portugal to England but such as are very "black, sweet, and strong," possessing sufficient body, flavour, colour, and richness, to qualify them for use in doctoring other wines. "The Portuguese Government," says this witness, "consider literally that port wines are not known or drunk as port wines, but really are used simply for making up artificial wines in England." In this opinion the Portuguese Government cannot be very far wrong, if it be the fact, as is stated in another part of these minutes, that although only 20,000 pipes of port wine are imported into this country, 60,000 pipes of what passes for port are consumed by our population. Concerning the manner in which these essential qualities of blackness, sweetness, and strength, are secured, Mr. Forrester gives the following explanation:—"If the fermentation of the grape-juice were allowed to have its full course, sufficient colouring matter would be extracted by that process from the skins or husks of the grapes which are thrown in with the juice. "But," says Mr. Forrester, "in order to produce the other two qualities, namely, the strength and sweetness, the fermentation is sometimes, *and very frequently*, checked; by which, as the wine is not properly attenuated, the saccharine matter is not converted into its proper alcohol, and the residue of this unconverted saccharine matter remains suspended in the imperfect wine: and hence, to prevent a reaction, when the deposit takes place, *brandy must be thrown* into it to prevent that reaction, as well as to give it the strength and the body that is ordained by law. If any further colouring matter be absolutely requisite by the speculator—I would not suppose by the merchant (for the merchants generally do not like, unless they are obliged, to sell very common wines, and do not like to have recourse to these practices)—then the elderberry is, I believe, the only dye made use of in this country, and *costs an enormous sum of money*." Mr. Forrester is naturally disposed to deal tenderly with his friends the merchants; but as the only object of thus colouring the wine is to make it suitable for exportation to England, it is clear that the whole, or nearly the whole, of this large quantity of elderberry juice, for which "an enormous sum of money" is paid, goes down English throats. The sum of Mr. Forrester's evidence on this particular point may be thus stated. By the Portuguese law, there are required to be united in all wine that is exported to England three quali-

ties, namely, blackness, sweetness, and strength, which are rarely found together in the wine in its natural state. To produce these qualities artificial means are resorted to. The necessary sweetness is obtained by checking the fermentation, which, of course, leaves the wine in an imperfect and unwholesome state; the strength is given by the addition of spirit; and the colour is communicated by elderberry. It appears, therefore, that the port which is brought directly from Portugal (leaving out of view that which is manufactured in England) is, in fact, not wine, but a compound of brandy, elderberry, and half-fermented grape-juice. Some wine of a more genuine character is, indeed, exported under the illegal though tolerated system already noticed. But even this has invariably a large infusion of brandy, of which a small proportion is sufficient to spoil the best wine.*

According to the evidence of several witnesses, large quantities of wines from other countries—France, Spain, Sicily, and the Cape—are sold here as the produce of Portugal. Considering the character of the "genuine" port wines, one might be induced to suppose that such a substitution would be rather an advantage than otherwise; but it must be remembered that in order to make these substituted wines pass muster for port, they must be well doctored, and possibly with some deleterious ingredients. The consumer may think himself fortunate if he escapes with nothing worse than elderberry, sloes, or logwood. The substitution of other wines for port was, it seems, practised in the days of our grandfathers quite as extensively as at present. One witness, who has been engaged for many years in importing "Masdeu," a red wine from Roussillon, told the following curious story:—"When I got to the port of shipment (Port Vendres) I found very extensive warehouses constructed; and as it was in a very outlandish place, with not more than two hundred and fifty inhabitants in the port of shipment, that struck me as very remarkable. I inquired why those warehouses were built, and I was told that they had been built by the proprietor's father. (The present proprietor is now in his 84th or 85th year.) I inquired for what purpose the father had built them, and I was informed he had built them in connexion with a countryman of my own, a Mr. Ireland. 'Had I ever heard of Mr. Ireland?' My answer was no. But upon further inquiry I was told Mr. Ireland and his (Monsieur Durand's) father had had large transactions in wine, and that Mr. Ireland stated that he wanted a wine for the supply of the troops and the navy. I inquired if it was fine old wine he wanted, or such wines as were usually supplied to the troops and the navy, and I was told fine old wine. Upon my return to this country I went to the late Mr. George Hathorn, than whom a more respectable man never existed in any trade; being a very old man, I inquired if he had ever heard of Mr. Ireland. He said, 'Yes; he recollected Mr. Ireland had commenced life at Bristol in a very obscure position, and died one of the richest men in it.' 'What course of trade did he follow?' 'He was an importer of red wines.' 'Port wines?' 'Port wines.' 'What reputation had his wines in the market?' 'They were of the highest class.' Yet, he could not tell why—it was not from any want of funds—but all at once the house suspended its operations. I supplied the wanting link: he could get no more Roussillon wines, as the first French revolution hindered him."

Thus our deluded progenitors, while they imagined themselves drinking port, were in fact consuming Roussillon wines, and that in such quantities as to make the fortune of the ingenious importer. What particular means and appliances he employed in the process of transmuting French wines into Portuguese will probably never be known. Whether the elder and the sloe are found to thrive in the neighbourhood of Bristol, or whether there were large importations of Brazil-wood and catechu into that city about a century ago, are delicate points which it is needless to investigate at this time. All that can be said is, that a whole generation of our grandsires went down to their graves under the pleasing impression that they had been drinking port all their lives, and a good many of them were mistaken.

The next wine on our list is, of course, sherry; and in reference to this we have, from an equally competent witness, evidence curiously similar to that which Mr. Forrester has borne respecting the famous produce of the Douro. Dr. J. Gorman, who has resided for many years in Spain, and is "perfectly well acquainted with the produce of the district of Xeres de la Frontera," asserts distinctly and positively, in so many words, that "no natural sherry comes to this country." Even the chairman of the committee, who was tolerably well versed in the mysteries of the trade, was a

* Since the above was written, a decree of the Portuguese Government has been published, making some important alterations in the system by which the export of wine is regulated. The monopoly of the Wine Company is abolished, and the export-duty is reduced from 12,000 *reis* per pipe (about £2 18s.) to 2,400 *reis*, or about 10s. 6d. Wines of the "second quality," which were formerly not allowed to be shipped to England, and could only be exported to countries out of Europe, are now placed on an equal footing with wines of the first quality. But an absurd and injurious distinction is still made between exportable wines, and wines which may not be exported. Wines of the "third quality" are included in the latter class; and these are the very wines which the advocates of a low import-duty desire to see introduced into this country. "The third quality," says Mr. Forrester, "is a simple light wine, with little body and colour, but which is admirably adapted for table-drinking, off draught, and may be shipped with little or no brandy at a very cheap rate. This," he adds, "*is the only wine used to any extent, from royalty to the peasant, in Portugal.*" What would be said if the English Government, under pretence of desiring to preserve the high reputation of British cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures abroad, should forbid the exportation of any but the more costly descriptions, and should class as "not exportable" the very kinds which are commonly worn by all classes in this country? A statesman who should propose such a measure would be regarded as insane; yet this is actually the system established or maintained by the improved and "liberal" regulations recently adopted by the present Portuguese Ministry. On the other hand, the Portuguese statesman may retort, and with perfect truth, that until the equally irrational and restrictive wine-duty of England is reduced, no alterations that may be made in the Portuguese system will render it possible to introduce cheap, light, and pure wines into Great Britain.

little startled by this assertion. "None at all?" he exclaimed. "None whatever," replied the experienced doctor; but then, correcting himself, he added, "It rarely happens. No wine-house will send it to you; *your demand is for wine to suit an artificial taste*, and you send out your orders—that is, the wine-merchants in England—and they confine the exporters there to certain marks, numbers, classes, and qualities of wine, and the article you get is a mixed wine."

"What is the difference," asked the chairman, "between the strength of the genuine wine and the strength of the artificial wine?"

"The quantity of natural alcohol," answered Dr. Gorman, "which all good sherry wines contain is about twelve per cent; the strength of the mixed wine will depend upon the quantity of brandy which the exporter may deem necessary to add in addition to the innate spirit. I believe they put as much as six or eight gallons of brandy to a butt of wine—one hundred and eight imperial gallons. *There should be none whatever;* that is an adulteration."

From this well-informed and outspoken witness we get also the interesting information that "there is a place at Cadiz called the Aguada, where inferior wines are received from various parts of Spain for the purpose of mixing with sherry, to be shipped to this and other countries as sherry wine; but the wine from the Condado de Niebla is preferred to any other class for mixing with it. This is a very inferior wine; a perishable wine. It will generally get decomposed before the third year has passed, unless you throw a large quantity of brandy into it."

Such is the authentic account of sherry, which has been the English favourite wine since George the Fourth brought it into fashion.

The consumption of Madeira has fallen off a good deal, owing, it is commonly supposed, to the social ban under which the "First Gentleman of Europe" was pleased to place it; but Mr. Oliveira, M.P., supplies us with another reason which seems likely to have been more efficient in bringing it into disrepute—namely, the general character of acidity which the wine has gained of late years, and which "arises from prematurely, and by chemical means, turning new wine into old wine through the medium of great heat." This is done "in the establishment called the 'Estafa,'" or hothouse, into which the new wines are placed at once, bricked up, and kept at a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees for three months. The wine subjected to that operation changes its character, and becomes a spirituous compound, which again is mixed with fine wines, which are shipped (he believed) in large quantities as the regular Madeira wines.

Mr. Maire, a French wine-grower and shipper, gives a similar account of Burgundy. "Whenever science or chemistry have come to our rescue," he affirms, "they have done us more harm than good. The great chemist, Count Chaptal, advised the growers in Burgundy to counteract the inclemency of the seasons by putting sugar upon their vats. He advised them to go on very moderately, for I think the quantity was only 1 lb. per hogshead of grapes. This trial answered so well, that from 1 lb. they had increased to 30 lb. per hogshead; and the effect is, that those wines, being loaded with additional sweetness, and not having the other properties which belong to wine and form wine, there is an excess in the fermenting, and, in fact, they destroy themselves by continual fermentation. That unfortunate discovery has been almost fatal to Burgundy, perhaps, all over the world, except in the northern climates, where the cold weather keeps them together; but in England the climate is exceedingly ungenial to keeping the Burgundy wines, except the best." "This sugar," Mr. Maire explained, "has a double property. First, it increases the fermentation, and by that means increases the colour, and increases the flavour, and gives flavour to the wine. It was opening the door to frauds; there was a fine field for imposing upon the people. The result was, that those wines lost their name everywhere, and with it their consumption."

It is needless to go any farther into this part of the inquiry. The foregoing may be taken as fair samples of the curious disclosures which were made in the course of the investigation. The simple fact is, as has already been stated, that the high price of wine, caused by the excessive import-duty, has created, not a taste, but an economical necessity for a very high-flavoured and stimulating wine. When these qualities cannot be obtained in the natural vintage, which is usually the case, recourse is had to artificial means. The fermentation is checked too soon, or is increased to excess, or the acid of the wine is dissolved by heat; and in all cases, to prevent farther decomposition, and to increase the strength and intoxicating power of the wines, large quantities of alcohol are added to them. What we drink in England is not, properly speaking, wine. It is "brandy-and-wine;" a mixture which differs in nature and effect from the pure juice of the grape almost as widely as brandy-and-water differs from pure water. The light and unsophisticated wines, in the state in which they are ordinarily drunk on the Continent, do not injuriously affect either the stomach or the head. People do not acquire a craving for strong liquors in consequence of drinking them. When taken, as is the common custom, well qualified with water, they are not more stimulating than strong coffee or tea, and, perhaps, are more wholesome than either of those beverages. The natural taste of the inhabitants of the British islands has always inclined to those light, pleasant, and salubrious wines. With a low duty, they would undoubtedly come into general consumption, displacing a large proportion of the highly-brandied wines, and probably some of the spirits that are now consumed. Our ports, sherries, and other strong and fiery wines, are in fact little more than spirituous liquors under a costly and genteel disguise. It is not surprising that many persons, finding their choice confined to a few stimulating liquids, all strongly alcoholic, should select those which are at once the cheapest and the purest, and should prefer plain gin and brandy to the dearer and, perhaps, more deleterious

compounds which pass with us for wines. The better way would be, until our legislature allows us to drink genuine wine, to consider all those intoxicating liquors as equally pernicious, and to avoid them all.

The curious developments which were obtained in respect to the custom of vatting or "blending" wines and the manufacture of domestic wines, ought not to be left entirely unnoticed. It appears that it is a common practice, when a merchant has several parcels of different wines in the docks, which separately and under their proper names do not suit the public taste, to have them all started together into a vat, usually with a quantity of brandy added, and see what will come of it. The mixture thus created is sold as port or sherry, according to the character of the predominating ingredients. The following is a specimen of what may be called the "London Dock port-wine vintage of 1850:"—

963	gallons	Sicilian	wine.
1,766½	"	French	"
2,604	"	Spanish	"
1,419	"	Port	"
394	"	Cape	"
1,620	"	Mixed	"
205	"	Brandy	"

Total 8,971½ gallons in one vat.

There is another still more miscellaneous mixture, taken from the books of the same public establishment.

89	gallons	Italian	wine.
28	"	Port	"
557	"	French	"
62	"	Madeira	"
53	"	Marsala	"
14	"	Unenumerated.	
371	"	Spanish	"
448	"	Canary	"
44	"	Brandy	"

Total 1,666 gallons in one vat.

There is a formal rule of the dock companies, making a distinction between wines which are to be blended for home consumption and those which may be mixed for exportation to British colonies and foreign countries. The former must be all the produce of one country, while the latter may be of different countries. Practically, however, the regulation is of little effect. The wines which are mixed for exportation are in many cases merely sent to a short distance, as, for example, to the Channel Islands, or to Hamburgh, and thence reimported under their new names into this country. The committee seemed to take a particular interest in this part of the investigation, which certainly leads to some important conclusions, as will be seen from the following portion of the examination of one of the witnesses.

The Chairman to Mr. Ridley.—"This wine, which you say is vatted for exportation, not for home consumption, is it *bonâ fide* exported or not?" "The wines mixed in that way must be for exportation; the Custom-house would not admit them for home consumption."

"Is it *bonâ fide*?" "It is *bonâ fide* red wine we have spoken of, and it has been exported to the Channel Islands."

"And brought back?" "Yes."

"Then it is not *bonâ fide*?" "No; not *bonâ fide*."

"My question is, is it intended for foreign consumption, or for home consumption?" "For home consumption."

"It is exported for the purpose of home consumption?" "Yes."

Mr. Villiers.—"Exported to some place from which it is to be imported?" "Yes."

"And the officer does not take any notice of this stuff called port wine?" "Just so."

Mr. Jackson.—"A witness from the St. Katherine's Dock, Mr. Wright, has stated that eight pipes of port, six from Hamburgh, two from St. John's, and other small parcels of port wine, had been blended in the vatting establishment of the St. Katherine's Dock; that the duty has been paid, and it has gone forth for home consumption as port wine?" "Yes."

"It appears, therefore, that whatever wine comes from any foreign port to this country, and is entered as port wine, is admitted as such, notwithstanding it may have never been in Portugal?" "Just so."

"Any description of red wine, of the same quality and description as red [qu: port] wine, is received by the customs as port wine, suffered to be blended with wine from Oporto, and duty is paid upon it, and it is sold to go to the public as port wine?" "Just so."

"It is by this process that the 20,000 casks suffered to be exported from Oporto to this country became 60,000 casks for the use of the consumer?" "It would give that increase."

According to this statement, the chances are three to one that a person who drinks what he supposes to be port wine, in this country, is, in fact, not drinking even the "sophisticated" produce of Portugal, but a mixture of a great variety of wines, each of which has perhaps been separately doctored in its own country, while the whole compound is "fortified" by an additional infusion of spirits in this country.

The two manufacturers of British wines who were examined gave some interesting evidence concerning that branch of British industry. It appears that the products of this manufacture are of two classes. The first includes what may properly be called domestic cordials, such as ginger, currant, raspberry, cowslip, and elder wines; the second comprises imitations of foreign wines, and more particularly of port, sherry, and champagne. The total annual produce of this home-manufacture is estimated, at present, at 600,000 gallons—a quantity equal to one-tenth of all the wines imported—and it is increasing every year. One of the witnesses stated that about one-third of his sales consisted of British port, sherry, and champagne. He sold them as British wines; but it may be taken for granted that they were afterwards retailed to consumers as foreign wines. Their components were French and Spanish raisins and spirits. The other manufacturer sometimes added a portion of Cape and pontac, or "the bottoms of foreign wines, the Oporto and Spanish wines." Others have used different methods. Mr. Redding quotes from the "Victualler's Guide," a work which has gone through four editions, a valuable receipt for making port wine of the following ingredients—"forty-five gallons of cider, six of brandy, eight of port wine, two gallons of sloes stewed in two gallons of water, and the liquor pressed off." If the colour is not good, tincture of red sanders or cudbear is directed to be added. This may be bottled in a few days. The receipt goes on to say—"A teaspoonful of powder of catechu being added to each, a fine crusted appearance on the bottles will follow quickly." The ends

of the corks being soaked in a strong decoction of Brazil wood and a little alum will complete this interesting process, and give them the appearance of age. Oak-bark, elder, Brazil wood, privet, beet, and turnsole (adds Mr. Redding), are all used in making fictitious port wine.

The conclusions which may be drawn from the whole of this very curious and important evidence appear to be, (1), that nearly all the wine imported into this country is previously adulterated with brandy or other deleterious infusions; (2), that most of the liquids consumed as port and sherry in this country are spurious mixtures of various wines and spirits, or else are wholly manufactured in Great Britain; and (3), that the sole cause of these adulterations and frauds is to be found, not in any depraved taste of the English people, nor in the character of the wine-dealers, but in the excessively high import-duty, which prevents the importation of light and genuine wines, suited to the natural taste of the people. Until this obstacle is removed, persons who have a regard for their own health and comfort will do well to abstain altogether from the mixed, spirituous, and noxious beverages which are now commonly vended under the name of wine.

NORMAN HAMILTON.

(*Continued from vol. XIX., page 720.*)

CHAPTER XXX.

EFFORTS.

Florence Hamilton went in search of her brother, in order to consult with him as to the best method to be followed in carrying out the hint of Mr. Erskine regarding the removal of Buchanan and his servant previous to the day of trial. Henry Hamilton consulted in turn with his fellow-clerk, Torry; and the issue of their deliberation was, that the most eligible party to accompany the young lady in her singular mission would be Character Cook. In the first place, the fidelity of Character could be depended on; in the next place, he was personally acquainted with Buchanan, as well as with his wife and daughter; and as the dogged nature of the publican was well known, it was further conjectured that a party in his own sphere of life was more likely to influence him than one above it. Florence was, in taste and mind, essentially sensitive; and she shrank momentarily from an embassy where so grotesque an individual was to be her sole companion; but the stake at issue was so overwhelming that her doubts were but as a passing hesitation in her own mind, not tangible enough for a verbal utterance. She was soon, also, to ascertain that under an eccentric exterior Character Cook concealed an honest and guileless heart.

Henry undertook to apprise Cook as to the nature of the business he was to be asked to engage in, and to arrange as to what spot the hackney-coach ordered for Florence should take up the leather champion. There was nothing that Character thirsted for more than notoriety; and the mere circumstance of any given act being removed a few points of the compass from the letter of statute law, so far from deterring him from the commission of such act, only incited him to the more speedy perpetration of it, in the hope that it might tend to the producing of the coveted popularity. Henry, fully aware of this peculiarity of his friend, took care to magnify the danger of the object in which he proposed to enlist his services; and this, as a matter of course, whetted the desire of the chafed patriot to engage in the hazardous employment.

"Get Buchanan to leave the country! By jingo, I'll get him to do that by hook or by crook; and, if he doesna, let him look to his ugly lugs. It's the least he can do; he's driven his dochter daft wi' his obstinacy already. Did ye say that the coach was to be at the head o' Leith Walk at three o'clock? Weel, I'll be there. But stop, noo; will it no be better for the like o' me to tramp, instead o' riding in a coach wi' a grand lady like your cousin?"

"Nonsense; you must go in the coach; you would miss each other unless you went together. I shall be waiting you at the foot of Leith Wynd."

"This will astonish Babie," ejaculated Character to himself as Hamilton left him.

Boswell records that when Dr. Johnson was going out to dinner for the purpose of meeting Horne Tooke, he called out to his servant, Black Frank, to get ready a clean shirt for him. Will the classical reader excuse me if I take this indirect method of announcing that certain changes took place in the outer man of Character Cook of a similar description?

"Preserve me!" quoth Babie. "Whaur is the man gau'n to wi' his Sabbath claes on?"

Mr. Cook condescended on no explanation in answer to this interrogatory, save an oracular enunciation of the wise saw, that his helpmate should see what she would behold, and, taking his leave, he was soon at the rendezvous. Having ceremoniously taken his seat in the conveyance, Character was further impressed by Florence as to the vital importance of being able to get rid of the evidence of Buchanan; and he readily assented to the cogency of the reasons on which she urged the accomplishment of the important object, and duly satisfied her that, so far as his co-operation was concerned, she might calculate on it with the utmost certainty.

The coach pulled up at the entrance into Leith, and they walked the rest of the way to Buchanan's tavern.

"It's as well," said Character, "to see that the coast is clear before we gang in. We'll just pass the door, and then look at yon window, because if the house is full it will not be a good opportunity."

Florence had previously placed herself at Cook's disposal, and assented as a matter of course to this small piece of diplomacy, which turned out to be of service in assisting them in breaking ground with the object of their mission. "The house did not appear to be full;" but, true to the arrangement, they passed on and took their places at a window which, being that of a haberdasher, afforded a plausible opportunity for loitering. Mrs. Buchanan came to the door at the moment a ship-captain was passing; indeed, it was probable that she had seen him approaching, and took her station at the door for the express purpose of accosting him.

"I think ye never mean to cross our door noo, Mr. Binnacle?" said she to the weather-beaten son of Neptune.

"I never do," answered the man gruffly.

"What have we done? I'm sure we keep as good drink as ever we did, and we were ay ceevil to you?"

"Hang yer ceevility! Were you civil to my friend?"

"We didna ken that he was your friend."

"Didna ken!" thundered the Captain. "Did I not bring the lad to yer house, and tell ye to be kind to him? And if he had run a little behind, would not I have seen you paid? Or if I had gone to Davy's locker, would the few shillings that he would have been due you been anything to what I have spent in your house for the last ten years?"

"It was a pity that ye hadna spoken to me."

"Speak to you!" replied the angry seaman. "What good would that have done? You are as keen for blunt as your lubberly husband. There is not a true plank in the whole kit, except yer lassie, who is by far too good for either her father or mother."

"Weel, weel, Captain, I'm sorry for it; it was a sad mistak'."

"No mistak'; but jist downright blackguardism on the part o' your husband. Everybody says that the lad did not owe you a penny, but yet he, the sneak, must go and peach; and here's a honester fellow than ever stood on his shoes must go to the gallows. I've been at the jail twice to see the poor fellow, but they won't let me in. I'm sure this lad did not mean to cheat anybody; but maybe he's been hard up. Howsomdever, Mother Buchanan, jist hear you this: if Spencer is hanged, look you to your house; for if there are half a dozen sailors in Leith that day you'll see a blaze."

The irascible tar would maintain no farther parley; and, darting a fierce look at his former landlady, he resumed his walk up the Kirkgate.

"Now's our time!" said Character. "Come away, mem."

Mrs. Buchanan curtsied welcome, and conducted the guests to her best parlour.

"We have some thochts, Mrs. Buchanan," said Cook, who could lie for the nonce as well as a candidate on the hustings, "of sailing to Kirkaldy the nicht; but it's an east wind, and I am a wee thing feared that this leddy may be sick, an' maybe's it will be a better day the morn. Bring here a bottle o' your porter, Mrs. Buchanan, for me, and a gill o' shrub for the leddy."

Florence was horrified, and could not even conceal her surprise from Mrs. Buchanan, who, with professional acquisitiveness, regarded her with displeasure as one likely to damp the ardour of Mr. Cook in giving orders "for the good of the house."

"Here's a fine madam," quoth she of the Kirkgate to her abigail, as she retired to the bar to fulfil the behests of Mr. Cook. "She comes in here wi' the greatest assurance, and sits down till it's her pleasure to see if she can cross to Kirkaldy, aud she may sit here for an hour, or maybe twa; and yet whaun the man proposes to order a driblet o' shrub, she whinges out, 'No, I thank you! Really I beg—I assure you I cannot taste it.' And hoo does madam think we are to keep up a house for her convenience? Hoo are we to pay the rent and the taxes, and coal and candle; and hoo are we to live oursel's, if a' body was to act in this way? I wonder hoo this grand, fine, set-me-up lass wad look if I was to gang into her house and wait for the Kirkaldy boat?"

Mrs. Buchanan was delivering herself of this semi-economic address much about the time that Dr. Adam Smith was composing his immortal tome at this very Kirkaldy now referred to; and as we have lived to be informed by learned professors that snails can mesmerise each other at the Antipodes, it is no great stretch of imagination in a novelist to conceive of the father of political economy acting by sympathy on a shrewd hostess separated from him only by seven miles of the blue waters of the Firth of Forth. Some psychologists may account for the coincidence (if such existed) by the fact that economic considerations spring up in the Scotch mind simultaneously, and therefore do not require to be propagated by sympathy. There have been worse reasons than this assigned for various kinds of phenomena, and we state this explanation without venturing to impugn it.

Mr. Cook, reminding Florence of her promise to submit implicitly to his directions, cautioned her against interfering with his orders.

"The only way that you can get at Luckie Buchanan, mem, is by sending her to the bar, and sending her again and again—that is, if she is sure that ye ha'e siller to pay the lawin'. Faith, it will, maybe, cost twa three bottles o' porter, and twa three gills o' shrub afore we get her in tune."

"But I cannot drink shrub!"

"Whisht, for Heaven's sake! here's her comin. Jist shove the stoup to me, and I'll help you. Aye, Mrs. Buchanan, and hoo's the gudeman and the lassie? I dinna think I've seen ye for a month."

"*He's* in his ordinar, but Maggie's no weel at a'. I dinna ken what's the matter wi' her; she used to gang aboot the hoose singing like a mavis; but noo she's turned awfu' dowie, and she lies in her bed and doesna speak, and she takes sae little meat it wudna feed a sparrow. I'm real wae

Maister Cook; I have but ane, and it would be hard to lose her. The doctor says that there is naething wrang wi' her yet, but that she canna lang gang on if she lives as she is doing."

"That is terrible!" said the sympathising Character. "It will be something on her mind."

"Aye, aye, that's what I jalouse," replied the mother mournfully.

"Weel, and can ye no find out the cause and see and get her round again?"

"We ken the cause o'er weel. I need na keep it frae you, Maister Cook; it's a' owing to that unfortunate business about the forged notes. Ye mind hoo ye tried to keep William frae telling the bailies that the lassie had got the notes in Spencer's room; weel, she's never had a day's health since that time. I some think that Spencer had been speaking to Maggie and turned her head."

Florence started.

"You needna start, mem, for this Spencer, tho' a note-forger, and very likely to be hanged, was a good-looking fellow, and Maggie being young and thoughtless ——"

"My good woman!" exclaimed Florence.

"Weel, weel, mem, it is a hard thing to see ane's ain dochter and only bairn taking up wi' sic folk; but ye're maybe nae aulder than Maggie yoursel', and folks shouldna' be over severe that never were tried themselves."

Character augured no good from this skirmishing; the ground trode upon was exceedingly dangerous, and he was anxious that this department of the subject should be eschewed. He therefore essayed to divert the channel of conversation.

"I doot, Mrs. Buchanan," said the pacificator, "ye've suffered mair ways than ane by this business."

"Aye, Maister Cook, that we have. I have aye said to the gudeman that folks in a public way should keep a calm sough, but he's gey positive; and especially when he taks a thing in his head, ye micht as weel try to move Inchkeith as get him to gi'e up his ain way. I tell't him frae the very beginning that he wad rue this business yet, and ye see it has come true. I spak till him, Maggie spak till him, and ye spak till him; but we a' micht ha'e preached and prayed till Candlemas—to the bailies he wad gang and ha'e oot his say; and what has he made o't? There's the bairn near fritten by hersel', and there's our custom awa' to naething. I have seen us run thro' an anker cask i' the time that it noo takes us to get quit o' a gallon. An a' body has ta'en an ill-will at us; and our windows are aften broken; and I am sure, if there is to be a hangin', I wish it was o'er, for we are sure to get our door dung in that nicht. An' ther's Binnacle, that used to be our best customer, he's awa' to Annie Cheyne's; I met her gaen to the Kirk on Sabbath wi' a new bonnet and shawl, and she ga'e her head a toss as meikle as to say, 'We're up sides wi' you noo,' for ye ken we used to look down on Annie when she first began in the Towboothe Wynd. Oh, sirs, it's an awfu' warld!"

Character, although contrary to his wont, allowed the lady what the Americans call "rope," manifesting no uneasiness at her tendencies to diverge into episodical topics; and she having come to a pause naturally, and without recourse to art, he availed himself of the cessation.

"But do you think that it is too late to men' this matter, Mrs. Buchanan?"

"I doot it is, Maister Cook, and it maun just take its course. Folk will tire speaking about us, and then they'll maybe come back again. When the dirt 's dry ye ken it rubs off. And as for Maggie, whaun the man's awa', she'll maybe forget him, and we'll send her out to her aunt in Cramond for change o' air; but then, ye ken, we've a rent o'er our head a' the time."

"I was thinkin'," replied Character, "that if the gudeman cou'd keep oot o' the road before the trial comes on the case micht brak down; and then, as the lad wad get off, and tak leg bail, the story wad blaw o'er; and, Maggie glad and a' body glad that there was nae hanging, things wad come round to be as they were before."

"But, ye see," rejoined the landlady, "he got a summons no ten minnits afore ye came in to attend the trial on Tuesday, and I dinna see he could get off."

"Is he in himsel'?"

"Aye is he, but I doot it will be nae use speaking to him."

"Jist ca' him in, and we'll see."

"Gudeman!" shrieked Dame Buchanan in her highest falsetto, "here's Maister Cook, of the Luckenbooths, come to see you."

Mr. Buchanan replied in a surly tone, the purport of which, although scarcely articulate, was that he would respond to the summons in due time; and after a brief interval he condescended to make his appearance. At no time over-bland in his manners, the recent depression in trade had wrought on him a change much for the worse. His manner was abrupt, and his countenance harsh and repulsive. Florence trembled as she thought that the fate of Norman was suspended on the good-will of that forbidding man.

"Come away, Mr. Buchanan," was the hearty salutation of Character. "Come away, and gi'es your news. Let's see anither bottle, Mrs. Buchanan: we'll no gang o'er the water the nicht. Dear me! it's turned coarser than ever. Here's to ye, Buchanan!"

Mr. Buchanan pledged in return, but with a dryness of manner which, on any other occasion, would have been mortally resented by Character.

"And hoo is business wi' you?"

"Dull! hanged dull!" answered the laconic Boniface.

"Weel, so the mistress was sayin'."

"And what richt has she to say anything o' the kind? We are bad enough without having her blabbing to everybody, and making things worse."

Mrs. Buchanan pantomimed to the effect that she had prophesied what would be the mood of her lord, and left the room. Character saw that Buchanan was not to be wheedled over like his wife, and he determined to introduce the subject without further parley.

"Now, Buchanan," said he, "would it not have

been far better for you to have taken my advice that day, and no ha'e hurt your business by peaching against your lodger?"

"I'm making no complaint," answered the publican doggedly.

"An' I'm not come here to raise a shine wi' you; but jist as an auld friend and customer to advise you to cut your stick before the trial comes on, and no let the lad be hanged; his death can do you no good, and has, and maybe will still, do ye meikle ill."

"It's not me that hangs him; it's the law."

"Yes, yes! but if ye were oot o' the road he couldna be condemned."

"An' am I," answered Buchanan sternly, "to let a fellow off who cam' into my hoose, and made it a howff for forged notes? He had nae siller; and maybe he wad ha'e paid me wi' his trash, and gotten me into trouble as weel as himsel'. I have nae doot the note that he paid his bill wi' was forged, and it was jist a chance that I wasna brocht in. If I had been catched gi'en out forged notes, and then a villain like that found oot wi' a bundle o' them in his room, whaur would I ha e been? And because I bring him to justice, and tell the truth, there's a hue and cry raised against me, as if I had committed murder, and as if I had been the villain, and no Spencer."

"Spencer is no villain, man," retorted Florence, turning suddenly round from her place in the window, to which she had retired on the entrance of Buchanan.

"And what is he, then?" queried the publican in return.

"A gentleman, and incapable of doing injury to any one. He has very unfortunately been placed in circumstances that seem to implicate him, but he is as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as I am; and I am as certain of this as that there is a heaven above."

"A very queer kind o' gentleman," replied Buchanan with a sneer, "that hadna an honest shilling in his pocket, but plenty o' forged notes!"

"I cannot argue with you," said Florence quivering with emotion, "but take money and quit the country before the trial takes place. Name any sum you please, and I shall make sure that you get it. I have rich and powerful friends who will guarantee your safety. Say that you will do it. Do say that you will save his precious life."

"And wha are ye that want to bribe me to brak the laws o' the country by rinnin awa'?"

"My name is of no consequence, but on my knees I implore you, as you would value your own peace of mind here and hereafter, as you would seek to be judged by that God of mercy before whom we must all stand—oh, save him! You are my last hope, and if you cast me off there is no human aid that I can implore."

"Whaur am I to gang and hoo lang am I to stop awa', mistress? Na, na, gae hame again. I've pitten up wi' a great deal already about this business, but I am determined to see it to the end. I ken what becomes o' witnesses when they abscond—Geordie Thow's got banishment for that trick."

"May God forgive you," said Florence as she sorrowfully turned away from the implacable man.

Character darted on him a look of withering contempt and menace and led away his charge. Mrs. Buchanan waited for them at the outer door, and received the reckoning with many tears, and protested "that noo she kent Mr. Spencer was really a gentleman it wad clean brak her heart."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRIAL.

ANOTHER trial in the High Court of Justiciary! During the brief interval that had elapsed since Muir the political martyr had been placed at the bar, many trials had occurred, but without attracting general attention on the part of the citizens. The trial of Myles Spencer excited universal interest. The long mystery connected with the numerous issue of forged notes was expected to be cleared up; and as it had been whispered abroad that the criminal was connected with a noble family, the excitement regarding his fate was considerably enhanced. The galleries and back-benches were crowded with spectators of all ranks, and an unusual silence chained down the packed assembly. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the trial, the seats and every available space had been filled; numbers still continued to besiege the entrances and were repelled with difficulty; till at length a strong posse of the town-guard cleared the passages by main force and closed the massive doors, and then the sullen voice of the multitude was heard indistinctly like the far-off murmur of the distant sea.

The resolute band of the prisoner's friends were there, sad and sorrowful, but yet not absolutely despairing. Florence sat between Henry and Arnold—Cook, Armstrong, and Smallbairn were beside them. Mrs. Buchanan and her daughter Maggie were in another part of the court-room. The poor girl was deadly pale, and the fierce lustre of her èye which had previously alarmed Cook had now settled down into a calm apathy, probably more alarming than the other. Near to, and in view of them, was the hag, and, in the same direction, there stood in a passage—oh matchless impudence and hypocrisy—Theodore Reid! And last of all, crushed into a narrow back bench, was Carmichael the banker and his sister Kate.

The hag scanned the crowded tribunal with eager eye, and when her fiendish glance fell on Maggie Buchanan it gleamed with maniacal exultation. The moment that its evil influence fell on the wretched girl, a deadly cold came over her fevered frame, and but for the interposition of her mother, who attributed the sudden indisposition to the heat and excitement of the place, she would have sunk to the floor. Satisfied with this conquest, the beldame continued to enlarge the range of her malignant vision, and soon attracted the notice of Cook. He marked at once the rising scowl, and the hatred of the compressed, thin, withered lips, and he knew their import. He suddenly rose from his seat, and, lifting his finger

menacingly, gave her instantly to understand that he was not in a mood to be trifled with—the hag knew his determination of will, and quailed before it. Again that demon eye commences its round—Maggie Buchanan hides behind her mother—Cook defies her—who now? Theodore Reid! Little wot that gentleman that *she* was there. He has not heard of or seen her for a long time—thought she had been unwell, left the place, or, better still, dead and gone to her account. But there she is; and had he known of her presence, he should not have been one of the spectators. Ill she has indeed been, and she looks old, sick, and jaded; but the devil has his abode there as rampant as ever, and till death opens some outlet in that crazy, tottering body, his reign will be paramount. Theodore Reid liked not the look—it told that there was but a step between him and that judgment-seat, and that the ground felt very hollow underneath his feet.

There is a heaving to and fro in the front benches; that is the prisoner coming to the bar. A hatch-door opens on the floor, one of the guard ascends, *and then the criminal!* Florence cannot look, Maggie Buchanan casts a furtive glance, and then conceals her face in her skeleton hands. A hum of sympathy runs through the crowd as they behold the youth and noble bearing of the prisoner, who now sits down at the bar. Another bustle, and all rise to their seats, and the judges, preceded by the silver mace, take their places on the bench, and constitute the court.

The area between the bar and bench is filled. The Lord Advocate attends in person, flanked by Sharpnose. Erskine is on the other side, and with him Taylor, Torry, &c. The clerk reads the indictment in a hurried, legal voice, and then the judge speaks.

"Myles Spencer, what say ye to this indictment? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

The jury was then impannelled, who all seemed unexceptionable men, and Erskine exercised no right of challenge.

Mysie, the servant-girl of Buchanan, was called, and gave her evidence with many tears. Her statement was the first link in the chain of guilt; and the spectators ominously drew breath as she retired from the witness-box. Buchanan then entered, and was saluted with an unequivocal demonstration of ill-will.

"Macers, keep order!" cried Judge Braxfield. "Do the folk there think that they are in a play-hoose?"

The oath was administered to Buchanan; and he looked round in trepidation at the countless faces that darted looks of rage upon him.

"Am I safe to tell the truth here?" he asked at the judge.

"Safe, man!" replied the Lord Justice Clerk. "If ye're no safe in the High Koort what wad ye be at? Has onybody been tampering wi' you?"

"Yes."

"Wha?"

"Samuel Cook the shoemaker."

Now, thought Character, I am a public man at last. Here am I brought up jist below Braxfield's very nose; but let him speak to me, and I'll show him daylight. Character, high in the dignity of accusation, rose up, and, first looking gratefully at Buchanan for this mark of friendship, then turned full front to the bench with a bold, inviting face, which seemed to say, I am the man.

Braxfield wore a colossal pair of horn spectacles; and whether their focus did not carry the judicial eye so far as Character Cook, or whether, as is more probable, he reckoned it absurd that a man of leather should interfere with the course of justice, he deemed the statement frivolous, and at once repelled it.

"Harkye, man," said he to the witness, "ye've sworn to tell the truth, the haill truth, and naething bit the truth. Let me see ye prevauricat, and I'll ha'e ye laid by the heels up-stairs. As for the mob (looking graciously at the audience), John Dhu will keep ye in the lock-up till the Koort skails. Gang on wi' your examination, my Lord Advocat."

Character stood dumb with astonishment, and did not resume his seat till a smart blow on the shoulder with the javelin of the foresaid John Dhu reminded him that this, his latest and most noble defiance of the law, had failed; and he had to sit down an inglorious and undistinguished unit amongst the hundreds around him.

Buchanan gave his evidence in terms of the information that has already been communicated to the reader; and this, with some formal testimony from officers of the court, terminated the case for the Crown.

The Lord Advocate claimed a verdict in terms of the indictment, on the ground that the discovery of the forged notes in Norman's apartment indicated, when taken in connexion with the absence of any visible mode of subsistence in the prisoner, a felonious possession and utterance of the unlawful documents.

Henry Erskine replied in a speech of great eloquence and power. He dwelt strongly on the want of direct proof as to positive utterance of notes; and contended that no note-forger would have left counterfeit notes in an exposed part of his lodgings, where they were certain to be detected. He held that they either would have been secreted at first, or destroyed at the approach of danger; and he intreated the jury to give the pannel at all events the benefit of the numerous doubts to which the case, as stated by the Crown, was undeniably chargeable. The peroration was in his highest style, and produced a marked sensation on the audience.

Braxfield followed with his summary. "It's as clear a case o' the kind, gentlemen o' the jury, as ever I saw. When a man commits a capital crime, it's no to be expe'kit that he is to convene the haill toun that they may see him. He does it secretly; and it's only by circumstantial evidence that ony criminal can be convicted—here a little and there a little. As to the presumed innocence o' the pannel, because he left the notes in a place whaur they wad easily be gotten, that only shows that rogues never have a' their wits

aboot them. They aye forget something; and that the pannel was destroyin' papers o' some kind is clear, for the lassie said in yer hearing that there was burned paper in the grate. It was the will o' Providence that he should forget the notes on the tap o' the bed. And then look to the tampering wi' the witnesses. Some o' the lower classes had been threatening the man Buchanan; and it was clear that if the case had been good, they wad ha'e done naething o' the kind. Gentlemen o' the jury, I dinna ken if ye want to retire; but if ye do, the macer there will show ye into yer room."

The jury requested permission to retire, which held out a faint gleam of hope, struggling, however, very hard for existence against the dark cloud of Braxfield's charge. Conversation went on freely amongst the audience during the retirement of the jury, and speculations of all descriptions were hazarded during the weary fifteen minutes of their absence. Their bell rang at last, and fel lloudly on the startled ears of the eager expectants. One by one the countenances of the arbiters of fate were scanned as they re-entered their box, but the keenest scrutiny failed to arrive at any certain result by this process.

"Gentlemen of the jury, answer to your names," said the clerk of court.

The names were called over amidst silence deep as death.

"Gentlemen, who is your foreman?"

A person stood up in answer to the question.

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?"

It seemed as if not one living person breathed, so awful was the suspense of this dread moment.

"My lord, the jury, by a plurality of voices, find the pannel GUILTY as libelled."

The breath so long suspended in so many hearts now returned, and it seemed as if one universal sigh had been uttered by the numerous auditors. The girl Buchanan fainted away, but Florence, although pale and statue-like, and struggling with fearful internal agony, maintained outward composure and tranquillity. All that was now to do was mere form, but on such occasions people remain till the last ceremony has been gone through, and, accordingly, however much those more immediately interested might be disturbed, the mass remained still and orderly.

In accordance with the usual form, the junior body of justiciary moved that the customary capital sentence should be pronounced; and Braxfield was in the act of putting on the black cap for this purpose, when the prisoner at the bar suddenly rose up and addressed the bench.

"My lords," said Norman, "I freely confess that in the matter which has placed me at your lordships' bar I have been guilty of great imprudence, and also of seeming crime, but I deny, as in the face of my Maker, that I wilfully and with the intention of defrauding anyone, have done that which this court ought to consider unlawful. I submit that, in terms of the address of my counsel, no direct proof has been brought to establish my guilt. Bear with me, my lords, as one standing between life and death. I do not know your forms; but consider, I beseech you, who will be benefited by my death? Spare, in mercy, that life which, as yet, is little more than in its commencement, and I pledge myself that the remainder of it shall be dedicated to the public service of the country. Let me be allowed to join any regiment abroad, in any capacity however humble, and you will see that I shall amply atone for any errors that I may have committed."

He resumed his seat after this short address, and the sympathy amongst the spectators was all but universal; had they been consulted, the pardon so earnestly sought for would have at once been conceded; but, however omnipotent in other quarters, public opinion has no voice in law courts.

"It's a' verra fine," said the Lord Justice Clerk, the black cap being now assumed, "but we are only the organs o' the law and have nae discretion; it's the Croon that pardons, we can only condemn. The sentence of the court is, that you, Myles Spencer, be taken from hence back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and there fed on bread and water till Friday the 16th of September next, 1794, on which day, between the hours of ten and twelve noon, ye shall, at the ordinary place of execution, be hanged on a gibbet till ye are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul."

"My lord," said the foreman of the jury, "being very much agitated when I delivered the verdict of the jury, I omitted to state that they unanimously recommended the prisoner to mercy."

A burst of applause ran through the assembly at this announcement.

"It's clear against form," observed the judge, without heeding the demonstration, "to mak' the recommendation noo; but ye can try yer han' wi' the Croon." Saying this, the presiding judge rose, his two brethren did the same; the macer seized the mace, and immediately the bench was vacant. The convict also rose as if eager to leave the court; but Erskine came forward, and, with a tear in his generous eye, extended both hands, and expressed his deep commiseration at the result.

"You are a brave fellow," said the warm-hearted counsel. "Oh that I had Crown influence for your sake! But what is this?"

In the interval between the verdict and the sentence Maggie Buchanan had spontaneously recovered, for carrying her out of the court at the precise juncture was out of the question; and seeing that Norman was about to leave the bar, she rushed wildly forward to address him. Her mother in vain attempted to keep back the agitated girl, who was nerved with supernatural strength; and, yielding to the extraordinary sight, the crowd made way for her till she was within arm's length of Norman. The guards not exactly comprehending the cause of disturbance, and apprehensive that some attempt at rescue was about to be made, they seized the prisoner and hurried him down the trap-stair; the door of which was immediately closed and secured. The girl, finding herself thus suddenly foiled, uttered a loud shriek, and frantically tore her now dishevelled hair.

"The old woman mocked me. Where is she?" was her loud and passionate exclamation. "Where

is the old woman that mocked me, and mocked him? Let me see her, that I may tear her limb from limb! She always frightened me before; but I'm mad now, and she shall never frighten me again!"

The hag crouched in a corner, imminently dreading that her hiding-place would be discovered; but, fortunately for her, the avenger's state was too peculiar not to call for instant interference.

"Maister Cook," cried the terrified mother, "will ye no' help me?"

Character went up to the girl, and attempted, by soothing, to induce her to leave the court and go home.

"Home!" she screamed in bitter irony. "Home! with my father, who has killed him! That shall never be my home!"

The case soon was explained; and the crowd, as before, participating in the regrets of the wretched girl, gathered around her, and seconded the efforts of Cook for her removal, which was at last accomplished; and having seen the two females despatched in a hackney-coach, Cook bethought himself of the group of his own friends from whose side he had been summoned by this singular episode. They could not, however, be found; and, uncertain where might be their place of meeting, he lingered amongst the crowd outside. There was an obvious unwillingness to disperse, and knot upon knot adhered together in the evident hope that Buchanan might emerge from the court premises on his way to Leith; but the authorities, wisely acting on Braxfield's advice, had locked him up. And on this being announced to the multitude, they became highly infuriated.

"Let's go down to Leith and break his windows," shouted one.

"What wad be the use of that," said a more reflecting orator, "whaun there is naebody there 'cepts his wife and the lassie?"

"What wad ye say to brak open the jail, lads?" asked Character.

"Hoorah!" was the unanimous response to this appeal.

"Keep your powder dry!" whispered Arnold in his ear. The more reflecting military man saw obstacles in the daylight, in the smallness of the mob, in their want of weapons, in the absence of pre-arrangement. The pear was not ripe; and he dragged Character away.

The mob moved towards the jail, but when they arrived there no leader appeared; and, infirm of purpose, they stood before its ponderous gate irresolute and passive. All mobs are ropes of sand without a leader, but while vacillating in action they are never deficient in loquacity.

"Who spoke about breaking the jail?" cried one.

"Aye, who was it?" echoed another.

"It was Character Cook," answered a third.

"Come away, then, and pull him out of his shop."

"Hoorah!"

But their wayward fancies received a bias in another direction. The hag, with an infatuation which cannot well be explained, had lingered amongst them. First she had seen the girl Buchanan, then she had watched Cook, and, last of all, she had attempted to get hold of Theodore Reid; but that worthy gentleman had anticipated her intention, and he clung closely to a group of brother-shopkeepers, so that she had no opportunity of accosting him separately, as was her intention. Foiled in all these efforts, she lingered about, perhaps from a morbid desire to pick up fragments of conversation from amongst the multitude as to the impossibility of a reprieve; but, be her object what it might, there she was in the midst of the crowd when the attack on Character's premises was moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to. The conspirators faced about for the purpose of retracing their steps, and thus confronted the hideous old woman.

"A witch! a witch! a witch!" roared dozens of voices till the air rang with their cry.

"Put her below the well, or fling her into the Nor' Loch!" was the second shout.

And an attempt was made to put into immediate execution this gallant proposition. The hag had no time for deliberation; the long line of figures was direct in front of her, and in a few seconds she would be inclosed in their ranks and trampled under-foot. The instinct of self-preservation determined her to instant decision, and, turning round, fear lent swiftness to her crazy limbs and strength to her emaciated frame; and she essayed to escape from her pursuers by flight. The odds were fearfully unequal, a paralytic old wretch pursued by a mob composed for the most part of lads and young men; but for one instant could she have the start of them, and at the next their violent hands would be laid upon her. She however took the venture and fled—the pursuers started in full cry; and just as she was in the act of being seized she descried the form of Theodore Reid passing a lighted window.

"Save me, Reid!" was her imploring shriek as she fell senseless on the street.

Reid recognised that peculiar voice despite its change into a dissonant screech, and the call being one of the commonest humanity, he could not refuse to listen to it. The merchant and his companion turned back and attempted to dissuade the mob from carrying into effect their ferocious purpose.

"She's a witch! She's a witch," was the response."

"Nae doot," replied the wily Theodore, "and we are commanded no to let a witch live, but ye see the like o' them should be tried by the authorities. Is that ane o' the town-guard? Weel, the like o' that! to get ane o' them when they are wanted is really something new. Here you; tak awa' this woman and no let her be felled. Ye canna be dead yet, Luckie, rise up, and gang in till the court-house till the sough blows o'er."

"Is her dead?" asked the city-guard.

"Ower guid news to be true," muttered Theodore while he endeavoured to examine the face. "It will just be a dram, and maybe Dr. Monro will pit her a' to richts."

More municipal assistance having arrived, the hag was carried off, and the mob quietly dispersed.

(To be continued.)

DANIEL WEBSTER, AND ANGLO-AMERICAN STATESMEN.

Daniel Webster was the last of the second race of eminent Anglo-American statesmen. Not long before his death, two of his contemporaries, great and good men, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay, preceded him to the tomb. John Quincey Adams, Livingston, Kent, Storey and Marshall, men of mighty intellects, clear sagacity, and sound judgment, all profound lawyers, have likewise disappeared from the world. within the last few years.

The Anglo-American republic and the English colonies differ from all other countries in regard to their population. The inhabitants do not consist of races whose ancestors dwelt during the age of barbarism in the countries which they now inhabit. The first English settlers carried into those countries intelligent minds, vigorous understandings, undaunted courage, and resolute perseverance. They consisted of hardy yeomen, and men of rank, education and enterprise, who left England either to avoid persecution, or to enjoy political freedom in a country to which they were led by that spirit of adventure which has long distinguished the British nation. They forsook their homes and those comforts that are only found in old and rich countries; and the conscientious spirit of religious freedom, and the love of civil and political liberty, tore them away from those attachments which are naturally the dearest to the human bosom.

But those causes are not sufficient to do justice to their endurance, courage and magnanimity. The conquests which they achieved over all the hardships, sufferings, and disappointments that afflict the body, discourage the heart, and enfeeble the spirit of man—their fortitude and their indomitable energies, have exalted them, in the estimation of those who value facts rather than warlike splendour and military victories, to a rank more illustrious than that of the greatest people recorded in history. The hardships which the early colonists endured, and the calamities to which circumstances connected with a wilderness country subjected them, were incomparably more severe than the founders of colonies either in America or Australia can form any conception of at the present day.

They had not only to suffer the miseries of hunger and the want of almost every convenience to which they had been accustomed in England, but they were at all times, with their families, exposed to be massacred or burnt in their dwellings by the savages. It would even appear that the winters were more severe than at present, or that the privations of the first settlers made them describe the snows deeper, the frosts as more intense, and the duration of winter much longer, than during the present century. But that *unconquerable* spirit of perseverance which *surmounts* the difficulties connected with all great *undertakings*, enabled them to succeed and prosper with a solidity and strength that astonished all Europe. Their skilful industry, indefatigable activity and wisdom, alone enabled them to attain and secure wealth, strength and happiness. Their improvements in the useful arts, in agriculture and trade, far surpassed that of the colonies sent forth by all other nations. Nor must it be forgotten that, notwithstanding their difficulties and the occupations which they followed from the first planting of their settlement, they carefully provided for the education of youth. They were ardent and fearless in making new discoveries, and their eagerness in the search of whatever might improve their circumstances and increase their wealth, carried them into almost every country where trade could be transacted, and where the profits of interchange could be realised. They finally secured all the substantial and comfortable enjoyments of life, with many of its elegancies and refinements, and became in reality a rich, flourishing and happy people. It was said, that if ever any country might be considered a paradise of human felicity, it must have been British North America previously to the sad story of colonial oppression.

There were none of them, it is true, who lived in the enervating luxury and magnificent splendour of the few among the many in the more civilised nations of Europe. But when they declared their independence, the people were generally intelligent, their habits industrious and frugal; none possessed great wealth—none were poor. Their occupations were chiefly agriculture, navigation, trade and fisheries; and, unlike the Spanish colonists, they were free from the oppressions of monarchical and the thraldom of priestly and hierarchical tyranny. Their extensive territories, with a generally fertile soil, and with almost every climate under heaven—their numerous navigable harbours, rivers and lakes, with magnificent forests, affording wood for ship-building and other purposes—their minerals and quarries—their abundant fisheries and their wild animals, included nearly all natural resources and advantages.

Their education and language enabled them to enjoy the benefits of the knowledge, literature, history, and laws of England, without the labour or expense of translation, and their intelligence enabled them to take the earliest advantage of European discoveries in science and in art. They had, therefore, the knowledge of all ages and countries to guide them, and the rare good fortune of being governed, down to, and after their independence, by honest men, who conducted their assemblies with abilities, which were solid rather than brilliant, practical rather than theoretical.

On forming their independent government, notwithstanding their separation from Britain, they had the discrimination, sense and judgment to accept as the groundwork of their administrative legislation and justice the constitutional laws of

the only limited monarchy at that time in the world, making a royal hereditary chief magistrate, a titled and privileged nobility, and a State Church the only great exceptions. With such extraordinary advantages of intelligence, freedom, and wisdom, they avoided most of the blunders which were committed afterwards by the Spanish-American Republics, that had before their independence been ruled by Governments and judged by laws which, from their birth in the feudal ages, trained up the subjects of the Crown in ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, and a passive obedience to priestly and kingly tyranny. Democracy was, by necessity as well as choice, the chief element of the American Constitution. The riches of the citizens were too equally distributed for any individual to possess the means either of corruption, if that were possible, or of a dangerous share of power. Washington stood the highest, if any one could be invested with hereditary dignity. But he was so truly pure that he soared above all earthly vanity, above being more than a virtuous and just citizen. He surrendered all his power the moment that he had achieved independence for his country, and freedom for his fellow-men. His ambition never was to be the destroyer, but the benefactor of the human race. Titles and stars were indeed baubles in the judgment of a man in whose heart benevolence dwelt, in whose head wisdom and judgment reigned. Far above Alexander or Cæsar, Frederick or Napoleon, will stand the name and rank the fame of George Washington in the judgment of every good man, and in the sentiments of every virtuous heart, in all future ages, so long as the nations of the earth shall have their history written.

At that period there also existed in America a remarkable number of men distinguished for knowledge, wisdom, judgment, and practical ability.

Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Hancock, Maddison and Jay stood high among the philosophers, lawgivers, and statesmen of the world. They, with some others, were the statesmen of the first race in the great Anglo-Saxon Republic.

Munro, Livingston, Judges Kent, Marshall, and Storey, J. C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster were among the most illustrious chiefs of the second.

Several years before 1783, when Great Britain by treaty acknowledged the independence of America, Major Ebenezer Webster, who had served in the war of the conquest of Canada, and afterwards in the war of Independence, settled in the wilds of New Hampshire, at a place near where now stands the town of Salisbury. New Hampshire, with the exception of a few miles of sea-coast, is an inland state, beautifully diversified with hills, mountains, valleys, some lakes, and numerous rivers.

At that period the country was covered with forests, and the soil was in a wilderness state. When Daniel, the youngest of the ten children of Major Webster, was born, on the 18th of January, 1782, his father's farms and lands, at the confluence of the two rivers Pannigewasset and Winnipisiogee, presented those scenes of wild and picturesque nature which, as he grew up, he enthusiastically admired and enjoyed, and to which he in after-life so frequently reverted. He was in that wild but magnificent solitude, with his brothers, trained at the fireside of a wise and practical father, and of a prudent, pious, and virtuous mother. A small school, and the place where the scattered inhabitants assembled to worship, were at that time the only places of instruction.

During the spring, summer, and autumn, the sons of Major Webster toiled with their father on the farm, and during the intervals of leisure, especially during the winter months, they attended the little school where they learned to read and write, and the common rules of arithmetic. They also studied and read during the nights of winter. Daniel was remarkably diligent and ready in acquiring knowledge, and he early aspired to a greater distinction in the world than is to be attained by farming, although that pursuit is not only honourable but followed by the first men in America.

At the age of fourteen, young Daniel left his father's house and the scenes of his youth, and entered an academy at Exeter, a small town in the same State. His father's means being limited, he was received on very moderate terms at the boarding-school of the Rev. Samuel Wood. As it was intended that he should afterwards be sent to college he was assiduous in his studies, and though imperfectly grounded in the rudiments of Latin, he is said to have read 100 verses of Virgil at a lesson, and he soon learned not only to understand but to interpret that poet. It was feared, in consequence of his passion for rambling through the neighbouring forest with his rifle, that he might neglect his studies, and that his example would prove injurious to the other scholars. His master hinted this to him, and the boy, being remarkably sensitive, even of the suspicion of neglecting his studies, at once devoted the whole of that night to Virgil. "On the following day he read," says Professor Sanborn, "his 100 lines without mistake. He was nowhere found tripping in syntax or prosody. As his teacher was preparing to leave, young Daniel requested him to hear a few more lines. Another 100 was read—breakfast was repeatedly announced. The good doctor was impatient to go, and asked his pupil how much further he could go? 'To the end of the 12th Book of the Æneid' was the prompt reply. The doctor never had occasion to reprove him again. His study hours ever after were sacred. In less than a year he read with his teacher Virgil and Cicero, and in private two large Latin works of Grotius and Puffendorf. During the month of July his father called him home to assist on the farm. At this time of life young Daniel had but a slender frame, and was not able to endure much fatigue. The trial of a single half-day brought the boy home with blistered hands and wearied limbs. The next morning his father gave him his little bundle of books and clothes and bade him seek his old teacher again. Dr. Wood met him with a cordial greeting on his return, and assured him that with hard study he might enter

college at the next term. He then had two months to devote to Greek, and he had not yet learned the alphabet. With characteristic energy he grappled with the task and achieved a victory of which few can boast. What one of those college idlers who talk so flippantly about the idleness of Daniel Webster, when a student, had prepared himself for a like station in two short months? The students of that day were deprived of many of the comforts and luxuries of life which are now so liberally enjoyed. They usually travelled on horseback. Their dress was entirely of domestic manufacture.

"When Daniel Webster went to college he took the least valuable of his father's horses, which would not be missed from the farm, and depositing his scanty wardrobe and library in a pair of saddle-bags, set out for Hanover. Scarcely had he lost sight of his father's house when a furious north-east storm began to beat upon the solitary traveller. The rain poured down incessantly for two days and nights. A necessity was laid upon him to be present at the commencement of the term. He therefore made such haste as he could with his slow-paced Rozinante, over bad roads, through the pelting storm, and reached the place at the close of the second day, if not a sorrowful knight, at least in a sorrowful condition. He joined his class next day, and at once took the position in it which he has since held in the intellectual world."

At this college he remained for two years, with the exception of passing a vacation at home. He had still to struggle with difficulties. His father having settled upon his farm with moderate means, the expense of bringing up a small family compelled him to encumber his lands with a mortgage, and to retain the eldest brother at home to toil with other labourers on the soil, in order, if possible, to redeem the mortgage, and also to pay the expenses of Daniel at college. Ezekiel, the eldest, submitted to this drudgery; but the fact oppressed the mind of Daniel that he should be maintained at college at the expense of depriving his eldest brother of the opportunity of acquiring that knowledge that was so dear to himself. Dr. Sanborn says, "Ezekiel was a farmer in spirit and practice. He led his labourers in the field, as he afterwards led his class in Greek. Daniel knew and appreciated his superior intellectual endowments. He resolved that his brother should enjoy the same privilege with himself. That night the two brothers retired to bed, but not to sleep. They discoursed of their prospects. Daniel utterly refused to enjoy the fruit of his brother's labour any longer. They were united in sympathy and affection, and they must be united in their pursuits. But how could they leave their beloved parents in age and solitude, with no protector? They talked and wept, and wept and talked till dawn of day. Finally, Daniel resolved to be orator upon the occasion. Judge Webster was then somewhat burdened with debts. He was advanced in age, and had set his heart upon having Ezekiel as his helper. The very thought of separation from both his sons was painful to him. When the proposition was made he felt as did the Patriarch of old, when he exclaimed, 'Joseph is not . . . . and will ye also take Benjamin away?' A family council was called. The mother's opinion was asked. She was a noble-minded woman. With all a mother's partiality, however, she did not estimate their powers. She decided the matter at once. Her reply was, 'I have lived long in the world, and have been happy in my children. If Daniel and Ezekiel will promise to take care of me in my old age, I will consent to the sale of all our property at once, and they may enjoy the benefit of what has remained after our debts are paid.' This was a moment of intense interest to all the parties. Parents and children all mingled their tears together, and sobbed aloud at the thought of separation. The father yielded to the intreaties of the sons and the advice of his wife. Daniel returned to college, and Ezekiel took his little bundle in his hand and sought on foot the scene of his preparatory studies. I once asked the venerable teacher of the department of the younger brother in college. He replied, 'Oh, sir, Daniel was as regular as the sun. He never made a misstep; he never stooped to do a mean act; he never countenanced by his presence or by his conversation any college irregularities.'"

Daniel Webster graduated at the age of nineteen, and, like many of the most eminent men in the United States, commenced gaining a livelihood as a schoolmaster. He procured the appointment of master of a small academy at Fribourg, in Maine, with a salary of 350 dollars, or £90 a-year; and he again left his father's house on horseback, with all his earthly goods in a pair of saddle-bags, and after a tedious journey arrived at the little village to resume his functions of teacher. These were arduous during the day, but the young master resolved to labour every hour that he could spare from the short period that he set apart for sleep. He engrossed deeds in the county records for a very poor remuneration. At this drudgery he laboured during the greater part of the night, and there now exist, engrossed in his handwriting, two large folios as proofs of his labours and industry.

By strict economy, at the end of the first year he was enabled to pay 100 dollars to support his brother at college. Soon after this time Ezekiel taught an evening-school for sailors, at Boston, as well as a large private day-school.

Daniel having resolved to prosecute the study of the law, entered the office of Mr. Gore, afterwards governor of the state; and after the usual course, he was admitted to the bar of the Court of Suffolk, Massachusetts, in the year 1805. But he returned to New Hampshire in order to practise as a lawyer in his native state, where his father had been Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for twelve years, in which office he died in 1806, without enjoying the satisfaction of hearing his son's first speech at the bar.

In 1807 Mr. Webster settled at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, where he soon gained a respectable and extensive practice. In 1812 he was

elected one of the representatives of the state in Congress, and he took his seat in the same house in which Calhoun, Clay, Forsyth, Lowndes, and other distinguished men then sat. He soon gained a high reputation in the senate; for Mr. Lowndes said of him, "The South has not his superior, nor the North his equal." Having married some time before, he found his small professional fees, notwithstanding his extensive practice at Portsmouth, insufficient to maintain his family; and he settled in 1816 at Boston. In this city his professional success was rapid; and he was equally fortunate in pleading before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington in 1817. In 1820, he was chosen a member for revising the constitution of Massachusetts. His reputation now became general; but he refused to be nominated as a senator of the United States.

In 1822, he was elected representative for the city of Boston in Congress by a large majority, for which honour he sacrificed a great part of his professional emoluments. In January, 1823, he delivered a powerful speech on the Greek Revolution. "An occasion," said he, "which calls the attention to a spot so distinguished, so connected with interesting recollections as Greece, may naturally create something of warmth and enthusiasm. In a grave political discussion, however, it is necessary that that feeling should be chastened. I shall endeavour properly to repress it, although it is impossible that it should be altogether extinguished. We must indeed fly beyond the civilised world, we must pass the dominion of law and the boundaries of knowledge, we must more especially withdraw ourselves from this place, and the scenes and objects which here surround us, if we would separate ourselves entirely from the influence of all those memorials which ancient Greece has transmitted for the admiration and the benefit of mankind. This free form of government, this popular assembly, the common council held for the common good, where have we contemplated its earliest models? This practice of free debate and public discussion, the contest of mind with mind, and that popular eloquence which, if it were now here on a subject like this, would move the stones of the Capitol—whose was the language in which all these were first exhibited? Even the edifice in which we assemble, these proportioned columns, this ornamented architecture, all remind us that Greece has existed, and that we, like the rest of mankind, are greatly her debtors!"

He concluded this classic and powerful oration as follows:—

"I think it right, too, not to be unseasonable in the expression of our regard, and as far as that goes, in a ministration of our consolation to a long oppressed and now struggling people. I am not of those who would in the hour of utmost peril withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be passed, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses. The Greeks address the civilised world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favour by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith and in the name which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them at least some token of compassionate regard."

In 1839, he visited Europe, and, with the exception of a few weeks on the Continent, spent the greater portion of his time in England, where he was received with great attention and hospitality. On his return to the United States, he became Secretary of State, or head of the Cabinet, which office he filled for two years with great distinction. It was during his administration that the north-eastern boundaries of Maine, New Brunswick, and Canada were adjusted: the late Lord Ashburton representing Great Britain at Washington as Minister Extraordinary. The treaty was signed on the 9th August, 1842, and terminated a dispute at that time which, in consequence of the conduct of a Mr. MacLeod, in setting fire to an American steamship, had threatened the disruption of peace between England and America. At the same time, a joint action for the suppression of the slave-trade was arranged by Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton.

When Mr. Polk was elected president, Mr. Webster resigned and returned to the Senate, of which he continued a member until the death of General Taylor in 1850. He rendered useful services in settling the Oregon dispute; and he was opposed to the invasion of Mexico on the principle that an acquisition of territory would weaken rather than strengthen the Union. But when the war was resolved upon, he considered that it should be carried out efficiently; and he therefore concurred in granting the supplies. His second son, Edward, was afterwards appointed a major in the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers; but he died in consequence of the effects of climate and fatigue in Mexico.

Upon the accession of President Fillmore, Mr. Webster again became Secretary of State, in which office he continued until his death, on the 24th of October last.

Since the death of General Washington, the loss of no man appears to have been so much deplored as that of Daniel Webster. He was not only popular, but he was even much beloved by some of his greatest political opponents. Like many great statesmen of ancient and modern times, he was a practical agriculturist. When not attending as Minister at Washington, his happiness was to reside at Marshfield, Massachusetts, or in his native place near Salisbury, New Hampshire. In both he had extensive farms, herds of the finest cattle and sheep, and his lands were cultivated according to the most improved modes of husbandry. He also delighted to make excursions with his yacht in the fine waters of Massachusetts Bay.

An American writer in 1850 says of Mr. Webster:—

"He is called the expounder of the Constitution. He will be known hereafter as its chief defender. He has been to it during the second period of the Republic what Washington was to its liberty in the first. Vast as were the powers he displayed usually, those who heard his reply to Hayne, in which he surpassed the models of antiquity, felt that there were hidden fountains of elemental fire still unstirred. The majesty of his person, the unfathomable depth and varied intonation of his voice, his manner, always just as excited as needful, the soundness of his mind, and the amazing resources of his learning and imagination, have stamped him the colossal intellect of America."

There was scarcely any subject upon which Mr. Webster could not speak with interesting ability and logical force; and he could always adapt his speeches with remarkable felicity to the occasion. On the 22nd December, 1820, he delivered at Plymouth a speech on the commemoration of the first settlement of New England.

"Let us rejoice," said he, "that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn which commences the second century of the History of New England. Auspicious indeed; bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity in the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims. Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. For ever honoured be this the place of our fathers' refuge! For ever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in everything but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilised man! It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time, and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal as we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings without relation to the past or the future. Standing in this relation to our ancestors and our posterity, we are assembled on this memorable spot to perform the duties which that relation and the present occasion impose upon us. We have come to this rock to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labours; our admiration for their virtues; our veneration for their piety, and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty which they encountered, the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavoured to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principle and private virtue; in our veneration of religion and piety; in our devotion to civil and religious liberty; in our regard to whatever advances human knowledge, or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin."

The rest of this long speech is remarkably instructive, and brings down the History of New England to the struggle for Independence, and afterwards to the Second Centenary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. And then speaking of the future he continued:—

"There is a local feeling connected with this occasion too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place* which inspires and moves us. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity and civilisation, and letters made their first lodgment, in a vast extent of country covered with a wilderness and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here at the season of the year at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and with toilsome efforts gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience, and we see what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes."

In one hundred years from the day that Daniel Webster delivered this remarkable speech what will America be? If we judge from the past, we may in imagination estimate the power of the mighty empire or empires which will legislate, converse, and carry on all the operations of industry and of commerce, navigation and intercourse, in the language which on the 22nd of December, 1620, was spoken by the Pilgrim Fathers on the dreary shores of Massachusetts Bay.

One hundred and thirty-nine years afterwards, the Anglo-American settlements were still confined to the sea-coasts and rivers east of the Allegany Mountains. The few straggling settlers amounted to a few hundred English families in the province of Nova Scotia; a small colony, planted by Colonel Oglethorpe, had settled in Georgia; but New Brunswick, nearly all of Nova Scotia, all Cape Breton, the greater part of Newfoundland, all the

countries watered by the gulf, the rivers, and lakes of the St. Lawrence and Canada; all the vast territories west of the Alleganies, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana, and all Mexico, were under the dominion of the Kings of France and Spain. The whole British population amounted only to about 1,800,000 souls.

Now, all the vast territories of North America, from the islands and shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific—from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, are under the sovereignty of two great Anglo-American Governments. In the probabilities of the future, whether by just or unjust means, it appears the destiny of all America to fall under the dominion of those who speak the language of England. But let it be the policy of the Governments—let it be the sentiment of the people both of the United Kingdom and of the United States, to maintain peace and unrestricted intercourse and friendship between both nations.

Awful, indeed, would be the consequence of involving the British and American powers in the certain calamities of war. Civilisation in America and Europe would for the time be paralysed; and not only the present generation, but succeeding generations, would suffer grievously by an interruption of peace and intercourse between the members of a great family, who, though divided as to their governments, are nevertheless, in spite of their respective prejudices, bound together as one people by the inseparable union of speaking the same language—of being educated in schools in which the same lessons are taught, and trained at firesides where the mothers instil into their children the same virtues; by reading the same literature—by studying similar laws, by professing generally the same religion—by cherishing the same domestic associations, practising, from hereditary and common usage, the same manners; by having, until a very late period, a common history; in short, by inheriting their vices and virtues, and their folly and wisdom in common.

Considering the existing hourly intercourse by sailing-ships—by powerful steam-packets, more frequently than twice a week; by the great amount and value of commerce between the United Kingdom and the United States—the latter receiving in payment for her raw materials used in employing British skill and industry, more than £12,000,000, annually, in value, or one-sixth of the whole declared exports of British manufactures; the great emigration and the social relations between the two countries—surely the time has arrived when every existing difference should be adjusted, whether with regard to the British North American Fisheries, or whether in respect to the impediments to unrestricted navigation, arising out of the bad parts still remaining on the statute books of our navigation laws. It should in this practical age be, in wisdom and for mutual benefit and security, the first policy of the statesmen of England and America to remove all political, social and material causes of restriction and irritation.

It was the earnest wish of Washington, after he had achieved independence for his country, and when he became the first President of the New Republic, to place the relations of every British possession and every part of the United States upon the same freedom of intercourse as if both countries had still remained under one Government. This policy, when offered to the British Government by Mr. Adams, and accepted by Mr. Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Shelburne Cabinet, was rejected by the Portland Ministry; and, instead, a war of material interests, of navigation-laws, and fiscal forts, under the name of custom-houses, were rigidly established in both countries. Since the time Mr. Huskisson became President of the Board of Trade, a more rational spirit began to pervade British councils. During the administration of Sir Robert Peel, the boundary disputes between the British possessions and the United States have been for ever settled. The recent commercial legislation of the United Kingdom has been accompanied by a more liberal tariff on the part of the Americans. All the relaxations which have been made in the British Navigation Laws have been met by equal relaxations on the part of the American Government. A Free-trade President has just been elected as the chief of the Executive in the United States. Never was there, after the days of Washington, so fair an opportunity of establishing a perfectly free and glorious social, commercial and maritime intercourse between every part of the British dominions, and every part of the United States of America.

AN UNBORN EPIC POEM.

We are seated in front of a pile of volumes of rather ponderous and bulky proportions, each being two good inches in thickness, of the size known among bibliopoles as super-royal, and substantially enveloped in stout half-russia bindings. So far as the printed contents of each are concerned, they are all precisely alike, seeing that they constitute the entire impression of a work designed by its laborious author to illuminate, delight and bless mankind, but which yet, from circumstances which we may chance to stumble upon in the course of the cursory inspection which it is our design to make, were never submitted to public criticism, and, indeed, may be said never to have seen the light. The work of which these few unwieldy tomes are all the examples which ever existed—at least, if we are to credit the dictum of a writer unknown inscribed on a fly-leaf of each

copy—is a grand epic poem upon the subject of the chivalrous exploits of the first Richard. It consists of eighteen books or cantos in the Spenserian stanza, occupying something short of seven hundred pages, and contains altogether, upon a rough calculation, somewhere about eighteen thousand lines!

> Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

asks the author of "The Minstrel." We suspect that the writer of this unborn epic could have answered the question to his entire satisfaction. Between fifty and sixty years have rolled away since he consumed the midnight oil—which he had need to have laid in by the hogshead—in the laborious, but, alas! delusive attempt to accomplish a task, success in which would have endowed him with a claim to the perpetual homage of mankind. He struggled hard in the bold undertaking to erect the "*monumentum ære perennius*" which was to immortalise his memory; but he is gone down to the grave unhonoured and unsung, without even a niche in the airy temple which was the pole-star of his hopes, or a single line in the most comprehensive biography which we have been able to consult.

We have said above, that as to their *printed* contents the volumes are all alike; but their printed contents have comparatively little claim to our attention—and but for the manuscript comments with which their wide margins are so profusely sprinkled, we should not have disentombed them from the dust of more than half-a-century in which they have so long lain unnoticed. It is from these voluminous manuscript notes and criticisms that whatever information we have to impart concerning the author has been obtained. So far as we can make out from these documents, he figured in literary coteries during the two or three last decades of the last century as a kind of Mæcenas and general Amphytrion, keeping open house for men of literary repute, giving admirable dinners moistened with admirable wine, numbering among his intimate friends most of the choice spirits of the time, and assisting such as required his assistance both with his counsel and his purse. He must have been a staunch adherent of Church and State, a Tory of the good old school, and was, further, a man of first-rate social standing, having inherited a baronetcy and a large fortune. Among the large circle of his acquaintance were some few congenial hearts whom he had selected to be the confidants of his aspiring hopes, and the guides and counsellors in the prosecution of his secret labours. These favoured individuals were Richard Cumberland, the dramatist; Sotheby, the able translator of Wieland's "Oberon;" Mr. Fitzgerald; Pye, the Poet-laureate; Anstey, the author of the "New Bath Guide;" Boscawen, the translator of Horace; and Archdeacon Nares. To each of these gentlemen the indefatigable baronet forwarded a copy of each canto of his grand epic, as it came wet from the press, coupling the communication with an injunction of strict secrecy, and a request for their candid criticism of the work. When the whole eighteen cantos had been thus printed and purified by the fires of criticism, they were returned to the author, who had them bound up in separate volumes, and then collated the critiques of his numerous friends in his own private copy. These volumes now lie upon our table, and a very curious study they present to the connoisseur. The first thing that strikes us in glancing through them *seriatim* is the different degrees of importance which it is plain the several gentlemen attached to the office they had undertaken, or which, it may well be in the case of some of them, had been thrust into their reluctant hands. Nares, who, though he was not at that time archdeacon, was a prosperous man, well-to-do in the world, and a successful author to boot, paid very little attention to the business, and beyond a few general remarks, a score or two of objections to particular phrases, balanced with an equal number of tame compliments, did nothing. Sotheby, in the true spirit of a translator, confined his remarks to the suggesting of certain emendations calculated to clear up obscure passages, and to intensify various forms of expression in what he considered to be tame ones. The laureate was liberal in his commendations, but rigorous on the score of metre, rythm and cesuræ; he finds few faults, and administers his praise with the instinct of a true lover of the flattering incense. Mr. Fitzgerald returns his volume in a state of almost virgin purity; but appends an epistle on some blank leaves at the end, in which he instals his friend the baronet in the temple of Apollo among the bards of elder time. Anstey, the author of the "Bath Guide," in an independent and gentlemanly spirit, gives his candid judgment and advice, going carefully through the whole enormous poem, and never refraining from the outspoken expression of his sentiments, whatever they may happen to be. Cumberland evidently plays the part of a parasite, flattering his entertainer with eulogiums, and bespattering him with such fulsome laudations as are rarely to be met with out of the region of burlesque. We suspect the author of the "West Indian" must have been a confirmed diner-out, and that his flatulent praises were but the coin with which he purchased the solid pudding of the poetical baronet. Poor Boscawen, however, of all the critical seven, took the most pains, and, to our thinking, brought the best judgment to bear upon the Herculean labour; he seems to have been the most conscientious of critics, ever anxious to award praise where praise is due, and ever cautious lest he should compromise himself by too liberal a use of it.

Before citing the opinions of any of these seven wise men of Gotham in reference to the poem in question, it may be as well first to take a glance at the work itself, that the reader may have some faint idea of an undertaking so alarmingly voluminous. The action of the piece opens in England, at the period when the people are mourning the absence of Richard, who should have returned from the Crusade. It is suspected that he is confined in Austria; and Blondell, at a council at which the queen presides, volunteers to go and seek him out. He sets off on his mission—assumes

the garb and profession of a minstrel—discovers him in durance vile in the castle of Henry of Austria—returns with the intelligence, and sets out again with a bevy of knights, backed by the Bishop of Cologne, who demand the freedom of the imprisoned sovereign. The Austrian tyrant refuses to liberate him, on the ground that he is guilty of treason, but consents to a trial before a Diet to be convened for the purpose. The trial takes place. Richard is accused, and called upon for his defence. This gives the captive monarch an opportunity of relating the whole history of the Crusade, which he does to the very minutest particulars, in at least ten thousand lines of Spenserian verse. After which the Bishop of Cologne sums up in a few lines, and acquits him of the charge. The king and his followers return home just in time to quash the rebellion fomented by his brother John. Peace thus restored in England, Richard invades Normandy, and subdues Philip as a matter of course. Blondell wins a bride by the exhibition of extraordinary prudence and valour; and the grand epic is wound up with a wedding according to the rule in such cases made and provided. There is, however, another plot which is hardly so comprehensible as the above. Besides the human actors in the drama, there is a numerous company of devils and infernal spirits, some of them of a complexion entirely original. Belial, Satan, Moloch, and Co. are in league with a firm not to be found upon 'Change, such as "False Philosophy," "Civil Discord," and other smaller fry, who, in the shape of entities with tails and horns, are continually doing business on a petty scale; the upshot of the whole, however, appears to be that the devils, little and big, ultimately get the worst of it—the honesty, moral courage, self-denial, and piety of Richard proving fatal to the whole infernal host. This plot, or plots, appears somewhat ludicrous in the brief summary we have given of it, but there is nothing ludicrous in the working of it out. The poem is a serious and rather majestic composition of the heroic cast, of which it may be as well here to give a few extracts by way of sample.

Blondell has arrived at the castle where he has reason to believe that Richard is imprisoned. The shades of night have descended; and he sees a light in the narrow window of a tower; and he suspects that to be the cell of his lost sovereign.

Impatient the mysterious truth to know,
He caught his harp and struck a gentle note;
The chord, half vibrating, subdued and low,
Scarce on the midnight breezes seemed to float.
Softly it stole along the tranquil moat,
As when amidst some lonely wood's retreat,
Desponding Philomel attunes her throat,
Her melancholy fortunes to repeat
Her song she oft renews with cadence sad and sweet.

He paused . . . . . .
When from the tower was heard a deep and long-drawn sigh.

The mournful sound electrified his soul;
Thoughtful he stood, yet firm and unappalled,
His cherished hope now rose beyond control,
That here his much-loved monarch lay enthralled.
Now to his working fancy he recalled
The scenes of early youth, when on the plain
Of fair Poictou, in princely state installed,
The gallant Richard held his peaceful reign,
And framed the lively song, and raised the tender strain.

The following selections from different parts of the volume may serve to show the author's powers of description, and his use of metaphors and similes.

Richard's faithful barons, during his absence, suddenly take arms against John.

On every side was heard the trump of war;
High in the air unnumbered banners waved,
And showed their rich emblazonments afar.
The generous steed no more his fleet limbs laved
In lake or stream; the conflict rude he braved,
Arched his high neck, and shook his flowing mane;
The Chanfron rich and Poitrinal engraved
Firm and erect he bore; with proud disdain
He climbed the impending cliff, or scoured along the plain.

Blondell and his friends are leaving England intending to bring back the king.

Clear was the sky, and favouring was the gale,
The busy mariners their anchors weighed,
And stretched with dexterous hand the flowing sail·
The curling billows round the vessel played,
While on the top-mast's giddy height displayed,
Courting the breeze, the blood-red pennants flew:
The pilot's skill the gliding barks obeyed,
And as loud carolled the observant crew,
Old England's white-robed coasts receded from their view.

Now sunk the sun beneath the western wave,
While the ascending moon, serenely bright,
From heaven's high arch her silvery lustry gave,
Shedding o'er every soul a calm delight.
The crowded warriors hailed the welcome sight.

Here is a picture of the dawn:—

The ploughman harnessed now his lusty team,
And slowly o'er the glebe pursued his way;
Now from the horizon glanced the morn's grey beam,
And o'er reposing nature shot its ray:
The early lark, her homage glad to pay,
Carolled her hymn, and poised on outspread wing,
Hailed the resplendent harbinger of day.

The following is a description of a volcanic eruption witnessed by the Crusaders on their passage out:—

Anon, in clouds and murky darkness veiled,
The labouring moon confessed some potent spell;
From suffering spirits who their torments wailed,
Groans seemed to burst, with many a fearful yell
Of fiends escaped from caves of agonising hell.

But soon superior wonders broke around.
Through the deep gloom uprose with dread ascent
A fiery column. With appalling sound
Bursting across the black expanse it sent,
'Mid lightnings fierce, its horrible content.
Myriads of glowing rocks with headlong force
Ploughed up the waves and ocean's cavern rent;
While down the mountain's side, with thunders hoarse
A foaming torrent marked its desolating course.

The City of Acre is thus depicted:—

Of form triangular, and stretching wide
Its ample walls, the town was seen to stand,
With ramparts high and turrets huge supplied,
Which to the north and east, on either hand,
Appeared their strong embattled fronts to expand;
While, on the south and west, old ocean's wave,
As if to guard the far diverging strand,
Majestically rolled, its foes to brave,
And o'er the pebbly beach its foaming torrent drave.

A band of fresh troops coming to the rescue are thus paralleled with a swarm of bees:—

As when at morn's fresh call, the busy swarm
Forth issuing, haste their labours to renew,
Where'er the sun extends his influence warm
The eager race their various task pursue,
And taste the flowery sweets yet moist with dew:
So thronged the warriors of the Christian name,
When at religion's call they dauntless flew,
Their suffering brethren to redeem from shame,
To aid their failing cause and prop their tottering fame.

The arrival of Saladin to take command of his host is compared to the flooding of the Nile:—

As when the sun in fiery Cancer reigns
The Nile, green-mantling, half-exhausted flows,
And gasping Egypt mourns her arid plains;
Soon as the torrents, charged with melting snows,
Swell the glad stream, and far their slime depose,
Plenty and joy her laughing fields adorn,
Nature with vigour renovated glows,
And fruitful Ceres from her copious horn
Scatters her gifts profuse, and gilds the waving corn.

So to the bands midst Acre's ramparts pent
Their valiant king's approach propitious seemed.
As o'er the hills their anxious glance they bent,
A long-drawn line of helms and corslets gleamed,
As if prolific earth with warriors teemed,
And Cadmus till'd again his Theban field.

Of a hundred descriptions of battle-scenes the following may be considered a fair specimen:—

Around confusion, dread and horror reigned;
O'er either host remorseless Ate soared,
And the parched field promiscuous slaughter stained.
Still from their ranks with countless numbers stored,
New bands of combatants the Pagans poured,
Careless of life and prodigal of blood;
Now lance with lance was mixed, and sword with sword—
In onset close the mingled warriors stood,
While from their riven mails fast streamed a gory flood.

Philip of France accuses Lusignan of cowardice:—

"No more in glittering arms thy limbs incase,
Cast off thy nodding helm, thy faulchion break,
And honoured chivalry no more disgrace!
Hence to thy tent! Judea's throne forsake!
Sit at thy loom, Sybilla's distaff take,
Enjoy her treasures, but forego her realm!
When vengeful Pagans its foundations shake,
Let Conrad's powerful hand direct its helm,
His rightful sceptre wield, and Saladin o'erwhelm."

The Crusaders offer up their thanksgivings after a victory, having first attended to the wounded:—

Soon as these needful functions were performed,
Our fervent hearts to heaven's tribunal soared.
With gratitude and with devotion warmed,
To the protecting and eternal Lord
Our souls in prayer and hymns of joy we poured.
Our warriors kneeling on th' ensanguined ground,
The sovereign ruler of the world adored;
And as on high the chorus swell'd around,
Immortal spirits heard, and sanctified the sound.

Richard is favoured at midnight with a visit from the shade of his dead father, who reveals to him the future events of the war, and the domestic treasons at home.

Musing on this, one eve I sought my tent
As the declining sun illumed the west.
There, by fatigue o'ercome, by watchings spent,
My simple couch I not unwilling pressed,
Implor'd th' inspiring grace of Heaven, and sank to rest.

When lo! a mystic vision of the night,
As wrapt in sleep I lay, came o'er my soul.
Methought amid the gloom a glancing light
With undulating radiance gently stole;
A sound confused, like thunder's distant roll,
My ears invaded; straight, with solemn tread,
And mien demonstrative of high control,
A martial form advanced; a casque his head
Enveloped, and around its plumes diverging spread.

With wonder moved, the phantom I beheld,
And, gazing, thrice to hail him I essayed,
But awe my faculties in silence held.
Meantime, his vizor raising, he displayed
To my fixed gaze my father's honoured shade.

The she-demon, False Philosophy, who plays a considerable part in the drama, and whose object it appears to be to disseminate principles precisely akin to the French socialists' of the present day, is thus depicted:—

Imposing was her look, her aspect fair;
Smooth was her brow, and melting was her eye;
Her cheek with smiles was dimpled, and her air
Of all that lured the sense disclosed a semblance rare.

A magic mirror in her hand she reared,
On whose extended surface, polished bright,
The gay temptations of her rule appeared.
There was pourtrayed young reason's dawning light,
Dispersing superstition's gloomy night;
There nations freed from thraldom were beheld,
Restored to liberty and nature's right;
While monarchs, from their falling thrones impelled,
And faith and truth o'erthrown, her impious triumph swelled.

A flowing robe of empyrean blue
Folded around her to conceal her shape,
And shroud her foul and monstrous limbs from view.

The Demon of Discord harangues a London mob with a result thus described:—

Not otherwise than when a tempest hoarse
Tears through the dark recesses of the deep,
Its caverns echo to the boisterous force
Which ploughs its foaming surface; rude and steep
Mount its huge billows, by whose powerful sweep
The navies which triumphant rode are crushed,
And time-worn rocks no more their stations keep;
So, with the hope of spoil and slaughter flushed,
The savage mob as willed the imperious demon rushed.

The above examples may suffice to give the reader a tolerable idea of the style of execution which characterises this unpublished epic. We have not given them precisely as they stand in the printed copies, preferring rather to present them to the public as they were subsequently polished up by the author's adoptions of and improvements upon the critical suggestions of the gentlemen who were in his confidence. We will proceed now to give some specimens of the style of criticism with which the baronet was favoured by his friends, and the effect which it appears to have had upon him in the further prosecution of his labours.

We need not look farther than the very first stanza for a fair sample of the labours of the seven censors. Originally the stanza stood thus:—

Him who on Judah's blood-stained shore displayed
The holy banner of the cross, I sing;
Immortal Muse! impart thy heavenly aid:
From the Aonian mount with rapid wing

Thy potent inspiration deign to bring;
Teach me to trace the effects of Austria's hate,
And the foul wrongs of Gallia's treacherous king;
To tell how Richard, long oppressed by fate,
O'er adverse hell prevailed, and grew by sufferings great.

Against the verse as it thus stood the following objections were made. First Pye, the laureate, objects classically to commencing an epic poem with a pronoun in the objective case; and proposes the following alteration of the first two lines:—

The lion-hearted monarch, who display'd
His banner on Judea's shore I sing.

In the next place Nares, the ecclesiastic, submits that "as the present poem is writ in accordance with Christian theology, the muse cannot with propriety be invoked from the Aonian mount," and proposes that, like Milton's "Urania," she may be called to descend from heaven.

Sotheby finds the fifth line in the verse rather cumbrous, and partaking of the tame and commonplace, and recommends the substitution of this—

Descending heavenly inspiration bring.

Cumberland, without making any remark, corrects the two last lines, and makes them read thus:—

To tell how Richard, midst ye storms of fate,
Triumph'd in Hell's despight, and grew by sufferings great.

Mr. Anstey's remarks, which agree very much with those of Nares, are as follows:—"As the outset is very material, I must take the freedom of remarking that the fifth line must at all events be altered. Considering the subject is connected with religion and history, something more characteristic might be introduced in the address with effect. Milton has therefore chosen 'Urania' for his muse. The passage must be altered, as the fifth line *sinks*. Something of this kind might perhaps furnish a hint *to be improved upon*—

Impart, Urania, thy celestial* aid, (* Query.)
And from the Aonian mount with rapid wing,
Light, truth, and heavenly inspiration bring."

Boscawen thus delivers himself. "It is unpleasant to object *in limine;* but I would recommend the exordium to be revised. The lines do not appear (upon the whole) so good as they ought to be, particularly ye two first and ye sixth. The seventh, too, is rather equivocal in meaning. To the two last lines I have not any objection."

We might, if we chose, quote five hundred verses which underwent similar treatment to the above; but we imagine that one specimen will be quite sufficient for the reader. There is hardly a page which, in one or other of the volumes, is not scribbled over in the margin with critical, commendatory, or disparaging observations, and which does not suggest some supposed improvement. It is difficult to imagine what must have been the feelings of the author as he conned over these numberless attestations of the taste and industry of his friends. One thing, however, is very certain, and that is, that he considered them of some value; for he has taken the incredible pains of collating them all in one separate volume. This volume presents a most curious, and, at first sight, incomprehensible spectacle. It might almost be taken, at a cursory glance, for the old worn-out day-book of a retail tradesman, with all the accounts crossed out, so completely is the print eclipsed by the multitudinous and blotty manuscript; but it is perhaps more suggestive to the mind of a picture of a celebrated Grecian artist, which was hung up in the public place, in company with a pot of paint and a brush, and upon which the people were invited to mark what each considered objectionable; and which was entirely obliterated by the comments of the discriminating republicans. In addition to the suggested emendations and alterations, there are general remarks appended at the end of each canto, and an opinion expressed at some length at the close of the poem. From these more extended critiques we must extract a few passages, characteristic of the writers, and possessing some value as indicative of the prevailing ideas among literary men on the subject of poetical composition. For the sake of brevity we shall confine our extracts to the remarks of Cumberland and Boscawen. The former is prodigal of praise to a degree that renders his sincerity more than suspicious; the latter is honest and candid, and records his unbiassed judgment more faithfully than was perhaps consistent with prudence in the humble intimate of a wealthy aspirant for poetical honours.

In the fifteenth canto Richard is tempted by the devil. The temptation is a scene of unhallowed pleasure, which is very glowingly described in the text. Cumberland's comments upon this canto are as follows:—

"The vision of Richard is exquisitely done. It is conceived and executed on the richest vein of poetry, and will reflect lasting honour upon its author. Warm it certainly is, and highly coloured, but I have not the heart to propose a single criticism that might tend to damp its vigour. The word *fruition* may perhaps be too strong, but I have not marked it. 'Tis a kind of sacrilege to blot the page that glows with such poetry. *Stet in toto.*"

The following is his letter to the baronet, on returning the concluding canto:—

"I am happy to return into the hands of the author this last volume, which concludes the heroic poem of Richard the First, a work which will confer upon the poet lasting honour. Long and laborious as the work has been, this concluding book is perhaps the most brilliant in the whole work. It abounds with beauties, and, which is above all things desirable, it leaves the mind entirely satisfied with the catastrophe. I am not sure that anything ought more to be wished for, or could well be added. If the author thinks otherwise, I should suggest a stanza or two of the prospective or prophetic cast, in which he might pourtray the farther glories of his country, in which the present times may seem to warrant him.

"I now earnestly repeat my wishes for the fame of my friend, and the good reception of his splendid work, with which view I conjure him to re-

consider every page with his most critical and minute attention. He has chosen a stanza which, though familiarity has at last reconciled to my ear, still my severer judgment does not accord to. Difficult in the extreme it is to keep the sense pure and distinct through such a clatter of rhymes; and though it is not very often he wants shelter in that difficulty, I would not wish him to seek it in a single instance if it were possible. I therefore, amongst other things, altogether protest against his participles,* whose jingle is unworthy of his work. I have expressed some discontent at the bottom of the 16th book; I repeat it in this place, and wish him to take it into serious review. I must beg he will not print his verbs in the past tenses without the customary abbreviations, which all poets heretofore have adopted. It will appear affected, and must tend to mislead common readers, disgust others, and edify none. I hope he will not print it in such a style of expense as shall cause it to be the purchase of the few rather than the many; at least, not his first edition.

"I thank him not less for the confidence he has reposed in me than for the pleasure he has bestowed on me; and I wish him all possible success with his contemporaries, and all the fame he merits from posterity.

"Richard Cumberland.

"April 22d, 1800.
Tunbridge Wells."

The remarks of Boscawen, were they transcribed seriatim, would of themselves fill a moderate volume. Although he is as liberal as the others in his verbal criticisms and emendations, he yet appends whole pages of observations at the end of the several cantos. What he mainly insists upon is condensation; he would have the entire poem cut down at least one-third. Richard's long-winded harangue should be broken up, and the devils great and small should either be banished from the scene altogether, or amalgamated into one black gentleman. Boscawen's letter to the baronet, appended to the last canto of the poem, occupies eleven closely-written pages, and is quite a learned and elaborate essay upon the true elements of the epic, which he describes as the grandest of all human achievements, a triumph of art of which the world has never seen more than four or five instances. He professes to shrink from pronouncing upon a labour which ought to be χτημα εις αει, declaring himself incompetent to pronounce judgment; but he does pronounce judgment nevertheless, analysing his friend's performance with much industry and more minuteness, and weighing and measuring it throughout according to the old scholastic standards. He declares it wanting in unity, but asserts that he should not regard that defect much were the poem his, "as it is of much more consequence that it should be a spirited and interesting than a critically regular epic poem." He is rather severe in his strictures on the want of variety in the different characters of the personages of the poem; he animadverts racily upon the machinery, banishing back to Limbo the entire flock of devils, demons, and supernatural creations. He praises the descriptive powers of the writer; but would have their exercise restrained, and would prune the luxuriance of his most successful passages. He commends the style and manner as often good; but considers that both are frequently vitiated through the necessities of the unmanageable stanza, which resembles the bed of Procrustes, and compels tautology and redundancy of expression. Upon the versification he bestows a moderate share of praise; but urgently recommends a careful revision of it in every part, with a view especially to the perfection of the Alexandrines, upon which mainly, according to him, the strength of the verse depends. He concludes his letter in the following words:—

"I have run into far greater length than I intended; but the most important consideration is still behind, and it is one upon which I ought not, perhaps, to decide positively, since friendly partiality for the author may warp me one way, or a jealous anxiety for the full success of his work may draw me too far to the other side. The serious question on this poem is, whether, allowing it to have ever so many beauties, it is, upon the whole, so written as to keep alive the curiosity and rivet the attention of the reader? 'Unhappily,' says Dr. Johnson, 'this pernicious failure is that which our author is least able to discover. We are seldom tiresome to ourselves; and the act of composition fills and delights the mind with change of language and succession of images; every couplet when produced is new; and novelty is the great source of pleasure. Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he first wrote it, or contracted his work till his ebullitions of invention had subsided.' This admirable passage is worthy the serious attention of every writer of a long poem. The nature of the stanza you have adopted has often led you into a circuitous mode of expression very likely to fatigue an indifferent reader. My curiosity and high opinion of the writer led me pretty well through passages that to others may seem heavy, and details that I cannot help thinking too minute. . . . But the world in general cannot be expected to read the work with the same dispositions; and such is the general indolence and aversion to long works, especially of this kind, that I am convinced Dr. Johnson's observations apply more strongly now than when he wrote them. If he is right, you must not trust your own judgment on this point; but if your friends who have read the poem do but *hint* that it might be shortened *a little*, conclude that it ought to be very much so; for it is a delicate subject on which to give an opinion. Some of your friends may fear that if they speak quite out,

* What Cumberland calls "participles," Pye designates as double rhymes—such as "ending" and "bending," "condition" and "position," &c., &c. It is singular that each and all of the critics make a dead set against such rhymes, which they regard as an uncouth innovation by no means to be tolerated. Anstey lays it down as a rule that they can never be used *but* in burlesque verse. The baronet, however, did not agree with them, and retained his double rhymes, though, in accordance with Cumberland's advice, he altered the past tenses of all his verbs to the number of scores of thousands, abbreviating them by substituting the apostrophe for the letter e, thus printing "*employ'd*" *instead* of "employed," &c., &c., through the whole book.

though you must esteem, you may not like them so well in future. For my own part, I throw myself entirely on your candour, when I give it as my sentiments that you cannot exercise too much self-denial in revising this poem; that you should give up some lines and some passages that have given you pleasure in composing, if the rejection of them is conducive to the great object of *condensing*, and in many parts enlivening and invigorating the work; and that you ought to sit down with a fixed resolution to shorten it by, at least, one third; the effect of which operation, diligently and judiciously performed, would, I am convinced, be highly conducive to the fame and success of your poem.

Vive, Vale!"

Thus much for the counsels of friends. What was their effect upon the hospitable and worthy baronet in the first instance we have no means of ascertaining. It is probable that the process of collating the judgments of the whole seven into one volume, a task which he personally accomplished, had the effect of rendering him less enamoured of his performance than he had been when he first contemplated its virgin pages fresh from the hands of the printer. It is impossible to recall the history of this vast undertaking throughout its never-to-be-accomplished career without a feeling of something like veneration for the chief actor in it. He must have been a hero in some sort; he must have possessed perseverance enough to have laboured for long years steadily in the pursuit of one object, and that confessedly, of all human enterprises, the most difficult of attainment; he must have had sufficient candour to defer to the opinions of counsellors, the major part of whom were by no means indisposed to assert their own superiority by the display of his weakness; and, as the event proved, he must have had such a modest estimation of his own powers as induced him finally to consign to forgetfulness the fruits of many long and laborious years of study, to say nothing of the sacrifice of several hundred pounds of expense. He was plainly a man of a noble spirit; he preferred oblivion to a doubtful reputation; would rather be nothing than not the most worthy. *Nihil nisi honorificentissime* might have been his motto. He disdained to become a Triton among minnows—aspiring to the summit of Parnassus, and failing, he had no notion of taking a station at the foot of the mount, but abandoned the territory to others. As far as we are qualified to judge, he was a better classic and a better poet than many of his contemporaries, who yet cut a brilliant figure for a time. Had Hayley produced such a work as our modest baronet had the judgment to suppress, all Christendom would have heard of it, and there would have been no end, for a twelvemonth at least, of ovations and glorifications on account of it from all the petty poetasters of the day. It is better as it is. To a noble mind a mushroom reputation is worse than none at all; and it is far better for mankind that great artistic failures should be kept out of view than that they should be paraded to excite the admiration of the untaught and undiscriminating. The baronet went down to the tomb of his fathers some thirty years ago. It is not clear to us that we have any right to publish his name, which he himself never thought fit to print; but there is no reason that the world should not profit by his example, which we recommend to the consideration of the poets and would-be poets of our time, who, as we have good and sufficient reasons for asserting, are but too prone to rush headlong into print and publication whenever the means and the opportunity are in their power. It may be of use to some of our young friends especially to ponder over the above brief history of an Unborn Epic Poem.

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

AN ADVENTURE IN ROUEN.

"Parlez vous Francais?"—Many persons to whom this question is put will bluntly answer "No," and that's exactly my predicament. I can't speak French. I don't pretend to do it. I never did; and, in all human probability, I never shall. Don't imagine for one instant that I am a gentleman "whose education has been neglected," as the phrase is. Very far from it. To this day, I have the most vivid recollection of the pains my poor dear mother used to be at with "Cobwebs to Catch Flies" and "L'Ami des Enfants." But the "cobwebs" never caught me; and the stories of "L'Ami," which, when translated for my benefit by a younger sister, I considered infinitely superior in point of brilliancy and interest to "Frank" or "Rosamond," remain to this moment, so far as I am concerned, as undecipherable as a Chaldee manuscript, or an epigram in the Enchorial character.

In due course of time I was consigned to the care of the Reverend Dr. Muddlehead. "French, German, dancing, gymnastics, and the use of the globes," were among the more prominent attractions of his prospectus. The first-mentioned elements of a polite education were imparted by a hairy and gigantic Swiss, of the name of Lafargue. Whether, under his auspices, I should have entered life as an accomplished linguist it is now impossible for me to say. My own comfortable conviction is that I should. But M. Lafargue was no more than man; and the little hand-maiden of our establishment "warn't going to put up with

no foreigneerin' impudence—she warn't." What the exact nature of the misunderstanding may have been—whether the brawny Helvetian may have taken a more romantic view of the relation existing between himself and the coy damsel than the handbook of etiquette for gentlemen would have warranted, we were never able to discover. All I know is, that one morning there was a particularly stormy trio in the back-parlour—that the maid, the man, and the master severally explained their respective ideas upon the subject under discussion; and that ultimately the man effected a hasty exit from the premises, apparently with no particular intention of returning in a hurry.

After him came a nice, meek little Parisian, who called himself an Abbé. He was not the sort of man though, for a French master. He wanted energy, both physical and moral, to control the pack of boisterous little savages among whom his lot was cast. His end was not peace. Adjoining the school-room was a long blind passage, used for the purposes of a lumber-closet; it was crammed with ricketty chairs, lame forms, desks, packing-cases, and a second-hand pulpit. The window had been bricked up to save the tax; and a luxuriant crop of cobwebs and a mouldy smell were among the more striking characteristics of the apartment. Generally, the French lesson took place in the parlour; but one fine frosty day Muddlehead gave in to a suggestion that it was warmer there than in the school-room, and appropriated the same to his own division—the French class being accordingly mustered in the latter. Just as the lesson came to a conclusion, I was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to perpetrate a most unwarrantable hoax upon the poor inoffensive little Abbé. "Monsieur!" I shouted, as he picked up his well-worn shovel hat and bowed courteously to the class, "Monsieur, dis door non dat pour takee vous out in de road!" "Ah, c'est ça! Mille remerciments—ne vous dérangez pas, monsieur—je vous en prie!" exclaimed the unsuspecting victim, as I threw open the door of the lumber-closet with a profound salaam. "Merci beaucoup! En face, n'est pas? Adieu, messieurs, adieu!" Of course the door was shut and locked upon him in an instant. For half a minute or so, we heard him breaking his shins over a variety of obstacles, still softly murmuring "Merci beaucoup." Then came a tremendous bang, announcing to our uncontrollable delight that his reverend head had at last come in collision with the second-hand pulpit. We could stand it no longer. Out we rushed into the play-ground, with a roar of laughter which must long have reverberated within those inky walls. Half an hour afterwards the unlucky prisoner was discovered by the Doctor himself, tapping like a woodpecker and earnestly imploring freedom, *pour l'amour de Di-eu!*

The Abbé having very prudently declined to risk his neck amongst us any longer, the Doctor announced that the modern language department would in future be superintended by himself. A nice mess he made of it! Ultimately, in short, I matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, knowing just about as much French as the most illiterate of my cotemporaries; which, as nine out of ten knew none at all, is, I am sure, a sufficiently moderate estimate of my accomplishments.

Some venerable female reader may possibly imagine that I had waived the incalculable advantage of acquiring the modern languages while the organs of speech were still young and flexible, in order to place myself, unembarassed by vicious habits of pronunciation, in the hands of those eminent professors who adorn the halls and cloisters of our glorious Alma Mater. Alas! university-men—none others, probably—will believe me when I say that, from the time of my entering to that of my leaving Trinity, not one word of any living language, barring my own, ever passed my lips. They formed the subject of no lectures—no examinations, that I ever heard of. They were certainly included in no part of our college routine, and were equally ignored for degree. So I left Trinity as ignorant in this respect as I entered it; that is to say, to the question, "Parlez-vous Francais?" I bluntly answered, "No."

I have heard a good many reasons advanced on either side for what appears to me, at this (not very great) distance of time, a most unfortunate educational fallacy. I am not by any means alluding invidiously to our university system, such as it was half a dozen years ago, but to the almost exclusive preference to this day bestowed upon Greek and Latin in nine places of education out of ten; to the fact, in short, that in the aforesaid nine places the modern languages are either burked altogether, or treated as a necessary evil—a flimsy and all but useless adjunct to the more honourable branches of the tree of knowledge.

Of course I am not going to enter here upon the merits or demerits of what is called a classical education. I only aver that, upon arriving at man's estate, I find myself in possession of a great deal of knowledge that I don't want, and totally destitute of a great deal that I do. I have had enough of Homer and Virgil to last my time. I am very unlikely to catch myself again attempting a Greek Iambic; and I cannot help, perhaps peevishly, wishing that, even at the expense of a little Greek, the rudiments, at least, of French and German had been crammed into me before I was too old to be whipped; for that precious season is very brief, and flieth away never to return. And why, when those golden hours were on the wing; when the years were so rapidly vanishing in which the pronunciation of a living language can alone be certainly acquired—my time should have been altogether spent among the dead, is still to me one of the many mysteries of my existence. I was taught to look upon the great languages of the continent as almost beneath the true dignity of a schoolboy. I was encouraged to believe that I studied them, not so much for my own benefit as to find bread and butter for penniless Germans and starving French refugees. As a man of the world, I can now recognise plainly enough the stark absurdity of such an error. I now find myself debarred from half the

advantages of travel, without such an expenditure of time and labour as I have neither the leisure nor the inclination to bestow. I am told, indeed, that, having once acquired the dead languages, the path to the living ought to be smooth and easy. What mockery! I now know to my sorrow that I have been ploughing all seed-time, and that the harvest will be exactly such as I had alone a right to expect.

I have been led into the above reflections partly because I rather wanted a vent for my feelings, and partly because they in some degree bear upon my story. Now I've done. Forget that I ever bored you with my rights and my wrongs, and I'll tell you exactly what befel me not six months ago; that is to say, in the month of August in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

The bells of Southampton were just chiming twelve one fine starry night in the month and year last aforesaid, when that "fast and commodious steam-ship," *Little Wonder*, cast off her last lashing, and went paddling down the water, outward-bound for the fair city of Havre-de-Grace. Most of her passengers have turned in for the night; but, if you carefully inspect the deck, you will, I flatter myself, find one object not altogether unworthy of your attention. I allude to a graceful and athletic young man of about five-and-twenty. He is thoughtfully pacing the deck, leaving behind him at every turn a whiff of delicate aroma from one of the most magnificent *principes* that ever crossed Hudson's counter. His dress is perfectly fashionable, without being in the slightest degree overdone; nothing of the stable about it. No horse-shoe pins in the region of the choker; no silver snaffle-bit to accommodate a cutaway that won't button; no incredible steeplechase performed over a field of cheap calico as the decoration of his shirt. Raise your eyes to his face, and there, I flatter myself, you will find your previous impressions in his favour, if possible, strengthened. It is at once handsome, good-humoured, and intelligent. And did you ever in your life see such a pair of whiskers? None of your short, scrubby, contemptible patches of bristle that too often do duty for what, when properly developed, are among the noblest appendages of a man. His are really a glorious pair, long, luxuriant, and wavy; soft as silk, and in colour the deepest and the richest auburn. Many a duke would offer a hundred pounds a piece for those priceless ornaments, could they only be transferred, uninjured, to thrive upon his sterile and unmanly cheeks.

It is really with a feeling of mingled modesty and pride that I inform the reader that I have all this time been endeavouring to give him some faint idea of myself. If I have drawn a fascinating and brilliant picture, he will, I trust, have the goodness to ascribe it to the candour rather than to the vanity of the artist. I wish to vindicate my claim upon his confidence by proving, at the outset, that I do not shrink from details which I am very well aware may be interpreted to my disadvantage. I shall consider myself now fairly introduced, and proceed without further ceremony to explain who I am, and why, at this particular moment, I find myself on board "the fast and commodious steam-ship" *Little Wonder*.

I'm not so badly off as times go, considering all things. I've three hundred a-year of my own, and a berth in the Treasury. From the latter I draw something under a hundred and twenty. I accept it as an acknowledgment upon the part of Government that they are bound to find me a Hansom there and back, and admire the delicacy with which it is made. Outside Downing-street I get through my time easily enough. I have a good club, lots of friends, a hospitable circle of acquaintance, and find an invitation on my table for five nights out of six in the season. I likewise assert my claims to respectability through the medium of a small tiger, and a stall at Covent-garden. To fill up leisure-moments, I am also a trifle in love.

The fact is, cousin Lucy is one of the most perfectly bewitching little creatures alive. I took the liberty of mentioning the fact to her last Christmas, at a particularly nice ball, not a hundred miles from Grosvenor-square. The result was, that we parted with a very definite understanding that the matter couldn't by any possibility rest there. Soon afterwards, however, she went to live with some relations of her mother's, who keep a country house a couple of miles out of Rouen. A very slight exertion of diplomacy upon my part was requisite to procure me a sort of general invitation, "whenever I could be spared;" and Government, at my urgent request, having consented to make that sacrifice for a good three weeks last August, the motive which led me on board the *Little Wonder* is, I suppose, sufficiently explained.

I am not going to exasperate the reader with any detailed account of my sensations upon first arriving in sight of a foreign town. Suffice it, that, at eight of the clock, we found ourselves quietly gliding into Havre, and were saluted with the roar of welcome from the *commissionaires* on the quay, with which everybody is familiar who has ever landed in France.

Stepping ashore with the air of a veteran traveller, I accepted an hotel card from a grimy gentleman who appeared to speak English with tolerable fluency. I desired him to take me at once to his hotel, order my breakfast, clear my baggage, see to my passport, and have a cab in readiness to take me to the rail in time for the train to Rouen at 12 15; all which he promised punctually to perform. After breakfast, I strolled into the town, changed some money, and made a few trifling purchases with an ease and celerity that perfectly delighted me. Indeed, I returned to my hotel with the flattering conviction strong upon me, that the knowledge of the language of so civil and intelligent a people was, after all, mere matter of curiosity, and perfectly superfluous to the gentleman-tourist.

My *commissionaire*, whom I had gratified with the present of a five-franc piece, insisted upon accompanying me to the railway, and saving me all trouble in procuring my ticket. Upon his tendering it to me, I perceived at once that it was

for Barentin and not for Rouen, and begged him to rectify the mistake without delay.*

"It's quite right, sir," said an Englishman who passed at that moment. "I asked for one to Paris just now; and here it is, just the same as your own. It seems they won't book further than Barentin this morning. You will have to take another ticket when you get there, that's all. There's a screw loose somewhere, evidently; but as they assure me there will be no interruption to our journey, I suppose we may trust to their honour."

"And where is Barentin, pray?" said I; having about as much idea of the geography of France as of that of Arabia Felix.

"Ten miles this side Rouen, according to Bradshaw," returned my companion. "And now suppose we make for the waiting-room, as I see their time's just up."

Five minutes more, and we were bowling smoothly away over the rich glowing pasture land of Normandy. My new companion proved a capital fellow, and chatted freely of France, of Paris, of the glories of the Bal d'Opera, and the brilliant mysteries of the Valentino and the Mobille. I never felt in such spirits; and never did I congratulate myself more upon having made the grand discovery that the French language was a drug in its own country—a showy but altogether useless accomplishment to the traveller. By Harfleur we rushed, and Alvimare, and Yvetot, famous in old story for its rustic king. At half-past one, however, we came to a dead stop.

"Barentin! Descendez, messieurs, s'il vous plait," shouted the guard, flinging open the door of our carriage.

"Now for the mystery!" exclaimed my companion, springing out upon the platform.

The scene immediately around the station was certainly a curious one. Every imaginable description of vehicle that ever went upon wheels—every conceivable species of beast that ever wore a collar, appeared to have been collected in one heterogeneous mass. The ghosts of old, condemned *diligences*, that seemed coated with the rust and mud of another world—huge, windowless omnibuses, their panels cracked and sprung in every direction—ricketty gigs, gaudy pleasure-vans, country carts, apple-waggons, post-chaises, donkey-drags, had all evidently been awaiting our arrival. Nor were the carriages the most curious part of the scene. The whole neighbourhood must have been ransacked to furnish cattle and postillions for this extraordinary levy. Every galled jade, every sorry beast, every halt, lame, and blind thing that it ever entered into the heart of a knacker to conceive, was there. Tremulous, old mail-coachmen, dragged helplessly from the chimney-corner to cough and wheeze upon the box—sturdy ostlers, professed flymen, and red, clumsy boys, fresh from the plough-tail or the cider-mill, had been pressed alike into the service. I scarcely knew whether to be most amused or horrified at the appearance of the *cortége*, in which I was evidently to bear a part.

Just as I was inwardly calculating to which crazy vehicle I could intrust my own sacred person with any reasonable prospect of escaping instant dissolution, my railway-acquaintance came up.

"The guard tells me the rails between this and Malaunay, the next station, have been washed away by the rain. Nice, isn't it? You see our conveyance for the next two hours. He says our luggage will follow us all right; but I shall be late for dinner in Paris, and be hanged to them!"

The passengers were now crowding rapidly into the various uncouth machines, one of which broke down summarily before it had got half its complement on board. Having secured a ticket for Rouen, I was looking around for my friend and interpreter, when a few heavy drops of rain from a suspicious-looking cloud overhead produced a frantic scramble for inside places. Frenchmen have the most indescribable horror of a wet skin; and the one pinnacle of politeness to which no one born south of the channel has ever yet attained is that of "riding outside to oblige a lady." For my own part, having no fancy to be left behind altogether, I contrived, with some difficulty, to clamber upon the roof of a huge, unwieldy omnibus; and there, buttoning my great coat close up to my chin, I determined manfully to await the worst.

I hadn't long to wait either. Hardly had the "Hup, allez!" of our driver set his lumbering team into a jog trot, when down came the rain in a perfect deluge. I soon found my umbrella totally useless, since, there being three persons besides myself in a row upon the roof, we simply poured cataracts over each other with very little advantage to ourselves. In fact our seat was soon swimming with water, which also washed backwards and forwards in the most cruel way over our boots. On we went, at first through a long, straggling, barbarous village, whose inhabitants stood staring at their open doors, and saluted us with shouts of laughter as we went by. Presently we got into a labyrinth of deep, sticky cross-roads, where we rolled and pitched like an Admiralty steamer. Then came a rough, tangled patch of woodland, where the streaming trees took part against us, and thrashed our hats off with their sodden branches. My own was picked up and returned to me by the conductor, neatly lined with mud; the good man, in presenting it, making a noise like a clock suddenly run down. To cut the matter short (I wish I could have done it at the time), we arrived at Malaunay in one hour and twenty minutes, splashed, drenched, and miserable; looking, indeed, as if we had been suspended for a similar period in a weak solution of muck.

The omnibus upon which I was seated happened to be about the last of the dripping convoy; and upon descending from my lofty perch, I found my previously-arrived fellow-passengers in a state of the most singular perplexity and dismay. A train was indeed in waiting to convey

* It may be as well to mention that the following anecdote of sharp railway practice in France is merely a narrative of what actually occurred to the writer of this article in the month of September last.

them to their several destinations, but, alas, it had just been gently intimated by the officials on duty that the transport of their luggage was another affair altogether. It was "to follow them, all right," according to the letter of the bond, but *when* was quite another question. "Sometime in the course of the night—probably the whole would be delivered as directed before 5 A.M. the next morning," was all the answer vouchsafed to some five hundred inquiries, yelled forth in every accent of despair. Fancy our position. Here was I, for instance, here were dozens and dozens of respectable women drenched to the skin, shivering with cold—many with a three hours' journey to Paris before them, and no prospect of a dry change till 5 A.M. the next day! One's money, one's dressing-case, and one's night-shirt, all in the inexorable maw of a French railway-van. And all this to gratify the infernal caprice of an odious Government monopoly, and countenance a lying statement in the *Moniteur*, that, "in spite of a trifling derangement of the permanent way, the traffic on the Paris and Rouen Railway had proceeded, as usual, without interruption." Bah! it was a sell—a hoax of the most cruel and unjustifiable kind—a swindle, which, putting even its more unfortunate features out of the question, could have been perpetrated only in a country where the men are slaves and where the *Times* doesn't exist.

"Here's a pretty predicament for an ardent lover!" said I to myself, as I marched indignantly out of the station at Rouen. "Here's a sight for an impassioned maiden! Not a dry stitch to my back!—no chance of a change till to-morrow! Lucky if I get it then"—for I recollected, with a shudder, that my industrious little tiger had, in the exercise of his juvenile zeal, inscribed all my packages with the words, CHARLES PALLMALL, ESQUIRE, PARIS, in dreadfully legible roundhand. "No particular fluency in the French language, and, by Jove! to make the thing perfect, all my money locked up in my writing-desk!"

In confirmation of the last frightful fact, I dived in vain into every separate pocket, and brought up nothing in the shape of coin but a few wet sous. It was my own carelessness, no doubt. I had spent every loose sixpence at Havre, with the exception of the few francs requisite to carry me to Rouen; never, of course, dreaming that I should be unable to draw upon my baggage for a supply. And here was the comfortable result

As I trudged heavily through the strange and busy streets of Rouen, the object of universal curiosity, for, to tell the truth, I looked more like a resuscitated gentleman fresh from the hands of the Royal Humane Society than an intelligent tourist, I instituted a mental court of inquiry as to what was best to be done. Such an adventure would have been nuts to a knight of romance, and invaluable to an adventurer of the middle ages; but, unluckily, we are very prosaic at the Treasury, and well up to the time of day; so the more promising features of my predicament went for nothing. The worst of it was, I had absolutely forgotten the address of M. Constantine, Lucy's present protector; or rather, trusting to a letter of introduction in my portmanteau, had never taken the trouble to get it by heart. Had I been so inclined, therefore, I should have had some difficulty in appealing to him in my distress, whilst the ridiculous figure I should cut, were I to present myself speechless, penniless, and soaking wet at a respectable hotel, became a more vivid conviction at every step. Matters, however, were growing desperate, and after meandering irresolutely for some time among the flower-stalls in front of the cathedral, and inwardly recanting certain heterodox opinions touching the utility of the French language in France, I bent my steps towards a small shop, inscribed *Achat d'or et d'argent;* intending forthwith, by dint of pantomine, to dispose of my watch, and thus obtain the means of entrance into a creditable hotel, without the very lame excuse of absolute destitution.

I was in the act of crossing the street for this purpose, and had already caught the eye of the hoary old usurer within, who was sitting behind a brass lattice, like a venerable parrot in his cage of golden wire, when, to my inexpressible relief, a well-known face appeared round the corner, within a few yards of me. The owner was a man of the name of Cutler, a quondam college-acquaintance, and, truth to tell, a fellow to whom I should have given a carefully wide berth had I encountered him in Regent-street but three days before. He never had been a friend of mine, nor, indeed, to the best of my knowledge, of any one else. There was a slang, repulsive familiarity about his manner that gave one, at first sight, the idea that he really intended to be agreeable, and would have probably succeeded if he hadn't so unmistakably been born a snob. Those who knew him better, however, told a very different story. He was by nature one of those coarse, selfish, hateful beings, the very texture of whose souls appears inconsistent with the growth of any generous sentiments, with the very existence of any manly thought. Had he been born a sultan, he would have been the most cruel and capricious tyrant that ever signed a death-warrant. Had he been born a vizier, he would have been the most cringing, servile sycophant that ever kissed the rod. He was just one of those men who, to borrow the illustration of Bacon, would have burnt down his neighbour's house in order to roast an egg, could he only have done it with impunity. At school he was universally characterised as a sneak. At college he was noted for vulgar and offensive practical jokes—a species of entertainment which the rarest tact and the nicest judgment can barely render tolerable in the society of gentlemen, and which, in his hands, became of course to the last degree insufferable. In this propensity, however, he was one day brought up with a round turn, as the sailors have it, and received from the right foot of a gigantic Johnian one of those straightforward and impressive hints which generally go such a long way with gentlemen of his description.

Were I writing for effect, I should certainly pique myself not a little upon the artistic manner in which I have brought out the lamentable per-

plexity of my situation. To be forced, not merely to claim acquaintance with, but to ask a favour of, such a brute, is to me, at this moment, evidence of such a deplorable state of difficulty and misery that, writing from my luxurious easy chair in Piccadilly, I can scarcely realise the fact that I am indeed the drenched and muddy beggarman who so eagerly attracted his notice in the streets of Rouen.

At first, my appearance so completely bewildered him that he stood like a man who has seen the ghost of his great-grandfather, or been unexpectedly tapped on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer. When, however, convinced of my identity, he asked me rather pointedly what I wanted with *him?*

In as few words as possible I explained the nature of my misfortune—that I was a stranger in the place and totally ignorant of the language. What did I want? Why, good gracious! what was a man in my predicament likely to want? I wanted him to introduce me at some decent hotel—to assure the landlord that I wasn't the illiterate impostor I appeared—to help me, if possible, out of his wardrobe; if not, to lend me a few napoleons until the next morning; and, above all, to assist me in discovering where M. Constantine resided; for the idea of remaining another hour in the same town with Lucy, without imprinting at least one kiss on her delicious lips, racked my brain with that species of longing torment which lovers only know.

At the mention of M. Constantine's name, my companion, who had evinced the most unequivocal symptoms of impatience during the recital of my wants and calamities, suddenly pricked up his ears.

"Ah, my dear fellow, if you only want to know where Constantine lives, I can help you there. I know a little of him myself, and a monstrous good fellow he is. As to an hotel, yes, there's the Hotel d'Angleterre, on the quay—capital house and civil people. I'd lend you any clothes you want with pleasure, but they'd be a mile too big for you; and, most unluckily, I'm out of cash to-day altogether. To-morrow or next day, I expect a remittance from London, and then we'll talk about it. In the mean time, let's turn into this *café* and have a glass of wine. You look more like a drowned rat than the fellow I remember at Trinity. Now, then," continued he, as the waiter placed a bottle of St. Emilien before us, "fill your glass and tell us what brings you thus *en prince* to the ancient city of Rouen."

"I am simply here upon a visit," I replied, "to M. Constantine and a cousin of mine, who is at present living in the house."

"A cousin of yours, my dear fellow! Who can you possibly mean?"

"I alluded to a young lady who is now, I understand, residing with his family," returned I as drily as possible, feeling confoundedly vexed at my own indiscretion in bringing Lucy into the conversation at all.

"Why, what an extraordinary coincidence!" exclaimed Cutler, putting down his glass. "To think that Lucy should be a cousin of yours, of all men in the world!"

"I was not aware," said I, looking him steadily in the face, "that you were sufficiently well acquainted with Miss Carlton to be entitled to make use of her Christian name."

"Not acquainted, my dear fellow! Why, I'm getting on like a house on fire in that quarter! Suppose we drink her health, proud little beauty that she is!" continued he, slapping me familiarly upon the knee.

Of course I knew better, theoretically, than to answer a fool according to his folly; but desperately hard indeed did I find it to act, at that moment, in accordance with the wise injunction. Not that a sensation of jealousy for one instant crossed my mind. Had I been informed in an anonymous letter that the Man in the Moon was languishing for Lucy, and had already built a cottage for her somewhere out in the Milky Way, I should have been scarcely more indifferent to the news. But to hear a name which I had taught myself to consider as something almost holy, a name which worked upon me with a soft mysterious power, purifying my whole nature with its gentle influence—to hear this name blurted presumptuously forth by an odious idiot, was within a hair's weight as much as I could bear. I looked at the empty claret-bottle, and I looked at his hateful head, and I saw plainly enough that he understood the glance.

"Come, old fellow, don't look so confoundedly black," he exclaimed, as he paid the waiter. "I meant no harm to you or your cousin. Come along, and I'll see what I can do for you. By Jove! you seem to have swapped hats with a *chiffonier*," continued he, as I picked up my muddy tile. "Why, your hair is one mass of mud! and as for those magnificent whiskers of yours, they're regularly plastered over your face. Look here; take my advice. Go to the barber's over the way and get yourself regularly combed and cleaned, while I cut across to my lodgings and see what I can do in the way of rigging you out."

Had the suggestion come from anybody else, it would have struck me as both good-natured and sensible; but I knew my man too well for that. I felt convinced that his principal object was to get rid of me at any price. I knew, moreover, that he perfectly appreciated the terms upon which I stood with Lucy, and that to insure my cutting a ridiculous figure in her eyes, there was no piece of rascality which would cost him a moment's hesitation. I therefore rather drily requested him to write down M. Constantine's address in my pocket-book, and told him that if he would have the goodness to act as my interpreter with the barber, and then introduce me to the Hotel d'Angleterre, I would give him no further trouble upon my account.

"Just tell the fellow," I said, taking my seat in the barber's chair, "that I want my hair cut and brushed in the regular Parisian style. Tell him I've let it grow for the last six weeks that he might have full scope for his art. And tell him I want my whiskers very carefully combed; and if

he thinks the very least possible turn with the iron would improve them, he may do it, not otherwise. Tell him I rely upon his judgment."

"All right!" replied the traitor. "Monsieur désirerait se faire coiffer à la dernière mode de Paris. Vous voudrez bien ensuite lui couper ses favoris aussi courts que possible."

"Mon Dieu, quel dommage!" replied the barber. "Jamais, pendant tout le cours de ma pratique, je n'ai vu une aussi belle paire de favoris! Quelle pommade divine ces Anglais doivent avoir pour faire croître quelquechose d'aussi magnifique! Du reste, puisque Monsieur le désire, commençons;—la!"

Tear up the page, editor! Stamp on it, printer's devils! Heaven send me patience whilst I write, or I will take a leaf out of Mr. Warren's book, and out-rant the "Lily and the Bee." At one fell snip, the glory of my youth, the proud ornament of my maturer manhood, dropped, a helpless lock of glossy auburn, in reproachful gyrations upon the barber's toe! My right whisker was ruined for ever! True, it might again return; but how? a wretched pollard; its virgin freshness, its wavy silk, gone, gone—beyond redemption gone!

To spring to my feet and knock the astounded perruquier head over heels was the work of an instant. "Curse you!" I shouted, "Get up and I'll drive your daylights in, you infernal miscreant! Get up, I tell you!"

But the miserable victim of my misplaced wrath didn't get up. He wisely contented himself with lying flat upon his back with his eyes shut, murmuring in tremendous tones, "Que dit-il?"

"Il dit, qu'il a dans sa poche une paire de pistolets, avec laquelle il va tirer sur votre femme, derrière le comptoir, lorsqu'elle descendra," shouted Cutler, laughing immoderately.

"Ah, diable! diable!" cried the barber, scuttling out of the room on all-fours and tumbling down stairs. The whole scene, in short, took place in infinitely less time than it takes me to describe it. The result was that I found myself in the custody of a couple of gendarmes, Cutler gone, a crowd round the door, and the hairdresser crying bitterly, and pointing to a deep crimson stain upon the bosom of his dandy shirt. No doubt the pair of scissors, which he was wielding at the time of encountering my onslaught, had inflicted a prick in the region of the ribs, which for the moment bled considerably. It was more like the change in a pantomime than an occurrence in every-day life.

On my way to the police-office, whither I was conducted without the loss of a moment, we were accompanied by an immense crowd, struggling with every expression of horror and curiosity for a peep at the English assassin. Upon our arrival, I was at once handed into a cell which had evidently been constructed for the accommodation of desperadoes of the most formidable description. With the most ridiculous precautions against any supplementary outbreak of violence upon my part, my passport was demanded and taken away, whilst I underwent a rigid personal investigation, with the view of discovering the whereabouts of my "pistolets," which they persisted in believing were concealed somewhere between my shirt and my skin. Having at length satisfied themselves that I was not the well-armed amateur in murder suggested by the barber, they locked me up in the cell and left me to my own reflections.

About a quarter of an hour may have elapsed, and I was just beginning to collect my scattered thoughts, and to wonder what would be the next scene in the drama, when a turnkey made his appearance at my cell-door, and desired me, by a sign, to follow him. After threading what seemed an interminable labyrinth of underground passages, we arrived at the foot of a corkscrew staircase.

"Il faut monter, monsieur," said my conductor.

As I did so, the hum of voices sounded in my ears, and, before I even guessed where I was going, I found myself, for the first time in my life, "the prisoner at the bar!"

The appearance of the presiding police-magistrate was certainly not calculated to delude offenders into the belief that the rigours of justice were likely to be relaxed in their favour. He was a scowling, ferocious-looking little man, with a head as round as a bullet, and a muzzle as black as a bull-dog's. He spoke with such a spasmodic rapidity of utterance as to give one the idea that the words burnt his mouth; and his hand shook so violently when he grew excited that, in spite of my unpleasant position, I longed to ask him to let me look at his notes.

"Comment s'appelle-t-il?" he roared at last, looking as if he wished he could hang me off-hand, without the nonsensical fuss of a trial.

"Vat your name, you?" squeaked the interpreter who had been provided for my benefit.

"John Bull!" bellowed I recklessly; indignant beyond measure at finding that I was to be tried in good earnest.

There was a smothered buzz of "Jean Boule!—c'est Jean Boule lui-même!" the audience evidently imagining that that desperate character had at length been captured *in propriâ personâ*, while indulging in a murderous foray upon their peaceful city.

"Cela ne s'accorde pas avec son passeport!" shouted the magistrate, convulsively knocking his inkbottle into the eye of the clerk of the court. "Je vois ici le nom de Pallmall! Pourquoi me donne-t-il un autre nom que celui qui est sur le passeport?"

"Tell de troot, Paul Maule!" impressively observed the interpreter.

I have no space at present for the details of the long investigation which succeeded, even did I remember them with sufficient accuracy for the purpose. So far as I recollect, the barber grossly exaggerated in giving his evidence, and, the real cause of my indignation never for one moment having entered his head, made me out a very bloodthirsty scoundrel indeed. In short, what with the judge and what with the interpreter, I soon got so thoroughly bewildered that I gave up the idea of defending myself as a bad job, and resolved to let things take their own course.

What the result would have been—whether I should have been committed for trial by a higher court, or sentenced to the galleys upon the spot, I cannot even conjecture. Most fortunately, however, a second magistrate entered the court while the case was still in progress, and took his seat beside my tormentor. He was a hale, good-looking man, of about five-and-forty, with a fine, open countenance, and a commanding tone, evidently the great gun of the court. He desired the clerk to hand him up my passport, which he rapidly examined and pitched back on the table. He then folded his arms, and listened with evident attention to the remainder of the inquiry.

At the conclusion of the evidence against me, he desired me, through the interpreter, to speak out boldly, if I had anything to urge in my own defence. I did so; and, taking, as I still think, the best course under the circumstances, described in graphic terms the care and pride with which, during the last half-dozen years, I had cultivated the most magnificent pair of whiskers in all England. I then detailed the leading events of my disastrous journey from Havre, which led to my being thrown houseless and penniless upon the streets of Rouen. "Even then, gentlemen," I continued, "I thought not so much of my own misery as of the deplorable condition of my whiskers. Fearing that they might otherwise sustain some irreparable injury from long exposure to damp and mud, I went into a barber's shop to have them carefully combed and dressed. Judge, gentlemen, what my feelings must have been when, owing to some unfortunate mistake, he ruined one of them altogether. I confess that, in a fit of momentary passion, I struck him with my fist. Any other injury which he may have received was quite accidental and unintentional upon my part. I am willing to make him any reparation which the Court may think proper to award."

The good-looking magistrate, who, I could perceive, understood English, though he did not choose to speak it, smiled good-humouredly several times in the course of my narrative. I saw that I had taken the right tone to disarm the severity of a French court of justice, and waited without much apprehension for its decision. After some five minutes' deliberation the bull-dog pronounced my sentence, which, I confess, staggered me considerably. In consideration of "extenuating circumstances," I was merely to be imprisoned for eight days, to pay a fine of twenty francs, and a similar sum by way of indemnity to the wounded barber.

The reader will not, I hope, expect me to regale him with any anecdotes of prison-experience in the Silvio Pellico style. Barring that I was obliged to be always "at home," I was really far from uncomfortable during those eight memorable days. I was neither chained to the floor nor hung up by the leg during the whole time. On the contrary, I had a nice, tidy little whitewashed apartment, with a chair, a deal table, and a turn-up bedstead. I was allowed books, and read the first edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," from cover to cover, during my imprisonment. My jailor, too, was an excellent fellow. We couldn't, of course, communicate, except by signs, owing to my defective education; but he never entered my room without a smile on his face, and something or other in his hand which he fancied would serve me to kill time. Now it was a slate and a pencil, now a couple of cigars, and, best of all, on the second day he brought me a kitten, which was the greatest possible kindness he could have done me. Nobody knows what sympathy there is in a kitten till he has been shut up with one in jail for twenty-four hours. Puss didn't insist upon being spoken to in French. She was a regular little polyglot, and knew all languages under the sun. I was positively quite annoyed to have to part with the cat when the morning came for my release.

Precisely as the bells of the cathedral rang at noon on that eventful day, my jailor made his appearance. Flinging the door wide open, he made a low, comical salaam, and signalled to me that I was at liberty to depart in peace. He at the same time placed in my hands a sealed envelope, which I opened in the corridor. It contained two *billets de Banque*, for 100 francs each, and a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"SIR,—Your fine is already paid, and the barber is satisfied. You are requested to accept, as a loan, the inclosed sum of 200 francs. You need be under no delicacy in doing so, as the money will before long be reclaimed by the writer. Your luggage is awaiting you at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

"To Charles Pallmall, Esq."

I let the paper fall from my hands in uncontrollable astonishment. It was Cutler's handwriting! There was no doubt whatever upon the subject. I had often sat next him at lectures, and recollected perfectly well his old Cambridge scrawl; the letters sloped the wrong way, no dots to his *i*'s, and no topsail yardarms to his *t*'s. Confound it, thought I, can I have been judging this man uncharitably, and giving the devil an extra coat of black paint? It looks like it, really. Have I not brought all my old University prejudices to bear against him? Have I anything specific to lay to his charge? Am I even certain that he desired the barber to cut off my whisker? Assuredly not. On the other hand, may he not have construed the fact of my not having mentioned his name before the magistrates as evidence of a desire to keep him out of a disagreeable scrape? How do I know what position he may hold in Rouen, or what the result might have been to him, had his name appeared in connexion with such a squabble? At all events, let me suspend my judgment upon the man till I hear more, and, meanwhile, make the best of my way to the Hotel d'Angleterre.

Upon my arrival I found that a room had already been prepared for me, and oh, the thrill of delight which electrified me as I perceived a note from Lucy lying upon my dressing-table. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAREST CHARLES,—How very delightful! M. Constantine tells me that he believes you will be in Rouen this very day. If so, I am to tell you

that we dine at six, and you are not to dream of leaving us under a fortnight.

"Your own affectionate

"LUCY.

"*Chateau Pavilly, Saturday.*"

For the first time in my life I literally danced for joy. How shall I describe the load which those few lines took off my mind? During my imprisonment I had scarcely dared to think of Lucy. I had struggled, though in vain, to cover up her image from before my eyes. To think of her was torture, when I reflected that, at that identical moment, she might be perusing some garbled and ill-natured report of my trial; perhaps even mentally discarding me as a headstrong and hateful brute! Now I cared for nothing. Lucy was evidently ignorant of what had befallen me, and would not, at all events, hear of it until I was by to explain. All this was *couleur de rose.* Rapidly arraying myself as became a happy lover, and brushing my left whisker into as small a compass as possible, so as in some degree to correspond with its mutilated fellow, I sent out for a *fiacre*, and before half-past five was rattling through the barriers on my way to Chateau Pavilly.

The ponderous iron lodge-gates swayed backward at my approach. Clang, clang, went the bell behind me, as my humble *voiture* crashed along the noble avenue.

The servant who awaited me at the front door bowed low as I pronounced my name, and with an obsequious whisper of "Par ici, monsieur, s'il vous plait," conducted me to a small beautifully-furnished library upon the ground-floor. While I was in the act of examining the curious specimens of old Norman armour with which the walls were decorated he again threw open the door, and the next moment I was warmly shaking hands with my friend the good-looking magistrate, who turned out to be no less a personage than M. Constantine himself! Rather to my surprise and annoyance, he was accompanied by the amiable Cutler, to whom he introduced me as a compatriot, apparently without the slightest idea that we had ever met before.

"I have received you thus, my dear Mr. Pallmall," he apologised, holding me affectionately by both hands, "because I thought it might be more agreeable for both of us that our first meeting should be in private. People, you know, are sometimes a little unguarded when they are surprised, and you might possibly have been betrayed into letting out a little secret which you would otherwise have wished to keep. I have asked this gentleman to be present, because I speak English with considerable difficulty, and he must help me out if my ignorance of your language prevents my explaining what I wish you clearly to understand. He has been good enough, also, to interest himself in your case, and had the politeness to write a note in English for me this morning, which I hope was delivered to you before you left—before you left home. What I wish you to understand is this. You may have thought that you were harshly d alt with last week, and I confess your sentence was a severe one; but you must remember that France is not England, and that though at home, as I am told, you would have been allowed to inflict any punishment you pleased upon the barber for the sum of 125 francs, that is not so with us. Had you been an entire stranger to me I would have endeavoured to interfere effectually on your behalf; but hoping as I do, that you will be a constant visitor at Pavilly, I should, I assure you, have compromised myself altogether as a magistrate of Rouen, had I shown any marked determination to screen you from justice. As it was, the *bête noire*, as we call him, wished to give you three weeks. However, I congratulate you with all my heart upon being well out of the scrape; and now suppose we go up stairs."

"Allow me to congratulate you also," said Cutler, coming sheepishly forward to offer his hand. "I wouldn't have left you as I did, old fellow, only I was afraid they'd bring me forward as evidence against you. That was the reason, I give you my honour. Luckily, I had the presence of mind to keep out of the way; and I never even mentioned to M. Constantine that I had the pleasure of seeing you the first day you entered the town."

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Cutler," replied I very warmly, for my indignation absolutely got the better of me at this crowning piece of hypocrisy; "knowing what I did of your character, I well deserved all that has happened for being fool enough to place myself in your hands. That you should have chosen the very moment when I appealed to you for assistance in a very serious difficulty to indulge in a foolish and dangerous practical joke was, no doubt, too great a temptation for you to resist; but that you should come forward now, and, instead of attempting to apologise for the annoyance, not to say disgrace, it has occasioned me, talk to me as if I were an idiot or a child, is a little too much! I am sorry to have to speak in this way before M. Constantine. But you have now fair warning that the first time I meet you outside these gates, I will treat you exactly as I treated the barber, and give you any sort of satisfaction you like to demand into the bargain!"

"Vraiment, mon cher," exclaimed M. Constantine, who, not precisely comprehending the tenor of our discourse, was naturally puzzled to the last degree, "vous êtes l'homme le plus extraordinaire que j'ai jamais rencontré! Vous commencez par assassiner presque un malheureux barbier; puis maintenant, vous voilà menaçant une personne que je m'attendais à vous voir traiter en ami!"

"Stay, sir, pray," interrupted I. "I do not pretend to understand what you are saying, but you may well think me one of the most ill-bred savages that ever existed. Give me two minutes to explain myself, and I think you will agree with me that our friend there had good reason to be shy of telling you what excellent service he did me the other day."

Without further preface, I proceeded to put him in possession of the real facts of the *mauvaise*

plaisanterie which had deprived me of my liberty for a week, and challenged Cutler to deny them if he could. The brute, however, being altogether deficient in the tact and nerve which are essential to the constitution of even a tolerable liar, shuffled, bungled, hesitated, contradicted himself, and ultimately admitted that he had given the fatal order to the barber—"merely by way of a joke; just to see what the fellow'd say. Never thought, of course, he'd suppose I was in earnest; deuced sorry!" and all that sort of thing.

"Stay, gentlemen," interposed M. Constantine, "I am sorry that I should have been the means of bringing about an unpleasant meeting. I do not presume to advise Mr. Pallmall what view he ought to take of the occurrence, now that it is past and over. But I must say, and say very distinctly, that I am sorry my name was not sufficient to secure him every politeness and attention in this town from anyone who had ever been a visitor at Pavilly. And, Mr. Cutler, you will perhaps understand me when I add, that Mr. Pallmall is now the guest in my house, to whom I wish to render it *in every way* agreeable."

"I understand you, sir," replied Cutler, honouring me with a malignant scowl as he moved towards the door. "You will perhaps have the goodness to make my excuses to madame."

"To tell you the truth, my dear friend," said M. Constantine, as Cutler quitted the room, "I am not sorry to have found an opportunity of getting quit of that young man. He is by no means the person I took him for at first. He is a great deal too familiar, and I could see was fast becoming an insufferable nuisance to your pretty cousin. Now, then, let us join the ladies in the drawing-room."

More, I suppose, is unnecessary, at least to anyone who has ever read a three-volume novel to its conclusion. Lucy did not return me to my relatives as a damaged article; and though she doesn't as yet know the exact secret of my mishap, I think I must let her read it in the January number of TAIT.

GERMANY AT THE ADVENT OF THE GREAT KING.

I.

TEN long years were well-nigh done
Since the weary war begun—
Since the vengeful cannon's roar
Burst o'er rebel Prague, and bore
Doom to citizens, dismay
To their king of yesterday.
Ten long years, and what remains?
Slaughter on a hundred plains;
In a thousand mansions mourning
For the lost and unreturning;
Trusting hearts, now faint and failing,
For the bloodshed unavailing;
Courage bowed, and sage intent
Smit with blank bewilderment;
Doubts 'mid chiefs in council meeting;
Dark mistrust in neighbours' greeting,
Burgher passing burgher by
With a cold suspicious eye,
Moody muttering, curt reply.
And upon th' aspect of things,
As in men's imaginings,
Sombre hues of gloom profound
All the stricken landscape round—
Brooding shadows of despair,
Flung by Rapine, passing there.
Who would sign and token see,
Mark the melancholy lea,
Now with rarer flocks bespread—
View the fields unharvested,
Homesteads standing bleak and lone,
Cheerful house and household gone;
Silent hamlets, wild and waste,
All their olden mirth displaced;
Many a vineyard trampled down,
Many a wide dispeopled town
Thinned beneath the ruthless sword;
Lands that show a stranger lord;
Walls that gape to every breeze
Round the pillaged palaces.
These the signs—the sufferings, these!
And to miserable men,
Numbering years of warfare ten,
This the gain, for them and thee,
O surrendered Liberty!

II.

From mountain Inn and Iser's flow
Poured on the wooded plains below
To Pomerania's wind-swept lea,
With iron hand and stern decree
Ranges triumphant Tyranny.
On Baltic's shore must Dukedoms fall
To deck its new-found Admiral—
Dark Friedland,* whose unsparing steel
Reluctant Swabian cities feel,
As now he points with stake and sword,
His bigot Emperor's award.
Lone mother, upon hill and plain
Bohemia counts her children slain,
Or hears th' adieus of those that fly
From Persecution's fiery eye.
Far from ancestral homes of Rhine
Wanders th' unseated Palatine—
Flying before the Empire's ban,
Without ally or partisan,
He sees where those fair regions tend,
Bavaria's baneful star ascend
O'er all that purple vale—
The vineyard of his ancient reign,

* Wallenstein.

From Ingelheim of Charlemagne
To tower'd Frankendale.
And Heidelberg its lords hath changed,
And Amberg's citizens, estranged,
A new allegiance own—
To him who, girt with lawless spoil,
Usurps his kinsman's place and style
Fast by the Cæsar's throne.
Gone are that kinsman's champions—gone!
His hopes evanish'd, one by one.
Descending from their mountain-home
No Transylvanian levies come,
Gathering from plain and moorland dun,
On Austria's flank the restless Hun;
No Gabor* with his trumpet-call
Now frights th' imperial capital,
And who o'er northern Eyder came
To strike a feeble stroke for fame,
Unequal Denmark, fain must yield,
Swept by fierce Tilly from the field.
Grim Death hath still'd the martial zest,
Prison'd the chivalrous unrest,
Tamed the stout arm, and sunk the crest
Of Brunswick's chieftain brave;
And he who like a shooting star
Flashed o'er the broad expanse of war
On wild Dalmatian coast afar
Sleeps in his lonely grave.†
Whence shall a rescue rise for thee,
O undefended Liberty!

III.

Where storm-vex'd Baltic winds its coil,
And, flashing high its shafts of spray,
Round goddess Heartha's ancient isle ‡
Whilom usurped the frequent bay,
Arcona! on thy lonely steep
How oft hath blanch'd th' affrighted swain,
As, wistful gazing o'er the deep,
Sudden he marked the sinuous sweep
Of the fell serpents of the Main,§
And sped with tale of coming woe
And ravage to the vales below:
When Hako fierce, or Alf of yore,
With parti-coloured pendant bore
Down from Falsterbo's rugged shore
Or tempest-troubled Elsinore—
Or later, when the wave
Reddened beneath a holier war,
Led by the Cross of Valdemar
That smote the heathen slave!
Arcona! on thy lofty steep,
What sight alarms the watchman now?
What barques be they which o'er the deep
He sees approach with lordly sweep
Of sail, and bold-advancing prow?
Aside the yielding waves they fling,
Majestic as the eagle's wing
In the sunlight voyaging;
And as the stately galleys come
Mounts a dim murmur, like the hum

* Bethlem Gabor, Vaivode of Transylvania.
† Mansfeld.
‡ The Isle of Rügen, on the Pomeranian Coast.
§ The old Scandinavian sea-warriors, Vikingr.

Heard from industrious city hid
Behind some mountain pyramid.
That murmur, as they steer along,
Swells to a clear, sonorous song;
And ever nearer as they draw
Its words, that breathe half cheerfulness, half awe,
To German land the adventurers' greeting pay,
Bid downcast Freedom hope redress; and this the lay.

SONG OF THE SWEDES.

Twice an hundred barques we told,
Twice an hundred barques or more;
Thrice five thousand men of mould
Stood we on Elfnaben's* shore.
These with heart and hand we bring,
Suffering Freedom! at thy call—
These, and in the midst a king,
'Reigneth in the hearts of all.

He, or ere he left the shores
Of the island-city fair,†
Called his trusty counsellors,
Called his gallant nobles there;
And to that assembly high
Spake Gustavus—who but he?
"Swedes! our weary brethren's cry
Comes lamenting o'er the sea.

"Piercing is the voice of woe
That from yonder land resounds,
Where the free-born Faith lies low,
Bleeding from a thousand wounds.
Now, for God and kingly worth,
Let us hasten, ere it die
On the soil that gave it birth—
If we help not—utterly.

"Tyrants stand on yonder coast—
Shall they reach its waters o'er,
And our Baltic be a boast
For their haughty Emperor?
Ours it is by right of Fame,
Chartered in the hero's deed;
And their minions dare to claim
This old heirdom of the Swede!

"Shall we tarry till they come—
Till their impious bands advance
To the threshold of our home,
Trample our inheritance,
Beard us in our fathers' hall?"
Said the king—the nobles heard:—
"Forward!" cried they, one and all,
"Son of Vasa, draw the sword!"

Cheer ye, now, ye mourners sore,
Brethren of the bleeding land,
'Tis no weakling warrior
Paltering with a puny brand;
Ask of him, the vaunting Pole,
Ask the red Livonian plain,
If he war with recreant soul,
If his falchion smite in vain.

* The place from which the expedition set sail.
† Stockholm.

Call they him a king of snow*
That shall melt 'neath southern sun?
Ay!—as rivers overflow
When the loosened torrents run
Thundering down from cleft and steep,
Whilst affrighted shepherds fly,
So shall come the swell and sweep
Of his mountain soldiery!

Deeds of danger, deeds of death,
Were the pastime of our sires;
Blest are we whose better faith
Finds unquenched our fathers' fires.
Blest who stands, and blest who falls,
Hoping nobler crowns divine,
Happier homes than Odin's halls,
Light more pure than Freia's eyne.

For our king, by scoffers scorned,
For yon groaning land's appeal,
For the rightful worship spurned
'Neath Oppression's brutal heel,
God of Vengeance, God of Right,
Nerve our arms, and guide our swords!
Fearful is the hero's might—
But the Victory is the Lord's.

Twice an hundred barks we told,
Twice an hundred barks and more,
Fifteen thousand men of mould:
And the mothers that us bore,
And the tender wives we'd wed,
And the maidens we adore,
Saw our parting sails, and said,
"Conquer, or return no more!"

* They called him so at Vienna.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We must use the same precaution, inviting public attention to the subject we proceed to announce, which the great Weimar arbiter of theatrical proprieties thought necessary, introducing a dramatic representation which had in it something strange and odd, nearly connected with a train of ludicrous associations. "Man lache nicht" was the decree by which he secured the composed regard of a critical audience. We may likewise enter a preliminary protest against any levity in the consideration of our matter, and request every reader to respect the Syracuse Woman's Rights Convention, and the entire "movement" of female emancipation, as an affair that is worth a little sober reflection.

Those of us who are accustomed to watch the proceedings of our American cousins, must have been already aware, two or three years ago, of the bold attitude of actual prominence that has been assumed by the advocates of a practical equality of the sexes. It is the national habit, as it is always the tendency of a purely democratic community, never to pause in the speculative discussion of any new principle, but to plan the scheme of its application, and urge it immediately. With them, it takes the form of an executive committee as soon as it may have won the assent of a sufficient number of persons; and the constituent body of its sympathisers are periodically invited to a congress or convention, to sustain the sectarian interest, and to sanction the direct endeavours to accomplish its object. This straightforward process from the idea to the practical effort, the consequential logic of active mind, has acquired for the English of Britain, as well as for the English of the United States, great advantage in the attainment of their intended results, with a yet more valuable effect in training the national character, not only to intelligence, but to vigorous exertion, promptly complying with a prevailing conviction. It is only when, as it may be in this case, the partisans of a specious theory, so eagerly hasting to procure its realisation as to forget the conditions of its acceptance, parade some proposals which seem to vulgar sense impossible and absurd, that we are obliged to wish they had been content to devote a few more years to mature their notion by tranquil reflection before casting its undeveloped crudity, without due form and limitation, to the ridicule of a world that is too careless to discriminate between the distorted parody and the abused truth.

The true principle of this movement, which has an important place in the esteem of many thinking persons, is the assertion that the feminine nature, by its intellectual and moral capacity, is entitled to as careful and complete an education as that of man. This claim, we think, is not, thus stated, likely to be denied by any except those prejudiced by the materialist heathen notion of sacrificing individual culture to the utility of the commonwealth. It is probable that, with existing conventional arrangements, or rather with the present deficiency of methods for the direction of a woman's intellectual energy, it is not so manifestly profitable to the community to encourage her growth of mind as the academical and professional education of a man. She is not to be an active citizen, a trader, or an artisan; but, as we have intimated, it is an obsolete, a pagan notion to use no other measure of the care which society owes to its members than their proportionate capability of remunerative public usefulness. We learn, in modern times, that the State exists for the good of each; and, except where slavery is at the base, no class may be deprived or hindered of their most full development of humanity; because the culture, for want of which they are inferior, is bestowed upon others in a way supposed more advantageous to the public economy. It is not, however, in the school or domestic teaching of young girls there is a deficiency complained of

but in the active occupations of life, in the facilities and inducements to the enterprise of female industry, in that adaptation of circumstances to form in a woman her vigour of thought and will, which only we can dignify with the comprehensive term of *education*. What can she do in the world, what even can she do in her own home, that will stimulate her with the prospect of an adequate acknowledgment to the perfect mastery and exercise of superior mental powers? We must confess, these advocates of "woman's rights" have, upon this view, a case for inquiry, and an evil to be redressed. A young man is able, years before the legal recognition of his manhood, to begin the effort, in some one out of a hundred ways of activity that may bring him to the objects of his chief worldly ambition; he is able to work for an actual personal advantage. Should he lose the track of his pursuit, or wish to change it, there are many others in which, if he happen to get an introduction, he may be allowed to seek a better success; there is a choice for his inclination, and room for his special faculty. For a woman who is above the need of menial household drudgery, there is, except she possesses rare artistic talent, or unless she be engaged in retail trade, when it is seldom she can have any capital to secure more than the position of an assistant, one single and precarious resource—that of teaching children. It is a most honourable office, worthy of the noblest offerings of mind and heart. But it is one that, for its efficient performance in a professional way, requires more than others a peculiar talent and disposition. It is also one in which the multitude of competitors is enormous, compared with the demand for their services; as an instance of which, let us mention a fact within our own experience:—An advertisement having been published in a provincial journal, offering a very ordinary situation of resident governess, with a salary of £20 a year, it was replied to by no fewer than *eighty-five* applicants; whose pile of letters we saw, suggesting very sad conjectures of the distress and disappointment of so many young creatures, some homeless ones, whose fair hands had traced the delicate writing and stamped the perfumed wax. We have witnessed the perplexity of families, perhaps left destitute by the death of a parent, where the daughters, having high mental accomplishment and ability, without the favour of influential acquaintance, could find no opportunity of earning their livelihood; and the hopeless anxiety of a young widow, or of the wife of a disabled and poverty-stricken man, looking about in vain for the permission to labour to support those dearest to her. Some part of the cause of this helplessness of women in the world must be attributed to unreasonable custom, and the restraints of unjustifiable prejudice. Every occupation which is not inconsistent with the reserve and delicacy of feminine manners ought to be freely open to women, if they choose to practise it. It will be obvious that all manufacturing operations which require nicety of touch and light dexterity are most fitly committed to them. We cannot perceive any just objection to the employment of women in the task of mercantile clerks and accountants, so far as this may be executed in the seclusion of the counting-house—not on the Exchange. We are not quite sure but there are particular departments of medical practice in which a woman, scientifically educated, as two or three have lately ventured in America, might become an excellent professional adviser to relieve patients of her own sex. There is a range of less regular indefinable occupations, requiring penmanship and arithmetic, with intelligent tact and method, which are usually allotted *too* exclusively to men. But we do not pretend to indicate a sufficient variety of resources for female industry. Acknowledging the evil, there are certain customs by which ladies do themselves continue it; unless, indeed, we do them wrong in presuming that it is in compliance with the predilections of his gentle customers, the fashionable haberdasher stations a score of young men behind his counter, for duties which, in shops of less pretension, women appropriately discharge.

We have forborne to mention a more difficult point, which should not quite pass without notice; that, besides having scanty facilities for working, if she needs to earn her bread, a woman endowed with genius, and inspired with ambition, has not in the world any recognised sphere of intellectual activity, but only that of literature, for the display of her powers and the reward of her success. She may dazzle and delight a conversational party, and win the praise of an hour; she cannot erect any permanent memorial of her cherished ideas, nor embody her thoughts in a conspicuous result. A masculine mind of this order, in a male person, may persuade the senate, preside in the court of justice, may plead for a great cause or execute with decisive energy the resolutions of sagacious insight. We know a woman may not hold, nor ought to hold, any of those functions in the control of human affairs which are involved in forensic and political contentions. It is here we disagree with the inconsiderate persons who in New England have elected themselves the advocates of female emancipation; and a very few, we believe, are extant in this country. They, starting with the principle, which by us shall be undisputed, that woman is, in her mental and moral nature, *not inferior* to man, proceed to assume the feminine constitution *similar* to that of the man. "Mind is of no sex," they say, and we doubt the axiom. By this error they are led to claim for her a participation in all ordinary civil offices and privileges of the other sex, instead of the gradual institution, which we expect, of peculiar methods of activity, fitted to her proper faculties and congenial with her own disposition.

After, in a very general view, defining so the more serious part of this subject—having abstained from allusion to the want of adequate protection for wives and other dependent women against the abuse of domestic authority, as we have also kept aloof from the discussion of their legal disabilities in regard to property, not because we consider these matters incapable of reform, but as they would involve an argument too extensive—we now take leave to look at the proceedings of the

"Women's Rights Convention," not in the spirit of a bantering scepticism, for there is a sound reason somewhere at the bottom of this agitation, nor with any disrespect towards the ladies who conduct it; but we cannot forbid a smile at some things they did and said—the practical *reductio ad absurdum* of that false inference, that "mind" is of the neuter gender.

The whimsicalities of the Syracuse affair in September last, as well as the preceding Convention held last year in the town of Worcester, U.S., were exposed at the date of their occurrence by the rough humour of the *Times*, and we dare say have not been forgotten yet. They had the more notoriety among us because one incident of the proceedings appeared to be an indignant attack which a lady named Rose levelled against our honourable and learned M.P. for Sheffield, who had been guilty of hesitating at the extension of the electoral franchise to women. He had avowed this scruple in reply to some female constituents of that borough, adding—"There is no man who owes more than I do to woman; there is nothing which, for the honour of the sex, I would not do." And he spoke in a tone of very natural emotion of his "mother, wife, and daughter," as having been to him the happiness of life. "After the severe ire and the sharp disputes of the House of Commons," he said, "I hie me home, that my head may rest upon a bosom that throbs only with affection for me and our child; and I feel a brave, hearty man in the cause of my country the next day, having been soothed in the peace of a gentle mind that no politics have sullied." This very graceful testimony to the blessings of feminine companionship strangely excited Mrs. Rose to a very angry declamation. "What a combination," she called it, "of politics, flattery, and stupid, blind selfishness! I regret that Roebuck is not here that I may arraign him!" There could be no censure, indeed, harder for the unwomanly to endure than a panegyric on womanhood. She seemed to think with Miss Wisk (in the last number of "Bleak House") that "the idea of woman's mission lying chiefly in the narrow sphere of home was an outrageous slander on the part of her tyrant, Man." But we do not think Mr. Roebuck should have been understood to interdict ladies from the formation of political opinion. Few persons did better service, making way for the common understanding of scientific principles of legislation, than was done many years ago by the authoress of those "Illustrations of Political Economy," which entertained the children that are now on the electoral register, and preceded the popular instructions of the Anti-Corn Law League. We need not point to eminent female politicians of the French Revolution for examples of the important place a discerning woman, if she aspire that way, can occasionally fill in national affairs. These prominent cases are exceptional—let them be so; but they disprove the charge of utter incapacity. Mrs. Jones, of Ohio, says, "she wanted to go into the legislative hall, to sit on the judicial bench, and fill the chair of the President." We hesitate. The demand for the right to vote in choosing legislators, which she preferred on the ground that "taxation and representation go together," may seem as worth entertaining as the privilege of voting in the election of parochial officers, actually exercised by female householders in some parts of England. We had the pleasure of knowing a lady in Devonshire who served the offices of churchwarden and overseer of the poor, according to the custom of the parish, and very creditably. In a certain city, under a special jurisdiction, their suffrages go to form the corporate authorities. But as we lately saw at the parliamentary election for Oldham the voters brutally assaulted on their way to the polling-booth, obliged to fight against the cudgels of a ferocious mob, we should for the sake of women themselves defer exposing them to such rude contingencies until our political manners be improved, and our party contests be tempered with civility.

Without going on to echo the ridicule which writers in both countries have cast upon the speeches and manifestos of these American ladies, who doubtless mean very well, despite the oddity of their advances, let us present an historical parallel between their assembly and another, "Woman's Rights Convention," rather similar in its design, which is reported in the veracious chronicles of Aristophanes, as having been held in the city of Athens, *ancient* Athens, above two thousand years before this one of the other day, in the modern city of transatlantic Syracuse. We are told by St. Luke, those Greeks, in their democratic habit of hunting novelties, resembled the brisk Yankees of this nineteenth century; "for all the Athenians spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." To them it must have been as welcome an amusement as this latter-day demonstration has afforded the readers of the *New York Herald*, to have their jest at the expense of Praxagora and her sisters, on their conspiracy to overthrow the marital supremacy. Not but there are some material differences in the conduct of these comparable transactions to the advantage of our fair Syracusans. *Their* action was perfectly open and above-board to effect an avowed object by legitimate influences on public opinion. "Miss Wisk's mission, my guardian said" (if we may again quote Dickens), "was to show the world that woman's mission was man's mission; and that the only genuine mission of both man and woman was to be always moving declaratory resolutions about things in general at public meetings." These ladies have the courageous candour to proclaim their revolutionary intentions in the face of a sneering world. The Rev. Antoinette Brown, and Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, have taken bravely to themselves the professional titles so quaintly conjoined with their tender Christian names. Miss Clementina Nichols introduced herself, ironically, as "that monster of womanhood, a female political editor," the *Wyndham County Democrat* owning her literary control; and another lady was stated to be editor of the *Genius of Liberty*. It may be well, so especially in that country where a lady-writer has produced the most popular book in the world, and one of the noblest; for *either* sex of "mind" may claim an equal expression in litera-

ture. There were in Greece, too, literary women, but they edited no newspapers. They adopted more insidious means, in the present instance, to effect their political emancipation. Their convention, here recorded, was held in dark nooks and corners of the street, an hour or two before the break of day. The presence of no man was permitted; no Mr. Brigham, of the Mormon persuasion, to insinuate that "the world and the devil often lured women out of their sphere;" no impertinent Mr. Hatch to scatter the blushing assembly with his coarse remarks. It is not till after a brief colloquy with her china-lantern, curious in itself, but unnecessary for us to repeat, the fair President of the Convention decides on tolerating even its beaming eye of light as a dumb and neuter witness of their mysterious consultation. The women, in fact, have plotted a perilous enterprise. Like that lady from Ohio whom we named, this Praxagora, the mistress-mind of the whole concern, is "one of those women who, instead of talking about women's rights, took the rights without saying anything about them." But they do not take common ground with Miss L. A. Jenkins, of Waterloo, who raised the question, "Whether there *was* any law to prevent women voting in this state? The statute says white male citizens may vote, but does not say that white female citizens cannot." Their stratagem is rather to personate the male character, to attend the political assembly so early as to pre-occupy the majority of seats; and having crowded there, outvoting the odious virile interest, to carry their own measures by numerical strength.

The successful performance of this surprising manœuvre we shall see, and what a *culbute genérale* there is in consequence of it. Like the celebrated *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, the time of its execution is between the nocturnal "small hours" and the moment of sunrise, at which the primary legislative assembly of free and independent citizens is to be summoned in constitutional order. Our valiant dame, Praxagora, appears the earliest arrival, impatiently in the street awaiting her accomplices:—

> Will they be ready? Have they got their beards
> All sewed upon their chins, the way I told them?
> Have they contrived to steal their husband's clothes?

It must be noticed, these ladies, who want to wear the masculine costume for the purpose of disguise, not of mere convenience or majesty, are not content with the romantic fashion of apparel invented by Mrs. Col. Bloomer, and exhibited by Mrs. Dexter last year in all our principal cities; but they literally take possession of the garments of the other sex, and wear the articles that are nameless, and artificially fabricate the hairy ornament which nature gave to man alone, and which custom has shorn from him. A part of their conversation, as they drop into the meeting one by one, turns upon the difficulty of the good wives in this furtive appropriation; for Sostrates tells them her husband was kept awake by his cough all night, and another neighbour has been hindered by little accidents of a different kind, such as "will happen in the best-regulated families." After undergoing a mutual inspection as to the completeness of their male attire, which has been improved on by one zealous person lugging a huge club in her hand, and covering her fair shoulders with a leather jacket in the latest "rowdy" style, to impose upon the populace with the appearance of a swaggering fellow about town, they proceed to business.

Praxagora. Now, ladies, let us settle what to do;
Don't waste the time, while stars are in the sky;
Because you know, the meeting we intend
To go to will commence at break of day.

First Woman. Yes, that it will, by Jove! Well now, I think
You ought to take your place under the rostrum,
Directly opposite the magistrates.

Second Woman. Look here, my dear! *I* brought my work-bag with me,
To do some knitting, while I sit among them.

Praxagora. Knitting work *there*, you wretched minx!

Second Woman. Why not?
Yes, by Diana, so I will; for how
Shall I not listen to it just as well
Knitting? my bairns at home have naked feet.

Praxagora. Now just look there! you knitting, when you know
We must not show the meeting we are women!
A pretty scrape we should be in! the people
Met in the full assembly, one of us
Rising to make a speech, and in the tribune
Denouncing him we hate, Phormisius,
If we, that sit below on the front benches,
Forget to wear our clothes in a proper way!
While we sit there, you know, then anybody
Looking at us, and seeing the fine whiskers
We've tied upon our cheeks, will think we're men.
So we shall manage, yes, this very day,
By one bold *coup* of great audacity,
To get the government of all the State;
Then, we'll see how to do some good for the city;
For things, at present, are abominable,
They let us neither run nor drive,* women!

Second Woman. But how shall a party of women, with woman's wit
Address the people?

Praxagora. Better than anyone else.
They say, effeminate young gentlemen
Prove most tremendous speakers; so shall we
It is our portion and our special gift.

Second Woman. Well, I don't know; but sure, it frightens me
Attempting this without experience.

Praxagora. Suppose, then, we rehearse the whole debate
Now, by ourselves, and practise what to say.
Stop! don't go on, till you've put on your beard.
How many other are here, practised in speaking?

Third Woman. Why, bless your heart, who doesn't know how to talk?
I'm sure we all do—

Praxagora. *Do* you? very well, then,
Tie on your beard, and make yourself a man.
And while I fit you I'll put on my own,
To be ready if I find anything to say.

Fourth Woman. Oh dear! lock here, my dear Praxagora,
See how ridiculous it looks!

Praxagora. No! what?

Fourth Woman. The nasty thing! just like an ugly streak
Of black, with burnt cork drawn all round my cheek.

Praxagora. Never mind that; now ladies, we suppose
The due formalities are done, the usher
Walks round the meeting saying, "Move in front!
Silence in court, you chatterers! now, come
Sit in your places! Any one wish to speak?

Third Woman. Yes, I do!

Praxagora. Take the wreath, and luck be with you!

* If our uninitiated readers do not understand this idiomatic phrase, we cannot better translate it, but refer them to Miss Wisk for an equivalent expression of grievance.

Perhaps we need not explain that it was customary in the public assemblies of Greece for the orator to put on a wreath or garland during the time of his speech. This eager volunteer, whose name is understood to be Geusistrate, the wife of a grocer, commits the error of supposing that, as she is to wear a garland like that worn by convivial guests, she may without impropriety ask for a sip of wine; a jar of which, together with some food, has been provided by Glyce to refresh the members of the Convention after their deliberations. By this offence against the etiquette of the assembly Praxagora is scandalised, and instantly, like a "strong-minded woman" as she is, she falls upon the blunderer, calling her a poor feeble nonentity, bidding her to quit their company for her folly in offering to drink in such a solemn situation. But Geusistrate vindicates her conduct by declaring that the men drink, and are drunken, in their public assemblies; or else what is the cause of their mad shoutings, their quarrels and fury, except they are intoxicated with new wine? The President next invites another member, whom we call Melistiche (the reporter is not always accurate in giving the speakers' names); and she, putting on the wreath, and having been exhorted to speak out lustily, and like a man, flourishing her staff to the cadence of her periods, delivers a brief address. She commences in the way that even Demosthenes occasionally did, and, as our own orators affect to do sometimes, by professing that she had not intended, herself, to take any prominent part in these proceedings, but quietly to listen to others. Her subject is a personal grievance, and rather a petty matter of police—the nuisance of a pond of water close to her shop-door. She is presently interrupted by the severe Praxagora, because she forgets the character of her supposititious audience, and addresses them—"It appears to me, ladies, considering these facts—"

Praxagora. O wretch! you call them ladies, when they're men!
The Speaker. I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I meant
The womanish Epigonus, who sits there;
And, seeing him, I took him for a woman.
Praxagora. Get out! come down, and sit down in your place;
I think *I'll* speak a bit, for all of you.
I'll take the garland, and I pray the gods
To grant me luck in guiding this debate.
I claim an equal share, my countrymen,
Of this our commonweal which you enjoy;
And I am grieved as you are when I see
The interests of this our native city
Destroyed by wicked rulers.

We regret that our space does not allow us to report the hon. member's eloquent address at full length. It is a statesmanlike analysis of the great political questions of the day, exposing the tergiversation of the ministerial party, the blunders of their foreign polity, unfair class legislation, the inequality of taxation, official abuses, and maladministration of the Admiralty department.

First Woman. By Venus! what you say is true!
Praxagora. You fool,
To name the woman's oath, "By Venus!" What a mess
You'd put us in at the real public meeting!
First Woman. I wouldn't do so there, of course.
Praxagora. But don't,
There's a good soul, give way to such a habit!

After expatiating on the intrigues of the parliamentary parties, satirising the inconsistency and time-serving professions of leading men, Praxagora makes a rhetorical hit, which elicits from the same auditor another complimentary interjection:—

First Woman. Oh, what a clever man!
Praxagora. *Now* you applaud me rightly.—
You owe these evils to yourselves, my people.
You are to blame; each citizen is craving
To get his profit of the State's revenue,
And so you let the public welfare perish;
But do what I propose, and we are saved.
My counsel is, that we commit the State
To our wives' keeping. 'Tis no strange idea,
For have we not already trusted them
As household stewards and governors at home?
All the Women (*cheering.*) Hear, hear! that's good! bravo, by Jove! Go on, sir!
Praxagora. I'll show you, gentlemen, why they are wiser
Than we, to rule the State. Firstly, you know,
They still observe old venerable customs,
And hold the wisdom of our ancestors,
Steeping their wool, for instance, in hot water
By the old method; never will you find
The women rash to seize imprudent change.
I ask you now, would not the state of Athens
Be safe and prosperous, if *we* did so,
If we abstained from hasty novelties?
The women roast their meat, as they used to do;
Bear burdens on their heads, as they used to do;
Perform the Cereal rites, as they used to do;
They bake their bread, just as they used to do:
They plague their husbands, as they used to do,
And hide their amours, as they always did;
Keep tit-bits for themselves, as they used to do;
Sip wine and pleasure, as they used to do.
Then, gentlemen, I say, to such as these
Let us with confidence consign the State;
Not with a jealous fear and scrutiny,
Doubting their management, but frankly leave
To these good wives all cares of government;
Depending on them; for we may consider,
None are so fit as mothers to provide
The army commissariat; for who,
More than a mother, feeds the infantry?
Who, better than a woman, keeps the stores?
And such a ruler never can be cheated,
Because they are all skilful in deception.
I pass by other arguments; I say,
Accept this motion, citizens, and see
Our city ever happy, great and free.

Such is the sophistry by which the Woman's Rights Convention of Athens pretends not only to assume part of the civil sovereignty, but to inaugurate a mere petticoat government. The ladies, after commending this "draft of the Queen's speech," suggest that she may be exposed to insult and attack from the adverse party. She promises to encounter the rudest of them with sarcastic repartee, and *slang* them down; if they hustle her, she will elbow them off. Having concerted the mode in which they are to vote, by showing a majority of hands in the assembly, when her motion is put, the liberators of their sex march out on their way to the Pnyx, the place of legislative deliberation; with hats fiercely cocked on one side, and clattering on the pavement with their boots and walking-sticks, while they troll a jolly song in roystering chorus.

The next appearance on the scene is that of Blepyrus, the unfortunate husband of the aspiring

Praxagora. He comes out of his house, grumbling that he cannot find his wife, but still more vexed that he cannot find his coat and shoes. We know that she has abstracted them while he slumbered, leaving him to wake disconsolate, to grope for them in the dark. While he grumbles, another man, his next-door neighbour, comes out; they talk, and finding each is in the same disagreeable predicament, they condole with each other as ill-used husbands do. Presently they are joined by Chremes, who is either a bachelor or had risen too early to be treated in like manner. He wonders at meeting Blepyrus with his wife's shawl thrown over his back, and the accident of the lost coat is explained to him. Chremes tells them he has just come away from the Legislative Assembly—it is already morning. "What!" says Blepyrus, "has it been dissolved so soon?" They express a little disappointment at missing the customary fee of three oboli, that was paid, in those days of a degrading demagogueism, to each citizen who attended the discussion of public business. Chremes reports that the Pnyx was early crowded with such a multitude of electors as never had been known before; many were strange faces, and, with their general paleness of complexion, they looked like tailors or shoemakers, among the men of less sedentary trades. But no doubt of their qualification to vote had arisen. The order of the day, as announced by the presiding magistrates, was a debate upon the whole question of the government and policy of the republic. This might well have occasioned a greater concourse of persons than ordinary; and, in fact, a large number of citizens had found themselves excluded from the benches, preoccupied before they arrived. In the midst of an unsatisfactory and aimless discussion of public grievances, a fair-complexioned youth, of name unknown, but rather like Nicias in his features, had ascended the rostrum, and, with an able speech, propounded the motion we have anticipated—to constitute the women sole dictators of the troubled city. *Then* the assembly applauded, and cheered, and shouted consent; there was a party from the suburban districts who clamoured in opposition, but they were overruled by the majority. The resolution was carried; and the triumphant orator (in whom *we* recognise the daring Praxagora) went on to stigmatise with the severest accusations several of the men she named, and none more harshly than her own liege lord under the former *régime*, but henceforth her subject vassal. The domestic tyrant is for ever deposed; his wife is the law-giver and the man of business, but on her also shall devolve the earning of the family subsistence.

Such is the report of this memorable revolutionary transaction. We next witness the victorious return of the female politicians. Exulting in their new supremacy, they yet think it prudent to dissimulate the device which attained it. Each happy woman goes quietly to her own home, disencumbers her person of the male attire, and is ready with a plausible fiction to account for her early absence. Praxagora, be sure, can find an excuse on *her* behalf. When she meets her husband, he demands, with a pitiable affectation of stern authority, while his heart sinks under his conscious disgrace, "Where have you been, madam?" She, like a pert and sulky woman, replies, "What is that to you, sir?" There is a brief matrimonial contest of mutual spite; she protests, with an air of injured innocence, that she was called away in the night to help a female friend in her sudden childbirth, and that she borrowed his great-coat "because it's so cold; and you know, Blepyrus, how delicate my chest is;" but she took his boots and walking-stick as proper accompaniments of the man's coat. The poor husband can no longer contain his raging vexation. "Do you know, ma'am, what the fools at the assembly have done?" She professes, like a stay-at-home housewife, to know nothing of such politics. "Why," he bursts out in agony, "they've resolved to hand over the State to *you*—you women!" "Oh, to *us!*" she answers with an exquisite artful simplicity; "what to do with it—to weave or spin with it?" "No, by Jove, but to govern!" "To govern what?" she inquires. "Why, everything—all the affairs of the city." And now the delighted smile breaks over the pretty face of the conspirator, and she cries out, "Yes, by Venus! and it will be a happy city to live in from this time forth. There shall be no more crime, no false-swearing, no calumnies; there shall be no robbers, nobody shall injure his neighbour; nobody shall be poor, or starving, or naked; we shall all live in peace." The astonished Blepyrus becomes almost frantic at this promise of a new era; but the chorus of bystanders admonish him, "Be quiet, there's a good man, and let your wife speak." She goes on to explain her plans of social reform, consisting of the most utter Communism, exceeding any reveries of Louis Blanc or Prudhon:—

> Let all things be in common; let the strife
> Of competition end. I will not have
> Some beggars, others rolling in their wealth;
> One shall not own wide acres, while another
> Cannot possess six feet to be his grave.
> Nor shall the rich man have a train of slaves,
> While he of poor estate is served by none.
> But men shall live out of one common stock.
> The women husband it, and feed them all.

The obvious difficulties of such an economical system are hinted at by Blepyrus, but no more regarded by the versatile logic of the reformer than were the arguments of M. Thiers heeded by the French regenerators of society. We need not follow the Athenian disputants into this old controversy, which is so familiar to our own age. The worst of it is, the communism of Madame Praxagora includes some measures more *outré* than even the extremest application of the Fourierist theories of passional attraction. As it would be a trite repetition of the usual defence of individual property and free trade principles to give the subsequent conversations of the men obliged by the new laws to deposit their goods in a common fund, so it would also be offensive to our modern delicacy of sentiment if we presumed to describe the

licentious confusion that is supposed to result from a sort of inverse polygamy, established by the revolutionary wisdom of the new legislators.

The Woman's Rights Convention of Aristophanes is a farce in jest; the Εκκλησιαζουσαι of America, some critics may think, enacted a farce in earnest. But we respect earnest action so highly, we seek a reasonable motive besides its accidental extravagance. We shall not part from this subject, as we did not come to it, in a mood of derision. There is even yet, in our opinion, an improvement approaching in the ordinary sentiment and manners of this age with respect to the social privileges of women. Most gratefully do we recognise the vast superiority of their position to that in ancient Greek society, which separated the honoured matron, shut up in her household duties, from the intellectual refinements of her nation, stigmatising with immodesty the genius of an Aspasia, driving those of her sex who dared aim at mental accomplishments into an unworthy social abandonment. The modern world is one far nobler in this as in other regards. In the moral atmosphere of Christendom, the life and heart of society, divinely searched with a purifying light, learned the reverence of sex. Marriage has become a sacrament of God; gentleness was ennobled by chivalry. Southern Europe, even where an habitual laxity belies the Catholic profession, was led, by the excessive adoration of a glorified Virgin, into that mystical contemplation of the peculiar glories of feminine excellence, of the implicit devotedness of woman, her elevated strain of feeling, and her compassionate fountains of inexhaustible tenderness, the faith in which inspires with fond extasy the lyrical dreamer of Vaucluse, and charms into finer music the rugged anger of the poet of eternal doom, in presence of the celestial graces of Beatrice. Our northern race, less given to idealise the objects of affection, in the very dimness of a barbarous heathenism saw their way to the true esteem of womanhood. We that claim a Saxon parentage, and our kindred in America, proudly read the testimony of Roman Tacitus, about the chaste, moral austerity of the forest-dwellers of Germania. Amid those indomitable savages, Woman had her "rights" not derided or denied. "Inesse quin etiam sanctum aliquid et providum putant." English domestic manners with our fruitful civilisation are carried over the globe. Wherever they are implanted Englishwomen shall be the companions in equal friendship of Englishmen, not only consoling but admonishing, "neque consilia earum aspernantur, nec responsa negligunt," but never their competitors in the civil strife.

> For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like with difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world—
> She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
> More of the double-natured poet each:
> Till at the last she set herself to man
> As perfect music unto noble words.
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
> Self reverent each, and reverencing each;
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other even as those who love.
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
> Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
> Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

After this harmonious wisdom of Tennyson we conclude with him, adding, "May these things be!"

THE WELLINGTON MEMOIRS.

The Life of the Duke of Wellington is a tempting theme for biographers and essayists. The popularity of the subject is so great, the materials are so abundant and so ready at hand, and the theme itself is so splendid and attractive, that writers of every degree of talent and experience find some inducement to employ their pens upon it. Already, since the Duke's death, half-a-dozen complete biographies, and a multitude of less elaborate memorials, have made their appearance; and this, of course, is only the first crop of such productions, forced into an early and ephemeral existence by the powerful influences of the hour. The works of authors who write, or hope they write, for posterity, will come before the public at a later period, after the national enthusiasm has subsided, or rather has been sublimed into an abiding and discriminating reverence for the memory of the nation's great defender. At length, some fortunate and happily-qualified writer will give us *the* biography of Wellington which is destined to supersede all others, as Southey's "Life of Nelson" at once cast all other works of the kind into the shade. That such a "lucky hit betwixt wind and water" (to quote Macaulay's curious phrase of laudation) as the "Life of Nelson" should have been the production of a secluded scholar, who confessed and deplored his utter ignorance of sea-life and nautical terms, may at first thought seem surprising; yet there can be no great hazard in predicting that, in like manner, the most popular "Life of Wellington" will be the work, not of a military man or a politician, but of some writer of Southey's class, qualified by natural genius and long practice for the difficult office of interpreting between the world of action and the reading public.

For the present, the public must be content with works of humbler pretensions, produced for the supply of a temporary demand, and designed

merely to furnish that amount of information which every Englishman ought to possess on such a subject. Of these works, that of Mr. Stocqueler, so far as a judgment can be formed from the first volume, seems likely to be one of the most readable and useful, if not absolutely the best.* The author's experience as a writer and a traveller, his familiarity with his theme, and his personal acquaintance with the Duke, have been of great advantage to him; and, though the work has evidently been prepared in haste, and is in many parts little more than a compilation, these circumstances detract less from its value than might be supposed. The extracts which are made from a great variety of sources—from the Duke's "Despatches" down to a popular novel—are generally well selected and interesting; and the narrative which combines them is written in an easy and fluent style, with sufficient indications of care and general knowledge to secure the reader's confidence in its accuracy. The illustrations are numerous, and form an attractive feature of the work. The author in his preface claims for them the "unusual advantage of truthfulness in the matter of scenery, costume, and portraiture"—a claim which he fortifies by the statement that some of them were "contributed by the graceful pencil of Colonel John Luard, author of a 'History of the Dress of the British Soldier,' and an actor in the scenes delineated, and the remainder by Messrs. G. and R. Thomas, the eminent artists and engravers."

The first volume of Mr. Stocqueler's work closes with the warlike preparations which followed the return of Napoleon from Elba, and is, consequently, wholly occupied with the history of the Duke's military career. The great events in that history are well known to most readers. The share which the Duke, then Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, took in the expedition against Denmark, in 1807, is less generally known; and as it was such as reflected peculiar honour upon him, we select from Mr. Stocqueler's volume the passage in which it is described. After mentioning the dispersion of the hostile army by the force under the Duke's command, the narrator proceeds as follows:—

Sir Arthur then returned to his former head-quarters, and it was now that he exercised that humanity, and displayed that generosity towards the adjacent inhabitants, which always formed such a conspicuous feature in his character. He preserved the utmost regularity and order among his men; no complaint preferred, even by the poorest peasant, against any man, of whatever rank, who had either injured or insulted him, went unnoticed; and the country people, who had been taught to look upon the British as monsters of iniquity, loudly exclaimed that they were better treated by their enemies than they had been by their own people: the former paid for all they had with the utmost liberality; the latter compelled them to furnish them with whatever they required, without offering the least indemnification. The men had been taken away from their homes to fill up the ranks in the militia; thus labourers were wanting to gather in the harvest; distress and ruin would have been the sure consequences, had not Sir Arthur permitted the British troops to assist the farmers. It was a sight not less curious than grateful to see soldiers placed in almost every house, to guard the inhabitants from the insults of such stragglers as might stray from the British camp, from a desire of plunder; nor would Sir Arthur permit his troops to receive any reward for their services in this respect, though the gentlemen farmers and peasants were willing to be liberal towards men whom they looked upon as their protectors. In fact, so attached had they become to our troops, that they anticipated with much uneasiness the day which, by the capitulation of Copenhagen, was fixed upon for the evacuation of Zealand by the British forces. Theft of any kind was punished by Sir Arthur with the utmost severity; but it is just to state that only two complaints of this nature were ever made against any British soldier in Zealand, and then, by the exertion of their officers, the property was restored to its owners.

Such being the manner in which Wellington conducted his warfare, it is not surprising that the atrocities committed by the French armies, in carrying out Napoleon's system of "making war support war," should have excited his indignation. The following passage in one of his despatches, relating to Massena's retreat from Portugal, describes some of these outrages, though by no means the worst, and shows what the English commander thought of them:—

I am concerned (wrote Lord Wellington) to be obliged to add to this account, that their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited, by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's palace, and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country, of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army, who has not had any reason to repent of it, and to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French Commander-in-Chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of 110,000 men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and of other nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances; and that there is no security for life, or for anything which makes life valuable, except in decided resistance to the enemy.

It is but just to add that Massena was notoriously the most cruel and rapacious of all the French marshals, not excepting even Davoust; and that some of them, particularly Victor and Mortier, evinced on many occasions chivalrous and humane feelings. It was the inhuman system of Napoleon himself which compelled them to have recourse to oppressive exactions for the maintenance of their troops. Massena, however, appears to have been naturally ferocious and pitiless. Some of the barbarities committed by his soldiers, under his express orders, were of such a shocking nature that nothing but the positive testimony of eye-witnesses would gain belief for the narrative.

* The Life of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq., author of "The British Officer," &c. In two volumes, with numerous engravings. Vol. I. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1852.

One of his own countrymen, writing in the "Biographie Universelle," indignantly condemns his inhuman conduct, and holds him up "to the horror of posterity." He was, however, undeniably one of Napoleon's ablest lieutenants. The Duke of Wellington is said to have declared that no other commander to whom he was opposed caused him so much anxiety as Marshal Massena, whose activity and vigilance made it necessary for his adversary to be constantly on the alert. Probably Mr. Disraeli had in view Massena's military genius when, in one of his novels, he thought fit to claim this famous commander, among other great European celebrities, as a scion of the Judaic stock. His name, if we are to believe Mr. Disraeli, is only a transposition of the Jewish patronymic Manasseh. As far as the evidence of physiognomy goes, it certainly seems to confirm this derivation. Massena's portrait shows us a small, thin, Arab face, with sharp, prominent features, contrasting strongly with the fine, open, soldier-like countenances of most of his fellow-marshals. In reading the history of his campaigns, we seem to be following the career, not of a civilised commander at the head of a European army, but of one of the merciless devastators and despots of the East—a Mahmoud of Ghizni, a Hyder Ali, or a Djezzar Pacha. After perusing the account of Massena's ravages in Portugal, it is with no small sense of gratification that one turns again to the oft-told story of the manner in which Wellington, after holding the baffled invader long in check before the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, at length sallied in strength from his covert, overtook the retreating enemy, cut off his rear-guard, hunted him from one position after another, and finally drove him, in ignominious flight, beyond the frontier of the ravaged kingdom, with the loss of more than half of his army.

The publishers of Mr. Stocqueler's work have also given to the public two smaller works, of the "shilling" order, which may suffice for readers who cannot spare time or money for octavo volumes.* One of these is a biography of the Duke, purporting to be by a "citizen of the world;" there is, however, nothing particularly cosmopolitan about the work, which is a clear and concise narrative, such as any patriotic English writer might have produced, of the important events in the life of the great soldier and statesman whose exploits and merits happened to form the leading topic of the day. "Wellingtoniana" is an interesting collection of anecdotes and apophthegms, some of which will probably be new even to those who have read a good many volumes about the Duke. In no way could a foreigner so readily acquire a knowledge of the great Duke's character, and of the sources of his greatness, as through this unpretending but valuable little publication.

* The Military and Political Life of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. By a Citizen of the World. With numerous original and authentic engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke and Co. 1852.

Wellingtoniana. Anecdotes, Maxims, Opinions, and Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington. Selected by John Timbs, compiler of "Laconics," author of "Popular Errors Explained," &c. Ingram, Cooke and Co. 1852.

The death of the Duke of Wellington naturally afforded an interesting theme to many popular preachers, and several of the sermons delivered on the occasion have been published. One of these, which is brought under our notice at present, treats of the lessons which the life of Wellington affords to young men.* It is an eloquent, patriotic, and martial panegyric, such as a Roman pontiff might have pronounced over the urn of a Cincinnatus or a Camillus. Another sermon, of a somewhat different character, has been expanded by subsequent additions into a small volume, which may be read by old and young with pleasure and instruction.† Anything which Mr. Binney writes is expected, as a matter of course, to contain profound or original thoughts clearly and forcibly expressed. Those who take up this publication with such expectations will certainly not be disappointed; they are more likely to be surprised, as Mr. Binney anticipates in his preface, by the novel arguments and lessons which the author finds in the biography of the warrior-statesman, and which are certainly such as no pagan pontiff could have discovered. Passing over these theological disquisitions, however, as not exactly suitable for citation, we prefer to quote, as a good specimen of the book, the following admirable picture of the Duke of Wellington as he appeared to his fellow-countrymen in the closing years of his life.

The man familiar with death was allowed to linger long among the living; he survived almost all his contemporaries, and stood in the midst of another generation the solitary memorial of a past age. It is interesting to observe how he came to be regarded as he went through the mild evening of his life, having borne the burden and heat of the day. The warrior and the statesman got blended together, each reduced and mellowed by time, so that the stronger and more prominent points in both were softened and subdued, and there was simply left to us a singularly sagacious and wise old man—a man who in his day had done deeds both in camp and cabinet, but who was now thought of not so much as soldier or minister, as something combining the virtues of both, the promptitude of the one, and the caution of the other—a man calm, deep, strong, reliable; a sort of sage or patriarch, looked up to as if elevated above the region of disturbing passions and party animosities; a brave, resolute man, too—a sort of oracle, whom successive sovereigns might send for and consult, to know what was to be done when no one else seemed able to tell, sure of receiving some answer or other, some suggestion as to what was the only or wisest course to get the vessel off the rock, or the carriage on the rail; advice always regulated by a simple regard to the object to be secured, *whoever* was to have the charge of the ship or train. After being nurtured amid party prejudices; after growing up to idolise prerogative; after fighting, as was supposed, in support of despotism against popular progress, and doing it with earnest and conscious sympathy; after betraying his incompetency to rule an advancing age, from ignorance of its wants and opposition to its will—after all this, he became that wise, honoured, and trusted old man, the last years of whose wonderful life were spent in unlearning the lessons of his youth, or in trying to forget them, and in going with the tide as far as he could, accepting what was done and determined by the nation as a thing settled and not to be disturbed, keeping himself apart from those of his order

* The Life of Wellington; its Lessons to Young Men. A Discourse. By Rev. W. Foster. Preached in the Congregational Church, Kentish Town, on Sunday, Oct. 3rd, 1852. Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

† Wellington as Warrior, Senator, and Man. By T. Binney. Hamilton, Adams and Co., Paternoster-row.

who still clung to their musty traditions. He was ripened into a fine, noble specimen of the British citizen. Happy in the original soundness of his mind, in the strength, clearness, and integrity of his understanding, he was happy in the length of his protracted day which afforded him the opportunity of becoming what he was. By many of his class the opportunity would have been lost—they would have left the world exactly as they came into it, accompanied to the grave by all the prejudices that met them at their birth.

THE PARISH BEADLE OF FRANCE AND HIS CONGENERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It is in the capital and great cities of France only that the parish beadle exists as a permanent functionary. The beadle of a village is some disguised cobbler or weaver, enveloped on Sunday in the red cloak of a dentist, or some rejected garb of the kind, and exposed to the very equivocal admiration, or perhaps the open raillery, of the church-goers. Let the denouncers of pluralities wreak their wrath upon the parish beadle of a country town: he is at one and the same time beadle, sacristan, bell-ringer, grave-digger, and ecclesiastical Jack of all trades to an entire district. At Paris the multiplicity of occupations necessitates the division of labour, and the beadle presides only over the interior police of the temple. He is the first to enter and the last to leave it. Dwelling in some impenetrable recess adjoining the edifice, he enters the church by a side door at half-past five in summer and at half-past six in winter. He walks through the nave, the choir, the aisles, sees that all is in order, and that no sacrilegious thieves have made free with the inclosure confided to his care; then he opens the doors, and commences his daily promenade through the church. At intervals the iron point of his silver-headed cane, or the staff of his halbert, resounds through the sonorous vaults. He pursues with holy wrath the intrusive dogs whose barkings interrupt divine worship, expels disturbers, walks at the head of families whom baptisms, marriages or funerals have assembled beneath the sacred roof; and in the evening, at half-past seven, having duly visited every part of his domain, he closes the doors and returns to his home.

In order that the beadle may not lose sight of his duties, a failing to which human nature is unfortunately exposed, they are enumerated upon a black board appended to the walls of the vestry. The following regulations enacted for his especial monition are copied from the vestry walls of the parish church of St. Eustache:—

1. The beadles are to be two in number.

2. Their functions are to open and shut the gates of the church; watchfully to maintain good order and decency, a charge they are on no account to neglect; to walk at the head of processions and other ceremonies; to precede the curate in all his ecclesiastical functions; to clear the way for the official who makes the collections on Sundays and saints' days; to conduct the members of the fabric to the offertory, and back again to their place; to call the preacher, and re-conduct him to his chamber after the sermon; to introduce the churchwardens and the members of charitable societies at the time of their assemblies, &c.

3. They are enjoined to repress all rising tumult in the church; to prevent anyone from entering with parcels or provisions; to permit no persons to come in with their hair in papers, but gently to admonish such to withdraw for a few minutes, that they may present themselves with more decency.

4. The beadles are not to remain in the vestry, but in the church.

5. The doors of the church are to be open half an hour before the first mass, and shut half an hour after the evening prayer, except on Saturday and on the eve of the festivals, on account of confessions, &c.

It is easy to see by the above that the office of beadle is a post of responsibility. Thus it is never confided to any but men of honesty and good character, whose morality is above suspicion; and the most minute inquiries are made as to the public and private life of a candidate. It is indispensable that he shall have passed the age of inexperience and frivolity, and that he shall be proof against the seductions of the wine-shop.

The clergy, who have a horror of bloodshed, and whose banner bears the word "Pax" for a device—the clergy invariably select their beadle from the ranks of the army! The beadle of the Restoration was a trooper of the old Imperial Guard; he of 1841 equally belonged to a select corps of the Royal Guard, or to the military staff of the exiled Charles X. He passes suddenly from the worldly, tumultuous, and irregular life of a soldier, to the peaceable, devout, and contemplative habits of a clerk. At intervals, when he glances at the rich epaulettes upon his shoulders, he may imagine that he is still in the service and has risen to the rank of a colonel; but the illusion is soon dissipated by the remembrance of the fatal 28th of July, 1830, when, wounded and half-dead with famine, a compassionate citizen gave him shelter and food; some days after he was informed that his regiment was disbanded. Without resource and far from his native country, he went to ask hospitality at the door of a church; they received him, and made the poor soldier a beadle, in consideration of his good character and six feet two inches.

It generally happens that the beadle (called in Paris a Swiss) is a Swiss in reality—a veritable son of Helvetia. If he is called upon to open his mouth, his accent betrays his Tedescan origin

fortunately he is essentially a mute personage, and has no demand for eloquence or brilliant capacity. His greatest merit is to rival in stature the drum-majors of the line, and the travelling giants elevated from six to seven feet *above the level of the sea*. He is a converted Hercules, a demi-pagan subjected to Christian law. He is not a little proud of his figure, which he adorns with gold-lace, galloon, and embroidery. He is the incessant persecutor of the tailor and the laceman, and never believes himself harnessed with sufficient elegance. To be sure, his presence is really imposing, and his martial figure has a brilliant effect at the head of a procession, when he walks between two walls of snowy linen hung with wreaths and *bouquets*, and treads upon a soil strewn thick with flowers.

If the beadle is proud of his person, every parish is proud of its beadle, and endeavours to eclipse its rivals, in choosing one of irreproachable carriage, and loading him with lavish ornament. On important occasions, a beadle is borrowed and returned like an article of furniture. One pastor writes to another: "The Duke of C—— and the Countess X—— are going to be married; they will receive the nuptial benediction in our parish. Have the goodness to lend me your beadle; ours is grown thin of late, and is, besides, two inches shorter than yours."

At the time of the funeral of the victims of Fieschi, there was a species of rivalry among all the beadles of all the parishes of Paris. The honour of figuring at the sepulchral ceremony fell upon him of Saint Leu, a man remarkable amongst them all for the loftiness of his stature, the regularity of his features, and the nobility of his bearing.

The fixed salary of a beadle does not amount to more than forty francs a month; but the perquisites which he receives at marriages, funerals, and especially at baptisms, raise his emoluments to about twelve hundred francs a year. In the towns adorned with some fine cathedral celebrated for its sculptures, antiquities, and curiosities—as Rouen, Bourges, Chartres, or Amiens—the beadle augments his revenues by acting as *cicerone* to travellers. That his guidance may not be dispensed with, no sooner is the service over than he shuts up the choir and the principal chapels. Strangers arrive, eager to see the tomb of Georges d'Amboise or of Louis de Brèze—unfortunately it is shut up. The beadle presents himself, complaisant but greedy, polite but interested—a sort of broker's man in possession—an incarnate *sine quâ non;* he satisfies the curious, and, his task accomplished, he places his corporation at the door, where he stands a living money-box, in such a manner that the travellers have to pass one at a time through the Caudine forks of *baksheesh*. This race of tax-gatherers is composed, not of Helvetians, but of true sons of the soil. Frenchmen by birth, and Frenchmen in heart, they levy contributions upon foreigners, and upon Englishmen in particular, accounting it as so much spoil taken from the enemy.

The beadle is the most brilliant, the most dazzling, and the most gaudy of the servants of the church. He surpasses in splendour all his colleagues—the verger, the sacristan, the sexton, the giver of holy water, the chorister, and the chanter. In vain they pretend to appear upon a level with him; the public, ever alive to merit, acknowledges the superior quality of the beadle. The verger alone might rival him, if his duties did not comprise the humiliating task of sweeping the church and running on occasional errands.

In the parishes of Paris, the verger formerly carried a whalebone wand, and wore a robe the colour of which varied according as the church was under the invocation of a martyr, a virgin, or a canonised king. At present he is dressed in a plain suit of black, with white cravat, knee-breeches, and silk-stockings. He wears a sword with a brazen hilt, and carries in his hand a little staff of ebony tipped with silver. It is in this gentlemanly costume that the verger attends the processions to prevent their being broken, accompanied by the priest who makes the collection, and on whose behalf he cries out, in a voice whose familiar cadence is known far and wide, "For the necessities of the church, if you please!"

The Sacristan has charge of the lighting, the ornaments, and the vestments, and it is his business to adorn and dismantle the altar. The Ringer gains four hundred francs a year for ringing the *Angelus* and the signals, and for chiming on *fête* days. He is said to be fond of wine—but his labour demands a stimulant, some of the bells being enormously heavy. "*Boire-à-tire-la Rigaud*" is a proverbial expression among the French. *La Rigaud* is the great bell of the cathedral of Rouen; it is of extraordinary dimensions, and the labour of ringing it doubtless gave rise to the proverb. The provincial ringer has faith in the efficacy of his bells, and will ring them manfully to dissipate a thunder-storm—an experiment which is never known to fail of success.

The giver of holy water is an infirm old man, whose only emoluments are the alms of the faithful. Death would be but an exchange of coffins for this antique ruin of humanity, walled up between four planks, attached to his box like a polypus to the rock, and never moving but to thrust forth a meagre claw armed with a sprinkling-brush.

The chorister, on the contrary, is full of life and juvenility. It is difficult to retain him within bounds; he prefers playing at taw to sol-fa-ing with the music-master or repeating his catechism. The foundation pays for his instruction, and grants him besides a gratification proportioned to his merit. If his musical talent develops itself, the ingrate suddenly abandons the church for the opera. It is true that, grateful to his parish, he often remains attached to it in quality of chanter, singing psalms at the choristers' desk during the day, and warbling of wine and the lasses during the night. Nearly all the chanters of Paris are choristers in the various theatres.

Many of the choristers grow up to be tradesmen, but not a few of them have acquired a reputation in the arts. Duprez made his first *début* at St. Eustache. A celebrated composer of sacred music, Nicholas Rose, began as a chorister in the college of Beaune at seven years of age, and studied

with so much ardour and success, that at ten years of age he had a grand motet of his own composition performed in full orchestra—an example which ought to be held in remembrance by all young students.

With the exception of the Parisian beadle, all the servants of the church whom we have mentioned above have some trade to exercise independent of their clerical functions; some are porters, and confide the door-keeping to their wives while they discharge their duties under the shadow of the gothic arches; others are tailors, cobblers, matmakers, matchmakers, &c., &c.—a race of provident worthies who, having recognised the value of the axiom that it is well to have two strings to your bow, act upon it.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The great event of the past month has been the downfall of the Derby Ministry. On the 16th of December, after a debate which had lasted through four nights, the resolution for imposing a doubled and extended house-tax, in order to enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit one-half of the malt-tax, was negatived by a vote of 305 to 286. It pleased Lord Derby and his colleagues to regard this adverse division as equivalent to a vote of want of confidence, and on this ground to throw up their offices—an extraordinary course, which could only be warranted by a consciousness of their incapacity for producing a better budget. Yet it is affirmed that the Cabinet had actually had under consideration a financial scheme of a very different character, and one that might have united a majority of suffrages in its favour, and assured to the Government, if not a greatly-lengthened existence, at least a temporary reprieve. But it was not a "compensation" budget. The very feature of Mr. Disraeli's plan which could have made it acceptable to the country, rendered it odious to the little knot of sincere and bigoted Protectionists with whom he was compelled to take counsel. Having come into power pledged to do something for the relief of the landed interest, they felt bound in honour to make at least an attempt to fulfil their engagement. With this view, they forced upon Mr. Disraeli the reduction of the malt-tax, and, in so doing, spoiled his budget. When the hopelessly impracticable character of their scheme became apparent even to their own apprehensions, the next idea of the Protectionist chiefs was to tie their unpopular budget round the neck of their able first lieutenant, and throw him overboard, as a peace-offering to the offended powers, and then to fill the vacant place with a new adherent who would bring some accession of strength to their crew. Mr. Disraeli, however, was not disposed to play the part of victim in such a sacrifice. He had made the Government, and he determined to unmake it. With one hand on the helm, and a poisoned dagger in the other, he steered the ship straight upon the rocks, and swam ashore, leaving his forlorn companions to their well-deserved fate. The remarkable speech with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer closed the debate on the ministerial side was devoted entirely to an elaborate and successful vindication of his own ability as a financier and an administrator. His colleagues in the Cabinet were left, without a word of support, to sink under the flood of public contempt in which all of them, with one exception, are destined to be speedily submerged. It is a curious fact that, except the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Disraeli, there is not one member of the late Ministry who has not lost, during his brief tenure of office, whatever reputation as a politician he may have previously possessed.

The present condition of public affairs is fraught with great peril to the state. The recent events, which have destroyed the credit of Mr. Disraeli's most conspicuous colleagues, have raised him to an unapproachable and almost despotic pre-eminence in his party. That party is by far the largest and most compact of all the parliamentary sections. With a smaller following than he now possesses, and in a less advantageous position, Mr. Disraeli was able to break up two administrations, numbering among their leaders and supporters all the statesmen and popular leaders of Great Britain. On the other hand, to drag him from office it has been necessary for all those statesmen and popular leaders to unite their efforts and their followers—and even thus, they have owed their success mainly to the blundering arrogance of the Ministers whom he had made, and who assumed to be his masters. This assumption is not likely to occur again. Henceforth the leader of the Opposition will have his party well in hand—obedient to his slightest nod. However unwilling we may be to admit it, there can be no doubt of the discreditable fact, that Mr. Disraeli is at present by far the most influential man in the United Kingdom.

Now, the question for our real statesmen to decide is a very important one. How is the government of the country to be carried on against a powerful Opposition, led by the most astute and unscrupulous politician that ever sat in Parliament? The state of affairs in this country, making allowance for the necessary difference of circumstances, is strikingly similar to that which existed in France just before the *coup d'état*. On the one side we have a shrewd, inscrutable, and reckless political adventurer, who, by a singular concurrence of events, has secured the unreasoning and devoted adhesion of a vast body of discontented

landowners and cultivators of the soil. On the other side are all the great political notabilities, and a majority of the members of the Legislature, possessing much influence in the towns, but divided into several inharmonious factions of almost every political hue. It is idle to suppose, because *coups d'état* after the French fashion are impossible in this country, that there is therefore no danger in such a state of things as that which has just been described. The danger is twofold. In the first place, there is no reason to doubt that, if any accidental circumstance—such, for example, as a violent no-popery excitement—should at any time render the existing Government unpopular, the vigilant leader of the Opposition will be ready to take advantage of it. There will be a sudden and fierce parliamentary struggle, a defeat of the ministry, a dissolution, and then Mr. Disraeli will be borne back into power at the head of a great majority of ardent supporters. It may be said that, after all, the power of a minister is so closely circumscribed in this country that even such an event could not produce any very injurious result. But it must be recollected that, though the legal power of a minister may be narrowly restricted, the power both for good and for evil which he derives from the support of party-spirit, and even of party-discipline, is very great; too great to be lodged in any but the most patriotic and scrupulous hands. With such support, one British minister drove America, and another Ireland, into rebellion; a third loaded the country with its present burden of debt; a fourth carried Catholic emancipation; and a fifth free-trade. Having no desire to do Mr. Disraeli injustice, we must nevertheless say that the day, if it ever arrive, which shall see such a very lawless and vindictive personage at the head of a reactionary majority of four hundred members in the House of Commons, is likely to prove an unfortunate day for the country.

But there is a far greater and more imminent danger, of another kind, to be dreaded. It must be borne in mind that a still more reckless and vindictive political adventurer, with a large and most efficient army under his control, is constantly watching this country across the narrow strait which a steamer can pass in ninety minutes. One consequence of the present state of parties in our Legislature is, that the Government will be liable at any time to be embarrassed, and even broken up, by a sudden and skilful movement of the Opposition. Such an event, which, under ordinary circumstances, would lead to nothing worse than a mere "ministerial crisis," may now afford a real or fancied opportunity for an unexpected attack from without. The couchant tiger beyond the Channel may seize such an occasion for his long-meditated spring.

Such are the perils against which our statesmen have now to protect the country. Though these dangers may not be considered alarmingly urgent, they are yet probable and evident enough to render a lack of due precaution an inexcusable fault in any ministers or political leaders who have the power of controlling or influencing the government of the country.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The retirement of the Derby Ministry is a most fortunate event for our Colonial Empire, which Sir John Pakington's incompetency and wrongheaded Toryism were seriously endangering. It did not seem possible that at the present day a member of Parliament could be found so little enlightened as to suppose that the intelligent communities inhabiting such colonies as Canada, Australia, and the Cape, could now be governed by the same arbitrary system of Colonial-office interference which was reluctantly endured some twenty years ago. Lord Derby, however, discovered this rare qualification for office in a respectable country gentleman, eminent as a chairman of quarter-sessions, and who has accordingly managed the government of the British colonies exactly in the spirit and temper with which he would have administered "justices' justice" in his county.

This spirit was curiously exhibited on the 3rd of last month, when in reply to a question from Sir William Molesworth, the Colonial Secretary stated that it was not the intention of the Government to concede to the Canadians the power of disposing of their "Clergy Reserves"—notwithstanding that this concession had been promised by the previous Government, and had been once more claimed by the Canadian House of Assembly, in an address to the Crown, adopted by the large majority of 52 to 22 votes. Sir John gives several reasons for refusing to keep this promise, all of which resolved themselves into one—viz., that he, sitting in Downing-street, knew what was good and proper for the Canadians better than the members of their own Legislature. How Sir John Pakington, as a member of the British Legislature, would relish a similar assumption of superior knowledge in a stranger, one may easily imagine. But it is not so easy to understand how Sir John Pakington, as a Minister of the Crown, could reconcile it to his sense of honour and duty to break a promise formally made, in the name of the Crown, to a colony which had done nothing to forfeit the concession.

The case of the Cape colony is remarkably similar. A constitution, as is well known, was promised to the colony by Earl Grey; and it was, in fact, nearly completed, and ready to go into operation, when that minister went out of office. Lord Derby repeated Earl Grey's promise, and gave a positive assurance that there should be no delay in confirming the grant, and no retrenchment of the privileges granted. Yet Sir John Pakington, disapproving of some provisions in the constitution (or, as the report goes, influenced by the secret persuasions of a Cape functionary, now in this country, whose unpopularity in the colony has rendered him naturally averse to the introduction of free institutions into it) coolly repudiated these promises, and withdrew the constitution. On the 14th of last month, in reply to a question from Mr. Adderley, concerning a memorial from the colonists complaining of this treatment, Sir John Pakington replied that "he had a despatch from the Lieutenant-Governor, stating that no excitement prevailed on the sub-

ject in Cape Town, and that any attempt to create an excitement was likely to prove unsuccessful." This is the old story. The Lieutenant-Governor of a colony is appointed by the Colonial Minister. From the Colonial Minister he expects promotion. And in nine cases out of ten, the subservient officials who fill these posts will write home whatever they think likely to be most acceptable to their superior. How little the assurances of this particular Lieutenant-Governor are to be depended upon is shown by the following extract from the *Cape Town Mail*, of November 6, which was copied into the *Daily News*. It should be stated that the despatch announcing Sir John Pakington's intention of withholding the constitution was only made known in the colony on the previous day:—

At the last moment before the sailing of the steamer, the colonists have become aware of the indefinite postponement of the promised constitution, and virtual revocation of the letters patent of 1850. The surprise and indignation of the public at this monstrous violation of official faith have already been freely expressed; and *measures are in contemplation for assembling a convention of delegates from the different districts*, to consider the course of action to be pursued under these circumstances.

It is clear that if there was "no excitement," there was something much more dangerous in the minds of the colonists. The case is evidently one which demands the immediate action of the Government, to prevent the mischief which may otherwise result from Sir John Pakington's culpable mismanagement and incredible blindness.

In Australia, the state of affairs is quite as alarming, and from a similar cause. In the last session of Parliament, a petition was presented from the Legislative Council of New South Wales, praying that the colonial taxation and expenditure, the appointment to offices in the colony, and the local legislation in all questions "not affecting the prerogatives of the Crown or the general interests of the empire," might be left to the unfettered action of the Legislature and Governor of the colony. If these reasonable requests were granted, the Legislative Council declared its readiness to "provide for the whole cost of their internal government, civil and military." Such an arrangement, which would retain the allegiance of the colonists, and at the same time relieve the imperial treasury of all expense on account of the colony, is one which any commonly prudent minister would have accepted at once. Yet it would seem that after the lapse of half a year, no answer had been returned. On the 9th of last month, in reply to a question from Sir William Molesworth, Sir John Pakington stated that the Government, "after mature deliberation, had decided upon the extent to which they thought concession to that petition ought to be made," but he could not enter into an explanation on the subject until after the recess. There can be no doubt that if the "explanation" had been of a nature likely to be satisfactory, it would have been given at once. In the mean time, the consequences of the mere delay are already becoming serious. An ominous account of the state of public feeling in the colony is given by the *Sydney Morning Herald* of September 3, in an article from which the following extract was reprinted, a few days ago, by the *Times*;—

This day's mail will convey to her Majesty's Government the details and results of the late movement in our Legislative Council. In the speeches delivered, and in the resolutions adopted, Ministers will hardly fail to perceive that the time has come when concessions can no longer be withheld, but at risks which even Ministers ought not to contemplate without alarm. In some of those speeches, it is true, expressions were employed of which sober-minded colonists entirely disapprove. But let Ministers be assured of this—that respecting the political wrongs by which those angry expressions were provoked there is throughout the country but one opinion and one feeling. There is but one opinion among all ranks and all parties as to the necessity of our having the unfettered control of all our own revenues and plenary powers of legislation on subjects purely colonial. The public mind has been so exasperated by the proceedings of the Home Government, that nothing short of a speedy removal of all our just causes of complaint can arrest and put down that spirit of disloyalty which has of late been gaining ground in every direction.

The point which is most deserving of notice in all these cases is that to which we have already adverted, namely, that the demands of the colonists, whether in Canada, at the Cape, or in Australia, are not only reasonable in themselves, but are such as the Home Government ought to be glad to concede. Never before had any country an opportunity of retaining a vast colonial empire at so cheap and easy a rate; and surely, never since the separation of the American colonies has such a splendid heritage of the British Crown been so needlessly imperilled, by official injustice and imbecility, as during the brief career of the Derby Administration.

FOREIGN.

On the 2nd of last month, the anniversary of the day on which the liberties of France were extinguished, the long-expected changes in the government of that country took place, in a way reminding one of the sudden shifting of scenes and characters in a pantomime. A plain "Republic" was suddenly transformed into a gorgeous "Empire," and M. Bonaparte, the Republican President, became Napoleon III., "by the grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French." Such a political phantasmagoria, in which all is unreal, baseless, and ephemeral, hardly awakens a languid curiosity; and, but for the possible danger with which it may be fraught, would be wholly without interest for this country. The mere title of Emperor could, indeed, add nothing to the despotic power which Louis Napoleon before possessed; but it awakens recollections in France, and fears or sympathies in other countries, which may produce important results. All Italy, north and south, is said to be already in a secret ferment, caused by reminiscences and hopes, to which the present hateful tyrannies in Lombardy, Rome, and Naples, lend a double strength. The late Republican party in Italy is said to have disappeared altogether, absorbed in the Imperial party, which looks for deliverance to the armies of France. Such is the result of so governing a people that even a change of masters is welcomed by them as a relief.

The Belgian Chambers, in mortal dread of their

powerful and unscrupulous neighbour, have passed a law restricting the freedom of the press, lest its comments should give offence in that quarter. One can hardly blame the Belgian legislators; yet it may be doubted whether their prudence or subserviency will avail them better than a more courageous course. Louis Napoleon is not a man who will lack a pretext whenever it may be convenient for him to carry out the intention now openly proclaimed by his subordinates, and extend the frontiers of his Empire to the Rhine.

The Prussian and Spanish Governments have both been inspired, by the example of France, with the idea of restricting the powers of their respective legislatures, and have both encountered a strong opposition. The avowed object of the rulers, in both cases, is to strengthen their respective Governments. They have not yet learned, or are incapable of appreciating, the simple truth, that the strength of a Government results not from its executive power, but from the attachment of its people.

LITERATURE.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany. 1853. Sudbury: J. W. Fulcher. London: Suttaby and Co.; Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans.

"FULCHER'S Ladies' Pocket Book" has been for so many years a favourite with the public, and has so well deserved the good character it has attained, that we are not surprised to find it, as usual, abounding in good things. Bernard Barton thought it no scorn to make it the vehicle of some of his best pieces, which made their first appearance in its miniature pages. The volume for 1853 is in no respect behind its predecessors. With original sketches by Frances Brown and Thomas Miller, and a long list of contributions from the Poets, to say nothing of the riddles, which it would take us six months to solve, Mr. Fulcher's numerous patrons can hardly fail of being abundantly satisfied.

The Retrospective Review. No. I. November, 1852. London: John Russell Smith, 36, Soho-square.

THIS is the first number of a new quarterly journal devoted to the review of old literature. The plan is not altogether new—a journal under the same title having been attempted nearly thirty years ago, though we believe it remained in existence not more than twelve months. The present work promises well; the table of contents presents a good bill of fare, and the articles are written with spirit. We hope and trust that our new friend will live to become an old one, and prosper in the land.

Second Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, to the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, &c. &c. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1852.

FROM this Report, the importance of which is not to be judged from its size, we gather, for the information of our readers, a few facts which ought to be generally known, as they affect, more or less remotely, all classes of the people. In the first place, the balance remaining in the hands of the Commissioners, after defraying all the expenses of the Exhibition, is stated at £170,000 at least—an amount greater by £20,000 than was reckoned upon. The application of this large surplus formed the chief difficulty of the Commissioners. Without even alluding to the numberless suggestions which have been made upon this subject, we will confine our notice to what it has been proposed to do with the money, and the steps which have already been taken in carrying out the proposition. Considering the acknowledged insufficiency of our home institutions for industrial instruction as compared with those of other nations, the Commissioners state that they did not feel justified in allotting the funds to purposes of a limited, partial, or local character; and they declare their conviction that the "requirement most felt by the country is an institution which should serve to increase the means of industrial education, and extend the influence of science and art upon productive industry." They propose, therefore, the erection of a new institution in the metropolis, "devoted to the purposes of instruction, adequate for the extended wants of industry, and in connexion with similar institutions in the provinces;" an institution that shall be "rendered capable, by scholarships and by other means, of affiliating local establishments over this country, in India, and her Majesty's colonial possessions, whereby the results of its labours might be disseminated as widely as possible, and great advantage derived from a constant interchange of information between the parent institution and the bodies associated with it." For such an institution, which, to be worthy of the nation must necessarily embrace every department of practical science and art, a space of ground, according to the Commissioners, of not less than one hundred and fifty acres in extent, would be desirable, while less than half that amount would certainly be insufficient. It being altogether impossible to obtain land at any price in the centre of the metropolis adequate for the contemplated purpose, the Commissioners availed themselves of the opportunity which offered of purchasing the Gore House estate, which possesses a frontage of five or six hundred feet facing Hyde Park, which contains twenty-one and a half acres, and of which they obtained possession for £60,000. Twenty-one acres, how-

ever, would never admit of the complete development of their plan; and therefore, after duly weighing what appeared to them good and sufficient reasons for the bold step, they

passed a resolution authorising the outlay of a sum not exceeding £150,000 of the surplus in the purchase of land (including the first purchase), upon condition that her Majesty's Government would engage to recommend to Parliament the contribution of a sum of like amount towards the purchases contemplated. This assurance having been obtained by us, we felt that we were placed in a position which would justify us in proceeding, without an injurious loss of time, to make the further purchases; being at the same time fully aware that we should be doing so at our own risk, but equally convinced that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it was a duty to the country not to shrink from incurring that responsibility. Accordingly we entered into negotiations with the trustees of the Baron de Villars for the purchase of an estate belonging to him of the extent of forty-eight acres, and adjoining the Gore House estate already purchased by us. The result of these negotiations has been, that we have secured the possession of this estate for the sum of £153,000. Of this amount, the sum of £15,000 has been already paid by us as a deposit.

The Commissioners further recommend that Parliament should obtain possession of the whole of the unoccupied ground adjoining that which they have purchased, and thus secure the whole of the one hundred and fifty acres which they conceive to be necessary for the full development of their plan.

So much for the business done. The Commissioners make light of the weary distance of the locality of the proposed institution from the centre of the metropolis, and argue from the success of the Exhibition on a spot exactly opposite to it, that that part of London is not too remote for visitors. That it is not too remote for visitors appears to us a very equivocal recommendation for the site of an institution avowedly contemplated for the improvement of the industrious classes, the immense majority of whom in London are permanently resident some five or six miles to the east or north-east of it. The armies of artisans and operatives who visited the Exhibition did so for the most part individually but once or twice, and they sacrificed each of them a day's work in order to do so. They must do the same to visit the new institution, if it ever be completed. For all practical purposes, so far as the Spitalfields weaver, and the three or four hundred thousand working-men who reside and must reside east of Temple Bar, are concerned, it might as well be situated on Salisbury Plain, or at the Land's End; they will never see it unless upon some few and infrequent holiday occasions, and they will derive no more benefit from it than they do from the impenetrable print-room of the British Museum, or from breaking their shins in the gloom of the Nineveh Caverns. It appears to us that a piece of ground might have been found purchaseable at one-third of the price paid for the land bought, somewhere to the north of the city, on a part of the district in which Finsbury Park has been projected, and which would have been accessible to hundreds of thousands who cannot afford the time nor the expense of travelling so far westward. But it is too late now perhaps to speculate upon what might have been. The bargain is made, and the public must make the best of it. They will have to pay in some shape or other for the buildings to be erected on the ground; *that* is the only thing to be predicted with anything like certainty at present; in other words, the profits of the Great Exhibition, which were not the property of the Commissioners, have been expended by them in securing a tax of some tens of thousands a-year, it may be, upon the pockets of the public for a long and indefinite period. We hope, though we can hardly believe, that the institution which is to be, will, in its practical working, compensate the outlay, and that the people who have paid, and will pay for all, will not be asked in addition to pay for a sight of their own property.

The Pronunciation of Greek; Accent and Quantity. A Philological Inquiry. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Classical Literature in its relation to the Nineteenth Century and Scottish University Education. An inaugural Lecture delivered in the University of Edinburgh, November 2, 1852. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE first of these works is designed to show the propriety of pronouncing the ancient Greek very nearly as the Romaic or modern Greek is pronounced by the subjects of King Otho. The author discusses the question with much vigour of style and copiousness of learning; but he omits, after all, to consider the main point which must be settled before his arguments can produce conviction—namely, the advantage which would arise from the proposed change. We may grant that he has proved—what the best authorities have long been inclined to admit—that the pronunciation of the modern Greeks is in most points similar to that which prevailed among their progenitors two thousand years ago; but that admission goes but very little way towards establishing the principle that we ought to endeavour to pronounce Greek after the fashion of either the moderns or the ancients. The objects for which we learn either Latin or Greek differ in one respect from those that induce us to acquire a modern tongue; we do not expect ever to have occasion to *speak* either of the ancient languages to a foreigner. Were the French, or German, or Italian, to become a dead language—or were either of them only spoken, in a very corrupt form, by an insignificant community in a remote corner of Europe—the precise pronunciation of that particular language would cease to be a matter of much importance to us. We should learn it, as we now learn the classical tongues, solely for the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with its literature; and these advantages would probably be just as great, whether our mode of pronouncing the language were accurate or not. In reading poetry, only, would a correct pronunciation of these modern tongues be important. But in regard to the Greek, it is admitted on all hands, curiously

enough, that the proper method of reading the poetry of the ancients is altogether lost by the moderns. This loss, however, is really of very slight consequence. We admire Homer and Sophocles, not for their rhythm, but for the poetic beauties of their ideas and their diction. The mere sound of the language is a matter of as little interest to us as the shape of the letters in which we write it.

The "inaugural lecture" has for its object to advocate the claims of the Greek language and literature as a branch of study in our academies. There are few scholars who will not concur in the views which the author propounds on this subject, and which he enforces with great energy and much happiness of expression.

Rhyming Dictionary for the use of Young Poets; with an Essay on English Versification, and Explanatory Observations on the Selection and Use of Rhymes. Edinburgh: J. Hogg. London: R. Groombridge and Sons.

This is a remarkably clever and well-digested little work. The Essay on English Versification, though occupying but a moderate space, is one of the completest treatises on the subject which has yet appeared, and it contains some note-worthy passages, calculated to be of use to prose-writers as well as poets, upon the remarkable powers of the consonants in descriptive writing. From the Explanatory Observations we extract the following passage, which, it appears to us, expresses the common-sense view of the use of such technical aids to poetic art as Rhyming Dictionaries can afford.

Byshe says that as, even in conversation, we often find ourselves at a loss for an apt word to express our meaning; and as similar difficulties must naturally occur still more often in verse-writing, it is reasonable to assume that those engaged in the latter task will scarcely fail to reap some advantage from a Dictionary of Rhymes; since, in a moment, and without trouble, they may there find words which might not suggest themselves for a long time through the mere process of reflection. This is a fair and simple argument. . . . . What the Abbe Dubois once said of the French poets is probably true of not a few English ones; to wit, that, "whatever they might say, they all kept some such book in their private workshops." . . . . Many of the most exquisite fancies of Keats, and, above all, in his "Endymion," have obviously been prompted by the necessities of the rhyme. . . . . Many other poets besides Keats might be shown to have taken suggestions from rhymes, and these both numerous and fine; nor is the circumstance of their having so done in the slightest degree disparaging. If the thoughts were original, they possessed the one characteristic needful in poetry, and it mattered not whence they sprung. Still less mattered it whether the suggestive rhymes occured spontaneously to the mind, or were taken from a book. On this trifling distinction the question really and wholly hangs. Let not the *alumni* of the muses, then, when they would express the whispers of the "maids divine" in fit terms, either scruple or be ashamed to have recourse to all such aids as lie at their command.

As well might the artist scruple or be ashamed to have recourse to tinted paper, prepared canvas, or any of the numerous contrivances adapted to abbreviate his labour, or render it more effective. The world cares nothing for the mode in which a work of art is achieved, be it a poem, a picture, or a statue; so that it be really a fine work, all will be content to ignore the tools by which it was wrought. The Dictionary before us is compiled on the simplest plan, and fills but a very small space; the rhymes are divided into perfect, nearly perfect, and allowable; the work will be useful, as we said before, to many who have no thought of writing poetry, and its careful perusal would enlarge and improve the vocabulary of most men.

Yr Ynys Unyg; or, the Lonely Island. A Narrative for Young People. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationer's Hall Court; George Routledge and Co., Farringdon street. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: F. and W. Dodsworth. 1852.

It would puzzle the author of this singular narrative, we imagine, to inform us in what latitude the "Lonely Island" is to be found. The tale purports to be the history of a family group, consisting chiefly of ladies and children, who set forth in a well-victualled yacht in search of adventure on the ocean. They are driven by a storm to the island with the ugly name, where they are compelled to take up their abode, while the captain and crew, unloading the damaged yacht, proceed with her to a distant part to get her repaired. During the absence of the crew, the ladies and children lead a sort of Crusoe life in the desert island, where they run the risk of being devoured by a monster snake, who bolts their cow at a meal, but is fortunately killed before he has time to digest it. After the snake come a gang of pirates, who are kept at bay by the valour of the ladies and children. By and by the yacht returns in the hands of pirates who have captured her, bringing back the captain and gamekeeper (!) who contrive to rejoin the ladies. The family party is at length besieged in their refuge on the top of a high rock; but the pirates not being able to get at them, threaten to sweep the surface of the rock with the cannon of the yacht, lying some hundred feet below! However, just as they are all going to be blown to atoms by the cannon, a man-of-war's boat is heard rowing round the point, and the pirates are overpowered by British tars. A happy conclusion winds up the story. This volume is the joint production of an author who cannot write, of an artist who cannot draw, and of a printer who cannot print. The ladies talk slang, and are described as muttering "horrible imprecations" against their adversaries; they are vulgar in manners, and degraded in mind; at the same time they are described as pious and prayerful, and held up as religious examples to the young. The only respectable portion of the book is its binding, which is neat and substantial; all within the covers is rubbish of the first water.

How to make Money. By A Tradesman. *How to invest Money.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Birmingham: J. W. Showell, Temple-street. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1852.

This little book, which should be in every man's waistcoat-pocket, contains the advice of a father to a son on the subject of money-getting. It briefly

but effectually exposes the false morality of many of our commercial maxims, and lays bare the heartless oppression of which they are too often the sources. In this money-hunting age a manual that teaches the young to prefer a pure heart and a clear conscience to a full purse cannot be too widely circulated or too frequently read. The price of this neat little tract is next to nothing compared with the importance of the subject upon which it treats. Upon the story by Mrs. Stowe, "How to invest Money," we need say nothing: the authoress of "Uncle Tom" commands a numerous audience, and never fails to enlist their sympathies. A single envelope will contain this little treatise, which is not too long for a tradesman to read, however deeply engaged in business.

The Unseen Hand; or, Episodes in an Eventful Life. By the Rev. Stopford J. Ram, M.A, Incumbent of Warslow and Elkstone, Staffordshire. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker and Co.; Hamilton and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. Dublin; J. M'Glashan.

This is one of Binns and Goodwin's admirable typographic performances, and, as a specimen of printing, may challenge comparison with anything that ever issued from the press. The sight of it would rejoice the soul of old Hazard, if he could rise from his grave and look at it; he was the best English printer in his day, and he wrought his typographical marvels on the same premises now occupied by his worthy successors, the Messrs. B. and G.; but he never conceived the excellence to which the art could be brought by means of inventions unknown in his time. We are sorry that our praise of the "Unseen Hand" must stop here. As a religious romance, it is the merest milk-and-water twaddle that was ever perpetrated; while, as a work of literature, it is disgraceful to a man who has taken a degree at the university, and fills the position of a clergyman and a scholar. Seduced by the pretentious title, "Episodes in an Eventful Life," we sat down to its perusal, expecting both interest and instruction from its pages. Alas! all the *events* in this wonderful history may be summed up in a single paragraph. Here they are:—Henry Carlton, a rather soft and lackadaisical young man, loses his mother and inherits her property; he travels through Switzerland, and arrives at Venice, where he spends his evenings, being a dab at the oar, in rowing about in a gondola (!) on the Grand Canal. He comes home, and falls in love with Florence Moultrie, whose parents, seeing that he is not over-steady nor very rich, object to the match. He goes off in a tiff to college, where he smokes cigars and drinks "bishop," but does not otherwise distinguish himself. In the vacation he takes a trip to Ireland, and comes back no wiser than he went. Hearing that Florence is about to be married to a Mr. Sandford, he resolves to quit the country; and, dressing himself like a common sailor, takes a passage on board an American liner. The vessel sticks in the mud on leaving dock, and Henry goes ashore to pass an hour or two with a friend. His friend dissuades him from the voyage, and he returns to college, mends his manners, leaves off "bishop," boat-racing, and cigars, and, in reward of his virtue, marries the maiden of his choice, who had never forsaken him all the while, Mr. Sandford being nothing more than a blunder of Henry's sister's. But if there are no events, the want of them is compensated by abundance of preaching; all of it, we have no doubt, with a pious and charitable intention; but all of it, too, of the most tame, trite, and unintellectual character. The author denounces oratorios on the ground that people go to hear them from motives of amusement; but he leads his hero into a gin-shop for no other reason than that he may have the opportunity of describing the scene, which he does very stupidly, as the following extract will show.

> One half of the persons present were in a state of partial intoxication; *a few were in the act of leaving the room,* supporting themselves by means of tables and benches. There were individuals there of all ages—the old hoary-headed sinner, who appeared as if he must be within a week of death—*the strong man of forty rushing into the arms of a premature termination of life*—the young man of five-and-twenty, *whose young wife and helpless babe were pining in desolate loneliness on the cold, fireless hearth.* Nor was it men only who were to be observed in this miserable scene; *there were females also,* &c. &c.—pouring down glass after glass, &c.

A word or two on the above precious piece of rubbish. The Rev. Stopford Ram tells us in his preface that the events of this book are true, and that names only are changed; and he refers especially to the description of the gin-shop, on which he seems to pride himself, as being true also. Doubtless such scenes are but too frequent, and their demoralising effect can never be sufficiently exposed; but a man who professes to write the truth should be able at least to steer clear of the ridiculous and the impossible. Think of a man "rushing into the arms of a premature termination!" Is this the sort of imagery cultivated at college? or worthy of a Master of Arts? Then how did Mr. Ram know that the young man of five-and-twenty had a wife and child? And we want to know how they *could* be "pining in desolate loneliness on a *cold*, fireless hearth," seeing that it was in the middle of summer when the father was found in the gin-shop—Henry, who saw them there, having just dined off green peas? The reader will place what reliance he chooses on Mr. Ram's professions of truthfulness, which, however, we have no intention of impeaching. One word more and we have done. Henry's friend, a clergyman at Liverpool, takes him to the dying bed of an old man, whom they find cursing and swearing at the doctor for not being quick in attendance. The poor blaspheming wretch is transformed into a saint by the talismanic treatment of the clergyman in the course, as it would appear, of some twenty minutes, and dies that night in a "joyful hope," &c. This needs no comment: the tremendous mischief resulting from the publication of such awful delusions as these must be apparent to every thinking mind. Let Mr. Ram weigh well his responsibilities; whatever he may think of it, he is no conjuror, and his book will do little good to himself or any one else. In a humble parish,

in some very uncultivated district, he may find a sphere of usefulness, but to the walks of literature he has no vocation.

Scotch County Courts. Twelve Articles reprinted from the *Edinburgh Evening Courant.* Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie. 1852.

Sheriff Courts of Scotland. Remarks on the proposed Changes on the Constitution, Jurisdiction, and Procedure of these Courts. By an Advocate, not a Sheriff. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1852.

These two pamphlets may perhaps be regarded as the exponents of public opinion divided just now on the question of the Sheriff Courts in Scotland. The first, setting forth the evils and abuses of the present system, insists upon the necessity of a sweeping measure of reform, and advocates the extension of the Sheriff's summary jurisdiction to all cases under £50, by which the abnormal expenses of litigation would be reduced to something within the bounds of reason and justice, and courts of law, no longer existing as mere mantraps, from the meshes of which it is impossible to escape without being fleeced, would be for the benefit of the public, and not wholly and solely for the advantage of the lawyers. The other pamphlet, by an Advocate, takes a conservative view of the question, admitting the necessity and desirableness of a certain amount of reform, especially as to lessening the delays and expenses of procedure, but dissents strongly from the extension of the jurisdiction in the manner proposed, alleging that all that is necessary are a few minor modifications in the constitution of the Sheriff-courts, the fundamental principles of which are excellent, and would be thus rendered admirably adapted to the due independent and satisfactory administration of justice. We have no pretensions to a right to interfere in this question. We know, however, that Englishmen have benefited largely by the late reform in the County-courts; and we could wish our friends around "Auld Reekie" to share in like advantages. That they may be enabled to judge as to the desirableness of a change by which most of them are likely to be affected some day or other, we recommend the perusal of these pamphlets, in which the question appears to be thoroughly handled in all its bearings.

The Highlanders; the Scottish Martyrs; and other Poems. By the Rev. James G. Small, Bervie. Third Edition. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: J. Nisbet and Co.; and R. Theobald. Glasgow: J. R. Macnair and Co. 1852.

The words, "third edition," upon the title-page of a volume of poems, are themselves a guarantee of more than ordinary merit. Mr. Small writes well, and versifies elegantly and correctly; and if he rarely rises to sublimity or emulates the bold flights of some of his country's bards, he never sinks to the level of mediocrity. His volume is a pleasing companion for a quiet hour; and the perusal of it will recall many a picturesque and agreeable scene to the recollection of the Highland tourist as well as to the student of Scottish history. We would advise the summer-traveller in Scotland to bring away the volume in his pocket, and to recur to it when he would re-awaken the most interesting associations of his journey.

Ireland, considered as a Field for Investment or Residence. By William Bullock Webster, Esq. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

The author of this work having visited every county in Ireland except two, and thus had opportunities extending over some years of estimating both the capabilities of the soil and the character of the people, has come to the conclusion that Englishmen are labouring under a misapprehension as to these most important points. He seeks therefore to dispel their unfounded prejudices, and to lay before them a statement of the advantages that Ireland at the present moment offers to capitalists as a field for investment. We have private reasons for believing that Mr. Webster is right in his assertion that the vast amount of capital now seeking investment may be employed as securely and more profitably in Ireland at the present moment than in any part of Great Britain. The facts which he has industriously collected together in his book all go to prove the truth of his statement; but we can do no more here than refer the reader to his little work, which will amply repay the cost of purchase and the pains of perusal.

Facts and Observations on the Physical Education of Children, especially as regards the Prevention of Spinal and other Deformities. By Samuel Hare, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. London: J. Churchill, 46, Princes-street, Leicester-square. 1852.

Mr. Hare's work on the prevention, causes, and treatment of curvatures of the spine is well known in the medical world, and has run through several editions. His contributions to that peculiar part of medical science to which he has devoted his energies have been highly spoken of by those who have better qualifications for judging of their merits than we can pretend to. He is known as a clear and intelligible writer and a successful practitioner; and his testimony on the subject of the personal deformities and personal sufferings which a preposterous fashion has inflicted upon the female sex will carry, perhaps, as much weight as that of any member of the faculty. It is for this reason that we look upon the little work before us as a valuable boon to parents, and all who have the care and custody of female children. It has been written and published by a practical man, with the view of preventing the very diseases which it has been the business of his life to alleviate and to cure. It is probable that among the hundreds or thousands of cases that have passed through his hands, only a very small per-centage indeed were such that a little timely care on the part of the parents or guardians of the patients might not have prevented; and it may be that this little volume owes its existence to the recognition of that fact. There are few parents who will read these pages without

having their eyes opened to some blunder in their management of their offspring; and yet they will learn nothing that the plainest common-sense, with the trouble of a little reflection, might not have taught them. The truths here inculcated are such as no mother would think of questioning—the mischief is that few deem them of sufficient importance as to adopt them practically in rearing and educating their children.

Pictures from Sicily. By the Author of "Forty Days in the Desert." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co., 25, Paternoster-row. 1853.

When a man uniting in his own person the possession of good literary capabilities and first-rate talent as an artist sets forth on a travelling-expedition with the intention of perpetuating, both by pencil and pen, the scenes, the incidents, and the impressions of his journey, we are justified in expecting something more than an ordinary book as the result of his labours. It would seem that Mr. Bartlett, while engaged in the preparation of the present volume, had been fully aware that great things were expected of him. At any rate, he has done what very few men could do; he has surpassed himself on this occasion, and produced a series of pictures which, now that Turner is gone, none of our artists, with the exception, perhaps, of Pyne, could be found to equal. He has painted the atmosphere with a truth and delicacy which in some of these southern landscapes gives the eye a range of thirty or forty miles in the space of a few square inches; the exquisite feeling shown in the management of the distances is, in fact, worthy of the highest praise. In matters of architectural detail he is equally successful, as a single glance at the frontispiece, the interior of the Chapel Royal at Palermo, will show—that engraving presenting as near an approach to the effect of colour as it is perhaps possible to give in black and white alone. Again, the effect of time upon the crumbling columns of many a Grecian temple, which has stood the storms and wrecks of twenty centuries, is so happily rendered that one might almost swear to their date without recurring to their history. Mr. Bartlett has been fortunate in his engravers, who have entered into the spirit of the artist and done justice both to themselves and him. The literary portion of the work is in no way unworthy of the pictorial—in one sense even that is pictorial, for the author paints, and must paint, whether he handles the pencil or the pen. One or two of his pen-pictures we will transfer to our columns. The following is a description of the population of Naples:—

Our way lay along the sea-shore, through the noisiest quarter of Naples, and of what that is nothing but experience can convey an adequate idea. The noise of London is caused by the monotonous roar of thousands of vehicles incessantly rolling over the pavement; the sound of the human voice seems rarely heard. But here it is the very reverse. To hear for the first time the confused babble of innumerable voices which arises from Naples, you would suppose that it could be caused by nothing less than a general insurrection. The most ordinary transaction is accompanied by an infinity of passionate outcries, ludicrous superlatives, and almost frenzied gesticulation. The voice is pitched in a high shrill note, which the least excitement exalts into a downright scream, and the Neapolitan is thrown into a state of excitement even upon the most trivial cause. Where that is wanting I have heard them yell for the mere pleasure of exercising the lungs. Clamour, in short, is to this people a necessity of existence. In this climate, moreover, among the poorer classes, half the avocations of life are carried on almost or wholly in the street, where they work at their respective trades—cook, wash, eat, scold, fight, and perform almost all the suggestions of appetite and the functions of nature in the sight of every passenger. Such a burrow of filth as the lower part of Naples is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere; the fry of its population may be likened to the maggots with which a decayed cheese is all in a ferment—as nasty, as closely packed, as busy and as happy.

We must accompany the author and artist in his descent from Mount Vesuvius, after having a peep into the crater.

We had now to descend the mountain upon the side facing Pompeii, opposite to that by which we came up, and utterly unlike it, being, in fact, a long and steep inclined plane of deep, loose volcanic dust, without a single block of lava or impediment whatever; so that we might have rolled a ball nearly from the top to the bottom. By the guide's direction, we therefore adopted a suitable style of descent. Driving his heels into the sand, and leaning back to preserve his equilibrium, he darted forwards, or rather downwards, at railroad speed, disappearing amidst a cloud of dust, which seemed to roll after him down the side of the mountain. A moment's hesitation, and we dashed after him in like manner, and speedily found, that, once committed to the descent, it required the utmost exertion of the muscles, like those of an unhappy victim on the treadmill, or the traveller when the bottom of his chaise fell out and he had to run for his life, to keep on with unfaltering velocity and increasing momentum to the goal. A single pause or hitch in the flying descent, and we should have flung off at a tangent, heels over head, performing endless gyrations and summersaults, till abruptly pulled up by the first obstacle to our headlong career, with the breath beaten out of our bodies. Tremendous was the excitement of the race. Our coat-tails flew out behind; our hair streamed in the wind; our straw hats, threatening to take flight, were wildly grasped by one hand, while with the other we controlled our movements as with a rudder; our legs going like the strokes of a piston, and our lungs in a perfect roar of laughter; albeit, half suffocated with the dust of our own raising, we happily achieved the descent without a single trip or tumble, in a space of time which seemed quite ridiculous compared to that which it had taken us to climb up.

Mr. Bartlett falls in with some Germans.

Of all travelling companions, commend me (says he) to the Germans; there is about them a plainness and heartiness congenial to John Bull. And then the economy of the thing! only leave them to manage the expenses, to do battle with the innkeepers, and you will come off at least a third cheaper than in your own character of an Englishman. . . . One of these gentlemen was a savant from Berlin, a man of immense information, but of almost child-like simplicity of manner, and as full of animal spirits as a schoolboy broke loose for a holiday. . . . When the account was presented, it was his custom to pore over it long and intently; then, pointing to it with his finger, he slowly lifted up his eyes to those of the trembling waiter, with a solemn intensity of stare, as if to petrify the wretch who could dare to present so infamous and extortionate a demand. The battle then began in earnest, every item being disputed with the utmost fierceness and tenacity, the conflict ending in a considerable reduction; the innkeeper, knowing that if he charged the articles at less than prime cost he would have to take something off, having prudently put down more than he expected to get, although not more than he would have been perfectly contented to receive.

The following is a picture of sunrise seen from

the summit of Mount Etna; we question if the pencil could have painted it better:—

> It was between three and four; the stars were rapidly disappearing from the paling sky, while the eastern horizon began to redden faintly with the dawn. Everything in the vast gulf below was dark and formless—the sea barely distinguishable from the land—vast, whitish clouds, like wool-sacks, floating solemnly above it. A few bars of crimson soon appeared in the eastern horizon, the sea-line became defined, the jagged edges of the distant mountains of Apulia cut against the sky. At this moment our guides shouted to us to stand upon the edge of the crater, and look out over the interior of the island, which stretched away to the westward like a sea of rugged summits, blended in the shadowy mists of dawn. Just as the sun rose, an immense shadow of the most exquisite purple was projected from the volcano half over the island, while without its range the light struck with magic suddenness upon the tops of the mountains below—a phenomenon so admirably beautiful that it would more than have repaid us for the labour of the ascent.

But we have trespassed upon our space, and must forbear any further extracts. The relation of the author's tour is preceded by an historical summary, by means of which the reader may renew, at a very small expense of labour, his knowledge on the subject of ancient and classical Sicily, and trace the principal events which have happened upon the island from the time of its first colonisation by the Athenians down to the massacres of the brutal and bloody Bomba. He may then, in the company of the lively and intelligent author and artist, visit every place worthy of note, and become intimately acquainted as well with the eminently picturesque aspect of the island, abounding in Grecian and Norman antiquities, as with the social and domestic life of its modern inhabitants. The volume is in all respects admirably got up, and fitted for what it is designed for—a really handsome present.

The Case of the Manchester Educationists. A Review of the Evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons, in relation to the state of Education in Manchester and Salford. By J. H. Hinton, M.A. London: Snow, Paternoster-row, Manchester: Fletcher and Tubbs.

Mr. Hinton has here made out a very strong case against the Manchester Local Bill, which, as our readers will remember, sought to establish a system of education designed ultimately to become national, which should be paid for out of local rates to be assessed, after the manner of the poor-rates, by the inhabitants themselves. It is asserted, and with some show of reason, that such a bill would entail Government control, create a religious endowment, and violate liberty of conscience both in the child and the rate-payer. Other objections are advanced against the measure, but these are enough, if fairly established, to justify its rejection. In fairness, however, it must not be forgotten that the portraiture here drawn of the Manchester Local Bill is limned by a strenuous advocate of the voluntary system; and that, with the same materials at his command, a writer with a different bias might, with equal candour, produce a very different picture. We have no wish to see the voluntary system—if system it can be called—supplanted, nor do we see how it can possibly be done. Benevolence is strong as death and will have its way, and proselytism is stronger, and both together constitute the bone and sinew of voluntaryism; we do not venture to state in what proportion these two elements exist together—those who wish to ascertain can easily make the experiment for themselves. But though not wishing to see voluntary efforts supplanted, we do object, and that strongly, to relying for education solely upon them. It appears to us unjust that private benevolence should be taxed with the expense and labour of attempting what it never can adequately perform, and further, that in performing what it does it is likely to work as much mischief in one direction as good in another. He must be blind to the existing state of education in this country who does not see that, leaving religious doctrinal dogmas out of the question, the principal result of the voluntary efforts is a very low and beggarly rate of instruction diffused among a very extensive class—the fact being, that tens of thousands of lads and young girls, who would have been well-educated had their parents been compelled to pay, as they could have paid, for a practically useful education, are sent to make their way in the world with nothing better than a miserable smattering of such mere elements of knowledge as voluntaryism affords—and thus the good effected by imparting a little instruction to those who would have had none, is counterbalanced by giving but a little to those who without eleemosynary assistance would have had more. Would it not work much better for the ignorant if the voluntaries would countenance a comprehensive plan for the diffusion of what is called "Secular" education alone, and limit their exertions to the supply of religious instruction at regular and stated seasons?

Religion and Education in relation to the People. By John Alfred Langford. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1852.

Premising that we have no intention of endorsing the whole of this very eloquent writer's opinions on the subject of religion and education, we shall let him speak for himself to the extent of a few short paragraphs, which appear to us so perfectly *apropos* to the present state of the question, so admirably expressed, and based so irresistibly upon the spirit of truth and candour, that we cannot do better than reprint them for the benefit of our readers.

> Accepting for myself the historic and an ideal Christ, and having a firm faith in the power of His spirit and example to regenerate the world, I am a Christian; but it seems to me that it would be to deny my Master if I failed to see that it is not necessary to accept him after this fashion, or to believe in him according to this doctrine of divinity, to enable me or any man to lead a holy and a divine life. In this has been the great error of the Christian world; and until men see that religion consists, not in striving after an impossible unanimity of belief, but 'in doing the will of my Father who is in heaven,' the evils we deplore will remain, and the education of the people be retarded.
>
> My particular religious belief is an individual truth; that is, it is true to me; but if I were to make it an universal truth, and insist on its being taught to and accepted

by all, I injure the higher and the absolute truth, and commit a wrong to society.

Men let the people grow up in ignorance and almost consequent sin, because they insist that questions on which they cannot agree, and never will agree, shall form a part of education.

For myself, I very much doubt the wisdom of teaching doctrinal religion to children at all. The young mind is incapable of seeing the minute metaphysical distinctions on which some of our theological differences rest; and to teach them as they are now taught, as simple and abstract truths, is an injustice which is sure to recoil on the teaching. Sectarianism has made it a sin to teach two sides of a question; and, as a child grows up, he learns that those things which he was taught to look upon as so many essential and infallible doctrines, have not only their opposite readings, but are even openly denied and disbelieved. What is the consequence? A distrust of all truth, and a repudiation of all inquiry...... The child thus taught either becomes a narrow-minded fanatic or a scoffing unbeliever. No man would lay before a child the many theories of life which science and philosophy have formed, and ask him to adopt this one and reject the others....... Would it not be wise to adopt this plan in religious culture? We should have more sincere religion if we did. Men would not be the stereotyped doubles of one another—the son the new edition of the father from generation to generation—as they are now, but large-minded, charitable, strong in their own faith, and respecters of the faith of others.

We need not comment upon these passages. The same manly feeling pervades the whole book, which demands the attention of all interested in the educational question.

A Four Months' Tour in the East. By J. R. Andrews, Esq. Dublin: J. M'Glashan. London: Orr and Co. 1853.

Mr. Andrews is quite an original traveller in his way. He wanders through Egypt, the Desert, Jerusalem, the shores of the Dead Sea, and the plains of Syria, in the spirit of an auctioneer's porter drawing up a catalogue. He omits nothing, but he sees everything *with the eyes that are in his head*, and through a plain matter-of-fact medium, uninfluenced by poetry or sentiment, religion or antiquity. He puts down all things in his journal at what they are worth at the present moment, and nothing more, and has no notion of valuing things by association which in themselves are worth little. With him the catacombs at Alexandria and Cleopatra's bath are "not worth the trouble of a visit"—the Pyramids are "not equal to expectation," and disappoint him to an extent which he had never felt before—the mosques are shabby, the island of Elephanta is a stupid place, and not worth the plague of getting to it, &c. &c. He warns his readers, if they wish to preserve their reverence for the Holy Land, not to set foot in Jerusalem, and denounces Palestine as a "mockery, a snare, and a delusion," declaring his conviction that the whole country "is one of great disappointment in every point of view." He is at Jerusalem during the annual concourse of pilgrims, whose religious fervour, however, he does not participate—and at the grotto of the Nativity, says he, "the attendant made a sign for me to kneel down and kiss the pavement, but I declined." In a word, he is not to be *done* into enthusiasm of any kind, but prefers his own opinion, and publishes it too, in spite of Lamartine and all his followers. There is something *naïve* in this mode of writing on the East; and Mr. Andrews's book may be admired as a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and quoted as an example to writers whose imagination carries them beyond the limits of veracity. The following extract is worth reading:—

Our Church Missionary Society has had a station in Cairo for several years, but they have never yet made a single convert from the Mahommedan faith. The reply of an enlightened Mahommedan (?) to a missionary is characteristic of the race of Moslems: "Your religion," said he, "gives me three Gods and one wife: mine gives me three wives and one God; I prefer my own."

Preciosa. A Tale. John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1852.

This very singular and deeply-interesting story is conceived and wrought out in a manner which has scarcely a precedent or parallel in the whole range of the romantic literature of this country. Whether the idea be an original one, or borrowed from something similar to be met with among the German romancists, is more than we can pretend to determine; but the details are managed with admirable skill, and the interest of the narrative, though it is altogether connected with one event, which never takes place, never slackens, but deepens and accumulates up to the very last page and paragraph, which consigns the unfortunate hero to the embrace of a grim fortitude as his last and only resource against a hopeless destiny. Preciosa is an exquisitely-drawn character, but one, we humbly conceive, whom a merciful Providence has never permitted to exist save in the capacious brain of a man of genius. She is at once more and less than woman, a ministering angel and a torturing fiend, the former from innate goodness, the latter from circumstance. Lovely, affectionate, accomplished and unselfish, she wants the one element of passion to make her human, and, wanting that, works the life-ruin of her best friend, who is doomed to wear out his days in the miserable proof that—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

The plot of the tale is extremely simple, and might be comprised in a short paragraph, which we forbear to write because it would mar the effect of the careful perusal of the volume, which we warmly recommend to the reader.

Two Historical Dramas or Tragedies. By Juvenis. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street. 1852.

There is no need of the word "Juvenis" on the title of this volume to inform us that it is the production of a very young writer. The fact is evident in every line; and it is further evident that he has made a tremendous mistake as to the extent and proper application of his powers. The drama requires an experience of human character in the writer as well as a knowledge of historic events. Who ever heard a cobler talk in this strain?

1st Cit. Solicitor, attorney, beggar, all the same to me,

and but expedient terms, the which I occupy not one nor all—

and can anyone, from cobler to crowned head, tell us what he means? Then we have Manlius and his wife talking in the following fashion:—

Man. My gentle lady, who did thus disturb
The sunshine of your peace?
Cor. There was no sun;
But all was dark within my kenn'd horizon.
Man. No sun! Your gentle spirit is the sun;
Illumining, as from a centre, all
The motions of your bodily disguise,
And fair emotions of your sensitive heart.
Cor. Thou art my sun; and lighting other worlds
Between us, wast to me an orb opaque.
Man. Two suns are needless, for one lights all heaven;
The second were redundant.
Cor. But being both
Of the same distance, temperature and use,
In unison are found but one vast radiation.
Man. So let us live without a ray dissentient—&c. &c.

Now we are ready to swear that out of the atmosphere of a lunatic asylum such rubbish was never spoken by man and wife, and never will be. We will give Juvenis a word of advice. Let him forswear pedantry, and not garnish his pages with learned notes which have nothing to do with the text. Let him forswear plagiarism too, nor, while he modestly disclaims an obligation to Juvenal for an idea which has not the most distant similarity with his own, suffer himself to be caught again clumsily paraphrasing a speech in Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" without acknowledgment. Lastly, let him get down as soon as possible from the tall stilts on which he now walks the earth with his head above the clouds, and look about him and see what the world are really doing, and take cognizance of that true ideal which is ever clinging round the skirts of fact, and, seizing all he can, lay up treasure for future use. He is not a blockhead, and may one day find work to do—and do it—if he will sweat himself in time of vain and flatulent conceits.

The Pársis; or, Modern Zerdusthians. A Sketch. By George Henry Briggs. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Bombay: Andrew Dunlop. 1852.

The Pársís, or Parsees, sometimes called the Fire-worshippers, are the scattered remnant of that mighty nation who, five hundred years before the Christian era, had spread their dominion from the Hellespont to the Indus. After flourishing for more than a thousand years, they fell beneath the Mohammedan sword at the decisive battle of Navahand, and the Persian monarchy was overthrown. Those who would not conform to the creed of Mahomet were driven forth as fugitives from their native country, and became in the course of centuries scattered among the various nations of the East, and through the islands of the Indian seas. They have preserved, however, their customs, their form of worship, and their distinguishing characteristics. What these are, and wherein they differ from those of other races, we have not space at present to set forth, but must refer the reader to Mr. Briggs' book, where he will find a pleasant and agreeably-written summary of all that is known with certainty respecting them, drawn up by one who from long personal intimacy with them has the best qualifications for the task he has undertaken.

Heart Discipline. By James Cooper; with a Preface by the Rev. J. A. James. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Norwich: J. Fletcher. 1852.

This is the work of a meditative Christian philosopher, who, having retired from a life of labour in the capacity of a minister of religion, has sat down in the evening of his days to the deliberate consideration of a subject the most important and comprehensive that a man can deal with. The discipline of the heart is the grand object of all Christian teaching; and as it is the first difficulty which the young Christian has to encounter, and the last which the oldest overcomes, it forms an appropriate theme for one the business of whose life it has been to encourage his fellows to persevere in the struggle and the strife without which the victory is not to be won. This legacy of Mr. Cooper to his congregation is well conceived and well written, and will form an excellent and useful addition to the family library.

The Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery. By Spencer Thompson, M.D., &c. Part XII. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1852.

We are glad to see that this excellent and most useful work is at length completed. It has been compiled with the utmost care and attention, and forms, to our thinking, by far the best and cheapest compendium of domestic teaching on medical and surgical subjects with which the public have yet been favoured. It is, further, well and clearly printed, and makes a handsome volume, which in case of emergency can be referred to without a moment's loss of time—the subjects being arranged in alphabetical order, with leading letters at the head of each column.

The Traveller's Library. Parts XXXIV and XXXV. Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, &c. Abridged from the Third Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

The principal scene of the marvellous adventures here recorded are some rocky islets lying in the Mozambique Gulf, and marked in the chart as the Saranha Cays. Sir Edward's narrative of his early life, his impromptu marriage, his voyage to the West Indies and his shipwreck on the rocky island, he and his wife being the sole survivors from the wreck, is given with remarkable simplicity and yet vigour, reminding us continually of Robinson Crusoe. The subsequent history of the shifts and contrivances of the solitary pair—the gradual approaches they make to ease and comfort—the discovery of an inexhaustible treasure of gold and silver coin in a cavern, supposed to be the hoard of pirates long since dead—the colonisation of the island by free settlers—the voyage home—the interview with Sir Robert Walpole—the knighting of the hero by the Queen—his return to Seaward Island—capture by the Spaniards

—his release by the successful attack of Vernon upon Portobello—these are but a few of the events and incidents that impart a continuous interest to the story, which beguiles the reader and forbids him to lay down the book until he has fairly arrived at the close of the history. The manners and customs of fashionable life in London a century back, moreover, form a pleasant chapter or two, and vary the story in an agreeable way. These volumes merit and will be pretty sure to find a large circulation.

The Museum of Classical Antiquities. A Quarterly Journal of Ancient Art. Vol. II. Part II. London: T. Richards, Great Queen-street. 1852.

The present number of this work is one of rich and varied interest. The "Notes upon Obelisks," which forms the leading paper, and is from the pen of Mr. Samuel Birch, is a masterly and scholar-like essay upon a subject which comparatively few writers are competent to treat, and will well repay the careful study of the student of classical antiquities. Besides this, there are three other valuable papers, one on the theatre, Odeum, and other monuments of Acræ, in the south of Sicily, by J. Hogg, M.A.; the antiquities of Candia, by E. Falkener; and a translation of "La Descrizione dell' Isola di Candia," a manuscript of the sixteenth century. The illustrations are in the usual finished style.

A Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations. Edited by H. G. Adams. Part V. London: Groombridge and Sons. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1852.

This very useful work fully justifies the opinion we expressed concerning it in a former number. The poetical selections, classified and arranged in alphabetical order, are invariably such as a fine taste and correct judgment would sanction. The volume or volumes, when finished, bid fair to supply a desideratum which the readers of poetry must long have felt.

The Six Days. By Captain Charles Knox. London; Hatchard, Piccadilly. 1853.

The object of this neat little volume is to show the harmony of science with revelation. The late Mr. Sharon Turner, in the third volume of his "Sacred History of the World," briefly adopts the same line of argument which Mr. Knox has pursued to a satisfactory conclusion. The six days of the Genesis are six several periods of time, each indefinite in duration, and the operations of which are traceable to scientific investigation. The author has shown the perfect harmony existing between the details of the Mosaic narrative and the facts which the discoveries of modern science have established upon an impregnable basis. We have but one fault to find with this little work—and that is its brevity; one feels loth to dismiss a subject of such importance, and which the writer handles in so discriminating and suggestive a manner, without a more deliberate consideration of the various parts of the subject. Mr. Knox will do well to amplify largely in a second edition.

The Burial of Wellington. An Elegiac Tributary Poem. By N. Michell, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands," &c. London: Tegg, Cheapside. 1852.

It would be looked upon almost as invidious in us to pronounce a positive decision upon the merits of any one of the numerous poetical effusions which have been forwarded to us on the death of the great Duke; we prefer, therefore, to let Mr. Michell speak for himself in a couple of brief extracts, which will give a fair sample of his elegy.

> The arm that scattered England's foes
> Must rest in honoured long repose;
> No more unsheathed the sword shall be,
> Whose flash was hope and victory!
> The shield is shivered, bulwark broken,
> The last sage word of counsel spoken;
> Set is the sun of martial power,
> Stars now but gild our sombre hour.
> Death speaks to dust the mighty one,
> And conquers conquering Wellington.
> * * * * * *
> The dust may moulder cold in death,
> But from his memory shines a light,
> Changeless, enduring as the ray
> Some fixed star sheds through skies of night,
> While frailer meteors melt away;
> A light that through the spacious earth
> Shall still beam on, and dazzle men,
> Shall show how greatness wedded worth,
> And gild the page for History's pen—
> The light of glory and of fame,
> To flash for ever round his name.

The profits arising from the sale of Mr. Michell's poem will go towards the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Thomas Hood.

Lewchew and the Lewchewans; being a narrative of a visit to Lewchew, or Loo Choo, in October, 1850. By George Smith, D.D., Lord Bishop of Victoria, London: T. Hatchard, Piccadilly. 1853.

The island of Lewchew has long been regarded by our missionaries as the portal of Japan, and it has been thought by commencing the work of Christianising this far-away people among the Lewchewans, who are supposed to be descendants of a colony of Japanese, an ingress might eventually be found to Japan itself. With some such object in view, a Dr. Bettelheim and family were left upon the island in 1846, by way of commencing the business of evangelisation. The Doctor, however, soon became an object of suspicion to the natives, who shortly began to show that they had but one wish concerning him, and that was, to get rid of him as fast as possible. He proved an unmanageable subject, neither to be starved, bullied, nor frightened from his position. The Lewchewans, who seemed to regard him as a sort of ogre, finding they could not send him home to England, sent him to Coventry, and that so effectually, that he could not even get speech of the natives; and after residing four years and a half in a manner cut off from all communication with them, he is visited by the Bishop of Victoria, who, armed with an admonitory protest from Lord Palmerston to the authorities of Lewchew, comes to reconnoitre. The little work before us is the Bishop's narative of his visit, and it describes, in an agreeable and interesting way, many of the manners and customs of this simple people, and details the steps which, in con-

junction with Captain Cracroft, who represented her Majesty on the occasion, he thought fit to take in order to establish Dr. Bettelheim on a more respectable and social footing. One cannot help being amused with the perplexity of these poor islanders, seated as they were between the horns of a very ugly dilemma—it being equally fatal to their prospects either to affront the Japanese, their protectors, by harbouring strangers, or to exasperate the British by sending the Doctor adrift. The Bishop, it appears, succeeded in the end in obtaining better terms for the forlorn missionary, and parted amicably with the Lewchewans after entertaining them hospitably on board the steamer—the first "fire-ship" they had ever seen—and which they devoutly prayed might be the last. The population of Loo Choo is divided into three classes: the highest are a species of oligarchical literati, consisting of several grades, from the chief of which the governors have their origin; the second class are the Hakoo-sho, nearly corresponding with our middle-classes; and the third are the Oo-bang, or public slaves, who possess neither civil rights nor personal freedom. They call their sovereign Tsung-li; but the good bishop appears to have a suspicion that said sovereign is a hoax altogether, a sort of regal Mrs. Harris whom it would be difficult to produce *in propria persona*. We had marked several extracts from this well-written narrative, but are compelled to omit them from want of space.

Thoughts on Man in his relations to God and to External Nature; with Minor Poems. London: William Pickering. 1852.

The principal poem in this volume is a devotional and didactic piece in six cantos of blank verse. It is a composition of very considerable merit, containing many passages of real poetry; the versification is fluent, varied, harmonious, and often grand, and is evidently the work of one well practised in the art. The minor poems are by no means so much to our taste; from the nature of the subjects chosen, or it may be from the predominant religious feelings of the author, they strike us as being somewhat common-place in sentiment, as well as inferior in execution, to the blank verse poem.

Love in the Moon, a Poem; with some Remarks on that Luminary. By Patrick Scott, author of "Lelio." London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberley. 1853.

Mr. Scott has a vivid and glowing imagination, a fluency of versification, fine descriptive powers, and a genial humour—of each and all of which the present poem affords sufficient evidence. The lovers in this lunar romance are Lunari and Argentine, whose lot is cast on that hemisphere of the moon which is never turned towards the earth, of whose existence they are consequently ignorant. Their several families, like the Shaksperian Capulets and Montagues, are at deadly feud together, and the prospects of the young couple are anything but flattering. Lunari, in his perplexity, has recourse to a celebrated wizard, who, in answer to his invocation, utters the following oracular prophecy:—

> Whene'er upon the open skies
> A living globe of fire, in size
> Than planet, star, or sun more vast,
> Shall still and motionless be seen,
> Then shall these ancient feuds be past,
> And thou shalt wed thy Argentine.

And he directs him to the summit of a certain high mountain as the only place whence he may hope to discover the celestial phenomenon. Lunari, with a great deal of difficulty, persuades the rival houses to accompany him in the search. They set out together at length, though with no great cordiality—for, in his secret heart,

> Each took a vow—'twas sure to bind—
> That if he failed this sign to find,
> He never would again be cross'd,
> But make up for the time he'd lost
> In this absurdly good endeavour,
> And hate his neighbour more than ever.

They form a singular travelling-caravan, and, from the peculiarity of their lunar constitutions, are compared to mesmerised beings among us—a comparison which gives the author occasion to suggest—

> How bright the era which would rise
> With true millennial smile
> On Britain, should Fate mesmerise
> The universal isle!
> How blest to find in life, that when
> One power were tired or dead,
> Its brother sense would kindly then
> Do duty in its stead!
> No poor-rates need we then advance
> To keep our paupers well—
> Fed cheaply with an easy glance,
> And drunken with a smell.
> None would be deaf when all might hear
> With open mouth in place of ear;
> While on the blind new light by dint
> Of this new power would shine;
> They'd *sit* upon the smallest print
> And read it with the spine!

The party accomplish their long journey safely under the guidance of the young lover, who leads them into a cavern on the mountain's top, and, by the utterance of a single talismanic word, throws open the rocky portal that bars their view of the sky beyond. In an instant, before their eyes—

> Like a Sun of mightier birth
> Glittered the majestic Earth.
> Around its orb the constellations passed
> Like subject worlds with reverential pace
> Treading the empyreal height,
> Where calm, and motionless, and vast
> It sat, like the Divinity of Space,
> Upon the throne of Night.

The unlooked-for vision banishes the "ancient hatreds" of the rival houses—their offspring, the happy lovers, are united in marriage, and a most glorious bridal-feast is held in honour of the occasion.

> And from that time to this, whene'er
> A marriage in the Moon takes place,
> Joined soul to soul, the grateful pair,
> To give the ritual of their race
> A more than ceremonial worth,
> Look up to Heaven and bless the Earth.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

Introductory Lecture delivered to the Students in Humanity, in Marischal College, Aberdeen. By R. Maclure, LL.D. Aberdeen: D. Wyllie and Son. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons; and A. and C. Black. 1852.

A Run to Braemar. In Four Familiar Letters. By J. S. Ramsay. Arbroath: Kennedy and Ramsay. 1852.

A Pulpit Estimate of Wellington. By John G. Manly. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1852.

Claims of the Indian Army on Indian Patronage. By an East India Proprietor. London: Stewart and Murray. 1852.

A Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and others, on the mode of Editing the Writings of Washington. By Jared Sparks. Also a Review of Lord Mahon's History of the American Revolution. London: Trubner and Co. Boston, U. S.: James Munroe and Co. 1852.

The Drama of Life, and Lyrical Breathings. By J. H. R. Bayley, M.R.C.P. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Wolverhampton: Williams. 1852.

A Day of Pleasure. A Simple Story for Young Children. By Mrs. Harriet Myrtle; with Illustrations by H. K. Browne.—*Arbell, a Tale for Young People.* By J. W. Hooper; with Illustrations by J. Godwin.—*A Hero: Philip's Book;* with Illustrations by J. Godwin.—*Aladdin, and Sinbad,* with numerous engravings.—*Far-famed Tales,* with forty engravings.—*The Little Drummer, or Filial Affection;* with Illustrations by Gilbert.—*The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe:* with twenty Illustrations.—*The Charm Almanack for Boys and Girls,* profusely illustrated.—*The Adventures of a Bear, and a Great Bear too.* By Alfred Elwes; with Illustrations by Harrison Weir. All the above published by Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street.

The Natural Principles of Beauty, as developed in the Human Figure. By D. H. Hay, F.R.S.E. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1853.

Katie Stewart. A True Story. Blackwood and Sons. 1853.

Journal of Health. No. XXVIII. Simpkin and Marshall.

Three Sermons about the Sabbath. By the Rev. W. Brock. London: Cooke and Whitley; J. Nisbet and Co. 1853.

Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia. By J. D. Lang, D.D., A.M. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales; including a Visit to the Gold Regions, &c. By J. D. Lang, D.D., A.M. Third Edition. In Two Vols. London: Longman and Co.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Trafalgar Life Assurance Association.—From the Second Annual Report of this Society, made on the 30th of November last, we extract the following particulars:—The directors announce a very large increase to the income, the formation and consolidation of many very valuable agencies in various parts of the country, and the continually increasing confidence of the public in its principles and management. From a comparison of the first with the second year's business, it is shown that new premiums amounting to £6381 1s. 7d. have been added during the last twelve months to the former income of the Association, the total of which is now in this, the second year of its existence, £9473 17s. 4d., arising from 892 policies, assuring £292,646—a circumstance in itself so encouraging that the directors abstain from making any comment upon it. The directors were enabled at their last annual meeting to announce to the shareholders that the whole number of the shares—namely, twenty-five thousand, representing the entire capital of £250,000 (*of which £237,500 remains untouched, but is at all times available for the purposes of the Association, should occasion require*), had been subscribed for in the short period of seven months by a most extensive and influential proprietary; and the confidence entertained by the shareholders and public generally will be best understood from the fact, that the shares are not now to be obtained, except at a large premium. The number of policies lapsed by death is six, assuring, in the aggregate, three thousand three hundred pounds; which sum, being deducted from the premiums received, leaves a large balance in favour of the Association. The directors, with a view to place before the meeting the correct financial position of the Association, have had a balance-sheet prepared, showing the transactions from the 24th of June, 1851, to the 24th of June, 1852; and also a supplemental one, extending from the 25th of June, 1852, to the 30th of September last. Those statements which are given in the report will, the directors feel convinced, afford the greatest satisfaction to the shareholders, since they exhibit clearly the growing influence and sound financial position of the institution. The directors recommend a dividend, after the rate of five per cent. per annum, to be paid on the paid-up capital, and which they propose shall be made payable on and after the 15th of December next ensuing. The directors refer with peculiar satisfaction to the formation of the Unity Fire Insurance Association, the establishment of which has added vastly to the energies and efficiency of the several agencies, and by stimulating them into new channels of usefulness has necessarily enlarged the sphere of operations of the Trafalgar.

Medical, Invalid, and General Life Assurance Society.—The annual general meeting of this society was held at the chief office of the society, 25, Pall Mall, London, on Thursday, the 25th day of November, 1852, Benjamin Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair, when a report by the directors, showing the amount of business done during the last year, and the annual progress of the society, from its establishment to the 30th of September, 1852, was read. The following are the principal items of the report:—"Hitherto the directors have been able at each annual meeting to announce a considerable increase in the business transacted; but in the present year the increase is much larger in amount than on any previous occasion—a convincing proof of the estimation in which the society is held by the public. By a table exhibiting the amount of new business in each year since the establishment of the society it was shown, that during the past year the number of policies issued has been 778; the amount of assurances effected, £361,300 8s. 4d.; and yielding annual premiums to the extent of £15,480 17s. 10d. At the same time that the business has thus largely increased, the mortality has not exceeded the tabular expectation, and when it is borne in mind that the mortality of the last two years was so favourable, that is a result that could hardly have been expected. The directors are happy to state that the investments of the funds of the society during the year have been very favourably made; and are glad to be enabled to state that the invalid branch of the business continues to afford similar satisfactory results to those which have been formerly experienced. In accordance with the terms of the deed of settlement, the investigation into the society's affairs will be proceeded with on the 30th of June next, in order to determine the bonus which may then belong to the proprietors and policy-holders. The very rapid progress made by the society since the last division of profits, renders it probable that the participating policies will receive a large addition by way of bonus next year, and the directors would therefore beg to call the attention of the shareholders and the public to this circumstance, as every policy effected prior to the 30th of June, 1853, will be entitled to share in the profits which may be cleared up to that date.

LONDON: SALISBURY, BEETON AND CO., PRINTERS, BOUVERIE-STREET AND PRIMROSE-HILL, FLEET-STREET.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

MOLIÈRE.

CORNEILLE, Racine, and Voltaire, are great names in the dramatic literature of France, but Molière is greater than any of them, if popularity be taken as a test of their merits. The "Cid," "Athalie," and "Mérope," may be more praised, but "Le Tartuffe," and "Le Malade Imaginaire," we suspect are more read and better remembered. To what is this to be ascribed? Is it to any superiority of genius in the comic writer, or to the greater popularity of that department of the drama to which he devoted himself—or to both? Or has popular estimation placed Molière in a higher rank in the dramatic art than he is entitled to hold? We do not think that it has, but we attribute the preference rather to the more universal attractiveness of the comic muse, than to any superiority of genius on the part of the favourite, in comparison with the great tragic writers of the French stage.

As poetry of the very highest rank, tragedy will always be read with the utmost interest by the few capable of appreciating it, and even upon the stage the pomp and circumstance which usually attend it, will have great attractions for that more numerous class who delight in theatrical spectacles. But withal, if we are not greatly mistaken, comedy, generally speaking, is much more universally attractive than her buskined sister, and even in the closet, and certainly upon the stage, has more admirers, and these by no means of the least polished and enlightened classes. Dryden, in his Dedicatory Epistle, prefixed to the "Spanish Friar," observes: "The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes, and I dare venture to prophesy that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not lightened with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles." (*Works*, vol. vi. p. 380.) But we suspect that if the truth were always told, it would be found that the taste of Dryden's contemporaries is not singular, and that in all ages not even "a course of mirth," for relieving the melancholy scenes, has pleased so well as a course of mirth without melancholy at all. The solemn scenes of the Greek tragedy were invariably relieved by music and dancing. Yet, after all, it required an effort in the Athenians to affect, for any considerable length of time, the gravity and decorum requisite to comport with the lofty sadness of such plays as the "Electra," or the "Medea;" and we know that the performances were often interrupted by calls for the exhibitions of shows; we can scarcely imagine such a call to emanate from the amphitheatre of Broad Grins, that paid willing homage to the jests of Aristophanes. The Roman "Exodia" were farces, played by the youths after the regular players had left the stage, for the purpose, as we are told, of removing the painful impressions of tragedy. So it was in France during the reign of Louïs XIV., if we can believe Molière, who puts the following confession in the mouth of a great admirer of tragedy, and despiser of comedy, one of the *Dramatis Personæ* in "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes:" "Il y a une grande différence de toutes ces bagatelles à la beauté des pièces sérieuses. Cependant tout le monde donne là-dedans aujourd'hui; on ne court plus qu'à cela; et l'on voit une solitude effroyable aux grands ouvrages, lorsque des sottises ont tout Paris. Je vous avoue que le cœur m'en saigne quelquefois, et cela est honteux pour la France."

We do not think that the causes of this preference lie very deep. It is quite proverbial that we are more disposed to rejoice with them that rejoice, than to weep with them that weep; and it is not to be wondered at that we carry this predilection into our amusements. Certainly all the play-goers, and nearly all the readers of plays, look upon the drama merely as a source of entertainment; and it is nothing but a natural feeling that prompts us to seek entertainment in scenes of cheerfulness and mirth, although as a temporary relief from the cares and inquietudes of real life. He must be either more intellectual, or more morose than his neighbours, who relaxes himself more agreeably with the "sceptred pall," than with the

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

of the more sportive muse.

The effect of scenical representation upon this preference is great; it is highly favourable to the enjoyment of comedy, but detracts from rather than enhances that of tragedy. There are not a few to whom the tinsel glitter of the kings and queens of the latter is an attraction, but it shares the admiration of these persons with exhibitions which have little relation to the drama, and on principles with which its intellectual character has no concern; whereas all the means and appliances of the stage fall short of producing such an impression upon the mind, as the unassisted imagination can do. It is true that the genius of a great actor can mightily enhance the enjoyment of one particular part, but he stands so much alone in his glory that the effect of the whole is often rather injured than improved by his transcendent acting. There is nothing more dangerous to poetry than to reduce it to a material form, for it is apt to lose the spirituality which constitutes much of its charm, and unless the genius of the poet is equalled by that of the artist, whose means, it is to be observed, are generally much more limited, the effect of the operation is to disappoint the mind, rather than to satisfy it. In comedy, on the other hand, poetry is not an essential element, and when it does occur there it is of a much less intellectual and lofty character, and consequently more easily materialized. The characters, and the scenic accompaniments, are all more within the sphere of ordinary observation, and therefore more easily reproduced upon the stage, where the conflict with the preconceptions of the imagination is less. A piece of fine poetry gains little, if anything, by being declaimed from the stage; but a joke, a witticism, or a repartee gains immensely when spoken with the usual accompaniments of the comic scene. It is evident, too, that many more actors are fitted for comedy than for tragedy, and we can therefore see a whole piece more perfectly represented in the former than in the latter.

Besides, if it be the object of the drama to hold the mirror up to nature, the one has advantages over the other, which render it a more perfect instrument of art. Tragedy,

> "High actions and high passions best describing,"

must explore recesses in the human heart equally remote from common occurrence and from common appreciation. It is very questionable whether there ever was a time when men existed whose actual thoughts, words, and actions, reproduced on the stage, would furnish materials for a proper tragedy. The Greek tragedians, next to Shakspere, by far the best writers of that species of dramatic composition, profess to give pictures of the heroic ages; but that these are not correct we know, for they are far below the verisimilitude of Homer, who painted more from the life, as they are far above the classical portraits of the French school, which have no pretensions of that kind. But it may well be doubted if even the graphic pictures of Homer convey a very correct idea of the times and characters which he describes. Can the same be said of Aristophanes, or of Molière? Of the latter more anon, but that the former painted the latter to the life is well known. Plato, a great admirer of comedy and of Aristophanes, sent the plays of the latter to Dionysius of Syracuse, as the best pictures that could be given of his countrymen. To what tragedian was such a compliment ever paid? We do not treat even Shakspere's Historical Plays as faithful portraits of our Tudors and Plantagenets.

Tragedy owes much of its material inefficiency, as an instrument of scenical art, to its being necessarily imaginative, and to a great extent abstract—qualities which add much to its intellectual grandeur, but which cannot be adequately represented on the stage. A mighty genius indeed, such as Shakspere, may imagine such a conception as will command our sympathies, in spite of its abstraction, and embody the highest poetry in palpable forms; but to do so is the greatest achievement of the poetic art, and can be accomplished only by the utmost genius and skill. And after all, to take two characters the most dissimilar in intellectual conception, with whom do we most cordially and freely sympathise—with *Hamlet*, or with *George Dandin?* For our parts we say with the latter. The simple peasant is one, or at least one of a class with whom we have long been on terms of intimacy, and we enter at once into his feelings, though we laugh at his simplicity when he is duped by his lady spouse. But the Danish prince is a gentleman whose acquaintance we have never had an opportunity of making, although we have frequently heard him well spoken of; and however much we are disposed to condole with him on his misfortunes, we have some difficulty in treating them exactly as he does; and yet the one is the noblest creation of Shakspere, and the other is among the meanest of Molière. Abstractions are not altogether unknown to comedy, but they are always dangerous. It was into this error that the new comedy of Greece fell, when the vigour and raciness of the old school was repressed. So long as the comic writers were permitted to paint men as they lived, moved, and had their being around them, their art flourished; but when that liberty was denied to them, and they were obliged to have recourse to characters and plots of history, and of their own invention, it declined. If Molière had followed in the track of Corneille, and attempted—we will not say classical comedies—but imitations of Aristophanes or Menander, or had shut his eyes to what was going on around him, and given us ideal pictures of the ridiculous, instead of graphic pictures of the men and women of the court of Louis XIV., and the Parisian bourgeoisie, we will venture to say that his name would not have stood so high in dramatic literature as it has always done. But he had too much good sense and too correct a knowledge of his art, to fall into this error. Nothing can better exemplify both than the following exquisite observations on the two departments of the art, which occur in the piece from which we have already quoted, "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," a play abounding in sound criticism and sensible

remarks on the drama: "Lorsque vous peignez des héros, vous faites ce que vous voulez; ce sont des portraits à plaisir, où l'on ne cherche point de ressemblance, et vous n'avez qu'à suivre les traits d'une imagination qui se donne l'essor, et qui souvent laisse les vrais pour attraper le merveilleux. Mais, lorsque vous peignez les hommes, il faut peindre d'après nature; on veut que ces portraits ressemblent; et vous n'avez rien fait, si vous n'y faites reconnoître les gens de votre siècle. En un mot, dans les pièces sérieuses, il suffit pour n'être point blâmé, de dire des choses qui soient de bon sens et bien écrites; mais ce n'est pas assez dans les autres: il y faut plaisanter; et c'est une étrange entreprise que celle de faire rire les honnêtes gens."

The conclusion we draw from these observations is, that comedy is essentially more dramatic than tragedy, although the latter is more intellectual and poetic. The former will please more on the stage, and the latter in the closet. The former will be more popular among the mass, the latter will be more appreciated by the few. But a great tragedy will be appreciated rather as a poem than as a play, and will gain comparatively little by the best acting, scarcely at all by the best scenical appliances; while a good comedy will both read well and play well, and its enjoyment will be mightily enhanced by the arts of the theatre.

Hitherto we have been speaking of tragedy and comedy, strictly so called; but to prevent misconception, we must add a few words on that mixed species of dramatic composition, of which Shakspere is the great master. We have seen that melancholy alone will not *please* upon the stage, and the reason is, that continued scenes of sadness are neither pleasing nor natural. Whatever excuse may be found for the immortal sorrow of the Greek tragedy in its devotional origin and purpose, certain it is, that the drama, to be effective, must above all things be natural; it must do neither more nor less than hold the mirror up to nature, and it is in the skilful reproduction of natural scenes that its art consists. Most dramatists, and especially the French, with the regular Greek models, and the Aristotelian rules in their view, have set themselves to compose works which strictly belong to one or other of the two great classes of dramatic composition, but that excludes from the picture a considerable part of the original; it is studying Aristotle more than nature, for the scenes of real life are not either wholly grave or wholly gay. In comedy, indeed, the grave, or at least the sad, may safely be excluded. Happily, little of what is purely melancholy, and at the same time fitted for dramatic representation, occurs in real life, chequered as it is, and the continued mirth is too pleasing to induce us to regret its absence. Occasional scenes of tragic interest, however, are not altogether inconsistent with the character of comedy. In one of Molière's pieces, and not one of his worst, "Le Festin de Pierre," the hero *Don Juan*, after running the round of all those villanies which are associated with his name, is carried off the stage after a fashion uniting those of the exits of *Dr. Faust* and *Manfred*. This play is called "Comédie en cinq actes," and it is essentially a comedy. But in tragedy both requisites of the drama not only admit but call for the union of melancholy and gaiety. The one without the other is not natural, and although it were so it is not pleasing. Shakspere knew this, for no one had a more correct idea of the principles of his art. He was besides, above all others, the poet—the grammarian of nature, as the ancient quoted by Suidas prophetically expresses it—dipping his pen in the human heart. He conceived a character, or invented a plot, and developed it through varied scenes, without regarding whether the result was a tragedy or a comedy,—he thought only of presenting a picture of human life. His plays, in short, are less tragedies or comedies, than sections of that mirror which in his own breast reflected with infinite truth, and, therefore, with infinite variety, the scenes and characters of actual life. Our polite neighbours the French call, or rather used to call, this *bizarre*, and so it is,—and eminently so is human nature.

To return to comedy, the very characteristics which render it more efficient and complete as an instrument of art, seem to tend to limit the sphere of its production. It is rather a remarkable fact in the history of the drama, that there have been many more great writers of tragedy than of comedy, notwithstanding the higher intellectual character of the former. In Greece, there were three to one; for we suspect that the *prægrandis senex* of the school was the only comedian entitled to rank with the great tragic writers. In France there has been the same proportion. The classic age of Italian poetry did not afford a single comic dramatist, though no people have a keener perception of the ludicrous and the grotesque than the Italians. We do not attribute much importance to such facts, because speculations upon the causes of the progress of art are apt to be chimerical and generally are unprofitable. It is obvious, however, that comedy, which should

"Catch the manners living as they rise,"

must be much limited to the age and country, the manners of which it professes to depict, and that unless these are adapted to comic delineation, the art must languish for want of *matériel*. The perfection of comedy does not consist in the mere reproduction of the scenes of common life, whatever may be its character. These must have something comic in themselves, and the art of the dramatist is shewn in his selection of the ludicrous traits so as to develop with greatest effect a character or a plot. It has often been asserted that the proper end of comedy is to expose vice and folly by means of ridicule. But we conceive that its primary end is to excite mirth, and the exposure of vice and folly is often well calculated to do so, though that is rather a secondary end, (however, morally speaking, it may be the highest,) and many admirable comedies have been written with no such object, or without having any such effect. Besides, such a definition of the object of comedy confounds it with satire, from which it essentially differs.

Comedy may be, and often is the vehicle of the most exquisite satire, but it is not necessarily so. It has a distinctive character of its own, of which the *ridiculous* is the essence; but virtue may be rendered ridiculous as well as vice and folly. The satire of Aristophanes directed against Socrates, was not legitimate because it wanted a legitimate object; it was, in fact, founded on a misapprehension, which when dissipated disarmed the satire. But the *ridicule* was genuine, because it put the sage in a view so laughable when contrasted with his character, real or assumed, (for it matters not which,) that our mirth is excited whether we believe in the justness of the satire or not.

The ridiculous—the *matériel* of comedy—has existed more or less in all ages, and always will exist, so long as human nature remains the same. Boccaccio found it in an age of the darkest superstition, and chiefly among its ministers and devotees. Butler traced it even in the acrimonious contentions of civil war. There must, however, be times and circumstances more favourable than others to its production, and it may well be doubted if they would have produced so laughable comedies, had Aristophanes been a contemporary of Cadmus, or Molière written under the stern tyranny of the League. In our own country, comedy has at no period flourished more than in the merry times of the Restoration, when a reaction took place in the national mind, from the severe discipline of republicanism and its sister puritanism. Probably, as a general rule, though liable to many exceptions, it may be said, that the most favourable circumstances for comic delineation are when nature has been softened from barbarism into civilization,—where that civilization has not degenerated from the follies of luxury and fashion into unpalliated crime—where the manners of the age and political institutions give full scope to the complete development of natural character—and especially where a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a *turn* for humour are national characteristics, and make each individual to some extent, as *Falstaff* describes himself, not only witty themselves, but the cause of wit in other men. The age and country of Aristophanes had some of these characteristics in an eminent degree. Let us examine how far Molière lived under similar propitious circumstances.

Born in 1622, his youth was contemporaneous with the administrations of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, the despotic tyranny of which would have been little calculated to relax the severity of character which the French people had acquired in the preceding age, under the terrors of the League, had its effect not been in some measure counteracted by the peculiar character of the opposition. The minority of Louis XIV. was agitated by a struggle for power between contending parties, who mixed with their ambition much of the levity supposed to be characteristic of their country. The gratification of personal vanity, more than the passion for power, influenced the leaders, who changed sides with their mistresses, and not unfrequently, at their dictation. The queen-mother was lampooned while her minister was outlawed, and battles were fought to gain the favour of the libertine Duchesse de Longueville. A body of lawyers aping the English Parliament, to which their only resemblance lay in their common name, raised the standard of revolt, and while a cardinal headed the party of the court, an archbishop fomented the jealousies of the opposition. The people, following the frivolity of their leaders, alternately adored them as their deliverers, and lighted bonfires on their disgrace.

This state of things was in some measure put an end to when Louis assumed the reins of government in 1654. Foreign conquests succeeded civil dissensions, and a gay but libertine court set the example of polished manners, and diffused refinement along with licentiousness. At this period, the people of France were divided into three classes, the distinctions of which were prominent and well marked: the aristocracy, whose focus was the Court; the tradesmen and craftsmen, who inhabited the towns; and the peasantry. The last class vegetated in a state of simplicity and ignorance, which gave little scope for the development of individual character, though probably the *trempe* of the mass did not want archness and vivacity. Their manners, however, were gross as well as simple. The men spent much of their time in the cabarets, while their wives were alternately kissed and beaten. It is very questionable whether female virtue was better preserved among this class than in the higher ranks; probably it was less so: and certainly it was better preserved among the middle class. But conjugal infidelity was in all ranks reckoned more a foible than a crime, and a good beating of his frail spouse, at once restored the peasant's temper, and vindicated his honour. The *bourgeoisie* were a plain and well-conditioned class, retaining much of their ancient simplicity of manners, with as little of the licentious refinement of those above them, as of the grossness of those below. Devoted to their *boutiques*, they were easy in their circumstances, and many of them ultimately obtained such a competency as enabled them to retire from trade and live in independence. Occasionally, one of these, forgetting his position, would affect the gentleman, like *Monsieur Jourdain*, who was no ideal portrait, but drawn from life. The original was a hat manufacturer of the name of Gaudoin, who lavished a large fortune, left him by his father, on needy people of fashion, who, like *Dorante* and *Dorimène*, made him their dupe. Ultimately he was confined at Charenton as a madman. Little removed from the condition of shopkeepers were the professional men, whom real ignorance and an affectation of deep learning rendered eminently ridiculous. The professors of medicine affected much gravity, wore a robe when they went abroad, and generally rode through the streets on mules. They delighted in specifics, and a multiplicity of medicines, talked in bad Latin and scholastic terms; and as each had a theory of his own to support, their vanity and dogmatism rendered their con-

sultations rather distracting to their patients, the nature of whose diseases, far less their remedies, they could not agree upon. The result of the famous consultation on Cardinal Mazarin is well known. The four most eminent physicians of the day were called in, when after much dispute each adhered to his own opinion, one maintaining that the seat of the disease was the liver, another the lungs, a third the spleen, and a fourth the mesentery. It is not improbable that Molière had personal wrongs to avenge in ridiculing the physicians, for his habitual bad health must have given him much unfavourable experience of them. The lawyers were probably little less ridiculous, though we know not so much of them, Molière having scarcely touched upon that class. He introduces the *avocats* only once, viz., in the "Malade Imaginaire," and it is to pay them a compliment. It is in the same piece that he gives a *rôle* of some importance to a notary, though according to the prescriptive usage of the stage that functionary is seldom absent when a marriage is in hand, but only *pour dresser le contrat*. The lawyers however did not escape the lash. During Molière's lifetime they were severely handled by Racine in the "Plaideurs." Their pleadings savoured much of the ignorance and scholasticism of the age. Deficient both in dignity and solidity, they displayed an indigested erudition, citing promiscuously the Bible, the fathers of the church, the Roman and canon laws, and occasionally the classics. The university of Paris, which in 1624 had obtained an *arrêt*, prohibiting *on pain of death* the publication of any work impugning the authority of Aristotle, could not fail to supply much of the ridiculous. There were scholars of that time who, armed at all points with syllogisms, professed to dispute *de omni scibili*, maintaining their positions with a fury quite proportionate to their pretensions. One of them, the original of the philosopher in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who delivered a course of lectures on eloquence and philosophy, in a room in Paris which he called "L'académie des philosophes orateurs," and himself the "moderateur" thereof. When these pedants fell in love the picture was complete. One of Racine's lawyers proposes to take his mistress to see the torture inflicted, — "*donner la question*,"— and Molière makes *Thomas Diaforus* desirous to treat *Angelique* with a sight of the dissection of a woman! These pictures were not overcharged. Of Molière's literary contemporaries, he has left us too exquisite a sketch to be omitted. In the play from which we have already more than once quoted, "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," *Dorante*, the sensible critic of the piece, thus describes them: "La cour a quelques ridicules, j'en demeure d'accord; et je suis, comme on voit, le premier à les fronder; mais, ma foi, il y en a un grand nombre parmis les beaux esprits de profession; et, si l'on joue quelques marquis, je trouve qu'il y a bien plus de quoi jouer les auteurs, et que ce seroit une chose plaisante à mettre sur le théâtre, que leurs grimaces savantes, et leurs raffinemens ridicules, leur vicieuse coutume d'assassiner les gens de leurs ouvrages, leur friandise de louanges, leurs ménagements de pensées, leur trafic de réputation, et leur ligues offensives et défensives, aussi bien que leurs guerres d'esprits, et leurs combats de prose et de vers."

(To be continued.)

NORMAN HAMILTON.

(Continued from page 16.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME OLD FRIENDS.

People with large families seldom think (the reason is that they have not time to do so)—if they did, one of their uppermost thoughts, morning, noon, and night, would be how to dispose of their progeny. A scion of oligarchy never has much trouble in this way—the oldest gets the coronet, as a matter of course; number two enters the army; number three, the navy; number four, the church; number five, the civil service; number six, the bar; number seven—what for him? When a nobleman has seven sons, even in a corrupt country like our own, he is, for a time, puzzled what to do with the last; and so we do not venture to predict the fate of Septimus. The writers of fiction are sometimes troubled after a similar fashion, as to the disposal of their literary offspring; painters may crowd their canvas with ever so many figures, they are there from first to last, and cause no trouble; musicians may introduce whatever notes they list at the commencement of a symphony, without coming under any obligations to reproduce these original sounds, attenuated or deepened, at the conclusion of the piece; but the miserable romancist must give an account of every character that happens to figure on his insignificant stage. He is like a boatswain to whom a score of tars is delivered over for a shore excursion, the whole complement must be searched for in lane and alley, the roll called on the surf-beaten sand, and every man and mother's son duly re-delivered on board the gallant bark that rolls at anchor in the offing. We do not approve of the custom—there be some characters who figure in our pages, of whom, and of whose ultimate destiny, the less that could be said, so much the better—but custom is inflexible, and how much soever against any canon of our own institution, we must comply with it, and afford some insight

into the after career of certain worthies, regarding whom recent chapters have been silent.

There is a personage descending the High-street of Edinburgh, on an autumnal afternoon, who has the air of an old acquaintance, and yet his costume belies the suspicion. He is whiskerless, but has a large grey moustache, with hair to match; green spectacles prevent his eyes from being seen, while a large cloak conceals exact details of outline. We must have seen that man before, and, to satisfy curiosity, although the indulgence of the virtue may not imply over-much politeness, we shall make bold to follow him. He passes downwards, and is beyond the Tron Church —down still—pshaw! Some old military man going to visit a brother officer in St. John's or New-street (aristocratic in those days). No—he passes both openings! Then he is a stranger, bound for Holyrood; let us return and think no more of him. Nay, not so fast—see, he slackens pace, he is examining doors, and will earth immediately. He enters Theodore Reid's shop! That settles the point—he must not now be lost sight of.

The unknown finds Theodore at his little desk.

"I understand, sir," says he, in a hoarse voice, "that you keep some very nice, fine, old cheese. I am a connoisseur in the article, and grudge no price. Just let me go down into your cellar, will you, that I may taste some of your rarest."

"A gormandizing Englisher," thought Theodore; "but they aye pay." And, so saying, the merchant shut his bank pass-book, which he was in the act of summing, and, locking it in his desk, prepared to attend the fastidious destroyer of maggots. "Oor cellar is no very weel rid up," said Theodore, as he conducted his customer to the trap-door already known to the reader, "and tak' care o' yer claes, as ye come down the stair."

"No apology," replied the stranger, "the stair is better than the one leading down to the state-cabin of the last seventy-four that I commanded."

Theodore bowed obeisance at this remark, which implied a naval hero, and peradventure an admiral. The unknown having accomplished the descent in safety, he looked briskly round the premises, which were still faintly illuminated by the sun, and making a sudden spring, he seated himself on the top of a puncheon cask, with an agility of which his aged appearance gave no indication; and ere Theodore had time to recover from his surprise at this gymnastic feat, the naval hero had seized a bottle of Theodore's best port, and striking off the neck by a blow on the edge of the cask, he applied the stump to his lips with a deliberation that evinced a predisposition on the part of the operator to discuss the greater portion of the entire contents.

Theodore stared in dumb astonishment.

"Rather sour and harsh," remarked the intruder; "but the truth is, you Scotch do not know how to keep wine; there is no liquor to be had in this cursed country except whiskey, and *it* aint gentlemanly. However, what can't be helped, needn't be lamented;—come, hand me some of your fromage, old feller! Bedad, if I think you know me!"

"Know you, sir!" roared Theodore, quivering with indignation, as he discovered that the Colonel was the fictitious maritime hero. "I know you too well. What in the name o' the auld fiend himsel' has brought you here?"

"Don't use strong language," replied Mr. Flint, "it hurts my feelings."

"What do you want with me, sir?"

"Patience, my dear sir, patience."

"I will have no patience, wi' the like o' you—in one word, what do you want?"

The Colonel motioned to the trap-door, and Theodore went and secured it, and having performed this service, he leaned against a cask, sullenly waiting till his unwelcome visitor should condescend to unburden the object of his mission. Mr. Flint did not appear to notice Reid's impatience, and taking up the now half-empty bottle, he amused himself by tossing it in the air—a pastime which only incensed the trafficker the more.

"Leave off this fooling and tell me what you want with me," growled Theodore, advancing hastily, as if with the intention of doing bodily harm to the Colonel. That worthy was, however, too nimble, and he adroitly eluded his grasp.

"Don't put me in a passion, sir," vociferated Theodore; "it is not often that I get into a rage, but if you do rouse me, ye'll repent it. I have not forgotten the trick that ye played me last time ye were here wi' Copley."

"Ah! do not mention that name!" cried Flint, pathetically, "it recalls associations that at this precise moment are peculiarly unpleasant."

"Is he hanged?"

"No, not exactly."

"He deserves it," replied Reid, sarcastically, "and so do you."

"We shall not speculate as to deserts, as *Portia* says, in that passage with which you are no doubt familiar, it would be 'up' with the whole of us if we got them; even you, my sweet sir, pure and spotless as you are, like a lily hanging on a delicate stem, even you, if viewed through a microscope, might not present an aspect wholly faultless."

"Man! you'll drive me mad—say in one word, what do you want?"

"Well, since you insist on knowing the cause, I shall tell you; but allow me to remark how much a counter blunts one's sensibilities. We gentlemen are never in the habit of opening business abruptly, we prefer a little of what the French call *badinage*, in order to fill up with curves those angular vacancies which grosser natures leave absurdly open."

"What do you want? if you don't be quick I'll go up stairs."

"Pray do; I shall in that case finish my wine all the more comfortably."

Theodore's dark visage became livid with passion at the continued trifling of his visitor, and, approaching him in a menacing attitude, he addressed him for the last time.

"Harkye, sir! I'm in no humour for your nonsense. I never liked you in all my life, and never less so than at this moment. Say at once what you want, or I'll soon end the matter. You know that there is a door leads into the passage; I'm rather auld, but I think I have pith enough to take you by the neck and toss you out at that door, if I find it necessary. Do you understand me?"

During this address, Theodore had slowly approached the Colonel, and suddenly seizing him by the collar, he shook the officer with such force and freedom that the latter was quite satisfied as to the ability of Reid to carry the proposed threat into execution. The Colonel, therefore, prudently dropped further levity, and, so far as it was possible for one of his character to speak without circumlocution, he delivered his message in a form comparatively plain and straightforward.

"Now, then, Mr. Reid, that we understand each other," resumed the champion, "you will please to observe that the present juncture is peculiarly unpropitious for me, and that desirous of a change of air and scene, I wish to go abroad. There is Copley, he is to be tried before the Old Bailey, where it may run hard with him—he will get the best certificates, as to character, from his present employer, but it is questionable how far they may avail him. Copley had not what I may call an artistic mind, but still I shall miss his society—it will cause a decided blank, such as I felt when my friend General Pigeon was killed in his duel with Major What-d'ye-callum of Thingummy."

"Well, sir, and what hiv I to do wi' your going abroad?"

"Nothing except that I expect you to furnish the means."

"Means! me furnish you! I'll see you—."

"Nay, my dear sir, keep your temper. Abroad I must go, and furnish me with the means you must and shall."

"Must and shall," growled Theodore, ironically, "we'll see."

"Of course we will. There is a young man to be executed here to-morrow morning. *It was I who caused his apprehension.* That makes you start. I set the Bow-street officers on this young man in London; I then thought he had knowingly cheated me, but Copley satisfied me that he had not. I afterwards set the Edinburgh authorities on his track."

"Why did you do that if he was innocent?"

"To save myself," replied the Colonel, coolly. "Now if I had the power to bring him to the scaffold reluctantly, I certainly have it within my means, if I am so determined, to pay you a similar compliment, Master Reid. So take your chance, the small trifle in money, or—*the* gibbet. I observe you are not looking pleasant, but pray do not meditate any violence. I have the implements of self-defence, and I would rather do business with you agreeably than otherwise."

"I'm not to be frightened," said Reid, doggedly.

"I have no wish to frighten you—but just consider exactly what your position is. I have only to go to your mayor here, and secure to myself a free pardon, and the reward offered for the apprehension of those connected with the issue of—."

"Wheesht, sir—ther's no use in speaking the name o' things that we ken about. But hear you this, oor Scotch law needs twa witnesses—do ye think that oor koorts wud tak the evidence o' a habit and repute blackguard like yoursel' against a man like me, that has never been kent to brak the law in the smallest jot or tittle? Flint, yo've mista'en your man."

"Not so fast, my excellent friend," replied the adroit Colonel; "there is a certain old lady residing in your city, who has had transactions with you as well as Mr. Copley, and for the sake of confirming any statement that may procure for her the elegant gratification of seeing you die with your shoes on, I have no doubt—indeed I have positively ascertained—that she is prepared and willing to aid me in carrying out my little plot."

"The cursed auld limmer, I thocht she had been killed by the mob the ither week."

"Some persons have the tenacity of cats, and my venerable and amiable friend belongs to that species; but even supposing that the old lady had met with the fate that you gallantly hint at, she has a son, an interesting invalid, who would have been equally prepared to supply the place of his excellent relative, in the small negotiation that I have in my eye. Now as time presses, may I beg that you will favour me with an answer to my proposal?"

"How much do ye want?" inquired Theodore, musing.

"Well, having every disposition to be lenient, I have fixed the amount at a mere trifle, say five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred devils!" exclaimed Theodore, swelling with indignation. "If ye had said a five or even a ten pound note, I wadna hae minded that, jist for the sake o' getting quit o' you—but five hunder—pooh! the man's in a creel."

"I do not exactly comprehend your last observation, Mr. Reid, but if you do not think me in earnest, you are very much mistaken, never, indeed, I take it, more thoroughly mistaken in all your life. I shall call at your shop to-morrow forenoon, at twelve to a minute, and if you have not the sum mentioned ready for me in Bank of England notes or gold, just take your chance of a few fathoms of rope—that's all. I can joke with my friends, and have joked a good deal in my time, but at present I am in no joking mood. Good afternoon, Master Reid."

And so saying the Colonel proceeded to the trapstair, and having withdrawn the bolt of the hatch-door he disappeared and left Theodore to his own meditations. The merchant took no heed of the departure of his visitor, but continued long and sullenly to lean against a post of his cellar, wrapt apparently in deep thought at the consideration of the alternative placed before him by his associate in crime. The shadows lengthened on

the damp and greasy walls of the cellar, and finally the sun disappeared behind the tall houses of the Canongate, and was seen no more, but Theodore stood in his old position, still absorbed in reverie.

"Maister! what about the herrin' for Stettin?" screamed one of Theodore's lean assistants, from the top of the rickety trap-stair.

At the familiar call of business Reid instantly became himself again, and he at once proceeded to the shop to answer the interrogatory of the lad.

"Whaun does the brig sail?"

"At twal the morn's nicht."

"Weel," replied Theodore, "if ye get the casks sent down to Leith wi the carts the nicht, ye may gang and see that ne'er-do-weel hanged i' the mornin'—but mind it's only a privelege, and unless the things are down ye canna gang—it would be a pity for your ain sakes that ye should lose the sicht, it's a grand example to thochtless young fellows."

The fellows bestirred themselves, not so much we must do them the justice of saying, on account of the motive held out by their master, as for the prospect of a partial holiday, a luxury to which they were rarely accustomed. They accordingly bustled about, and did gallant service among the barrels in the cellar—while Theodore took his station at his little desk near the door, ostensibly for the purpose of examining the herring invoices, but in reality he stood at that little desk with his thoughts far otherwise employed. He compressed his lips, knitted his brows, and otherwise looked so sternly reflective, that if like Mrs. Siddons when studying *Lady Macbeth*, he had seen his own features in a mirror, he very likely would have been startled at the representation. Theodore was, however, too earnestly engrossed with his own reflections to take heed of changes in physiognomical expression, and so he thought on.

"She sails the morn at twal at nicht," he said aloud to himself, and then he sunk into his former reverie, and there we shall leave him, in order to take note of the further proceedings of the Colonel.

The bully sauntered up the street with the air of a fine gentleman, and he had not left Theodore's shop a distance of a few hundred yards till by a singular coincidence he encountered the hag. The old woman looked pale and sickly, and her withered face was enveloped in a dirty handkerchief, which only served to make her pinched features more ghastly.

"Ah, my dear Madam, truly glad to see you," exclaimed the officer; "this is a felicity not more unexpected than agreeable. I wished to have an interview with you, and was about to return to my hotel and call for a directory in order that I might discover your residence, but your personal appearance at this interesting juncture will save me the trouble."

"Give me some money, fool, I'm starving."

"My dear madam! that is precisely my own situation, and I have come to Scotland for the very purpose of negotiating a small loan with our tender-hearted friend in the Canongate here. I shall take care not to squeeze the orange quite dry, and so you may have a few drippings as well as me. Ladies, I know, should always have the priority; but in this case, 'first come, first served,' is one of those proverbial sayings which, in my reverence for antiquity, I should wish to preserve intact."

"Peace, jackanapes! if you rouse me, I may sacrifice him and you too. Let me have some money. I am starving, I tell you, and a trifle which you would throw away, may save me and my sick boy, who is dying."

"Upon my honour, good mother, save and excepting a few pence—"

"Pence!" shrieked the hag, "I have not seen any for many a day. The boy and I have been starving, and coppers would be a boon. I was nearly killed by a savage mob, and I thought my son and I would have died together; nobody came near us. At this moment I have not so much as would purchase a single meal."

"Very distressing, indeed, my dear madam: and since matters have come to such a pass, I shall not scruple, trusting always that it will not offend your pride, to make offer of my purse to the extent of half-a-crown, or say three-and-six."

"Give me the money," exclaimed the old woman, eagerly clutching the proffered coins. "Give me the money. Hurt my pride! do you say, fool? Yes, it does hurt my pride, that I should require to stoop so low as to take charity from you. I meant to have gone to the fellow Reid, but I am not able to walk further. Away! out of my sight; I cannot bear to look on you!"

"My dear madam, whence the fury? It is quite true that I was at one time the apprentice of your lamented husband; but it does not thence legitimately follow that I should be obnoxious to your sweet society. But I see you are chafed; so adieu, my ancient sprig of rosemary!"

The Colonel made a gallant flourish with his hand, and left the angry beldame: who, after allowing him to go off for a few minutes, cautiously set herself to work to track his footsteps: but this, to one of her age and condition, was a hopeless undertaking. She, indeed, hobbled after him as fast as her sickly and emaciated frame would permit; but the Colonel was rapidly disappearing from her sight, when Character Cook suddenly crossed her path.

"Dost see that man in the long cloak?" asked the hag eagerly.

"No, I see no man in a cloak," answered Cook, testily.

"Dolt! that is the man who betrayed the boy who is to be hanged to-morrow! After him, but use no violence; only tell me where he goes to, and, if you can, where he lives. Away!"

Character clenched his fist, and vigorously making for himself a path amongst the crowded passengers, he sped forth like an arrow from a bow, in quest of the hated object. The Colonel, who had from the first been seen by Character, was too remarkable in his idiosyncrasy to escape the keen eye of the scout, and he was closely, but not conspicuously followed—the careless, saturnine gait of the man of leather being exceedingly

unlike one who was playing the spy. The bully was traced to a field in the suburbs, and afterwards to a low lodging-house in the City. Character took note of a particular portion of hedge visited by his victim, and subsequent events proved the importance of the tracking suggested by the hag.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HEAD OF LIBBERTON'S WYND.

When an execution takes place in modern Edinburgh, the gallows is stealthily erected at dead of night. Those in the vicinity are appalled,

> As they hear upon the scaffold floor,
> The midnight hammer sound.

And although thus warned of the impending catastrophe, they still gaze with mingled fear and dread on the grim machinery of death that greets them at the dawn of day. To those, again, who are beyond that terrible "midnight sound," the dread apparatus bursts upon their sight as a tree of ill-omen, that has reared its ungainly branches in a single night, and which, spectre-like, appears and disappears with supernatural-like celerity, whenever its work is called for and performed. This is the custom in modern Edinburgh, but it was otherwise in old Edinburgh; meaning, by that phrase, *old* Edinburgh, as contradistinguished from *ancient* Edinburgh, regarding which latter-named city, we are not at present called on to pronounce any opinion. In the times, then, of *old* Edinburgh, the gibbet was not an instrument so rare as it now is. We do not now, in Edinburgh, hear of its dismal existence oftener than once in five years: but at the commencement of the present century, penal death took place, in the Scotch metropolis, somewhere about twelve times in the year, if not oftener; and suitable accommodation had, in consequence, to be provided for the frequency of such tragedies. The west-end of the famous Old Tolbooth, called the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," had a projecting ground-story, on whose flat roof executions took place. A permanent horizontal beam daily flung out its dark shadows, as the setting-sun darted its parting rays down the picturesque street, with its fantastic air-built houses; while underneath there was a row of bustling shops, the owners of which busily plied their vocation under the literal roof of death. Custom deadens the keenest sensibilities. Merchants trafficked in the Market-place—burghers cracked their jokes—school-boys played their games—all immediately underneath this place of doom; and yet every one of them were unconscious of anything in the least degree approaching to levity or indecorum. But in our time, when capital punishments have happily turned out to be so infrequent, no traces of the implements of destruction are permitted to be seen before the time of their employment, or allowed to remain for a single moment after their object has been accomplished. This sensitiveness on such a subject is creditable to our humanity, but it suggests an important question as to the aspects in which these matters were viewed by preceding generations.

Nothing can strike the thoughtful student of past times more forcibly than the reckless expenditure of human life, as compared with the merciful practice, in regard to capital punishments, that obtains in our day. We do not merely refer to the amelioration of our criminal code, although that of itself is very remarkable: for who can now think, without shuddering, of blood being shed in torrents for mere personal assaults, for house-breakings above the value of five shillings, for petty trespasses, for purloining cattle, for forging notes, or for the many other offences for which the life given by God was wantonly sacrificed? The capital crimes recorded in the British statute-book could, at one time, be counted in hundreds; and who, we again ask, can now think of such a state of things without horror? But, we repeat, it is not in connection with such offences that we wish to call attention to the low estimate of the sacredness or value of human life, that passed current in times preceding our own. The law of treason, so flexible in its construction as to represent the caprice either of a sovereign, a minister, or a judge, has, times without number, consigned the bravest hearts of England to the ignominy of judicial murder. Sir Thomas More is one day fondled by his king, the royal fingers playfully encircle the neck of the Chancellor; but, in a brief space, these same fingers sign the death-warrant, and other, although probably not more rude fingers, turn up the grey hairs that cover that venerable neck, in order that it may be bared for the descent of the axe. And all for what? Just because the author of "Utopia" will insist that the Crown has no jurisdiction in spiritual matters; a dogma which any Baptist drysalter may proclaim aloud with impunity in the very streets, in this the reign of Queen Victoria. Need we refer to the infamous execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, by order of the buffoon James I., in virtue of a sentence passed on account of a trumpery charge of treason, incurred fourteen years before the consummation of his doom? or to the equally infamous fate of Sir Harry Vane, after the royal word of the libertine Charles II. had been pledged for his safety? or, lastly, to the wholesale butcheries of Jeffreys, committed at the instigation of the tyrant James II.? We need not dwell on these, for they are notorious matters in history familiar to all. But there were many humble victims to these sanguinary codes, whose feeble cries were never heard above the turmoil and din of their day, and the echoes of whose stifled groans were not caught up by written story or popular tradition, so as to be handed down to after generations. But though human ear heard them not, a great Eye looked down on earth, and One above heard the groaning of the prisoner and of those who were doomed to die; and we know assuredly, that a day of retribution will yet come.

Thus reckoned of such slender value, human life was liable to be invaded at all times and seasons,—the joy of existence apt in one moment to be hushed in the despair of death, the laughing

child of the morning to become the orphan of the night, the joyous bride of to-day changed into the distracted widow of to-morrow, the minister converted into the outcast, the judge into the felon, the court exchanged for the dungeon, the ball-room for the scaffold—how could the play of the domestic and social affections be maintained, when exposed to the chance of such cruel reversions? Were the relations of husband and wife, of father and child, of brother and sister, of friend and friend maintained on the same footing that they are now? We think not. Perennial as is the tie that links such together, there must in these rude days have existed a holier intensity of love than our more prosaic because more peaceful times can possibly develop. No daughter among us can be tried as the noble-minded daughter of Sir Thomas More was tried; and no peasant's wife can now be called on to pass through the ordeal endured by the spouse of John Brown, of Priesthill. We have our social evils, and sore and deep they are; but judicial slaughter cannot be said to be included amongst the number.

We stand at present at the foot of a scaffold whereon a convict, charged with uttering forged notes, is to expiate his crime, or supposed crime, by a public death. And what a blot were these laws on the British Statute-book! From the years 1803 to 1818, there were more persons executed for forging notes, than were respectively put to death for the crimes of murder, burglary, or robbery from the person, committed within the same period. Two hundred and seven human beings were prematurely hurried into eternity for forging notes, during these thirteen years of blood; while the number of minor punishments, and the futility of the gallows in diminishing crime, may be estimated from the fact, that two years subsequent to the last-mentioned date, there were obtained within the compass of twelve months, upwards of one hundred convictions for forging notes, and nearly three hundred for having forged notes in possession. The crime was unknown previous to 1758, the date of the first execution for its perpetration; and it may be said to have ceased in 1825, when the voice of an indignant public was so lifted up, that the ignorant and selfish policy which had led to such extensive and fatal commission of the offence, had to be abandoned once and for ever. The Bank of England stopped payment, and had to issue notes of the value of one pound, and these were so easily imitated, as to create singular facilities for the manufacture of counterfeits; as these multiplied, the Bank obtained an act rendering them free from all liability connected with forged notes, and thus removed from themselves a principal inducement to stop the traffic. People were barbarously transported for having forged notes in their custody, and yet intelligent men often could not tell the difference between the real and the spurious note; and even the bank-clerks themselves failed sometimes to recognise their own notes, and refused to exchange them for coin. Juries resisted this unnatural state of things, and demanded that the Bank should disclose its secret marks: and, continuing to refuse convictions, the Bank at last resumed cash payments, suppressed notes of lower denomination than five pounds; the legislature made the offence non-capital, and now forging notes is a crime comparatively rare. Would that the lesson of this wise policy had been learned sooner. As it is, it stands for ever a crimson-stained page in our social history.

The morning fixed for the execution of Norman Hamilton was cold and wet, but yet a considerable crowd had collected; for although the judicial sacrifice of human life was much more frequent than it is now, still the death of a criminal always had its attractions for the populace; and, in this instance, the morbid feeling was enhanced by a general curiosity to discover how a gentleman would demean himself at the last hour. The whole space in front of the jail was filled by a throng of faces, gazing with visible anxiety on the apparatus of death; while every window in the tall grotesque buildings of the Lawnmarket had its animated occupants walling, as it might have been said, the boundaries of the moving circles below. Fine ladies and gentlemen had paid for eligible seats on the evening previous, and with the ease which affluence alone confers, were calmly awaiting the appearance of the principal actor in this open-air tragedy. As the slow but sure hand of the church-clock pointed towards the hour of destiny, muscular men pushed the crowds backwards or forwards, according as the movement seemed to facilitate the acquisition of good places. Children were whisked on the shoulders of parents, in order that they might lose no part of the spectacle; while other children, females and dogs, who were unable to resist these ground-swells and upheavings of the mob, yielded to their influence with shrieks, oaths, and howlings. Anon some coarse jest would be made, and the crowd, pleased for the time with a temporary lull in the jostling, would laugh long and loud with a chorus of some hundred voices. Beggars, mountebanks, and pickpockets stood around on all sides, ready to ply their several vocations, whenever the smallest opportunity afforded a chance of success. All was mirth, jocularity, and excitement: and but for that grim, noosed cord that dangled ominously from the projecting beam—that piece of twisted flax which now hangs so passively in the drizzling rain, as to yield to every breath of wind that passes along the street—but for that significant object, the assemblage might have met at an election, or a fair-day, or a menagerie exhibition. That elastic loop will, in a few minutes, encircle the vital part of a brave and generous youth, and, pressing it with unyielding gripe, will separate soul from body, and will convert that form, which the moment before had its life in every limb, into a shivering, struggling, dying man. The noose dangles passively in the air, and in a brief space, when it suspends its misshapen, distorted, mortal burden, it will dangle as listlessly as before; for life will then be quite extinct, and the muscles that fought so hard for life, will then be as inanimate as the rope that has been the instrument of destruction. All this is to take place in a few mi-

nutes, and yet the mob laughs and shouts, kicks and presses, gives and receives jokes, and treats the whole affair as if it were the most joyous, laughter-moving carnival that the sports of the country could produce. Whence this cold-blooded inconsistency? These must be human beings, and as such, they must have some human sympathies. That bold, impudent-looking woman turns to the child in her arms with a look of maternal fondness, and caresses it the moment that her quick ear hears its sickly wail; and there must be humanity in that pale-faced mechanic, who, amidst the jostling of the crowd and several attempts to the direct contrary, has contrived to keep his impish son on his shoulder for the last half-hour. The fiercest and darkest of human kind have their mitigating qualities; and although the scum of society, the dregs of the populace, undoubtedly drift loose at execution-times, yet we are not prepared to admit that fiends and demons alone surround the scaffold. Our solution of the mystery is this. The ignorant and depraved attend executions in order to gratify their morbid feelings. The sight itself, at the critical moment, awes them (except in the case of notorious criminals); but as all extreme emotions lie close beside each other in the human bosom, the sense of the terrible readily gives way to the spirit of levity, and hence the anomalous conduct displayed on such occasions. Could any one, no matter how degraded, be suddenly brought to a place of execution, he would become spell-bound under a subduing sense of the appalling character of the spectacle; but when the masses congregate hours before an execution takes place, the mind has time to divest itself of all solemn associations, and the gregarious principle operates so talismanically on crowds, that the slightest impulse communicated to the passions, immediately acts on the motley throng, and sets all further restraints at defiance.

Theodore Reid stood at the circumference of the living circle, with his journeymen and 'prentices reverentially standing beside him. An old sailor, with a wooden leg, was in their quiet vicinity, as the tar had, from experience, been satisfied that, in his dismembered state, he was not able to resist the surges that rose up amongst the inner circles. Theodore shared in the universal impatience, at the lagging pace of the minute-hand of St. Giles'. Hours have never been one second longer or shorter since the world began (mean and apparent time excepted): but people will speak of long and short hours, just as if the speed or slowness were in clock and watch and not in their own sensations. Divers persons may say with *Rosalind*, that time ambles, trots, gallops, or stands still with *them*, but, nevertheless, the sand descends in the glass and the shadows lengthen on the wall with certain and unfailing regularity, and the curtain falls at last, but not a whit before or after its time.

"I wish they would look sharp," said Theodore Reid to the old sailor. "Do ye think they will be long after eight o'clock, freen? I promised to let the shop-lads see the hanging, by way o' example; but we canna stan' here a' day."

"I don't know as how you land-lubbers do," replied the man; "but I know this, vhen ve strapped a feller, we kept time, and no mistake. In the navy, a chap is sent to glory vithout one alf that are noise that you makes. There's Jack Crab, as tould the Capting that he couldn't nor wouldn't take the vane-staff out on the mizen-truck. Says the Capting, 'Crab, do you see that are sun? Vell, look at him, for you'll never see him set!' And the Capting kept his word. By three o'clock the court-martial wis over, and Jack got the ribbon round his neck, and he was runned up to the mainyard-arm as fast as fun."

It is impossible to say in what spirit Mr. Reid might have listened to this narrative, had his mind been perfectly free to listen to its details; as it was, the figure of the hag caught his alarmed eye just as the sailor commenced his story. The old woman had crawled to the scene of action with evident difficulty, and, pale and exhausted, she was leaning her tottering frame against the wall for support. The consummation of her malignant hopes was at hand, and she gazed with a triumphant scowl on the scaffold and its terrible appendages; and she was so intent on looking at the apparatus of death, that she did not appear to be aware of the presence of Reid, although he was in her immediate vicinity. Reid, however, could not take his eye off her. Prudence would have dictated a change of position, when so unpleasant a person was at hand; but he stood riveted to the spot, and stirred not—his apathy evidently exciting the surprise of the old seaman, who obviously expected that his marvellous relation should have transfixed the trafficker with astonishment.

Theodore was not allowed to continue his reverie undisturbed; a smart tap was administered to his shoulder, and, turning round, he beheld the Colonel.

"I trust, my dear sir," said Flint, "that you are duly impressed with a sense of the solemnity of the scene. I was afraid that I might have to paint it from my own fancy; and, in truth, although my friends are pleased to flatter me by ascribing to your humble servant considerable powers in that way; yet, I assure you, I would rather that people should see and judge for themselves, than that they should rely on my powers of description. It is a very interesting sight, you will observe, Mr. Reid; and if you have any wish to act the part of chief performer on any future occasion of a similar kind, you have just to shape your twelve o'clock answer to the proper angle. That's all, Mr. Reid. There's our acquaintance, the aged gentlewoman, over the way there; she would be exceedingly glad to behold you in that elevated situation that your virtues deserve, and I plead guilty to a slight inclination in that way myself. But you will, of course, take your choice, Mr. Reid; take your choice in any way that your taste may direct you."

"Silence, you babbling fool," replied Reid, hoarsely; "this is no a time for jocularity."

"To a mind happily constituted, and on which the sun shines, all seasons are alike, Mr. Reid; and, as to jocularity, as you call it, Mr. Reid,

pray when may it be a proper season for your vinegar, greasy chops to relax into mirth. Copley says, you never were known to laugh in your life."

"Haud ye'r lang idiot tongue, will ye; there's the hour ga'in to strik."

The hour of doom had at last come, and the hammers of St. Giles sullenly struck the fatal number. The crowd was hushed into momentary silence, and a feeling of suspense pervaded the vast assemblage. The small iron-grated door at the back of the scaffold opened, and four javelin-men stepped out and took their places at the several corners. The executioner followed next, but no one followed him. Again the crowd breathed heavily, if not audibly; and a cry of surprise burst from them, as the last officer of the law dexterously untied the cord from the beam, and again retired within the precincts of the prison. The javelin-men did the same; the grated-door closed after them, and it then became evident to all that there was to be no execution.

The hag now turned round to Theodore, and, lifting her skeleton hand menacingly, she cast on him a look of maddened hate, which seemed to express a determination that, when his day came, he should not get off so easily. The Colonel slipped off, and was seen no more; and the crowd, after looking on for a few minutes in mute surprise, gradually dispersed.

"I was sure," roared out a bricklayer, "that a gentleman wad never be nickit; it was a' a sham fra' the very first."

"An' us here for three hours," said another.

"It's a queer country," added a third.

But, in spite of objurgation, the dispersion went on; for people soon tire of grumbling, when their complaints have to be made to one another.

No execution! None, gentle reader. I have brought you as near the gallows as I could conscientiously do; but I have no desire to cater for prurient appetites. Some stimulant is required by novel readers; but there are certain limits beyond which no writer who cares for self-respect will seek to trespass, and to describe the hangman's work is little better than doing the hangman's duty. If you desire a solution of the mystery, please apply to the next chapter or two.

(To be continued.)

A NEWSPAPER AFLOAT.

A copy of a weekly newspaper, published on board a steamship on a voyage to Australia, has lately been received; and as the contents afford considerable information as well as amusement, a few extracts from its columns may be interesting to readers on shore. It will be necessary first to give a brief account of the origin of this curiosity of newspaper literature. On the 21st of August last, the steamer *Great Britain*—whose singular history and vast proportions serve equally to render her the most remarkable vessel now afloat—quitted Liverpool for the antipodes, having on board no less than 630 passengers, besides a crew numbering 130 men. Two recent voyages across the Atlantic had proved that she was really as good and safe a sea-boat as she had been deemed before she made her unaccountable plunge beneath the waters of Dundrum Bay. Nominally rated as of 3500 tons burthen, her real capacity below her upper deck is stated to be nearly 7000 tons. Her new fittings were on a scale of corresponding magnificence. Besides the main internal divisions of aft and fore saloons, midships, second cabins aft, and second cabins forward, she had a music room, with an elegant piano and other instruments, three ladies' boudoirs, a smoking-room, four ice-houses, two hot and cold water baths, and, in short, all the comfortable arrangements of a first-class hotel. In reading the description of the vessel, one begins to look upon a voyage to Australia in such a floating palace as an undertaking little more formidable than a jaunt to Paris, and decidedly less unpleasant than a day's journey in an old fashioned stage-coach. On the whole, the journal of the voyage, so far as we have it in the paper before us, rather confirms this impression. The passengers seem to have had more enjoyment and fewer annoyances, than are usually found at sea. We are only enabled at present to follow them as far as the Cape, where the *Great Britain* arrived on the 10th of October, and whence she departed on the 17th of the same month. But possibly by the time these words meet the reader's eye, we shall have had news of the steamer's safe arrival at Port Phillip.

Judging from their names, of which a list is published, the passengers seem to have formed altogether a very fair epitome of the nation from which they were derived. All the three kingdoms, as well as the principality of Wales, had numerous representatives; and there was a due proportion of those luckless strangers whom distracted Europe is continually casting on our shores, to swell the mass of our motley population. Such names as Sizumbanski, Bibienauski, and Fiezkiewics, may be said to speak for themselves. It is satisfactory to find that the most perfect religious toleration prevailed on board the *Great Britain*, which would otherwise not have been worthy of her name. The form of government on board seems to have been a combination of despotism and democracy—Captain Matthews reigning supreme in his department, and the passengers doing pretty much as they liked in theirs.

As many will remember, the departure of the *Great Britain* from Liverpool, with her multitudinous human freight, made at the time a considerable sensation. "Never, in the remembrance of all who saw it," writes a passenger, "did a vessel leave Liverpool attended with the *éclat* which followed the departure of this leviathan steamer. The applauding and cheering shouts of the good friends we have left behind us hailed us as we steamed majestically down the stream; and the loud hurrahs of the assembled thousands who lined the shores on either side were to us an earnest of their good wishes and hearty hopes for our success. Steamer after steamer freighted with a living load, sailed around us as we journeyed on our way; and one after another, with a farewell cheer, left us and turned back—snapping as they went the last material links which bound us to old England. Like the brave Old Romans, we are a little inclined to observe omens and auspices, particularly if they augur success; and we observed, and noted it, that the name of the vessel which cheered us most, and stayed by us to the last, was the *Independence*. The omen was good: it appeared on the right hand. May it be a prestige of what we will achieve, and of the country we are going to."

After this propitious commencement, everything went on, for a time, in a satisfactory manner. Steering triumphantly past Dundrum Bay, the vessel held her course down the Bristol Channel. The last glimpse of land which the passengers gained was in the bright moonlight, which glistened on the blue precipitous mountains of Wales. On the following morning nothing but sky and sea met their view. They were in the Bay of Biscay. As usual, a long and heavy swell came rolling in from the wide Atlantic, with consequences disagreeable to many of the passengers, who seem to have considered themselves rather ill-used, in being made sea-sick on board such a vessel as the *Great Britain*. "We were much astonished at her behaviour," one of them writes; "for though under the circumstances she must have rolled, still from her size and heavy cargo of merchandise and coal, we did not expect her to roll as she did." However, the two following days brought pleasant weather and a calm sea; the passengers regained their good humour, but began to find the voyage, with so much unoccupied time at their disposal, rather monotonous and tiresome. Like practical men they set about remedying this inconvenience without delay. On the evening of the 29th, a meeting was held in the fore saloon, for the purpose of organising amusements of a useful and entertaining kind. Various suggestions were made; and it was finally arranged, in true British fashion, that committees should be elected for carrying the proposed plans into effect. Accordingly, parties were chosen who readily volunteered their services for making the necessary arrangements in the musical department, in regulating dances, and the more quiet amusements of chess, draughts, and backgammon, in instituting lectures and readings from Shakspere, Scott, and works of an instructive as well as an entertaining kind,—and last, but not least, in establishing a newspaper. As in such a crowd of people, so closely congregated, some disorderly proceedings might arise, to the annoyance of the well-disposed majority, a valuable suggestion was made by Captain Matthews, and at once adopted, for forming an efficient police force, from among the passengers themselves.

All these projects were carried into effect with great promptitude, and on Saturday, the 4th of September, the first number of the "*Great Britain Times*" made its appearance,—six copies being written and circulated through the ship. The publication was kept up in this manner with much industry and spirit until the steamer reached the Cape. There the most interesting articles were collected and neatly printed in a handsome double sheet, which the passengers could send home for the gratification of their friends. Such are the conveniences which now attend a steam voyage to Australia!

The "leading article" of this newspaper is a regular journal or diary of the voyage, apparently kept by the editor. As it was probably written from day to day, and was certainly published from week to week, and thus submitted to the criticism of all the passengers, we may feel assured of its correctness. Under such circumstances, a writer could "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," without immediate detection and exposure. But the journal bears intrinsic marks of being a plain, unvarnished narrative, and accordingly it has considerable interest as a trustworthy account of the various adventures, the pleasures, and the troubles, which are to be expected in a voyage of this kind. On the 25th of September, for example, the musical committee, appointed on the previous evening, had been so active, and so successful that they were able to put forth a "notice," announcing that arrangements had been effected for a concert that evening, at eight o'clock, on the midships deck. The programme of the performances is given as follows:—

Glee.—"Now pray we for our country."
Solo.—Cornet à piston: "The Adieu," by Koenig.
Duet.—"I'll not beguile thee from thy home."
Solo.—Flute: "Deh! con te."
Song.—Comic; "Lord Lovell."
Duet.—Flutes: "Fleur de Marie."
Medley.—Cornet à piston.
Duet.—Flutes.
Solo.—Marseilles Hymn, by *Polish Refugees*.
Finale.—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The concert, as the journalist assures us, went off very well, reflecting great credit on the committee. In particular, as was to be expected, the "Marseilles Hymn" was admirably sung. On the same evening, we are informed, Shakspere's admired play of "Romeo and Juliet," was read to an attentive audience, in the fore-saloon, by a gentleman who kindly volunteered his services,—and whose reading evinced great talent for personification. The manner in which he represented the various different characters gave very great satisfaction.

This was pretty well for one evening. On the next an incident of a different kind occurred. A few minutes after the gong sounded for tea, some of the passengers who had assembled at the summons were seen rushing out of the fore-saloon, with faces indicative of some horrible sensation. Each, with a full mouth and distended cheeks, made the best of his way to the bulwarks, where "the sea received what the stomach would not." A general cry of "salt tea" explained the motive of this singular proceeding. The cook, by an unlucky mistake had made the tea with salt water. The mistake, however, was "satisfactorily explained," and the commotion subsided. If any unpleasant feeling remained, it was soothed by the musical committee, who by some "delightful music," brought all again into harmony. Then the ship's band played a few popular airs; and the evening's proceedings were once more "wound up with the national anthem."

This was certainly pleasant voyaging; but it must be borne in mind that the *Great Britain*, besides being an excellent sea-boat, had remarkably good luck. She crossed the much-dreaded Bay of Biscay with gentle breezes and under a serene sky. Two months afterwards, the steamer *Melbourne* was dismasted in this same part of the ocean, and had to put into the Tagus in a miserably leaky and uncomfortable state. A month later, the steamer *Geelong* (then under sail) foundered in a tempest hereabouts, going down so suddenly that the passengers, in escaping to another vessel which was near at hand, had no time to save any of their property.

Continuing her smooth and rapid course, the *Great Britain*, early on the morning of the 29th of August, passed the island of Palma, one of the Canaries. A contributor to the *Great Britain Times* gives a description of the picturesque view in highly artistical language. There was a bright moonlight; and shortly after midnight, the watchers, who were on the look-out for the spectacle, saw the lovely landscape rise before them. They beheld the high mountain, with its purple summit, reflecting back the moon's rays in variegated tints; the convent mid-way up its side, with every window seemingly illumined; the village at its foot hushed in repose; the little church, with the cottages clustering round, as if for protection; whilst here and there glittered a light. The passengers (or, at least, the contributor to the *Great Britain Times*) gazed with delight upon the scene, peopling in imagination the convent, with monks and nuns engaged in some sacred vigil, and the cottages with fond mothers or devoted wives, each trimming the lonely lamp to light the fisher's boat safely home. A squall sprung up and interrupted these sentimental musings, and the beautiful island of Palma faded into the misty distance. A few hours afterwards, they saw the island of Ferro, the westernmost of the group, rising like an immense bank of clouds on their left. The next day, they entered the torrid zone. The heat now daily increased, its effects being visible in the form of profuse perspiration. It did not, however, put a stop to their music and dancing, which were kept up with great spirit in the moonlight evenings. Many interesting objects now began to attract the attention of the voyagers; for those tepid seas are prolific of animal life. Porpoises swam round the vessel, or bounded after one another, "like a pack of hounds in full cry;" albicore were seen leaping six or seven feet in the air; and shoals of flying-fish began to appear. One evening, a porpoise, about five feet long, was harpooned and drawn on board, amid the shouts of the passengers. A few days afterwards, two land-birds, evidently driven off the coast of Africa, alighted, in an exhausted state, on the rigging, and were caught; one of them is described as not unlike an English water-rail. The next day, an immense number of flies, evidently from the same quarter as the birds, were blown about the ship, and many were seen alighting on the passengers; they were about three-quarters of an inch long, striped with blue lines across the lower half of the body, and covered with a reddish coloured hair; their bite was rather severe. The wind, at the time, (naturalists may be glad to learn) was blowing from the south-south-east, off the coast of Sierra Leone.

By this time, the voyage had lasted long enough for some grievances to make their appearance. No sooner were they discovered, than the genuine British remedy was applied. A "meeting" was held in the fore-saloon, and a remonstrance was drawn up and presented to the prime minister—or, in other words, to the chief officer, Mr. Cox, who seems to have been personally very popular. The exact nature of the grievance is not stated, the report being extremely concise. All that we learn is that "the meeting went off most amicably," and that Mr. Cox "was loudly applauded during the course of his moderate and substantial remarks." Promises of amendment were made, and were, "to a certain extent," fulfilled.

The following may be taken as specimens of the jocose paragraphs which appeared at this time in the newspaper:—

Our intelligent readers will, no doubt, observe we are rapidly nearing *the line;* we therefore recommend all whose inquisitiveness would urge them to obtain a peep at the said line, and who are fortunate enough to have *very good* telescopes, to get their glasses cleaned, and, on Monday evening, to keep a sharp look-out under the bows of the vessel; and if their glasses can distinguish objects in the dark of a nature like this "*line*," we positively assure them they will obtain a sight which few have seen among the many who have crossed it.

Important Notice.—His Serene Highness King Neptune has communicated to his clerk on board, his intention of visiting the *Great Britain*, on Monday, the 6th instant, when he trusts he will have the pleasure of giving audience, at his levee, to many of the distinguished foreigners at present visiting his dominions.

P.S. White kids and white chokers are not requisite, as his barber will be in attendance, in the smoking-room, to dress gentlemen appropriately for the occasion. Genuine tar-soap and hoop-razors only employed.

Notice.—Sea-Serpent.—The sea-serpent was (supposed to be) seen, on Monday last, chasing us astern. We are informed it was very like a whale.

Correspondence.—The suggestion of *John Frost*, to place a stove in the fore-saloon, will be considered when icebergs are seen. We would recommend him to fill up his spare time in assisting the stokers.

Whist recommends all hungry gentlemen to visit the fore-saloon any evening, where there is always a good supply of *stakes* upon the table, and where they may be assured they will be well *cooked.*

Grog is rejoiced at the great flow of spirits which characterizes the passengers in his department of the vessel.

In the "poet's corner," we find a spirited address from Neptune to the *Great Britain,* of which the following lines will show the quality:—

King Neptune would a visit pay to Britons bold and brave.
And welcome you to my domains, my ruling right to save,
You sweep my kingdom far and wide, my billowy foaming tide;
You are my glorious children born, my gems and ocean pride.
In lightning and in thunder, while Euroclydon rides high,
We welcome you with all our might, and all our foes defy.
From east to west, and north to south, we kiss your bows with spray,
And cheer you with our whistling wind, to aid you on your way.

The ceremonies which took place on crossing the line seem to have been conducted with much good humour, and to have formed an amusing episode in the voyage. At noon, on the 6th of September, when they were eighty miles from the equator, the following notice from "his Sultanic Majesty," King Neptune, was posted on the mainmast. It displays a truly majestic disregard of grammar, the personal pronouns being combined in a very despotic manner:—

His Sultanic Majesty Neptune, begs to inform the captain of the steamship *Great Britain,* that he is fast approaching his territories, and, by indicator, finds he has upwards of 800 children on board, who are cultivating mustaches,—a privilege I claim on the equator; and all who dare to infringe, lay themselves liable to have the wrong side of the razor used on their faces. I beg you to acquaint them of the fact. I will, however, forego harsh measures with them on your account, having been so kindly treated by you in the *Catherine,* in 1847. I fear my duties to the westward will prevent my making a long visit to your ship this evening, at which time I will see that the line is opened for your passing through unmolested.—Yours, &c.,

NEPTUNE.

The subsequent ceremonial is appropriately described in *The Great Britain Times,* by Mr. Freshwater, whom we believe to be a relative of our old acquaintance, Mr. Jolly Green. After some preliminary remarks, displaying his classical learning and his personal anxiety, Mr. Freshwater proceeds as follows:—

About nine o'clock, a loud shout informed me of the approach of His Majesty. Rockets immediately flew up, blue lights were burned, which threw a most unearthly appearance around the ship; the captain seized his trumpet, the men flew about, consternation seized the passengers, trepidation seized me, and, in short, sir, the King of Denmark, as Hamlet says, could not have been received with more grandeur. He seemed very well to know where the jolliest fellows on board usually met, for he made his appearance first on the forecastle. I was standing directly above him in the strangers' gallery, and a more noble looking fellow I never saw. Colossal, like a second Hercules, he marched with stately step to his throne. When I gazed on his old crown, so dreaded by the storm demons as it popped above the billows, I felt awed; when I looked on his grizzly grey beard, I fancied *he* must be afraid of his much-dreaded razor; and when I beheld his noble face and prominent nose, I felt I was in the presence of royalty. His wife accompanied him; but, sir, these ocean goddesses are not like the human race, for her ladyship had a noble pair of whiskers from one ear to the other. The barber was a terrific personage; and what a shudder ran through the audience when he opened up his five-foot razor, and felt its saw-toothed edge! Operations commenced, and several were submitted to the shaving operation, under King Neptune's superintendence. Sundry questions were put, and their character investigated, which determined what edge of the razor was to be applied. Of course, they had to be washed; and when shaving was over, they were plunged into a large tub, and to keep them company and further the views, sanitary commissioners, and several lookers-on were also shoved in, and there they tumbled about gloriously, like so many porpoises in a tea-kettle. By-and-bye, I heard a pump thumping away at a great rate; and in a moment, a grim-looking fellow played the hose on me with a most serene face, fancying (he must have been mad) that I was on fire. By-and-bye the tub was upset, the water was played promiscuously everywhere, and on everybody. Neptune swore; his wife danced a jig; his barber flourished his razor among the crowd; the attendant demons got elevated; everybody was amused, alarmed, and thoroughly ducked. I ran off to bed, and—*sic transit gloria maris*—next morning all was serene.

At this point of the voyage, as may be supposed, the weather became excessively warm; and the decks, during the day-time, were nearly deserted. A few indefatigable smokers, whom the regulations of the ship obliged to remain on deck, persisted in encountering the rays of the vertical sun. Among these was a group of Hungarian refugees, who smoked the pipe of friendship together, doubtless indulging in many reminiscences of their lost country. They were a fine set of fellows, and seem to have awakened much interest on board. As the vessel drew into the southern regions, many sea-birds hitherto unknown to the voyagers began to make their appearance. The stately albatross wheeled, on outstretched wings, about the ship, or settled majestically down on the surface of the waves. The Cape-hen, dark in hue and rapid in flight, and the beautifully mottled Cape-pigeon, were among these new companions. At night, too, the brilliancy of the southern constellations, and the wonderful splendour of the phosphorescent sea, excited great admiration. About this time, (Sept. 14,) a religious ceremony, of considerable interest to some of the passengers, took place.

It should have been before stated, that Sunday services were regularly performed, in different parts of the ship, according to the usages of various Christian denominations. The Captain read prayers in the after-saloon; and in the fore-saloon, a Methodist lay-preacher conducted a meeting very impressively and with good effect. On the day above mentioned, a Jewish congregation assembled for an important solemnity. One of the members, Mr. Nahum Salamon, subsequently furnished a well-written account of it to the newspaper. He was of opinion that this was probably the first time a Jewish congregation had ever assembled for devotional purposes on board any vessel. "It may not be generally known," he observes, "that the minimum number of male adults required for that purpose is ten; that with less the meeting would be incomplete, and public prayers durst not

be proceeded with; and we believe we are correct in stating, that so many of the chosen people of God were never before collected on board ship." This opinion, however, can hardly be correct, as the Jews in all ages, since their dispersion, have been noted voyagers. According to Mr. Salamon, the occasion of their meeting on the 14th of Sept. 1852, was to commemorate the beginning of the year 5613 since the world's creation. "The fundamental doctrine of the Jewish religion," he states, "is essentially *predestinarianism;* and their teachings incline them to the belief that, on the anniversary of the day when, from chaos, the world was called into existence, their Almighty Father, Lord of the universal world, sits on his throne on high, in awful judgment upon man, his thoughts and deeds; the great Book of Life is open, where every man's act is recorded; and the dread fiat goes forth. It is a moment of solemn prayer with them. Soul and body are alike prostrate at the footstool of their Maker; a moment fraught with their happiness or misery, adversity or prosperity, sickness or health, life or death; but 'penitence, prayer, and charity' avert the evil decree." It should be mentioned that when it was made known that the rites of this congregation could only be performed in an apartment specially fitted up for them, Mr. Cox, the liberal prime minister of that floating realm, at once removed this "disability," by preparing a state-room for the services, in a manner that called forth the warm gratitude of the congregation.

Two days afterwards, a meeting of a different character took place in the aft-saloon. The owners and commander of the *Great Britain* gave a ball that evening to a large party of the passengers. The saloon presented a very gay appearance, the light-coloured dresses of the ladies being (according to the editor of the *Great Britain Times*) particularly appropriate and becoming. Unluckily, the weather was not so appropriate, being squally, with a high sea, which brought out the rolling propensities of the vessel in a manner very inconvenient to the dancers. Ladies and gentlemen were continually executing movements not warranted by the figure of the dance. On several occasions, the whole company unexpectedly united in performing a precipitate *galop*, with many new steps, towards the lower side of the saloon. But what was wanting in gravity was made up in mirth; and, when the music ceased, it was "much to the sorrow of many." The dancing was followed by singing. The "Beautiful Boy" was sung in a most amusing manner, "in costume." A "most capital comic song, sung comically by a comical Irishman," excited roars of laughter, combined with thunders of applause. "We admired," continues the reporter, "the songs sung by the ladies, whose presence contributed so much to the pleasure all felt. Altogether, the evening passed off in a pleasant and harmonious manner."

In this agreeable way, the steamer had passed the latitude of St. Helena, and was steering for the Cape, when the discovery was made, that the stock of coals was too small to carry the vessel as far as Table Bay. The captain thereupon determined to turn back and call at St. Helena for a fresh supply. This necessity, though unwelcome to him, was by no means disagreeable to the passengers, who were delighted at the prospect of once more touching the firm land, after a month's confinement to the ship. They reached the anchorage late in the evening of the 22nd of September, and left it on the afternoon of the 29th. A stay of nearly a week, gave ample time for exploring the island, of which the editor of the newspaper has given a detailed description, for the satisfaction of his floating circle of readers. The place which was once the tomb of Napoleon, was, of course, the object of greatest interest to the voyagers. "The tomb stands in a small square, paled in, within which grows the famous willow tree, of which nearly all procured bits. A railing of iron encloses the grave, to which you descend by a flight of steps, where you stand in what was once the resting-place of the hero of Austerlitz, Lodi, and Marengo." From the vacant tomb, they proceeded to Longwood, and "were much disappointed to find the dwelling-house of the once great chief of France turned into a farm-house, in a most dilapidated condition. The room in which the spirit of Napoleon left this scene of things, in which it had acted such a conspicuous part, is now disfigured with the machinery of a threshing mill; his bed-room is a stable, and his sitting-room is a rubbish corner. In short, by-and-bye, Time will make, as he is fast doing, a ruin of the dwelling-place of him who once dwelt in the magnificent palaces of the finest city of the world; who compelled the destruction of the capital of Russia, who dictated laws to Austria, and gave a king to Rome. Close to old Longwood is the new house, which the government built for Napoleon to reside in. It was not finished at his death, but would have been a more suitable residence for him than the one he inhabited previous to his death."

From this serious subject, we make a sudden transition to the fortunes of a cricket match, played by a party of the "Great Britainers," against the "St. Helena garrison." As was to be expected, the military players, being in good practice and familiar with the ground, won the day; but the Great Britainers made a respectable score, viz. 65, to 103 scored by their adversaries.

As there was not coal enough at St. Helena to enable the vessel to make the voyage to the Cape, it was necessary to take on board a quantity of wood for this purpose. But wood, also, is scarce at St. Helena, and to make up the requisite supply of fuel, a quantity of old staves, roots, green oaks, and furze trees was taken in. When the steamer was again under weigh, the passengers were a little startled at the sight of the brilliant sparks, or burning wood-flakes, which issued from the funnel. Some of these sparks alighted on the rigging and glowed brightly there, awakening serious apprehensions of fire. The danger, however, was, probably, much less than was supposed. Almost all the river steamers in America burn only wood, and send forth incessant showers of these fiery flakes from their funnels; but we have never heard of

any accident to one of those steamers being attributed to that practice. At all events, the *Great Britain*, after a quick run of ten days from St. Helena, arrived safely in Table Bay, on the 10th of October. Nothing worth noting seems to have occurred in this part of the passage, if we except the formation of a "choral society," the members of which gave a concert, on the night before the steamer reached the Cape, and "displayed a great amount of vocal and instrumental talent." The diary in the *Great Britain Times* closes here; but from other sources we learn that the arrival of the steamer produced a great sensation in Cape Town. "The gigantic proportions of this noble vessel," observes a colonial paper, "overtopping the other shipping as much in proportion as they exceed the ordinary cargo boats, have excited general wonder and admiration. Her voyage, but for the unfortunate deficiency of fuel, and consequent detention at St. Helena, would have been unquestionably the fastest on record; and the fact of her having conveyed so many as 630 passengers, besides a crew of 130 men, for such a distance, without a single death, or a case of severe sickness, is a proof of the excellence of the general arrangements for securing the health and comfort of the passengers."

The emigrants seem to have made an equally favourable impression. "During the last few days," says the same paper, "the town has been enlivened by the presence of great numbers of the passengers, who appear to be generally a very different class of men from those formerly brought to our shores in emigrant vessels. Mostly intelligent men, of respectable connections, full of spirits and hope in their undertaking, the 'Great Britainers' seem to carry with them the elements of successful emigration; and there can be no reasonable doubt entertained that a few thousand men of this stamp, planting themselves voluntarily in a country of such boundless resources as Australia now discloses, would lay the foundation of an empire state, capable, before many generations are gone by, of ranking with the mightiest nations of the older world." While the passengers wandered about on shore, the townspeople, with equal curiosity poured off in crowds to the steamer, seriously impeding for a time the process of taking in the coals. In four or five days, however, this work was completed; and on the 17th of October, the *Great Britain* left the Cape for Australia. She was expected to reach Port Phillip about the close of November; and we may therefore look to get news of her arrival, and perhaps to receive the concluding number of the *Great Britain Times*, before the end of February.* Meanwhile the extracts which we have given from that curious publication will serve for something more than mere amusement, since they certainly show that by proper arrangements and care, a voyage to Australia may be made safe, comfortable, and pleasant, to a remarkable degree. They also afford a striking evidence of a truth which our legislators seem to be singularly slow in appreciating—namely, that the newspaper is fast becoming, at least to all men of British race, one of the necessaries of civilized life.

* Her safe arrival was known here by the middle of January.

THE SALMON AND ITS FOES.

No member of the finny tribe has been the subject of so much discussion as the Salmon. Naturalists, poachers, anglers, fishmongers, landed proprietors, epicures, and members of Parliament, all write and talk about this famous fish. But ink and speech have apparently been wasted to little purpose, as, at the present moment, there are more vexed questions about it than about any other denizen of the deep.

Men of science are still divided as to whether male and female salmon travel to the spawning-ground in company, whether the spawning-bed is formed by the snout or tail; and as to embryology and the successive stages that intervene between it and adolescence, there are more theories than we can take the trouble of enumerating. River poachers are as little convinced about salmon preservation, as their moorland brethren are about the justice of giving the lords of the soil a monopoly in hares and pheasants. Anglers are perpetually crying out that their sport is curtailed by stake and bag nets, leisters or spears; and eke, they might add, by common garden-spades; for we have a poet in our eye, who, at flood-times, goes down at night to the bottom of his garden with a lantern and the horticultural implement aforesaid. The light is so disposed as to attract the notice of the fish, which springs upward in the required direction, and then the poet comes down upon it with such tremendous force, that the vitality of the spine is gone in a single moment, and the noble animal becomes the prey of the spoiler. Such doings with iron and cord must, in many localities, abbreviate the pastime of the sportsman; for we know that fishers, legitimate and illegitimate, carry on their operations to a wholesale extent. Fishmongers, again, are annoyed, like all other tradesmen who deal in an article whose supply is scanty or capricious; they have to contend with a surplusage at one time of a fish which is soon out of season, and a scarcity at other periods, when aldermanic feasts and club dinners call for triple supplies. The fishmonger must have his article, and he deals with fair and foul venders indiscriminately: but as demand and supply regulate price, and as Billingsgate gets prices regulated by the state of the market, we have not the same sympathy for the members of

its incorporation that we are bound to maintain for lessees, tacksmen, and landed proprietors. These parties invest annual sums in the prospect of obtaining something like a return for their money; and as labourers and capitalists are worthy of the hire or gain that legitimately pertains to them, so we are decidedly of opinion, that legislation should be so squared as to admit of free scope for such return being obtained. Epicures, too, are entitled to have their fears respected; for to those who relish the superior flavour of the salmon, the possibility of the extinction or comparative diminution of supplies, must force unpleasant anticipations as to how far trouts, mackerels, or herrings would compensate for the deprivation. And let no sanguine lover of good things sneer at such a possible consummation of misery. Over-fishing has driven the whales of the Arctic Seas into latitudes beyond the harpoons of the most daring Blowhards of modern times; and in vegetable nature, over-cultivation, or something else, has driven the potato almost out of existence. We do not ourselves imagine that we ever shall have occasion to sing the coronach over salmon, as an extinct species in the animal kingdom; but the actual state of affairs, and still more the cry that has been raised regarding them, compel us to take up the subject and deal with it as a topic deserving attention.

Last of all in the roll of interested parties, we have members of Parliament. Many senators are proprietors of salmon-fishings; but we do not refer to legislators in that capacity, nor allude to them just now in their province as makers and menders of laws; in the discharge of which function the salmon and its decline and fall are often obtruded on their notice, and from the extent and diversified character of the interests involved, the salmon and its concerns must and will receive attention. Of course, a neophyte of St. Stephen's, before deciding on what is to be done, must inform himself as to what has already been accomplished in the way of previous inquiry and legislation. Well, that will at least cause the reading of three "Blue Books," issued in 1824-5, and of one large "Blue Book," issued in 1836; and it will, also, as shewing the cause and result of these tomes, be further imperative that he should peruse some dozen Acts of Parliament. Hansard, in this instance, need not be looked into; as although the question has been discussed in Parliament, the debates thereon have thrown little additional light upon the subject. Besides Reports and Acts Parliamentary, numerous Review and Magazine articles and Pamphlets have appeared; but except a paper in the "Edinburgh Review," about two years ago, a tract by the Rev. Mr. Williamson, of Tongland, and the papers of Mr. Shaw, of all of which we shall avail ourselves, none of the other multitudinous lucubrations, that have come under our notice, are deserving of much attention.

The whole difficulties connected with property in the salmon consist in its peculiar mode of reproduction. The animal must leave the salt water and ascend, it may be hundreds of miles, to the top of a river, in order that it may deposit its spawn in fresh water. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" tells us in thrilling language of the adventurous mother who to save her child from American slavery, boldly carried him over the cracking treacherous ice, but this feat is as nothing to what is accomplished by the female salmon. It defies wind and tide, and even the cascade presents its vertical walls and its thundering foam in vain; man, it is true, sometimes comes in, and with his lethal weapons and contrivances often arrests the progress and takes the life of the poor wanderer; but give it fair play at this stage of its existence, and it will not only multiply itself indefinitely, but will year after year return for the performance of this same reproductive function. But so far from giving this fair play, the proprietor, or the tacksman, or the poacher, or the angler at the mouth of the river, despises the moderate counsel involved in such a course. "I can transfix or halter this fish with certainty at present, but she or her progeny may never come my way again—and I shall therefore sacrifice a future problematical good to myself, and a general good to those who do business farther up the river, by appropriating the prize on the instant. I know that in many cases the upper fishers kill salmon immediately after they have spawned, and when they are still foul, and why should I respect the rights of those who pay no respect to my interests?" The salmon is taken, and a sorry sight it is to see the quantity of roe that is embedded within it. Every one deplores this result when it is written or spoken about, but where is the fisherman or sportsman who, when opportunity presents itself, will have the self-denial to let the breeding fish alone? —at all events it is well known that about four-fifths are killed during their first ascent of our rivers. The natives at the top of the water are equally murderous and unprincipled, and they scruple not, as we have mentioned, to slay the fish when they are in the foul condition of having newly spawned —a proceeding which not only affects prospectively the interests of the lower fishers, but palms unwholesome food on the community—a misdemeanour of which the law is as much entitled to take cognizance as it is to punish for the sale of unwholesome flesh. But the upper men do not confine themselves to the slaughter of the infirm aged, they also capture fish in early youth when they are comparatively valueless, and when if spared to take their seaward trip, they would return larger, and heavier, and more marketable commodities. There is nothing then for it, but that upper and lower should agree and make one common interest of the fishings of a river. The first authority whom we have quoted recommends as a full and satisfactory measure of salmon reform that the net system, moveable and staked, should be abolished, that the rod should be legalized all the year round, and that a stationary engine should be placed at some convenient part of the river, of such construction that when in operation every fish passing up may be caught, or which when not in operation every fish passing up may pursue its journey unmolested. The proceeds of the fishing, as conducted in this way, would fall to

be divided amongst the different proprietors, according to the average fishings of former seasons, or according to any other principle of allocation that might be amicably agreed on.

It is some time since this bold but unquestionably desirable and effective measure was proposed, but as yet we have heard of no steps being taken on any river for its adoption; although the parties interested are still as potent in grumbling as ever. Let us proceed to consider this scheme, and for this purpose we shall assume in the meantime that over-fishing, and non-regulated fishing are two evils that jeopardize the capital invested in the salmon fisheries, (which is about £100,000 per annum for Scotland alone,) and then let us inquire how far these are likely to be obviated by the reformatory measure proposed. Other causes, doubtless, contribute to the diminution of the salmon, and at these we shall glance in due time, but of preventible causes we consider excess and mode of fishing to be the chief, and on this assumption, all who know the subject will grant that we may safely proceed.

Stake and bag nets are placed in salt water, not only outside the mouth of a river, but for miles on either side of the opening; and it is obvious, that constructed as they are, they must catch almost every fish that comes against them. The trout has a keen sense of the danger of this net, and whenever it comes upon the outrigging, it pursues a lateral course, till it escapes the danger; but not so the salmon, which goes plump against the obstruction, despite of premonitory warnings, and is speedily entangled in the fisher's snare. In the use of the net and coble, or moveable nets, the case is precisely the reverse: these have less power over the salmon, but intercept the trout in large quantities. A stake is fixed on the banks of the river, and the net is loosely placed in the stern of the coble, the fisherman pulls in a curve suited to the run of the water, and the *dodging* of the trout is rewarded by capture; while the adventurous march of the salmon is rewarded by escape. We do not pretend to know by what instinctive principle the two fishes act in these parallel cases, and having no substantial ground to go upon, we offer no theory on the point. It is sufficient for our purpose to remark, that the fixed salt water net does, as statistics amply prove, intercept too many fish; whilst it is not only mechanically difficult to reduce its destructive tendencies, but it is also, supposing the mechanical difficulty were overcome, extremely inconvenient to ascertain whether any relaxing arrangement has been carried into effect. It is well known, that French men-of-war have to superintend the French fishermen who prosecute the herring fishery on our coast, and that our own fishermen also require to be watched; and yet it is matter of notoriety, that notwithstanding naval surveillance, both Gallicans and Anglicans evade the piscatorial codes of their respective countries. The Frenchman gets bounty on herrings which he never caught, and the Englishman still employs illegal nets, and destroys herrings in infant innocence. The fixed net may catch too many, and the moveable one may catch too few, in which case it is obvious, that the proprietors of the one have too much profit, and those of the second have too little; and this inequality and consequent unfairness of return, affords, in itself, a satisfactory argument for the substitution of one central machine for each river.

But not only does equity point to this improvement, but the future prosperity of the fishings demands it. The fixed nets cannot be regulated; whereas, a machine can be adapted with the most nice regularity to the exact observance of whatever close time may be thought necessary. All or none may be caught, according to pleasure. If the old-fashioned plan be adopted, of allowing Sunday excursionists to ascend the heights with impunity, then a few turns of a crank winds up the labour of the week, and the fisher may go to his holiday, and allow his victims to go to theirs, and there is no farther care necessary on the part of man or beast. Economy, too, whose potent claims should be listened to on a question like this, also lifts up its voice on behalf of the projected alteration. Net fishing involves considerable expense; the original cost of boats, nets, and their appurtenances is heavy, the tear and wear is incessant; and above and beyond all, the wages of fishermen greatly swell the expenditure of proprietor and tacksman. On the other hand, let it be observed, that the original cost of a stationary machine would fall short of the expense of the net plant of any given river; the maintenance would, undoubtedly, be less, whilst the staff of operators would unquestionably be diminished.

It may possibly however be whispered, that one single machine might not be so effective in catching, as the vast array of netting that is presently in operation; but to this we answer, that the physiological economy of the salmon compels it to find a fresh-water deposit for its spawn, and that it cannot, without a flagrant and fatal violation of the laws of its physical being, do otherwise than proceed inland for the discharge of the generative function. And Nature, as if it held that the mere presence of roe within the animal might, in some wayward member of the species, be insufficient to cause it to prosecute its journey landward, has added another incentive to the performance of duty. If it remains too long in the salt water, it becomes covered with a sea insect, of which it can only get rid by wholesome immersion in fresh-water pools; and on the other hand, as if to make sure that its shuttlecock career should be duly performed, it has been further ascertained, that if the unfortunate fish lingers too long in the smooth waters that glisten under the greenwood tree, it is besieged by armies of fresh-water insects, of which it can only get rid by striking its fins towards old father ocean. There is nothing capricious in either of these dispensations, for before the sea tormentors commence the exercise of their vocation, the myriads of ova are ready to be discharged; and before the fresh-water visitors become cutaneous irritants, the reproductive process has been performed, and the relaxed tissues and altered colour of the skin proclaim to the invalid, that sea-air

and sea-bathing can alone bring back health and strength.

But a querulous river-proprietor may say this: Your proposed machine if opened backwards will let the salmon-mother and her mate back to the German Ocean, may it not be that like the desponding emigrant, they forsake Lochaber and its braes to return no more? Thereby, we must candidly admit, hangs a mystery. There be some who avow that the salmon, with unerring instinct, goes back to its native river, when its physical necessities compel it to revisit the fresh water; and there are others who deny the certainty of return to the place of its birth. We have given some attention to the controversy, but after patient consideration of the whole subject we are unwilling to pronounce dogmatically concerning it. Probably it will return to its native stream; but the experiments of Mr. Shaw and the Duke of Athol have not yet definitely settled the question, and we are loth to hold out any prospects which farther experiments may not realize. But, still, admitting that certain fish descend certain rivers and return not thither again, what boots it? Every year the land sportsman spares hares, pheasants, and woodcocks, but he has no certainty that these will again breed on the very property where he has spared them. If some leave, others will come—and so, in like manner, with the salmon. If some denizens of the Forth take a trip northwards, and ascend the Tay for a change of air and scene, is it not equally probable, that some Tay salmon, after satisfying themselves with the verdant beauties of the inches of "St. Johnstoune" and the beauties of "bonny Dundee," may direct their nostrils southwards, and passing the Bass Rock, and skirting "Largo Bay," and coming "within a mile of Edinburgh," may choose to die game under the shelter of the guns of Stirling Castle? The probability, it appears to us, admits of no doubt, and therefore we have no sympathy with these fears.

But come we now to the rod. Our salmon reformer would legalize its use from January to December, and if this innovation appear startling, let its merits be duly considered before sentence of condemnation be passed. The number of fish caught by rod, as compared with those caught by nets, is utterly insignificant—the proportion being that of 700 to 90,000. The mass of rod-fishers ply the gentle art more for amusement than for commercial purposes—and they belong to a class of the community whose circumstances enable them to pay for their recreation, and whose avocations prevent them from exercising their amusements with anything like destructive frequency. At present the leister transfixes the salmon in the very act of spawning, but at that season the rod-fisher cannot molest the fish even if he had the will. Besides, as the conservation of the spawning beds must depend very much, if not exclusively, on the co-operation of upper proprietors and tenants, it is but fair and politic that they should receive some encouragement to persevere in well-doing. It has been proposed to abolish spears as well as nets, and in the propriety of this we concur, but as poaching cannot be put down unless you have the support of all around, we would not only legalize rod-fishing for the whole year to those who are willing to pay for the sport, but we would gratuitously extend the privilege to all proprietors and tenants whose grounds are intersected by a river. This extension of the franchise would enlist a band of volunteers, who would do more to protect the fish than any system of river police that has yet been tried.

We have referred to the minister of Tongland as an authority on salmon, but we are more pleased with his facts than his proposals; more satisfied with him as an observer than as a legislator. He agrees, as we do, in the propriety of the suggestions of the Edinburgh reviewer, but he makes the monstrous amendment that Government should buy up the salmon fisheries, and carry them on for behoof of the nation. Now our reverend friend ought to know, that excepting administering justice and carrying letters, Government never does anything well. It cannot grow timber, build ships, publish books, or conduct traffic of any kind, without blundering at every footstep—and sure we are that Downing-street, with all its wisdom, never could catch salmon. Why first of all, we should have a salmon board; then boards for each river; then we should have flash engineers performing all imaginable tricks with the construction of the proposed machine; we should have jobbing in the appointment of fishery officers; peculation of such animals as were caught, and cooking of accounts of such animals as were sold; while, to crown all, we should have hordes of Walpole's militia-men squatting down as protectors of the fishes, but who, in reality, would be devourers of the loaves of the district. No, no, Mr. Williamson, if the fishings of your favourite animal are to go down, let them be ruined in the hands of the present proprietors, as it is a solemn fact that Government not only ruins every trade which it undertakes to protect, but it also involves some three or four allied interests in the same disastrous fate.

Rejecting Mr. Williamson's assistance in guiding us as to what things should be, we gladly accept of his aid when he comes to speak of things as they are. He is evidently an accurate and trustworthy observer, and in his company we shall be able to form a tolerably clear estimate of the numerous enemies of the salmon, and of the multifarious agencies which are perpetually at work for its destruction. Fixed nets are but of yesterday, and over-fishing scarcely could be said to be a crime prior to their introduction; but the disabilities which we are now about to catalogue, were in operation before Izaak Walton began to hold forth, (with all his quaintness, Izaak talks a deal of nonsense, and so far as the salmon is concerned he is often thoroughly unsound), ay, and were in operation centuries before he and his brethren saw the light.

All animals live on, and in turn are eaten by their fellows—and the salmon, of course, forms no exception to the rule. The great fecundity of this fish indicates a trebly hazardous life, as in-

surance offices would say—for Nature is never prodigal in her supplies without design. According to Sir Humphry Davy, if a salmon produces 17,000 roe, only 800 will arrive at maturity. A destruction so great as this must have been intentional, and we shall accordingly find that the roe, and even the advanced salmon, furnishes a constituent portion of the diet of numerous other animals. Frost, floods, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fish in sea, lake and river, and, last of all, man wages war against the salmon.

But let us look at this antagonism somewhat in detail. The salmon is assailed in infancy and in maturity. In the first stage, of course, its foes are those of fresh-water origin; but, in the second, both fresh and salt-water depths send forth their representative hosts to effect its destruction. "The chief destroyer of roe and embryo are water ouzels, gulls, wild-ducks, and river-trouts. The water-ouzel watches the female salmon depositing her spawn, dives after her, and swallows the roe immediately after it has made its appearance. Gulls observe the fry when just about to disengage themselves from the bed, and devour them in a sort of intermediate state between the embryo and the active fish. Wild-ducks gobble up the roe in all its stages; and if they once discover a bed, they utterly destroy it. Trouts, too, of various descriptions, feed both upon roe and fry; and, perhaps, are more destructive than all the above animals put together."

The salmon which has escaped the dangers incident to the "chrysalis" stage, must prepare to contend with those foes who lie in wait for adult flesh. And, in the van, comes the otter, who charges in all parts of the river, and in all seasons, except when the fish is foul. The otter's general tactics is to hover about during spawning-time, when he finds his victims on the shallow fords; and he there seizes them in large numbers, drags them on shore, and, after helping himself to favourite slices from the head, contemptuously abandons the rest of the body to epicures who are less fastidious. In some rivers, farm servants and others go down at early dawn, and are glad to get the fish which the otter so conveniently leaves on *terra firma* for their use. Mr. Williamson refers to one case, where a beautiful male fish, weighing upwards of fourteen pounds, and in fine condition, was left in this extraordinary manner.

The next foe is the pike, whose antagonism presents some curious features. It is a fair passage of arms between the two animals; if the salmon is strong he may escape, if he is young or weak he falls a victim to the pike. Frequently, the salmon finds discretion to be the better part of valour, and that safety consists in flight; and, as the pike frequents deep, sluggish pools and lairs, while the salmon prefers clear and lively streams or pools, free from mud and rather shallow, the two do not come in contact, except when, in the course of its upward or downward peregrination, the salmon happens to pass through the territories of the pike, and then the latter bristles up like the Duke of Athol, when a tourist passes through Glen Tilt. One great receptacle of the pike is Loch Ken, upon the Dee, and here we must quote Mr. Williamson:—"It is about nine miles in length and abounds with pike, some of which are of enormous size. We have seen the jaws and skull of one taken many years ago in this loch, and still preserved in Kenmure Castle, which weighed seventy-five pounds. The salmon route lies through this inhospitable region, peopled with hungry, lank-bellied monsters. That multitudes perish in traversing it is pretty certain; but it is impossible to ascertain, or even in the remotest degree to approximate the amount of havoc. One fact, however, is well known; that although numerous salmon appear in the streams that feed the loch, not one salmon-trout or herling was ever seen among them. All disappear in their passage through Loch Ken; and the inference seems a fair one, that they are devoured by the pike. We confess that an obvious question is suggested by this inference. If salmon-trout and herlings are all destroyed in this manner, how do fry and par happen to escape? if the pike manages to kill all the stronger fish, when ascending the loch in autumn, how does he permit the smaller fish to get away, when descending it in spring? Our answer is, that spring is the season when the pike spawns. At the very time when the fry, emancipated from their beds, are in the freshest and most nimble enjoyment of newly-acquired life, the pike is in the most sluggish and exhausted condition, ill-fitted to pursue and seize prey which, even in his livelier hours, would at least be a match for him."

Another and the last enemy that we shall refer to is the eel. He is rather a cowardly opponent, not daring to attack the strong and healthy salmon, but assailing and eating up without mercy such as happen to be weak or wounded. Unlike the otter, which is eclectic in the gratification of its appetite, the eel devours everything except bone, and leaves the skeleton as bare of flesh as if it were preparing specimens of osteology for a museum. The eel is also disposed to prey on roe, but by a wise provision of nature, somewhat similar but even more complete than what obtains in the case of the pike, limits are set to the predatory habits of the eel. The salmon produces in fresh water, the eel produces in salt water—and as both exercise the productive function about the same season, the salmon descends, while the eel ascends, and thus they pass each other in the journey of life. Were it not for this, the eel in all probability would extirpate the salmon tribe.

Again, agricultural improvement and manufacturing progress contribute their quota of annoyance to the salmon. Mr. Mechi and other cunning tillers of the ground drain their lands and discharge their final pipe into the nearest river and this washes away spawn. Then your chemical works, and other artistic operations necessitate obstructions, and cause such villanous liquids to be poured down our fairest streams that the salmon's dainty taste is offended, and it seeks asylums where no such pollutions are tolerated.

But finally one other enemy remains, which of itself, and supposing all other foes were removed

from the field would work fearful havoc amongst salmon—and this last foe is *frost*. This mighty agent, which rends the most gigantic rocks, and hurls them with impetuous fury over the distant precipice, is the same potent power which collapses and dries up the life principle in myriads of animated beings in the early stages of existence. A premature or long-continued frost may be so fatal as to affect the supply of salmon for a series of years, and therefore in speculating on the decrease of the fish and of our supposed power to keep up its numbers, we must bear in mind that we have no control over the seasons or over its marine companions. But, nevertheless, seeing that the physical functions of the different kinds of animals are so exquisitely adapted to the habits and perpetuity of each other, and that the seasons however severe always spare a remnant and something more, there can be no fear of extirpation, or perhaps even of serious diminution, provided only that man withholds his blundering and murderous hand. The cause of scarcity is obvious, and the cure is evident. Down with nets and leisters, up with the central machine, and in anti-pedagogic phraseology—*spare* the *rod!* If these conservative measures are adopted the salmon may yet be saved, and all classes from the prince to the executioner,* may still be able to enjoy the glorious vocation of the angler.

* It may perhaps be interesting to those who have prurient curiosity regarding such a notorious personage as Mr. Calcraft to know that he is a fisher. When he was corresponded with about the execution of two criminals in Cupar, he inquired if there was any fishing in the neighbourhood, and on being answered in the affirmative he brought his tackle with him, and had some sport in the Eden. Mr. C. ought to be dexterous in casting the line, but we never heard what success attended his piscatorial efforts.

THE POPULAR POETRY OF BRITTANY.

The heroes of an age, as well as the characteristics of a nation, have their ascendency and pass away. Odin, Thor, and in comparatively later times, Arthur, Merlin, and the poetical Roland and Charlemagne, endured while the tastes and feelings of the people assimilated with the fictions and literature, the schald, or the saga-man, or the romance writer had created. The popular minstrel, whether bard, troubadour, or educated poet, starts up from time to time, and among many failures strikes at last some chord which vibrates to the hearts of the people. He tells them their woes; he exaggerates their wrongs; he flatters their pride of conquest: at all events, he expresses their wishes and their hopes in language which has an echo within them, but which they all wanted the ability to utter. Song itself becomes a part of their intellectual and emotional existence. In a rude age, the minstrel is heard with rapture and devotion, while even in a civilized one the ballad frequently becomes the leading chord to which the thoughts and tendencies of a nation vibrate.

The poetry of a remote age, and of a semi-barbarous people, expressed the ideas and sentiments then most prevailing. The earliest songs relating to the half mythic heroes of antiquity, were in a great degree the inspired histories of these men. They were indeed posthumous, but the actors had not so long passed away from the scene of life, but that their names and achievements were familiar to their countrymen. Their poetical histories, however, underwent great changes. The bard or minstrel adapted in some degree their actions and sentiments to the notions prevailing around him; he heightened and brought out what was doubtful and obscure: the slightest hint from tradition served to enlarge the dimensions of his subject; the spirit of the marvellous lent him her spells, and the successful warrior became idealized into the hero or the divinity.

We might inquire, but the question would be a difficult one to determine, how long would the popular hero survive in the oral songs of the people? We do not, however, consider the present state of the literary world as at all analogous to the case in point. Modern writers select their heroes through the whole range of literature, and seek indifferently their inspiration from a remote, or a recent era, from a real, or an ideal subject. This is because the tendencies of literature have become universal, and the minstrel, instead of addressing his verses to an uneducated auditory, with whom a few simple and primitive ideas are the key-notes on which alone he can successfully strike to touch the heart, or to interest the fancy, has now to gratify the tastes and feelings of a public whose studies and pursuits are daily becoming more extensive and diversified.

To the poetry of Scandinavia, the wild and stormy odes of the Goths, has been assigned a Grecian origin; whilst even the fictions of Ireland have been said to have been transplanted from Phœnicia and from Troy. The earliest germs of Celtic minstrelsy, the lays of those master bards who shook the religious and political world in which they lived, with such appalling influence, have also been sought to be traced to classical originals, for no better reasons, perhaps, than because the Druids were said to have worshipped Hermes, and the use of Greek characters, according to Cæsar, prevailed among a tribe of the Gauls. Surely, the elements of poetry exist among every people, savage or civilized. They may indeed be modified by external circumstances; rendered joyous and exhilarant by success, or solemnized and deepened by national misfortune. The imagination, however, is as much a component element of

the mind as the understanding, and wherever the stars come out nightly to gladden the firmament, or golden clouds gather round the departing sun; wherever there is vale, and wood, and mountain, the rush of waters, or the melodious song of birds, the seasons to work their changing spells in the green tributes of spring, the beauty and luxuriance of summer, the gorgeous hues of autumn; nay, wherever the empire of thought extends, or the affections prevail, poëtry is there with her spells and aspirations, waiting only the touch of genius to kindle and exalt the soul!

We have been too much accustomed to underrate the influence of every association but those which we call classical, and to consider our Gothic or Celtic progenitors as a species of unlettered barbarians, to whom not only all artistic skill, but even poetical imagination was denied. Yet, judging by the effects produced, no Roman or Grecian poets, not even their most celebrated lyrists, ever swayed the passions, the wills, or the feelings of their auditory, like our old Gothic bards. Nor have we any reason to consider these men as barbarians, in comparison to other nations. When Canute invaded England, on the sterns of his ships were emblazoned lions of gold, and on the top-masts were distributed birds and dragons, dolphins, centaurs, and other monsters, in such profusion, that they excited the wonder of the beholders; whilst the size of the vessels, and their capability to brave the stormy waters of the Northern Ocean, were proofs of considerable advancement in the arts of civilization. The Goths had, likewise, a literature, embracing history, theology, poetry, and some of the mechanical sciences, when many of the continental nations were immersed in the deepest mental obscurity; and yet we have, until lately, been accustomed to consider the North-men as little better than piratical rovers, and their minstrelsy, wild as it was, and characteristic of the scenery by which they were surrounded, but as a rude and overstrained copy of the south.

Much has been said respecting the material tendencies of the age; yet lyrical poetry, as exemplified in our songs and ballads, is still the most popular species of literature we have. Its character, indeed, has changed in some respects. There is little in it of the heroic. It has lost its influence upon the manners of a people; although often, unexpectedly, a simple song, pitched to a note which vibrates to the memory of some emotion of younger, perhaps happier days, at once subdues and holds us captive. As an art, lyrical poetry has, undoubtedly, lost some of its power, perhaps because it has become more purely an art; perhaps because poetry itself is no longer comprised in one mode of expression, but is illustrated in a variety of ways. In an age when education and literature have made comparatively great progress, poetry appeals to man by a hundred influences it never or but rarely exercised in simpler times. The stage, the sculpture-hall, and the picture-gallery; the scenery of far lands, the sublimity of distant oceans, nay, even sunset over the village-hamlet, and the tangled rose-wreath around the cottage-porch, each and all have spells and gentle and peace-breathing emotions to tens and hundreds of thousands, to whose humble homes and workshops a cheap and wide-spread literature has brought the richest stores of English song and eloquence, and awakened a taste and an appreciation for the beautiful, enjoyed in a rude age only by a few gifted minds.

The recent publication of a collection of the popular "Songs of Brittany," by M. T. H. de la Villèmarqué, has introduced the national poetry of that country to the literary world. These remains have deservedly excited considerable attention; and, however reluctant we may be to adopt all the views of their Editor, in reference to the antiquity which he claims for them, we cannot deny but that many of them exhibit traces of an inspiration alike simple and beautiful. With passages abounding with deep feeling and pathos, there is withal a graphic simplicity that recalls the manners and sentiments of a primitive time. Like all national melodies, the lays of Brittany have their peculiarities. In these specimens, the prevailing tone is one of mournfulness, blended with a religious feeling. At times, also, there is a harsher note, one which falls forcibly, though jarringly, upon the ear; especially in those outbursts of national hatred and vengeance, in which the people of this province expressed their hostility to tyranny, whether exercised by the Franks, the soldiers of the French monarchy, or the revolutionary armies.

The older songs exhibit a strange mixture of Druidism and Christianity; a blending of Pagan practices, such as the earlier inhabitants, the half-converted heathens might have exhibited, in connection with the rites of a more enlightened creed. Thus the Bretons have always evinced a superstitious predilection for the Cairn, the half-ruined Cromlech, or the all but defaced circle of the old Sabæan worship; and at their national fêtes and festivities, in spite of ecclesiastical decrees and the censure of their priests, these localities still remained consecrated objects in their regards.* Their national songs are an additional proof, if any were required, of the identity of the Celts of Armorica with those of Wales.

The names and histories of Arthur, Merlin, Taliesin, and many of the Welsh bards, are as familiar as household words; while the half-heathen practices of the peasantry attest at the present day how unchanged has remained the national character of the Breton, through the lapse of eighteen centuries.

With few exceptions the specimens of the national songs given by M. Villèmarqué as the most ancient, are also the best. They are more concentrated, graphic, and poetical; even the most trivial subjects conclude with emphasis and point, whilst the interest excited by the superstitious agency of the fairy Korrigan, or the wizard Merlin, is far more elevated than that which is de-

* This feeling even yet prevails, though as long ago as A.D. 658, a council held at Nantes denounced to the people of Brittany their veneration of certain fountains, ancient stones, and other Celtic remains.

rived from the Romish church as it prevailed in a corrupted form in many of the later ballads.

"The Lord of Nann and the Fairy," one of the most ancient of the specimens, though recording a superstition ingrafted into the legendary remains of Sweden, Finland, and Ireland, and very similar to the tale of "Sir Olaf and the Elves," in the Danish tradition, exemplifying the fatal affection of a water nymph for a mortal lover, is described in the specimen before us with circumstances of increased interest and pathos :—

"THE LORD OF NANN AND THE FAIRY."

The Lord of Nann and his fair bride
 Wed young, were young when parted,
A fond and gentle dame was she,
 And he was gallant-hearted.
The lady bore two smiling twins,
 As white as virgin snow;
"What may you wish for your fair gift,
 Dear wife, I fain would know?"
"A woodcock from the vale afar,
 Or venison from the grove:
The last I like; yet go not *there*,
 Lest danger meet you, love!"
The Lord of Nann at danger smiled,
 He seized his lance of oak,
Upon his steed he sprang: his way
 Towards the grove he took.
There, 'neath the boughs, a milk-white deer,
 Shot through the forest brake;
He cried, pursuit! he rode so fast,
 The very earth did shake.
The dew upon his forehead stood,
 His horse's flanks were foam,
When suddenly the night closed in,
 And he was far from home.
He heard a little rustling brook,
 With velvet round its brink,
Dismounting by the soft green turf,
 He knelt him down to drink:
There sat the "Korrigan" alone—
 She parts her waving hair
With comb of gold. She smiles on him,
 And she is wondrous fair!
"You've drank, Sir Knight, my fountain's wave,
 A thing that few may dare;
Now you are mine, or else must pine,
 For seven long years away;
Now you are mine, or from this hour
 Shall count your dying day!"
"I am not your's—I ne'er will be,
 I have been wed a year;
I may not pine away nor die,
 Save when God's will appear."
The knight felt sick, the knight felt faint,
 As home he sought to ride:
"O, make my bed, my mother dear,
 Tell not my gentle bride;
Within three days I sleep in earth,
 'That false and fairy thing——"
He said no more. Within three days
 How slow those death-bells swing.
"Why toll those bells so solemn now?"
 His sweet wife asked awhile;
"Why chant those priests in vestments white,
 Adown the lone church aisle?"
"For some poor man," his mother said,
 "Who long had lodging here."
"For some poor man! O, when will he,
 My noble Lord, appear?"
"He's gone, my child, he'll soon return,
 His wife at least to view."
"O, mother, haste! to church we'll go,
 I'll wear my robe of blue!"
"Of blue, my child? the fashion's changed,
 We must wear black to-day."
"O, mother, dear! whose grave is that
 Yon new-turned sods display?"
"Alas! the truth 'twere vain to hide,
 From our own house went *He!*"
The poor young wife gave one low sob,
 And sank upon her knee:
One sob; she sleeps with him she loved.
 Ah! see, beside their grave,
Two fair young oaks aloft in air
 Their rustling branches wave;
Amid their boughs, two milk-white doves,
 In mercy surely given,
They sing from morn till set of sun,
 Then take their flight to heaven!

The belief in the existence of water-spirits prevailed extensively among the Teutonic and Celtic nations. The "Kelpie," or river-horse of Scotland, and the Demherst of Denmark, a steed which unless restrained by some pious exclamation, bears his rider into the sea, are exemplifications of this superstition. The Icelandic "Nikr," and the water-demon of the Scandinavian mythologies, nay, even the Scottish Kelpie, who is known by his neighing or "nicher," are nearly identical. Under the term "Nichus," Grimm mentions the Swedish "Stromkard," and the Norwegian "Fossegrim," but these appear in a human form like the Nick or Neck of Germany, and are fond of dancing and music. Kindred forms with the Kelpie are the "Shelley Colt," and the "Water Bull." The "Water Horse," of Shetland, is represented as a beautiful animal, which, when mounted, carries his rider into the waves. "The Water Shelley," of the Scottish coast, as described by Dalyell, is "a hairy monster, somewhat like a foal, but entirely covered with sea weed." "Le Lupin," of France, is a kindred superstition.

Merlin appears as the hero of many of these legends. He is invested with a wild unearthly power, a sort of loneliness and dreaminess, a potency strange, though ever in keeping with his half human, half demon, nature.

"The Changeling," "L'Enfant Supposée," is one of the most popular in this selection. The incident of the decrepit wayward little elf, deposited in the cradle of the mother's last born and most beloved child, who has been spirited away to fairy land, is a superstition deeply implanted in the popular belief. The peasants of Glamorganshire recount a similar tale, the charm for the expulsion of the changeling being suggested by a sorceress instead of the virgin. The Breton ballad, a translation of which we subjoin, is traced back by the Editor to a period previous to the separation of the insular and continental Bretons, which must have been as early as the seventh century.

"THE CHANGELING."

Sweet Mary bows her head and weeps, her little child is lost,
That fearful thing, the Korrigan, has o'er her threshold crossed;
She left her son and went to draw some water from the spring,
And in his cradle when returned, she found the elflike thing,
A monster with a toad frecked face, that scratched and restless stirred,
And munched and mumped, and stared at her, but never spoke a word;

Constant he sucked for seven long years; the brat she could not wean,
Then knelt sweet Mary in her tears, before heaven's gentle queen—
"O holy lady, on thy throne, as white as virgin snow,
With your sweet son within your arms, you ne'er may sorrow know,
Your blessed son, by angels served, and sheltered from all wrong,
O Queen of mercy! pity me, my grief is deep and strong."
"My daughter," breathed a murmur soft, "do not thus vainly mourn,
Your son, your little Laoik lives, and shortly shall return,
But you must feign to make a feast, your ten house servants seek,
In one egg shell to be served all, and *then* the elf will speak,
And when it speaks chastise it well, 'twill cry with wailings wild,
And those who brought it there will come, and fetch away their child."
The sweet voice ceased, the mother heard, and homeward gladly hied.
"Mamma! what's that you do, mamma?" the wondering creature cried,—
"A feast for my house servants ten, this egg-shell must provide,"—
"For ten, mamma, within a shell? O, that can never be!
I've seen the egg before the bird; the bird so wild and free!
I've seen the acorn well matured, and I have seen the tree!
The acorn and the sapling too! the oak in forests green!
But such a thing as you prepare, mamma, was never seen."
"You've seen and know full many things, you've something else to tell,
With 'flip and flàp,' with 'flip and flàp,' I must chastise you well."
"O spare your hand! I will submit," then cried the elfin small,
"Within my country I'm a king, a king before them all!"
When Mary looked within the cot, where oft she turned to weep,
With its small arm above its head, she saw her infant sleep;
She kissed his brow, he gently smiled, his blue eyes opened clear,
His hand outstretched, he waked and cried, "Long slept I, mother dear!"

The "Submersion of the Town of Is" is a legend common to all Celtic nations, and is founded upon similar traditions to those which are localised in Wales, or which, in the Irish fairy tales, inspire visions, in which the peasant fancies he sees in Lough Neah, and other lakes, the towers and regal structures of a time of splendour long since departed. This, though but a fragment, is peculiarly wild and striking, and we give it in triplets, the metrical form of the original.

"THE SUBMERSION OF THE TOWN OF IS."

Hast heard, O Grandlon, King of Is,
Who said, "All love is bitter bliss,
All joy a pang as sharp as this?"

Who eats of fish, doth vainly sup,
By fish shall he be eaten up,
And wine hath poison in the cup!"

Then spake King Grandlon, "Guests, I go
To sleep awhile; but you, I know,
All watchful, will your rest forego."

Then soft, with honeyed words, drew near
The lover. Sweetly in her ear
He cried, "Dahù, my princess dear!
Get me the key—the fountains' key?"
"'Tis thine!" she said, "the unlocked sea,
Wild as our revels then shall be!"

Ah now, there sleeps the king, his head
Is pillowed on his purple bed,
His white hair o'er his shoulders spread,

Around his neck, the key is there,
And chain of gold; ah, soft and fair,
She comes with feet and àncles bare.

He dreams, he mutters!—Ah, in vain,
She stoops, she takes the key and chain.
He sleeps! when will he wake again?

"Rise, rise, King Grandlon! wake and fly!
The fountains spring, the waves run high,
The sea rolls in, thy people die!

"O cursed be she, so fair, so young,
Who as the revels ceased upsprung,
And wide the ocean's portals flung!"

"Ah, who goes there, where waters sweep?
What steed comes foaming from the deep,
And springs o'er strand and rocky steep?"

"I see no steed; but I can tell,
'Trip trip,' 'trip trip,' 'trip trip,' too well—
Those voices of the ocean's swell!"

"O fisher! didst thou not behold
The sea-maid as the billows rolled,
Array her hair with comb of gold?"

"I saw the maid, her song was low,
And sad as ocean's softest flow,
A song of Fate, and coming woe!"

The remains of song connected with the deeds of Morvan, Vicomte de Leon, called otherwise "Lez Briez," celebrated in the ninth century, are somewhat similar, though comparatively scanty in incidents to those of the Cid, in the legendary poetry of Spain; but they are deficient in those higher attributes connected with the courtesy and peerless chivalry of the Gothic hero, which bestow so great a charm on that poetic narrative. The legends consist of five fragments; the first recounts the mysterious departure of the young boy from his mother: the second describes his return as a belted knight, when he finds no relative surviving in the old home, but his lovely and disconsolate sister, whom he had left as a helpless child. The remaining fragments, record his exploits, his sufferings, and his death. The disappearance of "Lez Briez" from the field of his last battle, where his followers bewail his loss, still hopeful of his return, recals not only the fate of Arthur, but the similar disappearance of Barbarossa in the German and the Sclavonic legends.

In the legend of "Heloise and Abelard," the fair nun of the Paraclete appears in a somewhat repulsive guise; divested of all lovely and attractive attributes, she becomes a sorceress, or second *Canidia*. There is a resemblance in this ballad to certain attributes assigned to Taliesin, the Druidic bard of the sixth century. The legendary *Heloise* and her lover reside near Nantes, a locality said to be haunted by wizards even down to the fourteenth century, and against whose practices the church constantly launched her excommunications. The ancient historians tell us also, that in the islands at the north of the Loire, the Druids, in the days of their supremacy, founded and long supported a college of priestesses,

"The Falcon," is a war-song, singularly illustrating the bitter hatred of the seignorial oppression, which, though often long restrained, bursts at last suddenly into flame and stimulates universal insurrection.

The "Foster Brother" and "Les Chants des Noces," illustrate various phases of the national manners and sentiments, while the "Three Red Monks," presents a bitter exposition of the popular indignation, and perhaps popular prejudice, against the priestly order of the Knights Templars.

The "Nightingale," in its humorous pathos, exhibits a trait rather unusual in these songs.

"THE NIGHTINGALE."

The young wife at the window now her sorrows murmurs o'er,
"Alas, alas, my nightingale! I ne'er shall hear thee more."
"O why, dear spouse," her husband said, "do you so often rise,
And leave me in the deep midnight, and breathe such heavy sighs,
Bare foot, bare head, at midnight hour, O why so often rise?"
"Leave you, dear husband, in the night! Ah, only 'tis to view
The vessels sailing to and fro, upon the ocean blue."
"The vessels sailing to and fro! for this you leave me, love?
'Tis for no vessel, any more than moon or stars above—
Madam, I ask, why quit my side?"—
"Your side! O 'tis to peep,
At our dear child, within his cot, and watch his tranquil sleep."
"At our dear child! These are but tales, more idle ne'er I heard."
"My little, deary husband, now, you're getting quite absurd.
I'll tell you—there's a nightingale, within your garden bower,
And O! so gaily sings he—thrills he, through the midnight hour,
So soft; the distant sea is lulled, I ne'er could miss his song,
So sweetly, wonderfully soft! and all the dear night long."
The aged husband mused at this—it seemed a curious tale—
"Now be it true, or false," he cried, "I'll catch that nightingale."
Then to his gardener hied, he said, "Of late, a foolish bird,
A nightingale, has been, each night, beneath my window heard,
I cannot rest, he must be caught—your fee shall be this gold."
The gardener heard: the snare was set, and truly be it told,
Before the dawn a nightingale *was* taken in the trap.—
Then loudly laughed the ancient knight, at such a lucky hap,
He killed the bird, and rudely cast it in his lady's lap.
"Ah, ah, my little, deary wife, we've got *your friend* at last,
I've ta'en some pains to please you now, so prithee, keep him fast."
"Alas, alas," then murmured *one*, to whom the rumour past,
"We're caught—my lady love and I—O, never more, 'tis plain,
Beneath the moon, her nightingale may tell his grief again!"

In the more ancient ballad of "Les Nains," however, the hero, an unfortunate little tailor, is pursued by the fairies, whose treasures he had purloined, and the supernatural becomes strangely grotesque. It is like a French version of one of "Grimm's Tales." "Dear little tailor! only show us the tip of your dear little nose," exclaim the satirical imps as they pour into his house, through the windows, the boardings, and even through the tiles; while the thief vainly thinking to conceal both himself and his spoil, creeps under the bedclothes.

To some of the ballads in his collection M. de la Villèmarquè assigns an antiquity referring back to the tenth, seventh, and even sixth century of our era. One indeed he attributes to the end of the fourth or the commencement of the fifth century; it is called, "The Series," and embraces some of the leading tenets of the druidical creed. Although rude in its construction, it exhibits in the alternation or repetition of the progressive Series, a form of composition which certainly prevailed at a very early period of rhythmical literature. It were difficult, however, to conceive that an oral poem should have survived so many years through rude and barbarous times, when Brittany, and every country which spoke the Celtic tongue, must have been subjected to frequent revolutions. The poetic Edda, and some remains of the Irish and Welsh bards, are the only known specimens for which such high antiquity has been claimed among European literature, but even these venerable fragments must have seen many changes before they reached us in the present form.

Sir Walter Scott, in reference to ancient minstrelsy, has asserted, "That the popular singers resembled the Alchemists of old, who changed gold into lead, and purposely corrupted the verses of the author which they transmitted in their songs to posterity." M. de la Villèmarquè, on the contrary, opposes to this opinion the authority of M. Grimm, who says, "That a people have too much love for their popular poetry to permit it to be deteriorated." As some confirmation of the latter assertion, we cannot deny but that the specimens given by the Editor of the Breton ballads as the earliest, are also the best. Thus the "Lord of Nann and the Fairy," "The Submersion of the Town of Is," and "Merlin," bear marks of considerable antiquity, and whether they be the identical songs sung to their countrymen by the ancient bards of Brittany in the distant ages assigned them by the Editor, or are but the poetised legends of a more recent period, they are worthy of the attention of every lover of ballad minstrelsy.

We are, however, scarcely capable, under the altered circumstances in which, through the means of printing, literature is now imparted to us, of forming an adequate idea of the fidelity with which the productions of the bards and rhapsodists might be transmitted orally from age to age. The mind, for vigour of intellect and the display of intellectual capabilities, had its examples in every age. The memory is a faculty which by cultivation may be almost indefinitely enlarged, and it naturally would be so among an intelligent people, who had few other means of publishing to the world and to posterity, the works of their most cherished sons of genius. Hence we find in ancient history many allusions to the cultivation

of this power. The Saxon Wilfrid, we are informed, while a youth in the convent of Lindisfarne, could recite the whole book of Psalms, and Alfred was made at an early age to commit to memory the poetry of his country; while we have it in evidence that even in the twelfth century, when the literature of the Anglo-Saxons was rapidly falling into neglect, many political songs and poems of all ages, and even some verses composed by Aldhelm, four centuries previous, were still preserved in the memories of the people.

Many of the songs in the specimens before us, are found to possess a mournful character, the earliest, however, are mythological and heroic; while the majority of the more modern ones record the exploits of personal heroes, such as "Jeanne de Montfort," "Du Gueslin," and "Jean le Conquerant." There are also religious pieces, and fragments connected with popular superstitions, mingled with stories of domestic interest and affections.

We must find room here for "Jeanne La Flamme," or "De Montfort," one of the most spirited chansons in the collection.

"JEANNE LA FLAMME."

Black flocks of sheep, behold they climb
The mountain steep afar!
No flocks of sheep, but horse and men,
And all the pomp of war!

The Franks, they march to Hennebont,
To assail its lofty walls;
Then Jeanne La Flamme, the Duchess bold,
Upon her people calls;
And while each bell peals loud and long,
Around the town rides she
On her white steed, her little son
Before her on her knee.
Fierce in response, her subjects shout,
Of every age and rank,
"God save the mother and her son!
Perdition to the Frank!"

But hark! the answering yell without,—
"Ere ruddy day shall dawn,
We'll trap the white Hart in our lair,
The mother and her fawn;
We've chains of gold to bind them fast,
Such chains are rarely rent!"
Then back, bold Jeanne, from her high tower,
Their shouts all scornful sent:

"'Tis not the *Hart* that shall be ta'en,
But *Wolf* with crimson feet;
Though cold his den to-night, ere morn
'Twill glow with ruddy heat!"
Then furious plunged she 'mid her friends,
Armed with a gleaming brand;
With helm of steel upon her head,
She leads a trusty band.
A torch she lit, and furious sped,
What foe might her withstand!

The Franks, all unsuspecting, feast,
In revels deep they share,
Within their tents they sang of love,
And pleasures passing fair;
When hark! they heard a song so wild
That each one started there!

"Who laughs this night, shall, long ere morn,
His mirth untimely rue;
Who eats white bread, ere break of day,
The cold, black earth shall chew!
Though red may be the wine he pours,
There's a ruddier liquor still,
And pale shall be the boasters yet,
Though high their cups they fill,
And deadlier means than wine itself,
Their senses drown and kill!"

Away! what cry was that, what shout?
That fire! that fearful light?
'Tis Jeanne La Flamme comes thundering down,
Through darkness and the night.
A roaring wind sweeps through the camp,
With terror and amaze,
Yes, torch in hand, 'tis Jeanne La Flamme,
And all their tents ablaze:
Yes, all their tents are blazing wide,
She grills the Frenchman well,
Of full three thousand, scarcely ten
Escape their loss to tell.

Then loudly laughed bold Jeanne La Flamme,
As, from her casement high,
She saw the foe, and smouldering tents,
In ashes round her lie,
Loud laughed, "By Heaven, a harvest good
For one grain ten I spy;
There's nothing yet, as legends say,
That half such produce yields,
As when the bones of Frankish-men
Manure our Breton fields!"

A few of the specimens, both of an early age and of a comparatively modern one, are interwoven with the fairy machinery, a superstition widely rooted in the belief of the Celtic nations. Thus we recognise the "Clauricane" of Ireland in the "Korrigan" of Brittany; the latter word being compounded of two Celtic terms, "Gan" or "Gwen," "Korr," or "Korrig," which united gives "Korrigan," or "Korrigwen." The Persian word "Ginn," and the Latin "Genius," are almost synonymous.

Since the sixteenth century, at least, Brittany has been said to have produced neither orators nor philosophers, nay, not even poetry itself in the strictest acceptation of the term, except what was circulated at the fêtes and village gatherings, by the popular minstrel. This might be owing to the isolated position of the province itself, a position in some degree perpetuated by the distaste and contempt expressed by foreign nations for the inhabitants of this country. On the other hand, the Breton has ever exhibited an attachment to his national customs, language, and opinions, which has combined to separate him from the rest of the world, and in some degree from its progress and civilization. So, likewise, has it been with the Welsh, the Irish, and the Gael. Yet a deep poetical temperament has always characterised the Celtic nations; and the earliest wanderers of the world, perhaps, have exhibited the strongest love of country, and the most romantic attachments to certain localities. So also, in Armorica, much of the primitive respect for the minstrel is still retained, and the itinerant poet or singer is sure to find a welcome nook, knock when he will, at the door of the chateau, the grange, or the cottage. Here, after receiving such refreshment as the means of his host can supply, he is provided with a seat by the hearth in winter, and by the porch or on the green-sward in summer, where he repeats to the delighted circle around him, the songs in his collection; or should he be an original composer, recites some new lay in com-

memoration of such stirring events as may be still fresh in the memories of his auditors.

At the fairs, "The Pardons," or religious fêtes, at "The Linières," assemblies where the flax is spun; at baptisms, funerals, or at marriage feasts, the services of the bard are still in request. Song in Brittany, as once among the older northern nations, still welcomes the young child into the world, follows him in every memorable step he takes through life, and leaves him not till it has deposited a garland on his grave.

The manner, however, in which these songs are recited is peculiar, and indicates the simple tastes, and perhaps somewhat dull perceptions, of a comparatively uneducated people. There is repetition not only in the substance but in the method of the delivery. Thus the second line is often repeated, and then the third taken up. The fourth undergoes the same process, until the subject is well impressed upon the perceptions of the auditor, and the sense thoroughly acquired before the attention is directed to a new object.

In the specimens which we have given of the Breton national poetry, we have endeavoured to afford as much variety as possible. One of the most curious, "Merlin the Bard," we regret to be obliged to omit, owing to its length; whilst we can only allude in passing to many characteristic songs, illustrative of national manners and sentiments, such as, "The Marriage Girdle," "The Leper," and others. Of "The Demand," a piece illustrative of the peculiarities of Breton courtship among the peasantry, we must afford a short description.

The village tailor performs in Brittany a most important part; and as he is generally the poet, so is he frequently selected as the negotiator of the rustic marriages of the district. When the preliminaries have been arranged, the tailor, then called the "Baz-valan," or "messenger of love," from the young man to his *fiancée*, proceeds to the residence of the parents of the latter, bearing with him a branch of broom in his hand, as a symbol characteristic of his mission. Here he is introduced to the Brentaer, or advocate or defender on the part of the young girl, whose duty it is to baffle the importunity of the lover's missionary as long as possible. The Baz-valan, after the usual courtesies of greeting, replies to the Brentaer, respecting the purpose of his visit, and informs him that, "a certain pigeon and a beautiful white dove were wont to consort together, but that the latter having been scared away by a sparrow-hawk, he is now seeking for her in every direction." The Brentaer replies, "that he has seen neither dove nor pigeon."

"Young man, you lie," responds the Baz-valan, rather unceremoniously; "our people beheld the white dove in her flight descend into your very orchard."

The Brentaer still denies all knowledge of the lost one; upon which the messenger of the young man declares "that his pigeon will surely die, and that he must depart to seek the dove elsewhere." "Stop, friend," the other replies, "I will go and search the house; perhaps I may find your white dove."

He retires, and shortly returns with a little girl. "No, no, that is not my dove—yet, charming little flower, if my pigeon were a drop of dew he would descend upon thee!" then, after a pause, he adds, "I shall ascend to your granary, perhaps she has entered it in her flight."

"Wait a while, friend," says the Brentaer, and retiring he again returns with the mistress of the house. "I have been into the granary," he cries, "I could not find your dove, only this ear of corn, abandoned by the harvesters." "As many grains as has the ear of corn," replies the young man's advocate, "so should my white dove when seated in her nest, have of little ones under her wings." Again the Brentaer departs; he returns with the grandmother.

"I cannot find your dove," he says, "but I have found an over-ripe apple; an apple wrinkled by the sun and the wind, that has hung a long time on the tree among the leaves; put it into your pocket and give it to your pigeon to eat, and he will mourn no more."

"I want not your ear of corn, nor your wrinkled apple, but my little dove, and seek her I will."

"Good heavens! have patience, friend," replies the young lady's advocate, "your little dove is not lost; she is well taken care of in my chamber, in cage of ivory, with bars of gold and silver; so gay, so sweet, so beautiful, my little dove!"

At length after this awful delay the fair betrothed is produced. The father of the family also makes his appearance, and brings a horse's girth; while he fastens this rude appendage, the Brentaer sings an appropriate but by no means delicate song.

Other ceremonies and songs follow, and it is long after the marriage is concluded before the exactions on the wedded pair cease. In parts of Brittany, in Leon, for example, the bride and the bridegroom are the subjects of the "fête of the cupboard," a piece of furniture of that description being presented to them as a bridal gift. It is commonly made of walnut-tree, highly polished and ornamented. Decorated with garlands, it is conveyed to the house of the newly-married pair, in a car drawn by horses, whose manes and tails are adorned with glittering ribbons. The mistress of the house covers the cupboard with a linen cloth, upon which she places two piles of pancakes, a jug of wine, and a drinking cup. The oldest member of the family of the husband fills the cup and presents it to the eldest of the parents of his bride. After still further ceremonies, all present partake of the wine and eatables, and the cupboard, amid the cheers of the assembled guests, is placed in the most conspicuous situation in the mansion. The day after the marriage the poor of the parish, or rather the mendicants, wait upon the bride and bridegroom, and divide the remnants of the marriage feast. The young wife with her petticoats tucked up attends upon the females, and her husband upon the male portion of their guests. At the conclusion of the repast the husband offers his arm to the most respectable of the women, and his wife following his example gives her hand to the best dressed beggar, and the

entertainment ends with a dance and a song. The latter, "Le Chant des Pauvres," is addressed for the most part in praise of the newly constituted mistress of the house, who is extolled as the most beautiful creature in the parish: "as amiable as pretty, with feet light as those of the fawn, and eyes bright as two drops of dew."

The Breton minstrel, like the lyric poet of old, attends these meetings, and frequently accompanies his songs with music; the rote or rebek, an instrument with three strings, and somewhat similar to the violin, being in most general use for that purpose. The rote or rebek is very similar, perhaps identical, with that denominated the crout or chrotta of the Cambro-British bards. The Abbè Gerbert gives a description of one in the second volume of his "Histoire de la Musique Sacrée." In a MS. of the eleventh century, given in the third volume of the "Archæologia," there is a drawing of a crout of six strings. It is an instrument composed of an oblong sonorous box, having the key-board in the middle. In another MS. of the same era, is a figure of an instrument consisting of three strings, performed upon with a bow. Brittany has likewise a native music, which, however, indicates no very marked character, its chief attraction being a certain soft plaintiveness, that speaks the language more of dejection than of hope, and, perhaps, dimly outshadows the fortunes of a people often oppressed for a long series of years, and scarcely ever long in the enjoyment of either tranquillity or independence.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Breton people is, the fidelity with which the inhabitants of the various districts adhere to their peculiar costume. At their grand fêtes or festivals, where many assemble from distant provinces, the varieties of vestment and appearance afford a pleasing sight and awaken various emotions. M. de la Villèmarquè has thus sketched their peculiarities. He is describing a religious fête:—

"At the commencement of vespers, the procession sets out. The pilgrims range according to dialects: the peasant of Leon is recognised by his superior stature, his vestments of black, green, or brown, his legs being naked and tawny hued. The Tregorais, whose garments exhibit nothing peculiar, are famed above all for their musical voices; the Cornouaillais, for the richness and elegance of their blue or violet-coloured dress, which is ornamented with lace; likewise, for their wide-swelling trousers, and floating hair. The Vannetais, on the contrary, are remarkable for the sombre colour of their garments; while from the calm yet cold expression of their countenances, we should never divine that Cæsar and the revolutionary armies had ever sought in vain to break the courage and energy of their spirits.

"Thus do we continually err, when we judge from mere appearances. 'Frames of iron, hearts of steel,' said Napoleon, in speaking of these men. There is no doubt that the peculiar character, the uncouth manners, the isolated position of the Bretons, and their scorn of, and peculiar distaste for, the foreigner and the stranger, fostered a spirit of rude independence, when other nations, comparatively civilized, were held in bondage; and thus too does ballad minstrelsy and song seem peculiarly adapted to express the simple wants and feelings of man, and the deep attachment of ancient tribes to the manners and customs of their forefathers. Hence, communities living in mountainous districts and isolated localities possess generally the most romantic literature; and carefully avoiding contact with other nations preserve longest their independence, for, in reference to Lower Brittany, it has been distinctly proved, that at a period when the feudal law oppressed the most powerful nations of Europe, there was no such thing as a serf, either in name or substance, known among the commonalty."

GOSSIP ON NEWSPAPERS, CRITICISM, AND THE FREE LIST.

Criticism has undergone a change since Samuel Johnson wrote literary notices in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and Oliver Goldsmith or poor Ned Purdon wrote petty critiques in the "Ledger," or more effeminate "Lady's Magazine." Then they praised or condemned a work, say Bryant's "System of Ancient Mythology," in three words—"Learned, critical, and ingenious;" or Harrington's "Science Improved"—"Crude, obscure, and bombastic;" and there could be no mistaking the critical imprimatur or veto. Strutt's "Legal Antiquities," a most important work, is "Curious, useful, and pleasing;" and a work on dancing, is "Apt, concise, and sufficient." Critics, in fact, Johnsonian, without authority, and dogmatic without judgment, seemed to rely upon three smart words; other "Elements of Criticism" than those insisted upon by Lord Kames.

If the critics were a thought too arbitrary on books, what were they upon pictures, and on the theatres? One bold spirit pronounces on a picture these memorable words, which we assure the reader are extracted from his paper:—"A h——h bad subject and d——d bad painted;" and from Hogarth to Richard Wilson, our painters suffered from such pretenders. But the theatre was the glory of the critic; there was his throne—

Hic illius arma—hic currus fuit.

One has only to read a paper or so in the "Spectator," or a prologue or two of Harry Fielding's, written before he was the great author which "Tom Jones" made him, and he will realise the

prodigious power the critic had there. There was but one "Volunteer Laureate." Savage had the boldness to grasp that title, a title of his own invention, and to which, such as it was, he had best right; but there were thousands of volunteer critics, as needs must be, when the theatre was the lounging-place of the young men of the day, and the art of the player formed so large and so universal a topic of conversation. In Fielding's farce of the "Temple Beau," and in a dozen others beside, we shall find his character sketched to the life. If a "mob of gentlemen" of the time "wrote with ease," some noun of multitude, ten times as numerous as a mob, ought to be applied to the shoal of very flat fish who criticised with fluency. Sometimes these critics had weight with them. We all recollect Goldsmith's story of the poor player, whom a London lady, who had seen Mr. Garrick, entirely snuffed out in a country town, by utterly ignoring altogether; "the whole audience had"—of course they had—"their eyes upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the General's truncheon in my hands, or sink me down to a theatrical letter carrier. . . . . The lady came to be displeased," says the unhappy narrator, "and displeased she was; my fame expired."

Yes, an adverse breath could sometimes extinguish, and a favourable puff, (the word rises naturally,) could fan a flame to power and duration; and the actors seem early to have been aware of this. Hence they tried, when the theatre began to tire and to pall upon men's appetites, and even before that, to get their own little band of critics—*claqueurs*, who would lead the unready, or who would frown down the incipient hiss; and if so that any critic of such stamp had some weight in a coffee-house circle, or elsewhere, they wished to have him ready to perform his part. Success lay not only behind but before the curtain; and a free admission was forwarded to that critic and his friends. Hence arose the Free List; and as papers arose in importance, and were a means of advertising the pieces as well as vehicles of criticism, free admissions were forwarded to them, but not, it would seem, till some time afterwards, there being so early as the time we are writing of, scarcely any regular critics, and the notices mainly depending upon the casual correspondents, who wrote under the name of Philo-Dramaticus, Censor, Bickerstaff, Scenicus, or other names equally fanciful and ingenious.

This arrangement of free admissions, then, it must be confessed, was one of mutual obligation. The critic saw the play for nothing, and, in return, it must be said, generally praised it; the newspaper which published the critique obtained by it theatrical readers, and, of course, those subscribers whose tastes lay that way; but, in accepting the free list, the critic laid himself, so most will think, under some sort of obligation; he could scarcely abuse the house which gave him entertainment. The majority of critics were and are dramatic authors, and the truth was but too often untold; so to the public an evil arose, which is only to-day about to be done away.

Mr. Charles Mathews, who keeps an open house of entertainment at the Lyceum Theatre, where pieces of very unquestionable French origin and of very questionable morality are acted, found, like his brother lessees, that the legacy of the free lists had descended to him. Indeed, this free admission had in time become a property of the papers, was advertised as a property, looked upon as a very saleable commodity, and by some as one of the great advantages of newspaper proprietorship. Small theatrical papers were established expressly for the purpose of the free admission, and this admission extending only to the boxes, a portion of the theatre the least full, and the least likely to fill, few of the lessees complained against it. The press was wooed, in the first instance, into the theatre, when that wanted popularity and advertising; and these freely-granted admissions at last got abused. What editor has enough friends to send "two" per night (his right or complement) to every theatre and public exhibition in London? Surely none. And so the proprietors, soon possibly getting tired themselves, used the papers for a profitable purpose and as an inducement to advertisers. The more popular the theatre, and the sooner filled, the greater the inducement. Mr. Mathews' pieces being of a sort to please the aristocracy, his house filled, and he wanted space. So did the entertainment of Mr. Albert Smith; and both gentlemen took steps to relieve themselves. Mr. Smith sketches his situation so well that we will let him speak first, especially as he describes the process of order-giving, which will soon pass into history.

> Were the whole of the newspapers claiming a right to admission to send in their orders early in the evening, they would monopolise every seat. . . . . Of the holders of these admissions, it is fair to assume that not one in a dozen is, in the slightest degree, connected with either the editorial, critical, or general literary department of the paper. In fact, the chief cause of this determination on my part to stop for the future all press orders, is found in the fact that a few evenings since, I know, upon excellent authority, a newspaper admission, admitting the usual two to my room, was sold for a shilling to an acquaintance of one of the people I employ about the building. Again, the lower the standard of the paper, and the smaller its circulation, the more plentifully are its orders distributed. Connected myself with the press for some time, I also know that these orders are frequently used as baits for wavering advertisers. For example: the proprietor of a new poncho, or shirt, or sauce, is applied to for one or more insertions. Now, the spirited discoverers or inventors of these articles know perfectly well which papers have the greatest influence, and do not require to be told that such and such a print "from its large circulation amongst all classes of society offers a desirable medium for advertisements;" and therefore they hesitate in spending their money on a questionable return. But the agent says, "Oh, come; give us the advertisement, and here is an order for the Holy Land, or the Adelphi," (as the case may be,) and the consequence is, that instead of the intelligent critic, who is supposed to represent the paper, with his friend, the two seats are occupied with the poncho, the shirt, or the sauce, who has just as much a right to pay as any of the public.

There is no disputing the truth of this; and therefore the respectable papers are as anxious as

Mr. Smith to put an end to the nuisance. Let it be further understood, that the higher-class papers, the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, the *Literary Gazette*, &c., had not sent in to Mr. Smith's exhibition one single order. Mr. Smith determined to put a stop to the press orders, and therefore addressed to the various papers the circular which we have, in part, quoted above; and the manner in which he did it was manly and honest. Mr. Charles James Mathews proceeded in a different manner; and, the least we can say is, that his manner is directly opposed to Mr. Smith's in every possible way.

In the first place Mr. Mathews having produced a new piece for the Christmas holidays, was anxious to have it praised loudly in every paper, so that he should draw good houses. The desire was natural enough, and the critics one and all came. It is but fair to say, that all *save one* spoke good-naturedly of Mr. Mathews' pieces; but that one, a gentleman attached to the *Morning Chronicle*, chose to declare that the burlesque was by no means brilliant, the singing vapid and nonsensical, and one of the afterpieces, a production of, we beg pardon, a translation by Mr. Mathews himself, was "rickety." This term appears to have given mortal offence to the tetchy translator; he immediately set down the authorship of the critique to Angus Reach, cut that gentleman from the free list, and denied to the *Morning Chronicle* the privilege of sending in two orders per night. More than this, he reprinted the critique, with furious remarks of his own on the side of the play bill, and ended by calling the press orders an "ill-requited privilege;" the plain construction of which words was that if any critic was allowed to go into the house, he was expected to praise the pieces there represented. Anything more base or degrading for the literary man than such a position, can scarcely be conceived. But managers act frequently thus. A few seasons ago Jules Janin was struck off the free list by a Parisian stage autocrat, but his brother critics resented the affront by not noticing the theatre, and the manager soon was obliged to "sing small." What would Mr. Mathews say if the press universally refused his advertisements, and ignored his theatre? Such a proceeding would be no worse than that of reckoning a critic at 10*s*. per night, and declaring that since he has had the theatre he has lost £25,000 by orders being admitted. Both the *Times* and *Athenæum* have placed his behaviour in the true light; and the quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands. But such as it is, it is a marked step in the history of the drama. Critiques will possibly be a little more outspoken, when the orders are abolished, and the drama itself will be benefited thereby. Already one paper has answered a circular sent by Mr. Mathews by a declaration that it will not any more send in orders, and no doubt others will follow. And the review system will be perhaps remodelled, a very desirable thing, when pet critics have pet theatres, and never abuse anything which comes out at their house.

Coming back to where we began, with the books, it is no doubt desirable to reform that system also; but it has its benefits as well as its evils. To send books to be reviewed, perhaps some two hundred of expensive magazines, a copy monthly, to various country newspapers, is a heavy tax upon the publishers, which is hardly compensated for by the critical notices which those papers make. Yet the proprietors of papers cannot well be expected to purchase all the new works which come out; and, on the other hand, the publicity is really worth something: but unfortunately with the great majority of these papers, the reviewers show little if any more judgment and appreciation than the old reviewers quoted above. All sorts of books are "sincerely recommended;" and there is hardly one of a hundred but which "nobody should be without."

> "It is an easy thing to praise or blame,
> The hard task and the virtue to do both,"

says the poet, and very wisely too; but when these do both, they, of course, do it not judiciously; the blame comes *en masse*, like a charge of Ney's horsemen, and then the praise bursts on one like a shower-bath; an excellent arrangement for the enterprising publisher, who extracts the praise and not the blame, by which the public suffers. Macaulay's review of Gladstone's "Church and State," contains a specimen of this kind of reviewing, which any dishonest person might lay hold of. Macaulay declares, "that it abounds in eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper, nor does it contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian." Now comes the *contra*. "The doctrines put forward in it are in the highest degree pernicious; and, if followed out in practice, would inevitably lead to the dissolution of society."

Let the publisher, in his advertisement, quote the former, and who would not buy the book?—the latter, and who would?

The remedy is not very hard of suggestion; but if Macaulay can be quoted, how many nameless reviewers can also be brought to the bar? One certain remedy for the public is, to buy and read and judge for themselves. There is reason to expect, that the exposure of the free-list system may benefit the drama through the agency of unvenial criticism; and perhaps, some reform in the matter of books may follow.

Let it be also understood that many, very many, papers and reviews of high class, are not included in these strictures on that sheet

> Which not e'en critics criticise.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

XI. FRANCE.

Those statesmen, or rather those men who fancy themselves statesmen, and whose erroneous conceptions lead them to dupe others into the belief that the French people are capable of enduring a republican form of government, have not profited by the history of mankind, and especially the history of France. Can any sagacious man expect that a great people, whose traditions are all blended, and whose history records little that is not connected with feudal, military, and ecclesiastical grandeur—with the magnificence of courts,—the pomp of an hierarchical church,—the attractions of the drama, and the splendour of public spectacles, should ever live practically in a state of liberty, equality, and fraternity? From the period, during the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XI., when the feudal power was nearly destroyed and a standing army instituted, an absolute monarchy seems to have been the government most congenial to the French nation. Since the reign of Francis I., who may be considered the founder of learning, arts, and science in France, no other country has produced men more distinguished in jurisprudence, in erudition, in science, art, and war; nor is there any other people who more thoroughly constitute one nation than the French, notwithstanding the original diversity of races, disastrous changes, civil wars and revolutions, which are so eventful in their history. Monarchical absolutism attained its maximum power and tyranny under Richelieu and Louis XIV.; it advanced, if possible, in corruption, immorality, and injustice under Louis XV. With those defects and the agency of internal disturbances and convulsions, occasioned by profligate expenditure and excessive taxation, the power to maintain tyranny began to exhibit symptoms of decay. The aristocracy and clergy were not taxed; the revenue was extorted from the low people (*bas peuple*), as all who were not noble nor clerical were ignominiously termed. As supplicants the "low people," it is true, were admitted into the States-General as the *Tiers Etat*, to be taxed on their knees, in *mercy and in pity*. Louis XIV., in his riding-boots and whip in hand, declared *en cavalier*, that he would have no such miserable assemblies as parliaments. From that moment he reigned alone. "I am the State!" said he, (*L'Etat c'est moi.*) The whole world was dazzled by the fame of his campaigns, the magnificence of his palaces, the gorgeousness of his retinues, and by the literature, arts, and sciences of the age to which he gave a name. But the consequences were fatal to his race and to his dynasty.

Some twenty years ago, while in Paris, the writer of this article was astonished at the variety of French coins he received when changing a note or English gold; and on one occasion, made the following memoranda of a conversation with a money-changer:—

On changing a five pound Bank of England note for me, M. B—— counted over various pieces of money, coined at different times during the last fifty years.

"You have here," said he, "a key to French history in its most eventful periods."

"Are they medals?" I asked.

"You may consider them as such," he replied; "and I sometimes amuse myself by taking whatever loose money I may chance to have in my purse, and by making each piece an index to the history of the time in which it was coined, it refreshes my recollection of all the good and bad deeds of that period.

"Here," continued he, "is a piece coined in 1785; it has on one side the head of Louis XVI., with the inscription, *Ludov. XVI., D. Gratia.* On the other are the *Fleur de Lis* and crown of France, with the inscription on the reverse continued, *Franciæ et Navarr. Rex.* At this period, the nobility and clergy alone were privileged from paying taxes; but even they, through a court favourite, might send, by *lettre de cachét*, each other, in jealousy or hatred, to the Bastille or Vincennes, or any other prison, never to be again heard of. At this very time, Mirabeau was in the donjon of Vincennes, merely to satisfy a father's anger. Yes, during the mild days of Louis XV. and XVI. more than 30,000 persons were immured by *lettres de cachét* for private nameless offences, not known to those arrested; but such as withholding a wife, a daughter, or sister, from the embraces of a man of rank, or even for having received favours from a previous minister.

"After this period, Turgot might have saved the monarchy and possibly France. The nobles and the clergy, because he would not countenance corrupt expenditure, drove him from the administration of the finances. Disorder followed, and Necker, who was called in, persuaded the king that nothing would save him and his kingdom except justice in taxing the people, and economy in the expenditure. He, also, was disgraced. A fatality hung over the king, queen, the nobles, and the church, and they seemed to resolve that no one should save them from their perils, until the revolution delivered them in its own stern and terrible way.

"The next piece has the date of 1792, the head of Louis, and the inscription *Louis XVI. Roi des Francois*, is on one side. On the other, the bloody cap of liberty, the revolutionary wreath, and the inscription, *La Nation—La Loi—Le Roi, An* 4 *de la Liberté.*

"This piece is base coin, it is still known, though current, as *la vilaine monnaie de la Revolution.* It has little silver in it, and consists chiefly of a portion of the bells of Notre Dame, St. Denis, and other churches, melted down on the eve of the most violent transition that Europe has witnessed.

"But the third piece tells the terrible story more fully. In place of the head of Louis, it has a plain field, with the inscription, *République Francais l'an* 2, on one side, and on the reverse are, the wreath, the bloody cap, the scales of (in)justice, and the inscription *Liberté, Egalité.* It was coined in 1794, and reveals to us that between the coining of this and the last piece there were slaughtered by the guillotine, or drowned in boats-full, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and thousands and tens of thousands of the good and bad at Paris, Lyons, Nantes, and all parts of France. Yes, this piece of metal reminds us of the harangues of the revolutionary demons and of the eloquence of the good men who also perished, of the processions to Versailles and to St. Denis, of the mob disentombing and scattering the dust of their long line of kings to the winds of the earth, of making a foot-ball of the skull of Henry the Great, and actually beating the drum with the shin-bones of Louis XIV.

"The fourth coin bears a date nine years later. On the one side it retains the wreath, and the inscription, *République Francais*, added to which are, 5 *francs* and *L'an* 11. On the reverse stand three figures, representing the inscription underneath, *Union et Force.* Round the rim are the words *Garantie Nationale.* At this period the revolutionary atrocities, liberty, and equality, had submitted quietly to military despotism. Yes! this coin affords admirable instruction to those who make revolutions.

"The fifth piece of silver has on the one side the head of Napoleon, surrounded by the inscription, *Bonaparte Premier Consul.* On the reverse is the well-known wreath, within which are the words 5 *francs*, and around which are the words *République de la France.* The nation in that year willingly submitted to a dictator.

"The sixth piece," continued M. B——, "bears the same date as the last, and only differs in having two words instead of three which appear on the other. The two words are, *Napoleon Empereur*, on the side opposite to that on which still appears *République Francais!* The nation having, in the course of a few months, submitted to absolute monarchy!

"The seventh piece was coined the following year. The only change is, adjusting the date and transforming one word—*République!* become of *cobweb importance*, into one of stern iron authority —*Empire.*

"Here," continued he, "is a little piece that tells great things. It has on it the head of Napoleon, surrounded with, *Napoleon Imperatore e re* 1812. On the reverse you behold the crown of Charlemagne, and *Regno D'Italia*, 10 *Soldi.* How much does this bit of silver tell! But the following tells more.

"It does not represent the head of a Napoleon, but that of a Bourbon, with the inscription, *Louis XVIII. Roi de France*, and on the reverse are the *fleurs-de-lis*, the ancient arms of France; *Pièce de cinq francs;* and on the rim, *Domine Salvum fac Regem.* The date is 1814.

"In 1815 the coins of France have two impressions, each bearing the same year's date. This is like that of the early part of the previous year. It has on it the imperial inscriptions, Napoleon's profile, and 1815.

"The other has also 1815, but another head, that of Louis, and the armorial bearings and mottoes of the Restoration. For eleven years there is no further change in the coinage of France.

"In 1826, as appears by this coin, the head of Louis is replaced by that of Charles X. This alteration was not then important.

"But in 1830," concluded M. B——, "we have again two coinages, that of the Bourbons, with the profile of Charles; and that of the second revolution, with the wreaths and all the inscriptions and impressions of 1813, excepting the word empire, and a head very different in outline from Napoleon's, and also the words *Louis Philippe Roi des Français.*

"In 1833 the coins of France and Belgium are the same; for, look at this piece, and what has it on it?"

I replied, "It has on it certainly not the head of William of Nassau, but that of another Prince also of Germanic race, as appears by the words *Leopold Premier Roi des Belges;* and it has on the reverse and on the rim exactly the same impressions, one word only excepted, as that of France, the wreath, 5 *francs*, and *Dieu protège la Belgique.*"

"What think you," said M. B——, "of the philosophy of the fifteen coins?"

"That useful instruction is to be gained from them by private persons; and that from such study kings and ministers may learn wisdom."

What changes are next in the volume of destiny for France God alone can tell; and M. B——'s directing my attention to her coins, has certainly not impressed me with a stronger confidence in the stability of her present administration.

For eighteen years Louis Philippe reigned as king of the French, although his life had frequently been attempted by assassins during that period. Had he permitted gradual reforms it is believed that he might have died king at home in peace. The elective franchise was so limited in its basis that the patronage of the minister of the interior could always command a majority of deputies at the election. Reform was demanded, but, infected with the curse of his race, Louis Philippe refused to concede the just rights of the people. The liberty of the press had been destroyed for fourteen years; public deliberation was declared illegal; arrests, imprisonments, fines for political accusations had been frequent during the whole reign of the Citizen King. There never was a *Habeas Corpus Act* in France, and punishments were inflicted by long imprisonments without trial whenever it was believed that the tribunals would not condemn the accused. Instead of resorting to those tribunals, the *Procureur General* transferred the trial of the editors of the press and other persons charged with political offences to the Chamber of Peers: to that Court which Armand Carrel, in its presence, characterized as

the judicial assassins of Marshal Ney. The representation of the people was a mockery; and the dictum of Chatham, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," could be applied to no country more appropriately than to France. The expulsion of the royal family, and the revolution of February 1848 were the consequences. Universal suffrage was then established. A republic was declared: the palaces and all the public edifices were seized as public property, and the words, ***Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*** were inscribed on every public office, and on every national building. There is much credit due to Lamartine, and afterwards to General Cavaignac and others, for the order which they preserved, until by universal suffrage Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the Emperor, was elected President of the French Republic, under a constitution which he swore to maintain, and which still retained the motto, ***Liberté, Egalité,*** and ***Fraternité.*** The new coinage bore these words as the motto. Some little time after a nobleman, who was a member of the Chamber of Peers under Louis Philippe observed to us, "Nous avons ***Liberté de mal faire — Egalité dans la misère,—Fraternité comme Cain et son frère.***"— We have liberty to do wrong, equality in misery, and fraternity like Cain and his brother! Paris, it is true, was then tranquil, the city bristled in every street with bayonets, and in many places there were pieces of artillery loaded with grape-shot. The deliberations of the National Assembly itself, which included numerous Socialists and men of the Mountain, were guarded by an enormous military force. That Assembly were resolved to put an end to the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. But he anticipated them on the 2nd December, 1851, by a *coup d'état,* contrived with a secrecy and executed with such vigour and success, as would not have been surpassed by his renowned uncle. The constitution was abolished; every vestige of the republic was extirpated; military force enabled Louis Napoleon to prostrate all the civil, political, and religious liberties of the nation, and by the agency of the priesthood and the ignorance of those who are invested with universal suffrage, he has ascended the throne of France, as Emperor, with as much power, splendour, and ceremony, as was ever manifested by Louis XIV., or Napoleon the First. Let it not be forgotten, that the Pope and the priesthood have sanctified the subversion of all liberty in France.

A sham constitutional government, but in reality without any legislative power, has been substituted for the national assembly. The liberty of the press, liberty of speech, freedom of deliberation no longer exist. Instead of a constitution, and in place of political, civil, and religious liberty, there are an Emperor, a Senate, and the formidable power of an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy re-established. When we consider the education, or rather, the want of education,—the employments, the habits and character of the great majority of the French people, we are hardly surprised that they consider themselves happier under an absolute imperial government, than under a liberal constitutional monarchy; and, with the influence of the Catholic priesthood, and the power of the Romish hierarchy, we are not astonished that instead of maintaining a republic they have re-established the Empire. Considering the manifestations made by the National Assembly, it would appear, that had they succeeded against the President, France again would, throughout the length and breadth of the land, have been subjected to the calamities of civil war, to the interruption of all agricultural and manufacturing industry, commerce, and navigation, until Changarnier, or some other military leader would have succeeded in establishing a military despotism, which would probably terminate in a breach of the peace between France and neighbouring nations. Unjustifiable, therefore, as the *coup d'état* must ever be considered, it has, no doubt, for a time at least, saved France from the calamities of civil war; and if Louis Napoleon carries out the policy that the Empire means peace, if he chooses ministers who will honestly manage the administration of the finances, and observe economy in the expenditure, he may secure the throne during his lifetime, establish the credit of the Empire, and maintain friendly relations with all foreign powers.

The question of peace in preference to war is admirably put in the following extract from the *Constitutionel,* of the 7th January:—

"'When France is satisfied, the world is tranquil!' Thus Napoleon III. expressed himself at Bourdeaux, in that magnificent harangue which was the programme of the second Empire. Facts now confirm this natural and prophetic language, which, while promising peace to Europe, raised the nation of France so high. France is satisfied, because she no longer fears the spectacle of Communism, because she has morally recovered from the disasters of 1814 and 1815, because she has crowned the man of her choice, because she has re-established a popular dynasty on the throne and raised on its basis a patriotic Government; and she is satisfied, because the world is tranquil. Let a glance be thrown over the map of Europe, and let us be told on what point of the horizon the slightest cloud can be seen. Across the strait which separates them, England extends a friendly hand to France; a reciprocal esteem has replaced their feelings of enmity, their rivalry has become emulation. Now, as formerly, France and England dream of fresh conquests and of new struggles; but these conquests and these struggles are not those which entail ruin upon nations and decimate the people. All the ardour and the intelligence of the two nations are turned towards the pacific battles which civilization wages against barbarism in the vast fields of science and industry. Doubtless the vessels of England and of France may meet on the same seas and on the same shores, but it will be no longer to combat and to destroy each other. To explore seas, to colonize countries, to civilize people, to work mines, to clear land, and to open markets—that is what the fleets which leave the ports of the Channel will henceforth seek to effect; they will carry more workmen than soldiers, they will be less laden with arms and ammunition than with instruments of labour and bales of merchandise. On this ground, the victory will belong not to the strongest but to the most intelligent and the most active; and what will result from this competition will be no longer the ravages and misfortunes of war, but the advantages of industry and the conquests of civilization, which always turn to the profit of the human race. In the south and in the north there is nothing that threatens Europe with those complications which are calculated to excite a fear that the peace of the world

may be disturbed. We everywhere see the most profound repose—a repose which each Government employs to consolidate order and strengthen authority, and which each nation devotes to develop the sources of its riches and to increase the sum of its intelligence. Spain, Portugal, and Italy, under different characters and with different means, exert all their efforts to this twofold object, to conciliate at home the spirit of conservatism with the spirit of progress, and to ally abroad the national honour with European peace. Thus Prussia, Austria, and Russia, after the example of the powers of the second rank, hail in the Emperor the elect of a great nation, and the saviour of Christian civilization. It is no longer looks of terror, but of benediction, which Prussia, Austria, and Russia direct toward the Government of France; for they well know that this Government has spared them from one of those terrible struggles which no one is ever sure of surviving. Europe is neither so blind nor so ungrateful as not to hail with sympathy the Government which preserves it and the man who saves it; it is, on the contrary, as clear-sighted as grateful, and it proves it by the sincerity of the marks of esteem and of friendship which it gives to France in the person of her sovereign. There is, therefore, not the slightest germ of war, either in the present or in the future; and, except in the case of one of those unforeseen events which disconcert all the provisions of human wisdom, civilized Europe is assured of one of those durable periods of peace which give time for great ideas to ripen and for great things to be accomplished, for grand works to be completed, and for grand enterprises to fructify."

The Queen of England has recognised the French Emperor, in the language and according to the terms of courtesy which have long been established between the Sovereigns of Europe. The King of Prussia and Emperor of Austria have done the same; and we believe that the other Sovereigns, on their ambassadors delivering their credentials at the Tuilleries, have followed the example of England, Austria, and Prussia, with the exception of the Emperor of Russia, who has absolutely refused to acknowledge Napoleon III. as *Mon Frere* (My Brother). He has merely addressed him Sire, Majesty; but the good sense of the French Emperor has induced him to receive the ambassador of the Czar with credentials which designedly mark an inferiority in the rank of Napoleon III.

Considering the financial condition of France at the present time, and the magnitude of various speculative undertakings in that country, the departure of the ambassador of the Czar from Paris might have involved the country in a panic, which would be attended with the most disastrous results to public and private credit, ruinous to industry and trade, and probably lead to a disturbance of the tranquillity of Europe.

Peace above all things is necessary for the stability of the French Empire, and for the maintenance of public and private credit. Napoleon I. never succeeded in establishing national credit upon a firm foundation; although England, while carrying on the most expensive war which the world ever experienced, and expending more money in maintaining fleets and armies than all the four first continental states of Europe, maintained also her national integrity and honour unsullied; and, notwithstanding the burdens of oppressive taxation, concluded that war with unimpaired strength and with unexampled triumph. Napoleon persisted in *his continental system*, in the vain hope that he could exclude the manufactures of England from the markets of the world; but in defiance of the Berlin and Milan decrees, the contrabandists of every state in Europe, aided by the very men who were appointed to execute his mandate, imported British manufactures largely into every state of the Continent, and British woven fabrics were, to a great extent, used in clothing the soldiers of our enemies.

The resources of France are great; her soil and climate are highly favourable to agriculture and pasturage; her natural advantages for manufactures are numerous and varied; but her anti-commercial system, for a long period down to the present day, has been pernicious and oppressive. The high and almost prohibitive duties upon iron, constitute a tax upon all agricultural implements — forms a tax on land, which is incalculable — woven manufactures, especially those of cotton, linen, and wool, are altogether prohibited, with the exception of some mixed cloths. Even raw materials for the purpose of giving employment to the people of France, are highly taxed. Coal, which has become so necessary in all industrial establishments, is only admitted at enormous duties; and the whole net revenue of the customs of France scarcely yields the amount which is, in the United Kingdom, derived from the single article of tea. In 1851, the duty received on tea, consumed in the United Kingdom, amounted to £5,900,624; the net revenue from the customs in France was under that amount.

It is often, but not justly, asserted that Colbert introduced the prohibitive system. The first general tariff introduced by that minister, laid down, as principles, first the reduction of duty on the exportation of products and manufactures of the kingdom; second, on all articles required for home manufactures; and third, an increase of duties on all foreign manufactures.

Mr. Pitt negotiated a liberal treaty with France. A famed protectionist, M. St. Ferreol, denounced it as the "fatal treaty of 1786, which abolished the prohibitions applying in France to the products of England and her colonies. It is true," he continues, "that this treaty established reciprocity duties, but its advantages were insignificant compared with the superiority already obtained by the manufactures of this kingdom. But the tariff of 1791 laid down the absolute prohibition of manufactures which compete with ours. The tariff of the restoration, in 1816, established double the rate of duties imposed by that of 1810, on a number of articles stated; and on other articles, an augmentation of the duties of 1791."

Such has been the anti-commercial policy of France, which, in order to protect her own manufacturers at the expense of all other classes, imposes prohibitive duties on nearly all the manufactures, and most of the produce of other nations. We do not consider it possible that so intelligent a person as Napoleon III. can be prejudiced in favour of such a fallacious system; and if ever a time could be more favourable than another to the freedom of commerce, it is the present, when

a more liberal system would yield a large additional sum to the treasury, and prove highly beneficial to France. A more free commercial intercourse between Great Britain and France would also constitute the firmest bond of union and the surest guarantee for peace. We admit a vast number of articles produced in France duty free; we have lowered the duties upon French brandies one-third; we have reduced the duties to a low rate upon all articles of Parisian industry and upon all articles of French manufacture not admitted duty free. Let us, for our own advantage, as well as upon principle, reduce the duties upon French wines to a mere revenue rate. Let us reduce the duty upon French spirits to the same rate as the duty upon British Colonial spirits; and if the Government of France meets us in a liberal way, the benefit which must follow would be an inestimable gain to both countries, but especially to France.

We hope that the present Government of France may endure. But we hope also that it may become as liberal as will be practicable in its administration. But we mistrust the Romish hierarchy, while ignorance and superstition are as yet the general characteristics of the masses. We have no confidence in a church, the ceremonies and doctrines of which are incompatible with civil, political, and religious liberty.

The Emperor knows and appreciates this fact; and in truth while he makes tools of them, they take full advantage of him for their own aggrandizement. Both have succeeded.

LONDON EXPERIENCES.

"DRAW the table nearer the fire, lieutenant, and mix yourself some punch."

It was thus that a merry-faced elderly gentleman addressed a good-looking youth, in a smart military uniform, seated opposite to him at his hospitable board, immediately after a luxurious dinner.

"I'll trouble you for the rum and the lemons —there—thank you," said the person addressed, showing the most resolute determination to do as he was bid.

"Now, lieutenant," said the old gentleman, "that we have got 'planted unco right,' as the poet has it, with full glasses, suppose you favour me with a yarn, as the sailors say, while we enjoy our tumblers."

"With pleasure," said the lieutenant. "Let me see! Did I ever tell you that story about the drunken sentry; or, stop, I have a better one even than that. There was a rollicking young Irishman in our corps, newly joined as ensign. But, hang it, no! military scenes and anecdotes have lost their interest, there have been so many of them. The Peninsula is used up long ago; so I shall give you, in preference, an adventure that happened to me in London, some time after I went to reside there."

"Ah! London's a great place," interrupted the host, "and I could tell a tale of London too, and perhaps I may; but let me hear your's first."

"I intend," said the youth, "to stir you up with a long pole, as they do the bear at the Zoological Gardens. It was when I first went to London that the affair happened. It was an affair of outposts, as we say in the army, or rather I should say, of bedposts. At that time I boarded with a very respectable family named Mopton, who lived in a neat cottage in the neighbourhood of Kensington. They belonged to the Moptons of Mumpus."

"Oh! I know," remarked the old gentleman, "cousins to the Fogos of Fog-hall."

"Just so," responded the lieutenant. "Well, the house which the Moptons inhabited was rather large for the family, consisting of the master and mistress—the latter, a bustling, managing little woman, somewhat fond of cards and the theatre, when she could get any body to take her there, but otherwise inoffensive enough—a son, and two daughters. The husband was a quiet domestic sort of mortal, whose most marked characteristic was a fondness for foreigners, particularly if they were of the refugee order; and he usually had one of these hirsute monsters in shabby-genteel clothes and fearfully foul linen, whose prate was all of revolutions, liberty, equality, and fraternity, *républiques sociales et démocratiques*, &c., at table with him. His pet bore of this description, when I boarded with him, was one Count Crackyernutski, as he styled himself, a marvellously ill-favoured Pole—tall and thin as a lath—Pole by name and pole by nature, whose natural ugliness had been rendered ten thousand times more hideous by the scar of a great slashing sword-cut which he had got across his nose at the battle of Warsaw, at least, so he said, though I question very much if he ever *war saw* either in Poland or anywhere else. Be this as it may, there he was, a constant and welcome guest, although, as you Scotch say, he looked more like a *ghaist* than a living man. What the worthy people could see in him to admire, I never could find out. He seldom opened his mouth but to put something into it; although he was useful in taking a hand at whist, when there was no one else to do so, and as we never played higher than for sixpenny points, his risk was not great, and he sometimes rose the winner of a shilling or two, on which occasions he would grin horribly a ghastly smile of satisfaction, and growl out his delight as he pocketed his gains."

"When, however, he had, instead, to pocket his losses," interrupted the host, "I suppose the result would be pretty much the same, barring the satisfaction, as Paddy's dinner was like his friend's, of beef and potatoes, barring the beef."

"Just so," replied the lieutenant, "when he lost, like the monkey that was teased by the boy, he had to grin—and bear it. Well, one evening when he was there at tea, an ugly old woman of fifty —humpbacked, wrinkled, and dumpy, who had taken the first floor, unfurnished, arrived with her plenishing, as you Scotch folks call it, in two vans, and as many brawny porters, and immediately began to unpack. It was summer-time, and there was, of course, plenty of light to let them see what they were about. We were seated in the parlour on the ground-floor, and after a while the door opened, and the servant girl appeared, and addressing her mistress, said:—'Please, ma'am, the lady in the first floor wants the Pole.'

'Vants me!' said Count Crackyernutski, in amazement, 'I don't know de lady.'

'It's a mistake, surely,' said Mrs. Mopton, who was employed pouring out the tea at the moment, 'she must mean somebody else, she cannot know the Count, or if she does, how did she know that he was here?'

'The girl had better go up stairs and ask our new lodger who it is she wants,' said the husband in his quiet way. The girl accordingly disappeared.

'Mopton, how *can* you be so vulgar?' exclaimed his wife. 'Our new lodger, indeed! Why, she has her own apartments, and does not lodge with us. It would be more respectful to her, and certainly is more respectable to ourselves to call her by her name. She has got a name, I suppose.'

'Well,' said the husband, meekly, 'I suppose she has, but I have forgotten it, if, indeed, I ever heard it.'

"In the midst of this domestic altercation the girl again entered and said, 'Yes! ma'am, it *is* the Pole she wants. She is crying for the Pole.'

'Crying for me, poor ting,' exclaimed the Count, 'vy should she cry for me?'

'Perhaps she knows you, after all,' said Mrs. Mopton. 'She may be an old acquaintance of yours. You had better step up stairs and see her.'

'But still,' said the husband, 'the question occurs, How does she know that the Count is here?'

'Please, sir,' said the servant, 'I told her the Pole was down stairs.'

'But how did *that* come about? How did you know that she knew him?'

'Please, sir, she was asking for the Pole.'

'We are just where we were,' said the placid Mopton, shrugging his shoulders.

'Your best plan, Count,' said Mrs. Mopton, 'is to step up stairs, and see the lady. She appears to be some friend of yours, and must have seen you when she passed the window.'

"As Crackyernutski rose to obey, Mopton bantering him, remarked, 'If she were young and pretty now I would suspect her to be some sweetheart of yours, but there's no accounting for tastes, you know, eh! Count.'

"With some degree of trepidation, the Pole retired, very much with the feelings of one about to encounter some unknown but formidable enemy.

'I shouldn't wonder,' said Mopton, as soon as the door was shut, 'but it will turn out to be some old landlady of the Count's from whom he has taken French leave, without paying off his score. Such things have been done in the olden time, as well as now. If so, the recognition will be somewhat awkward, I should say.'

'For shame, Mopton,' interposed his wife, 'you are always so censorious.'

"We were not long left to conjecture, for almost immediately the door opened, and Crackyernutski entered, looking grimmer than ever, and as pale and affrighted as Priam, when his curtains were withdrawn at dead of night, and he was informed that Troy was taken, or as if he had been condemned by the autocrat of all the Russias, first to be knouted, and then sent to Siberia.

'Well, what *is* the matter?' said Mrs. Mopton, as soon as he returned, and so indeed did we all. 'Do you know her, and what did she say?'

'Say, madame!' cried the Count. 'Ugh! ugh! She most vulgar woman. She vant something else dan me. I not know her at all. She vant vat she call de pole of de bed.'

"Mrs. Mopton now deemed it necessary to leave the room, to seek an explanation. It was soon and somewhat wrathfully given, and amounted to this: When the Count made his appearance on the first floor, which had been taken by the old lady, and which she was now busily filling with her furniture, he heard a loud and angry voice exclaiming, 'Bring me the pole, why don't you bring me the pole? I cannot get on without the pole!' He, therefore, hearing himself, as he thought, thus called, followed the sound, and entered an apartment, which proved to be a bed-room, and in which he found a little old, wrinkled, humpbacked, and dumpy woman on her knees on a bed, holding up the curtains thereof, red in the face and out of breath, calling lustily out for the pole.

'Please, ma'am,' said the Count, 'vat you vant vith me?'

'With you, you ugly brute!' said the old woman, popping out her little wizened face from between the bed curtains, 'Who the dickens are you?'

'I am de Pole,' said he.

'*You* the pole!' said she. 'Oh! go along! It's the pole of the bed that I want.'"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the host. "A capital equivoque! I suppose it is an invention for the nonce, for the amusement of the moment, eh, lieutenant?"

"No, on my honour," said the military youth, "it is quite true, I assure you, and I was present myself at the time—that is, in the parlour, when the odd mistake occurred."

"Well, well, wet t'other eye, and take a cigar,

and I shall tell you one of my London experiences in return for yours."

Both gentlemen replenished their tumblers, and having lighted cigars, the elder of the two said, "You have tasted sheep's-head broth, haven't you?"

"I should rather think I have," answered the youth, "and like it famously. It is one of the simplest, yet one of the best of your Scotch dishes that I know of."

"Well, thereby hangs a tale, as is natural where a sheep is concerned. After I had gone to London, and had resided there for some time, I took a great longing for sheep's-head broth. But I found it a far more difficult matter to have it gratified than I had any conception of. My housekeeper spoke to the butcher with whom we usually dealt to get me a good sheep's head, with the wool on, and trotters to correspond, as they are sold in Scotland. The man stared, but promised to comply with the request on an early day. You are aware, I suppose, that sheep's heads and trotters in London are usually skinned and baked, and therefore of no use whatever in concocting a dish of that delectable stuff, sheep's-head broth?"

The lieutenant nodded an assent.

"Well, on the day fixed my housekeeper, whom I had brought with me from Scotland, took with her a clean towel, and set off to the flesher's—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the youth, "*that* I rather think is a name peculiar to Scotland, and corresponds, I believe, to the English meat-salesman."

"Precisely; it means one who sells meat, and, properly speaking, does not kill. I remember some two dozen years ago, in the days before railways were in use, and the heavy coach was all the go, of being on the top of one of those lumbering machines entering Edinburgh, when a genuine unadulterated cockney, who sat beside me, and had never been in Scotland before, and who was amusing himself by reading the signs over the shop doors, as we rattled along the streets, all of a sudden exclaimed, 'Flesher! flesher! pray, sir,' turning to me, 'what on earth sort of trade is flesher?'"

"And of course you told him something quite different from what it really is."

"Of course I did, though I forget precisely what explanation of the term I gave at the time. But *revenons à nos moutons*, let us return to our mutton, that is, the sheep's head. No sooner had my housekeeper secured the woolly head, to the great wonderment of the butcher, as to what she was going to do with it, than she hied with her treasure to a blacksmith in the neighbourhood, and asked him if he would 'sing' it for her, speaking as she had been accustomed to do in Scotland. 'Sing it! ma'am,' said Vulcan, looking at it, and turning it over and over, as a natural curiosity of its kind, and sorely puzzled as to her meaning.

'Aye, sing it,' said she, on sheep's-head broth intent. 'You know what singing a sheep's head is, I suppose?'

'Can't say, ma'am, as I do,' replied the knight of the anvil, or the demon of the forge, or whatever high-sounding name your romance-writers choose to confer on a great vulgar, coarse, and lubberly monster, who spends his whole life amid fire and smoke and the eternal clatter of his sledge-hammer.

'Well, well, pity your ignorance. Singe is the word which I believe you use in England. You know what that is, don't you?'

'Singe, did you say, ma'am? Yes, ma'am, O yes! I daysay it might be done!' For a London tradesman will confess to anything, except a bloody murder or a highway robbery, rather than not "do business." 'Yes, ma'am, O yes! it might sartainly be done; not a doubt of it, ma'am'—not knowing all the time *how*, in reality, it *could* be done.

'Surely you can sing the head,' said she, beginning to have some doubts about the matter.

'Of course, ma'am, of course;' though (*sotto voce* to himself) how the deuce I can make the head of a dead sheep sing, as she calls it, or that of a living one either for that matter—that is, warble like a bird, or the tea-kettle at the boil, passes my comprehension to say. The woman is evidently insane, an enthusiast of some kind or other, and must be humoured, poor thing. 'Tis the quietest way of getting rid of her, else I might stand a chance of being had up to the police about her, if anything goes wrong, or if she were to commit suicide. There's something very unsettled in her eyes; I might be summoned before the coroner.

'Well,' asked my housekeeper, 'how much will you charge for doing it?'

"The man put his right hand to his head, as people in a quandary, or, as the Yankees say, a fix, generally do, and drawing it desperately through his hair, as if in deep cogitation, slowly responded, 'It will depend, ma'am, on the nature of the work, and the time it will take. I should say, ma'am, it could not be done for less than a matter of—say, three shillings.'

'THREE SHILLINGS! Mercy on us!' screamed the astounded woman, 'Why, you stupid! in Scotland it only costs one halfpenny!'

'Perhaps so, ma'am,' said the smith, now more than ever convinced of her insanity, and anxious to get rid of her; 'but you are not in Scotland but in London, which makes all the difference. Besides, to tell you the candid truth, I never saw or heard of such an operation being performed on a sheep's head before.'

"The housekeeper brought home the unlucky head, resolving, as it cost so much, and, naturally enough, having doubts as to its being properly done, when such an enormous sum was charged for it, to singe it herself. But here a new annoyance awaited her."

"As how?" inquired the lieutenant. "It is a very easy operation, I should think, the singeing of a sheep's head; only, it creates such an intolerable and detestable stench."

"Precisely so, and hence her new troublement. She had the tub placed in the middle of the kitchen floor, full of boiling water, and, with red-hot poker in hand, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in the

Highland inn, was, with the aid of the servant, an English girl, busily employed in applying it to the woolly-head, when, lo! a ring at the door-bell, with a peal as loud as the Tron on a Sunday. The girl hastened to answer it, when she found the servant next door on the right, with her missus' compliments, and she was sent to see if the kitchen-vent was not on fire, there was such a smell of burning?"

"No wonder," remarked the military youth. "Egad! I am surprised that the whole street was not alarmed."

"Our girl assured her it was nothing but the singing of a sheep's-head, and she went away as wise as she came. On her departure, the singeing was resumed with increased vigour, when another dreadful pull at the bell, accompanied by a violent rat-tat at the knocker—it was 'knock and ring' with a vengeance, I assure you: and this time it was the gentleman, our neighbour on the left, sent to inquire what the devil was ado in our house, that such an abominable stink was coming out of it. After getting rid of this interruption, the important business, on which our dinner depended, was proceeded with, and was no sooner finished, and the head, now completely *sung*, made ready to be boiled, than a pull at the bell and a knock at the door, ten times louder than before, was heard, and the housekeeper deemed it necessary to answer the summons herself this time. As she proceeded up stairs to do so, a din of many voices saluted her ear; and, on opening the lobby-door, there stood half the neighbourhood, all threatening to indict the house as a nuisance.

'Get away with you,' said she. 'One would think that a murder had been committed, instead of only a sheep's-head being *sung*.' The crowd, thinking she was making fun of them, only grew the more vociferous; and a policeman having arrived, they insisted that he should search the house, for they were certain that some illicit work was going on within, such as soap-making or the like.

"Fortunately, the policeman was himself 'a native,' no long time caught, and smelled what-was-what at once. He bade the crowd disperse, remarking to the housekeeper, after they had done so, that the English were 'puir, ignorant, benighted creatures, that ken naething aboot the singing o' a sheep's-head, God help them;' and then, in a lower and more confidential tone, 'Od, woman, I haena tasted sheep's-head broth since I left Glasgow, twa year ago.' This was a hint too broad to be misunderstood—a shot too direct not to hit the mark—especially after the service he had rendered her. Of course, she could not do less than invite him to come back and get a platefull, when ready, of the delectable stuff which, altogether unknown to English palates, is even more than the haggis itself, the 'wale of Scotia's food.'"

A.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

Among the lofty summits of the Mount Parnassus of Silesia, dwells in peaceful accord with Apollo and his nine Muses, the far-famed mountain-spirit, known to mortals by the name of Rubezahl, whose renown the Silesian poets, one and all, conspire to spread far and wide. 'Tis true this prince of the gnomes rules but a very small portion of the earth's surface—his superficial domains being but a few miles in extent, and enclosed in a chain of lofty mountains; and even this is divided between two earthly potentates, who are far from acknowledging any other participation in their dominion. Nevertheless, there is not a fathom of this land but forms a part of his peculiar monarchy, which all the quarrels and subdivisions of meddling mortals would not avail to diminish one inch, and which, moreover, extends down, down, down, four thousand miles beneath the surface, to the middle point of the old world's centre. At times, this subterranean sovereign takes it into his head to make the tour of his abysmal kingdom, to gloat over the inexhaustible riches of his dark treasure-house—to muster his army of subservient gnomes, and set them to work—then the solid earth heaves with the force of fire and flame, and the rich vapours rising through the barren rocks, impregnate them with mineral matter, and change their formless masses to living and glistening ore. At times, he leaves his underground dominions, and pursues his pastime upon the surface, sporting with the terrors of mankind, with whom his sympathies are of a very doubtful nature.

Far, far back in the distant days of yore, before the descendants of Japhet had penetrated so far to the north as the seat of his dominions, Rubezahl was accustomed to amuse himself with the battles of the bear and wild bull, which it was his pastime to hound on to the combat; or he would arouse the savage beasts from their mountain-recesses, with a horrible roaring, and drive them over the precipitous rocks to perish in the gorge below. Weary with this sport, at length, he would dive, like the mole, through the crannies of his dark domain, down to the regions of the underground world, where he would occupy himself for a century or two, till again the desire arose to see the face of the sun, and enjoy the aspect of the outer creation. How amazed was he, at one of his returning visits to the outside of his realm, to see

the whole face of his territory changed beyond recognition! The tangled and impenetrable forests were hewn down, and in their place rich golden harvests waved o'er fertile fields. Between the rows of fruit-bearing trees, glimmered the straw-thatched roofs of happy villages, from whose hospitable chimneys the peaceful smoke curled up to the quiet clouds. Here and there stood a solitary watch-tower, upon a jutting crag, for defence and protection to the land. Flocks and herds wandered through the green pastures, and the melody of the shepherd's pipe rose in the summer air.

The novelty of the thing, and the pleasantness of the sight, so delighted the astonished proprietor of the territory, that he forgot to be angry with the arbitrary proceedings of the squatters who had so unceremoniously taken possession of his domain. He, moreover, felt mightily curious to examine the mode of life and action of these new tenants; so he left them in the enjoyment of their usurped possessions, much as the worthy housekeeper of our day suffers the swallow or the sparrow to build his nest unmolested under the eaves of his roof. At length he was seized with a fancy to make an acquaintance with mankind, whom he took for a sort of bastard creation, half-brute, half-spirit; and, in order to become better acquainted with their natures and propensities, resolved to put himself in contact with them. He assumed the form of a stalwart farm-labourer, and hired himself out to the first landlord he met with. All that he undertook prospered under his hand, and Ripps the plowman was celebrated as the first workman in the village. But his master was a selfish and dissipated debauchee, who squandered the produce of his labour, without rewarding his efforts with even a single expression of satisfaction; so he left him and engaged himself to a neighbour, who gave him the charge of his flocks and herds. These he faithfully guarded and tended, guided them to sweet pastures, and led them to the mountain-passes, where the greenest herbage grew. The herds prospered under his care and multiplied fast—no lambs ever fell from the precipice, and none became the prey of the wolf. But this second master was an unprincipled scamp, who never rewarded his faithful servant as he ought to have done; but he secretly stole the best wether from the flock, and then deducted its value from the shepherd's wages. Therefore, Ripps left the skin-flint, entered the service of the judge as beadle, became the scourge of evil-doers, and the indefatigable drudge of the portly magistrate. But the judge was an unrighteous man, who corrupted the law, sold his decrees for bribes, and made a mock of integrity. As Ripps did not choose to be the instrument of unrighteousness, he gave warning to the judge, and was cast into prison for his pains, out of which, according to the custom of spirits, he found a commodious exit through the key-hole.

This first essay in the study of mankind could not possibly have any powerful effect in exciting his philanthropy; he returned with feelings of contempt to his rocky eminence, whence he surveyed the wide and smiling region beautified by human industry; and wondering that Nature should condescend to lavish her bounties upon such a bastard brood, he abandoned his experiments in the study of the human character.

There was a peasant in the bailiwick of Reichenberg, who had been robbed of all his little property by the chicanery of a litigious neighbour, and who had parted with his last cow to satisfy the claims of the judge; nothing now remained to him but a pining wife and half-a-dozen children, some of whom he would have willingly made over to the judge in pledge for the cow. True he yet possessed a pair of stout arms, but all their labour would not suffice to maintain his family. It cut him to the heart when his young ravens cried for bread, and he had nothing to give them to appease the pangs of hunger. "Had we a hundred crowns," he said to his disconsolate wife, "we might again restore our ruined household, we would remove out of the way of these quarrelsome neighbours, and strive by industry to gain a property of our own. You have rich relations on the other side of the mountains; I will go to them, and explain our sad condition, perhaps one of them may take compassion on us, and charitably lend us from his superfluity as much as will supply our present wants."

The dejected wife, though with but faint hopes of a happy result, consented to this proposition, because she saw no other chance. The husband prepared for his journey, and as he left his wife and children, thus endeavoured to comfort them: "Weep not! my heart tells me I shall find a benefactor who will succour us, and that my journey will not be in vain." Hereupon he thrust a hard crust into his pocket for subsistence on the road, and went on his way. Faint and weary with the heat of the day, and the distance he had travelled, he arrived in the evening at the town where the rich relations resided; but none of them would recognise him, not one would give him a lodging. With hot and bitter tears he related his misfortunes, but the hard-hearted wretches, instead of assisting him, tormented the poor man with reproaches and offensive proverbs. One said, "He that would thrive, must labour and strive;" another, "Pride goes before a fall;" a third, "As you brew so you must bake;" a fourth, "Every man is the maker of his own fortune." Thus they scoffed and jested with his misery, called him an impostor and lazy scamp, and at length shouldered him out of the house. The poor fellow had not looked for such a reception at the hands of his wife's wealthy relations; downcast and melancholy, he slunk away from them, and not possessing money to pay for a lodging, he was compelled to pass the night in the fields under a hay-stack. Here he remained, sleepless with sorrow and indignation, till the dawn, when he resumed his journey homewards.

When he came again into the mountains the sense of his miserable condition so overcame him that he was nearly driven to despair. "Two days' wages lost," thought he to himself, as he wandered on, faint and exhausted with pain and

hunger, "and six famishing babes awaiting thy return in expectation of food, to whom, when they stretch out their hands for bread, thou canst offer nothing. O heart, heart, how canst thou bear it?—better hadst thou broken before this agony came upon thee." Hereupon he threw himself upon the ground under a sloe-bush to collect his terror-stricken thoughts.

But as upon the verge of destruction, the soul arouses her utmost powers, and tasks every fibre of the brain to seek out some means of escape from the impending ruin, or delaying the inevitable stroke, like some luckless mariner whose ship is fast sinking beneath the waves, who swiftly climbs the rigging, and takes refuge at the top of the mast; or, being below decks, starts suddenly through the port-hole, in hope of meeting with some floating plank or empty cask, to bear him safe upon the billows—so, after revolving a thousand vain and hopeless suggestions, it at length occurred to poor Guy that he would seek out the mountain spirit, acquaint him with his misery, and petition for succour at the hands of Rubezahl himself. He had heard many strange and romantic stories concerning his treatment of travellers—some he was said to have beaten and bantered in cruel sport—some had been the victims of his malicious tricks—and some, so report ran, had reaped good at his hands. Our poor fellow knew well enough that the mountain king never suffered himself to be called with impunity by his nickname "Rubezahl," but as he knew no other mode of getting at him, he made up his mind for a cudgelling, and called "Rubezahl! Rubezahl!" with all his might.

The words were hardly uttered, when a fearful form appeared, black and sooty as a coal-miner, with a red beard that reached down to his girdle, and staring fiery eyes, and armed with a bar of iron like a weaver's beam, which he brandished with furious gestures, threatening to annihilate the rash intruder. "With your favour, Mr. Rubezahl," said poor Guy, quite undaunted, ("pardon me if I do not address you rightly,) only hear me out, and then do with me as you shall think proper." These bold words, coupled with the care-worn aspect of the man, which seemed to indicate neither wantonness nor curiosity, somewhat soothed the anger of the spirit. "Earthworm," said he, "what leads you to disturb my repose? Know you not that you must atone with your life for your insolent presumption?" "Sir," answered Guy, "want has driven me to you; I have a request to make, which it will cost you nothing to grant; I pray you to lend me a hundred crowns, which I will pay you again with the usual interest in three years' time, as sure as I am an honest man." "Fool," said the spirit, "am I a usurer or a Jew, that I should lend money at interest? Go hence to thy brother-man, and borrow as much as you choose, but leave me at peace." "Ah," replied Guy, "there is an end of human brotherhood in my case. There is no friendship in matters of lending and borrowing." Hereupon he recounted his whole history at length, and drew such an affecting picture of his misery, that the spirit knew not how to refuse his request; and though the poor wretch might not deserve his compassion, he thought the design of borrowing a capital from himself so extraordinary, that he felt inclined to requite the man's confidence by acceding to his wishes. "Come, follow me," said he, and led the way towards the forest, where in a sequestered dell, some thick underwood shrouded the base of a rugged rock.

When Guy had succeeded, with much labour, in struggling through the bushes, they came to the entrance of a gloomy cavern. Poor Guy was not much at his ease while groping along in the dark; a cold shudder ran through his veins, and his hair stood on end. "Rubezahl has deceived many a man," thought he, "who knows but some horrid abyss may lie in my path, down which I may fall headlong at the next step." At that moment he heard a fearful noise, like the rushing of a cataract through the abyss. The further he went, the more was his heart oppressed with fear and horror. But soon, to his comfort, he saw a blue flame dancing in the distance; the roof of the cavern widened by degrees into a spacious saloon, and the bright flame swayed from the centre like a chandelier, in the middle of the hall of rock. Upon the floor he saw a huge copper vessel, as large as a brewer's vat, filled to the rim with hard dollars. When Guy beheld this immense treasure, all his fears vanished at once, and his heart leaped for joy. "Take," said the spirit, "what you want, be it little or much, but write me out a bond,—that is if you know how to write." The debtor consented to the proposal, and counted out the hundred crowns precisely, not one more nor one less. The spirit appeared to pay no regard to the reckoning, turned himself away, and in the meantime produced the writing materials. Guy wrote the bond in his best possible style; the spirit locked up the same in an iron chest, and said to him: "Go hence, my friend, in peace, and use thy money with an industrious hand. Forget not that thou art my debtor, and mark the entrance of the valley and the door of this rock, that you may know where to come, when the day of payment arrives. When the three years are expired you must repay me capital and interest—I am a severe creditor; if you break your word, I will require it at your hands with a vengeance." The honest Guy promised to keep the day of payment honourably—promised it with earnestness, but without an oath; (he would not pledge his life and salvation, as unprincipled borrowers are accustomed to do;) and with thankful heart he took leave of his benefactor in the cavern, from which he easily found an outlet.

The hundred crowns had such a magical effect upon his spirits and bodily frame, that by the time he had emerged again to daylight he felt as cheerful and active as if in the gloom of the cavern he had imbibed the elixir of life. Joyous and vigorous in every limb, he strode away towards his dwelling, and arrived at the miserable hut just as the day began to decline. So soon as the wretched little starvelings caught sight of

him, they ran to meet him, crying with one voice, "Bread, father! a bit of bread; we have been hungry so long." The disconsolate wife sat in a corner weeping; like all weak and oppressed persons, she feared the worst, and had no doubt but the new-comer was about to rehearse some sorrowful litany. He, however, took her cheerfully by the hand, and bade her kindle a fire upon the hearth; for he had brought from Reichenberg groats and millet in his wallet, which she could soon transform to a wholesome family porridge. Then he gave her an account of the fortunate result of his expedition. "Your relations," said he, "are the right sort of people; they did not repulse my poverty, or deny my acquaintance, or thrust me shamefully from their doors—not they!—but received me hospitably, with open heart and hand, and told down a hundred good crowns, as a pledge of kinship." These words relieved the good wife of a heavy trouble which had long oppressed her heart. "If we had gone to that quarter before," said she, "we should have saved ourselves many sorrows." Then she began to boast of her connections, (in whom when Guy set out to seek them she had not a shadow of hope,) and soon became right proud on the score of her wealthy relations.

The good man suffered her to enjoy, after so many afflictions, this innocent conceit, which was so flattering to her vanity. As, however, she never ceased prating of her rich cousin, in a very few days Guy got heartily sick of her trumpetings in praise of such a heartless hunks; and he said to his wife, "Do you know what I brought home with me besides the money?" "No," said she, "what was it?" "A little advice for our future guidance, which your cousin gave me, and it is this,—'Every man is the maker of his own fortune,'—'Strike while the iron is hot.' So let us bestir ourselves, and ply our calling industriously, that we may have the means in three years' time to repay the loan with interest, and get rid of the debt." Thereupon he set to work, bought a field of arable land, and a small patch of pasture; then another, and another, and then a whole hide of land; there was a blessing in Rubezahl's money, which seemed to prosper magically. Guy sowed and reaped, and was soon known in the village as a man well to do in the world, who had always capital in his purse for the completion of a prudent purchase. In the third summer, besides his own land, he farmed a manor which brought him a famous profit; in short, he was a man with whom everything he took in hand succeeded to perfection.

The appointed pay-day now came round, and Guy had saved so much that he could spare the amount of his debt without inconvenience; he laid the money apart, and on the morning agreed upon he rose early, awoke his wife and children, told them to get washed and combed, and to put on their Sunday clothes, and their new shoes, and scarlet boddices and tippets, which they had never yet worn. He himself put on his sacramental coat, and bawled out of the window, "Jack, put the horses to!" "Why husband, what is in the wind now?" asked the wife, "to-day is neither feast-day nor anniversary; what makes you so merry as to surprise us with a holiday, and where are you going to take us?" He replied, "I am going to take you to your rich cousin over the mountains, and to repay to the creditor, whose loan has been the means of our well-doing, both principal and interest, for to-day is the day agreed upon." This pleased the wife very well; she decked out the children charmingly, and in order to give her relations a good opinion of her prosperity, and to do credit to their household, she wore herself a necklace of crooked ducats. Guy shook his heavy purse till it chinked again, put it in his pocket, and when all was in readiness, set off with wife and children. Jack whipped the four horses into a good pace, and they trotted merrily over the flat country towards the mountains.

Guy commanded the driver to halt before a rugged hollow-way, where he alighted, and bade the others do the same; then he said to his serving-man, "Jack, drive slowly round the foot of the mountain, and wait for us at the three Linden trees, and if you should wait a long while, don't be uneasy; let the horses take breath, and graze awhile; I am acquainted with a footpath hereabouts, which is somewhat winding, but pleasant to walk in." Then he struck into the forest with his wife and children, and as they made but slow progress through the tangled underwood, he began to look about him in every direction, till at length the wife supposed her husband had lost his way, and recommended him to turn back and follow the road. But Guy suddenly stood still, collected his six children around him, and spoke as follows:—"You are thinking, my dear wife, that we are journeying to your relatives; I assure you that is not my intention. Your wealthy cousins are skinflints and scoundrels, who, when I formerly in my affliction sought refuge and comfort among them, derided my misery and spurned me from their doors with insult.—Here, on this spot, dwells our true cousin to whom we owe our good fortune, and who on my bare word lent me the money which has prospered so well in my hand. By his appointment I am here to-day to return him principal and interest. Do you know now who is our creditor? it is the lord of the mountain, Rubezahl!" At these words his wife was horribly afraid, and made the sign of the cross in her defence, and the children shook with terror and apprehension lest their father should deliver them over to Rubezahl, of whom they had often heard dismal accounts in the winter evenings—and whom they regarded as a hideous giant and man-eating monster. Guy detailed to them his whole adventure, how at his call the spirit appeared to him in the form of a coal-miner—and what had transpired in the interior of the cavern; and he praised the benevolence of the spirit, with such a grateful heart and such profound emotion that the warm tears trickled down his honest sunburnt cheeks. "Remain here," he continued, "while I go into the cave and transact my business. Fear nothing, I will not be long away, and if I

can prevail upon him to come I will bring the Mountain Spirit back with me. Be not afraid to shake him heartily by the hand, though it is a black and rough one; he will do you no harm, for he is pleased, I doubt not, with his own benevolent act and our gratitude! only keep up your courage and you will receive no harm at his hands."

As his terrified wife was much opposed to this subterranean expedition, and the children wept and clamoured around him, and when he attempted to leave them pulled him back again by the skirts of his coat, he was obliged to break away from them by main force, and hurry through the thick underwood to the appointed spot. He found all the tokens of the place unchanged, as he had imprinted them upon his memory. The old half-decayed oak at the root of which was the opening in the rock, stood there as it had stood three years before, but of the opening no trace could be found. Guy tried every means to gain an entrance to the mountain; he took a large stone, and hammered upon the rock, thinking the spirit might choose to open at the summons; he drew forth the heavy purse, jingled the hard cash, and cried out at the top of his voice, "Spirit of the mountain, take what is thine;" but the spirit answered not by word nor sign. Thus the honest fellow was compelled to carry back the money that he was so desirous to repay. As soon as the family caught sight of him returning, they ran joyfully to meet him; but he, being sad and depressed that he could not discharge his debt to his benefactor, sat thoughtfully down upon the grass to consider what was to be done. At length, he remembered his hardihood when he first called upon the spirit by the offensive nickname, and resolved to have recourse again to the same expedient—"if he is offended," said he to himself, "he may beat and bruise me at his pleasure, so that he answers to my call." Thereupon he cried with all his might, "Rubezahl! Rubezahl!" His anxious wife prayed him to be silent, and tried to stop his mouth; he would not be persuaded, but bawled louder and louder. Suddenly the youngest boy ran to his mother's side in terror, crying "Ah, the black man, the black man!" "Where? where?" asked Guy, and his hopes revived. "Yonder, he is hiding under that dark tree," and all the children crept into a cluster together, crying bitterly. The father searched in every direction, but saw nothing: it was an illusion, perhaps a passing shadow; in short, the spirit did not choose to appear, and all his calling was in vain.

The whole family now set out to return, and father Guy walked sad and sorrowful towards the broad highway they had left. Then there arose a gentle rustling among the trees of the forest, the slender birches bowed their leafy heads, and the shimmering foliage of the aspens chattered in the breeze; which now came nearer and shook the outstretched arms of the old oaks, and scattered around the party a drift of withered leaves and dry grass; little clouds of dust rolled in the pathway, at which funny spectacle the children, who thought no more of Rubezahl, were much amused, and ran after the dried leaves, with which the whirlwind played at gambols. Among the withered leaves there was a piece of white paper blown across the road, after which the young ghost-seer made chase; but when he had almost got it, the wind caught it up again, and away it went out of his grasp. Thereon he threw his hat after it, which, at length, by good luck, fairly covered it. As it was a fair white sheet of paper, and the economical father had taught them all never to waste anything, however trifling, the little fellow brought it to him, expecting a word of praise and a smile of approval. When Guy had opened the folded paper to see what it might be, he found it was the bond which he had signed in the cavern for the hundred crowns, The paper was torn from top to bottom, and under the sum total was written the word "Received."

What a moment was that for poor Guy! His emotion was almost too much for him. At length he cried out with delight, "Rejoice, dear wife and children, rejoice! He has seen us, he has witnessed our gratitude; our benefactor is with us, though we cannot see him, and he knows that Guy is an honest man. I am free from debt; now let us return home with thankful hearts." Parents and children wept many tears of joy and thankfulness, before they came up with their waggon; and as the wife had a great desire to visit her connections, in order, by the display of their prosperity, to shame the shabby knaves against whom her husband's accounts had excited her warmest indignation, they turned the horses' heads in that direction, and rolled merrily down the mountain-side—arrived at the town as the sun was setting, and stopped at the very house from which, three years before, poor Guy had been thrust forth neck and shoulders. He knocked boldly this time, and asked for the master of the house. An entire stranger came towards him, in nowise related to the family; from him Guy heard that the once wealthy cousins had succumbed to misfortune. One was dead, another was ruined, a third had been obliged to run away; all, in short, had disappeared, and their name was no more heard in the town. The parties passed the night with the hospitable stranger, who detailed these affairs circumstantially to man and wife at the evening board. The next day, Guy returned with his family to their home and occupation, resumed his honest industry, continued to increase in wealth and goods, and remained an honest, respectable and prosperous man all his life long.

THE COALITION MINISTRY.—THE CABINET.

Lord Derby, although supported by the largest and most thoroughly united party in the House of Commons, has fallen from power, by the financial incapacity of his cabinet. Never were greater blunders committed than the attempt, first, to cast away £2,500,000, (the burden of which nobody complained of,) by abolishing one half of the malt tax; and second, to extend the area, and double the rate of the house tax. We will not stop now to consider the other parts, some of which were really good and practical, of Mr. Disraeli's *famous budget*. We do not believe that that budget was his own. We appreciate his ability and sagacity so favourably, that we cannot help thinking that the bad parts of it were forced upon him by Lord Derby and his other colleagues. Besides we also consider it just to say that Mr. Disraeli resigned office with the well-earned reputation of an able leader and powerful debater.

We have now a coalition ministry. Who are the members of this new Government? We will take them alternately from the Peelite and Whig list. We will begin with Lords Aberdeen and Lansdowne, statesmen whose high administrative reputation, great experience, and unimpeachable purity of private as well as public character, are alone sufficient to justify the greatest public confidence.

George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, was born in the year 1784, and married in 1805 the daughter of the first Marquis of Abercorn, who died in 1812. He married secondly Harriett, daughter of the Hon. John Douglas, who died in 1833; since which time his lordship has remained a widower.

We believe that few men possess more useful administrative, legislative, and diplomatic knowledge than the Earl of Aberdeen. We believe, although we may have differed from some of his political views, that there never was a more pure-minded statesman, or that any man is more deservedly esteemed for the virtues which have adorned his private life.

During the Wellington Administration, and when that office was vacated by Lord Dudley, a short time after the death of Mr. Canning, he filled with great ability, judgment, and reputation the office of Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. Nor must it be forgotten that he administered the affairs of that difficult and delicate office during the French Revolution of 1830, when instead of interfering with the internal affairs of Europe, he cordially joined with the Duke of Wellington in recognising the new government of France.

When the Duke of Wellington in 1834 became First Lord of the Treasury, the Earl of Aberdeen was chosen Secretary of State for the Colonies, in which office he continued until the 14th of April, 1835, when Sir Robert Peel's ministry resigned. During this brief period his Colonial administration was wise and just, and he restored much of the harmony between the Home Government and the Colonies, which had been recklessly disturbed during the administration of Mr. Stanley, now Lord Derby.

On the formation of the Peel Ministry, in September, 1841, the administration of Foreign Affairs was intrusted to the Earl of Aberdeen; and we are enabled to say, with confidence, that he conducted the policy of the United Kingdom towards foreign states, with that wisdom and dignity which should always distinguish the British statesman who is intrusted with that department. It was during his term of office that those two perplexing and difficult questions, the Boundary Dispute between America and England, were finally and satisfactorily adjusted. Lord Ashburton was intrusted by him to settle the Boundary line between the State of Maine and the Provinces of Canada and New Brunswick. Lord Ashburton carried out the instructions of Lord Aberdeen, and negotiated with the late Daniel Webster the treaty which adjusted and terminated that Boundary Dispute, which had lasted, until then, since the Independence of the American Union.

The Oregon or North West Boundary, still continued a question of the most difficult nature. The British Minister at Washington refused, in 1844, to accept of the American *ultimatum* of the parallel of 49 degrees N. lat., as the boundary line west of the Rocky Mountains, between British America and the United States, on the Pacific. But Sir R. Peel and Lord Aberdeen, after taking all the perplexing difficulties of this dispute into their consideration, accepted the Washington *ultimatum*, retaining the whole of Vancouver's Island for the British Crown.

The Oregon Boundary was, by Lord Aberdeen, settled in 1845: the consequence of which is, that there does not remain any real ground of misunderstanding, although Lord Malmesbury acted very rashly with respect to American vessels frequenting the fishing grounds of British America. We wish a liberal arrangement was concluded with the Government of Washington, in order that these fisheries might be engaged in common, providing that British caught and cured fish were admitted duty free in the United States, and the coasting trade of the British Colonies, and of the United States, were freely thrown open to the vessels of both countries.

During Lord Aberdeen's administration of the Foreign Office, the shipping interests of Great Britain complained loudly against the amount of tolls exacted by the King of Hanover, on the Elbe, at Staade, and against those exacted by the King of Denmark, in the navigation of the Baltic, at Elsinore. The settlement of the Staade Duties was confided to Commissioners, and a moderate scale was adopted instead of the previous high

rates, and embodied in a treaty accordingly, in 1842. The Sound Duties were, at the same period, in like manner adjusted, and a moderate tariff substituted for the former unequal and grievous scale.

In the whole commercial legislation of Sir R. Peel, and in our commercial relations with foreign states, he was constantly supported by the Earl of Aberdeen; and the course which the latter has pursued since the resignation of the Peel Ministry of 1846, as well as during the whole of his previous life, may justly inspire the greatest confidence in him, with regard to every question that bears on the security and dignity of the Crown and Government of the United Kingdom, or the civil, religious, and political liberty of her Majesty's subjects. Therefore, in every sense of the word, Lord Aberdeen is "a safe minister."

Henry William Fitzmaurice Petty, Marquis of Lansdowne, born in 1780, is a descendant of the celebrated Sir William Petty, author of "Political Arithmetic," and whose Reports on Ireland, if they had been attended to when he wrote, would probably have saved that country from most of the calamities which she has undergone since the reign of James II. The present Marquis is second son of the first Marquis, more conspicuously known as the Earl of Shelburne. He received his education first at Westminster, and afterwards at Edinburgh, under the roof of Dugald Stewart. He also graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At Edinburgh, he was one of the leading members of the "Speculative Debating Society;" and he there acquired the practice as well as the power of debating, which distinguished him after entering the House of Commons. He entered Parliament in 1802, as member for Calne; and, on the death of Mr. Pitt, became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1807. He devoted much of his attention to the affairs of Ireland, in the intelligent and sagacious spirit of his celebrated ancestor; and on his first appearance in the House of Commons, Mr. Fox compared him to Mr. Pitt when at the same age. He avoided imitating the tumultuous language of those violent debates which were occasioned by the wars of the French Revolution. He represented the University of Cambridge on his becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer; while, at the same time, Lord Palmerston, at the early age of twenty-two, was returned as his colleague. On resigning office, he ceased to represent the University; but he afterwards sat as Member for Camelford, until the death of his elder brother without issue, in 1809, when he succeeded to the estates and title of his father, the Marquis of Lansdowne.

He married Louisa, daughter of the second Earl of Ilchester, who died in 1851.

During the Regency Debate, he supported the party of the Prince of Wales: and it was supposed that, after the assassination of Mr. Perceval, that party would have been called into office, but for certain conditions which they proposed, and which were rejected by the Prince whom they had supported.

In 1814 he moved an address declaratory that the attempts to abolish the Slave Trade had not been attended with complete success, and praying that more efficient means should be employed for that purpose. Although always liberal, he was not a violent opponent of the Liverpool Ministry.

In 1824 he moved the house to declare for the immediate recognition of the independence of the South American States. On this occasion he said, "He might ask their lordships if they could contemplate any course of events by which the independence of the Spanish Colonies could be finally prevented?"

He adverted to the feeble condition, financially and morally, of Spain; the occupation of that kingdom in 1824, by a French army, and the consequent impossibility of Spain reconquering her former colonies. He, as well as Mr. Canning, rejoiced in believing that the Spanish-American Colonies would become great when they became free—would become wise, and institute liberal and practical administrations; and that the people would become intelligent, prosperous, rich and happy. Unhappily those ardent and liberal aspirations of the noble Lord have not been realized. Had those countries been peopled by Anglo-Saxons, who would at once have introduced the free institutions of England into their boundless regions, not only would the expectations of the Marquis of Lansdowne have been realized, but the sanguine hopes of Mr. Canning would have been carried into glorious and practical effect.

But the inhabitants of the countries conquered and colonised by Spain, had no traditions except those which flowed from, and were merged in, despotism; while their minds were fettered by the darkening power of an ecclesiastical priesthood, ever unfavourable to the useful and enlightened education and liberties of mankind.

Soon after the formation of Mr. Canning's Ministry, in 1827, the Marquis of Lansdowne accepted the seals of the Home Department, but on finding that Mr. Herries had been appointed Chancellor, and not being able to introduce his friend Lord John Russell into the Cabinet he tendered the seals to his Majesty, and was only induced to retain them on being informed that Mr. Herries was recommended to the king by Viscount Goderich.

On the death of Mr. Canning on the formation of the Goderich Administration, Lord Lansdowne remained in office until January 1828, when the late Sir R. Peel, under the Wellington Ministry, accepted the seals of the Home Office.

On the formation of the Ministry of Earl Grey, in 1830, the Marquis of Lansdowne became President of the Council, in which office he continued until the abrupt dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry in 1834. But, on the return of Lord Melbourne to power, the noble Marquis again became President of the Council, and continued in office until 1841, when that Cabinet resigned. In July, 1846, he for the third time became President of the Council, in the Ministry of Lord John Russell.

During the whole of Lord Lansdowne's public life no man has been more conscientiously liberal and

no statesman more practical. In no man's judgment has there been more reliance placed. In the House of Peers he has always been distinguished as a sound, clear, moderate, and practical speaker; and those who heard him taking leave, as it were, of public life, in the year 1852, could not but admire the dignity, and, at the same time, the moderation of language, which graced the high reputation of his Lordship.

The advocate of the abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade—of Catholic Emancipation—of the redress of the grievances of Ireland—of the education of the people—of the Reform Bill—of reforms in the administration of the law, and of all ecclesiastical abuses—must be a man highly gifted by education and by acquirements, and at all times the patron of learning, art, and science, and one of the most amiable and courteous gentlemen in the relations of private society, consequently he must be considered a statesman of sound and safe principles, as well as one of the greatest ornaments of the peerage.

Such are the two statesmen to whom her Majesty confided the formation of the present Coalition Ministry. Lord Lansdowne, although the adviser, has not, however, taken office, but he will not the less give his support to the present Government.

We will now come to the Secretaries of State.

The Foreign Department is now administered, we believe, temporarily,* by LORD JOHN RUSSELL. Differing, as many do, on various questions from this statesman, we at once admit that he is one of the most practical administrators in the United Kingdom, we may say in Europe. At the present time no other man can be found so eminently qualified to lead the House of Commons, nor should the nation forget the early advocacy of the Reform of abuses by Lord John Russell.

His lordship was born in Hertford-street, London, on the 19th August, 1792, and is the third son of the Duke of Bedford by his first marriage. He was educated first at a private school, near Sandwich, and afterwards at Westminster, and at the university of Edinburgh. He married first, in 1835, Adelaide, eldest daughter of Thomas Lister, of Armitage Park; and secondly, in 1841, Lady Francis Anne Maria, second daughter of the second Earl of Minto. He entered Parliament in 1813 as member for Tavistock, for which with a short interruption he sat until the year 1819. His first speech was in favour of repealing the alien act, and he argued against continuing the war with France.

In 1819, on Sir Francis Burdett's motion for reform, he declared himself favourable to triennial parliaments, but would not pledge himself to support any inquiry into the general state of the representation, as such an inquiry would fill the minds of the people with indefinite and vague alarms. During the same year he in an able and temperate speech submitted four resolutions, declaratory of the expediency of disfranchising corrupt boroughs, of compensating pure electors, of transferring the right of representation, so taken away, to large towns, and for preventing bribery at elections. But on the suggestion of Lord Castlereagh his lordship considered it prudent to withdraw those resolutions, and gave notice of a motion for the disfranchising of Granpound, which he finally carried in 1821, and the vacancy caused by the disfranchisement was filled up by giving an additional member to the county of York.

In 1821 he brought forward without success a measure for disfranchising several corrupt boroughs, and transferring the seats to be declared vacant to large towns.

In 1822—23—26 he brought forward resolutions to the effect that the state of the representation called for the serious attention of the house.

In 1826 he moved a series of resolutions against bribery at elections, which were carried by the casting vote of the Speaker. At this time his lordship sat for the county of Huntingdon, but he was rejected for his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation.

He was, however, returned for the Irish borough of Bandon Bridge; and his next Parliamentary movement, in 1828, was one which should ever render the country grateful for his services: for he was fortunately enabled to carry the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in that year; since which, those obnoxious statutes have for ever disappeared from among the written laws of the United Kingdom.

On the 28th May, 1830, he made a very powerful and logical speech against Mr. O'Connell's anarchical motion for universal suffrage, advocating, at the same time, moderate reforms, and declaring his opposition to sweeping measures. The part which he took in supporting Sir R. Peel in the removal of Catholic disabilities; and his exertions afterwards, in 1832, in favour of passing the Reform Bill, and in carrying many liberal measures, are all highly creditable to him as a statesman; although he has, no doubt, like other statesmen, committed some blunders, such as his letter to the electors of Stroud, respecting the finality of Parliamentary reform.

He came into office with Lord Grey's Ministry, in the subordinate place of Paymaster of the Forces, which he filled from 1830 to November, 1834. On the return of Lord Melbourne, in 1835, he became Secretary of State for the Home Department, in which office he administered with industry, skill, and success the numerous difficulties attending the New Poor Law Act. In August, 1839, he succeeded the Marquis of Normanby as Secretary of State for the Colonies; which office, we have no hesitation to say, and we shall be borne out by the Colonists far and wide, he administered with probably more satisfaction to the Colonists, than any previous Colonial Minister; and

* Lord John will, out of office, but with a seat in the Cabinet, continue to lead the House of Commons. He will be succeeded by the Earl of Clarendon, who has had great foreign as well as administrative experience, first, in our commercial relations with France, then as British Ambassador in Spain, then as Lord Privy Seal, in the Melbourne Ministry, afterwards as a most efficient President of the Board of Trade, and lastly as a most successful and popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

it was with no small consternation to his Majesty's subjects in the Colonies that he was replaced, in 1841, by Lord Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, whose former mal-administration is considered to have originated all the discontents which led to the Canadian rebellion.

On the fall of the Peel Ministry, Lord John became Prime Minister, in July, 1846, and continued at the head of the Government until March, 1852. It is remarkable, that one of the first acts of his administration was the introduction of a Bill nearly similar to that which aided in driving Sir R. Peel from office; in carrying which, Lord John had the magnanimous support of his great predecessor.

The Government of Lord John Russell is distinguished for having repealed the most obnoxious parts of the Navigation Laws—for reducing the Sugar Duties, and some others, including Stamps —for repealing the Window Tax—for extending the Irish Representative Franchise—and for preserving peace with foreign states, and tranquillity at home, amidst the revolutions of Europe in 1848. He had also to grapple with the calamities of an Irish famine and the commercial crisis of 1847-8. In the House of Commons, however, he governed by sufferance and not by a Parliamentary majority; and, notwithstanding his own great abilities and the able assistance of Lord Palmerston, and the indefatigable industry of Sir Chas. Wood, his Ministry in that House was remarkably weak. Until the deplorable death of Sir Robert Peel, he had the consistent support of that statesman. He had also the support of Sir James Graham, who, it is supposed, had early entertained the view of taking office with the Noble Lord.

From the day, however, on which Lord Palmerston was dismissed from power, it became evident to all but men of shallow mind, that the Ministry of Lord John Russell would not, as then constituted, be much longer endured by the House of Commons.

Lord John Russell is a man of great industry and acquirements. He is author of a very interesting life of his patriotic ancestor, Lord William Russell, also of an "Essay on the British Constitution," and of "Don Carlos," a tragedy. It is said that he has also written an "Essay on, or an account of, the Introduction of the Turks into Europe." But a work which he has written, although it does not bear his lordship's name, entitled, "A History of the principal States of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht," in 2 vols. 8vo., is undoubtedly a work which deserves a much higher reputation than it has obtained. A new edition, with the noble author's name, would acquire deserved credit. He has besides consented to edit the works of Thomas Moore, we believe for the benefit of the poet's family.

As an orator Lord John Russell, with rather a weak, but clear voice, is a remarkably distinct speaker. He arranges his facts with great skill; and although occasionally cold and inanimate, he rises on important occasions with surprising spirit, force, and effect. The "modern Timon," describing the coldness of Lord John's eloquence on ordinary occasions, concludes—

> "But see the statesman, when the steam is on,
> And languid Johnny glows in glorious John."

Henry Pelham Clinton, fifth Duke of Newcastle, and Secretary of State for the Colonies, was born in London, 1811, and married the daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton, from whom he was divorced (1850). He graduated at Christ's Church, Oxford; and he entered the House of Commons, as Earl of Lincoln, in 1831, and was a Lord of the Treasury during the Wellington and Peel administration of 1834-5, at which time his friend Mr. Gladstone was also one of the Lords of the Treasury. In 1841 Lord Lincoln was appointed First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Land Revenue, Works and Buildings, an office which he resigned the 2nd of March, 1846. In this department, which affords but a limited area for administrative statesmanship, Lord Lincoln was attentive, and in regard to the public parks and buildings his arrangements uniformly manifested good taste, and were always satisfactory to the public. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and a Cabinet Minister from January to July 1846.

To those who are unacquainted with the Duke of Newcastle, it may seem that his administrative knowledge may not be sufficient to enable him to undertake the great and responsible duties of the office which he now holds, with the prospect of giving satisfaction to the colonists. We do not join in that opinion. We have known him, for many years, as a laborious statesman, and one who has acquired a full knowledge of the affairs of the British empire, by travelling in the principal States of Europe. He has greatly profited by the experience afforded him while associated with the Ministry of Sir R. Peel, and by several years' close attendance in the House of Commons, in which he was a pleasing and successful speaker. He has been equally successful in the House of Peers. He is a thorough Free-trader and an honest friend of civil and religious freedom. He is sagacious, and his judgment is usually sound and practical; and although intrusted with one of the most important departments under the Crown, we shall be greatly disappointed if he does not succeed to the entire satisfaction of the United Kingdom, and of those who are most interested, the colonists; no man, we believe, can be more anxious to do that which is right, and few men are more able to do so than the Duke of Newcastle.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, was born in 1784, and is collaterally descended from the celebrated Sir William Temple, of whom Lord Chesterfield says, he was the first man who wrote the English language with purity and elegance.

His lordship entered Parliament as Member for the University of Cambridge, in 1806, and almost immediately after became Secretary at War, an office which he administered with masterly ability until the year 1828, when he resigned in conse-

quence of the dismissal of his friend, Mr. Huskisson, by the Duke of Wellington.

On the formation of the Grey Cabinet he was chosen as the most able man to fill the delicate, difficult, and perplexing office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The negotiations carried on at London, for the settlement of the kingdom of Belgium after the revolution of 1830, devolved nearly altogether upon, and were finally arranged chiefly through the perseverance and judgment of the noble Lord. He held office until the dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry, December, 1834, and returned on the resignation of Sir R. Peel, in 1835, when he continued in the Foreign Department until the resignation of that Ministry in 1841.

During this period of six years, he had many difficulties to contend with. In his negotiations he was not only eminently successful with continental Europe, but with Mexico and the South American States; countries where, formerly, British subjects were frequently exposed to great injustice. He was greatly blamed with regard to the Syrian war; but those who are acquainted with Turkey and the Government of the Porte, and of the power at that time of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, will arrive at the conclusion, that although interference in the affairs of other countries is scarcely, under any circumstances, to be justified on the part of England; yet had not the Turkish-Syrian question been settled at that time by force, in all probability a dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire would have been the consequence; and the further effect would be a war as to who should share in its partition.

Under these circumstances, it became a vital policy, on the part of England, to settle the position of Mehemet Ali in Egypt; a country with the Government of which it will be impossible for us to allow any other power to interfere, so long as we possess any dominion in India or Australia.

When the Russell administration was formed, he again became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and, notwithstanding all that has been said against his lordship's interference with the affairs of foreign countries, and especially in the affairs of Greece, we are firmly of opinion that he was always truly the patriotic Minister and Statesman of the British Empire, and not of Austria, Russia, France, or of any other power.

There is no doubt that his dismissal led to the downfall of the Government of Lord John Russell. Although we regret that he is not now Foreign Minister, yet we believe, from his wonderful business-powers and indefatigable industry, that there is no man, unless it be Lord John Russell or Sir James Graham, who could so efficiently administer the Home Department as Lord Palmerston. Nor is there any man so great a favourite in the House of Commons.

Robert Monsey Rolfe, Lord Cranworth, Lord High Chancellor, son of the late Rev. Edward Rolfe, was born at Cranworth, Norfolk, in 1790; married the daughter of the late Thomas William Carr, Esq., of Frognell. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Has been Solicitor General. On petition as member for Penryn from 1832 to 1839, when he became Baron of the Exchequer, and Vice Chancellor, in 1850.

George John Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyll, &c., and Lord Privy Seal, was born at Ardrimple Castle, Dumbartonshire, in 1822, and married 1844 the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. He is hereditary Master of the Queen's household in Scotland, and hereditary Sheriff of Argyllshire. This young nobleman has written a very able "Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Union," and in 1851 was elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews. He is much esteemed by those who personally know him, and he will, no doubt, fulfil the expectation which is entertained of his becoming useful and able in public life.

Granville George Leveson Gower, second Earl Granville, President of the Council, was born in London in 1815. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and married, in 1840, the only daughter and heiress of the Duke Dalberg, and relict of Sir Ferdinand Richard Edward Acton, Baronet. He succeeded his father, who was long our able, kind, and accomplished ambassador at Paris, in 1846. He was attaché for some time to our British Embassy at the Court of Louis Philippe, where he for some years acquired an intimate knowledge of the French people and their language. He had the happiness and advantage of having for his mother a lady of great acquirements, highly beloved and esteemed by the French Court, by all diplomatic circles, and especially as the lady of the British Ambassador. Lord Granville was appointed a Railway Commissioner (Board of Trade) in 1846; Master of the Buck Hounds, July, 1846, to May, 1848; Vice President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General to the Forces in 1848 to Dec., 1851; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, from Dec., 1851, to Feb., 1852. He was also one of the most able and active Commissioners of the Great Industrial Exhibition, in 1851. He sat in Parliament as Lord Leveson, first for Morpeth, from 1837 to 1843, and for Lichfield, from Sept., 1841, to Jan., 1846. He is nephew of the Dukes of Devonshire and Sutherland, and first cousin to the Earl of Carlisle. In public life he has been, and is, very popular, and we know of no man more beloved and respected in private society.

Sir James Graham has been so long and so well known to the public, that our sketch of him will be brief.

He was born in 1792, married in 1819 Fanny Callendar, daughter of Sir James Campbell of Ardinglant. He sat first for Carlisle, 1826-9; for East Cumberland, 1830-37; Pembroke District, 1838-41; Dorchester, 1841-47; Ripon, 1847-52; and in the latter year was again returned for Carlisle, where he was re-elected a few days ago. As member for Carlisle, he advocated almost Radical measures. He has written one pamphlet of a very liberal tendency, which he has acknowledged; and he is said to have written another, proposing still more sweeping measures. As

Member for East Cumberland he was introduced into Lord Grey's ministry in 1830, and administered the Admiralty with very great ability, although in some instances, with probably an injudicious economy, and he resigned in 1834, in consequence of what he considered Lord Melbourne's too great an extension of reform in the Irish Church. He was elected on high Protectionist principles for Dorchester, in 1841, and became a Member of Sir Robert Peel's Government, in which he aided, we have no doubt, honestly, in abolishing the Corn Laws, and in carrying all the Free Trade measures of that Government. As Minister for the Home Department his administration was conspicuous for its ability, energy, and justice. In office there is probably not a more efficient administrator in whatever department he may fill, than the Right Hon. Baronet.

It is true that he has frequently changed his political, commercial, and financial opinions; but this he frankly avows, and no man could be more liberal than he in his late speeches at Carlisle. He is certainly a powerful Minister in any Government.

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the third son of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque. He was born at Liverpool in 1809, and was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford, where he acquired a double first class in 1831. He sat for Newark from 1832 until December, 1845. He was a Lord of the Treasury in 1834, and Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, during a short period, in 1835, when he resigned along with Sir Robert Peel's Ministry. He was President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint from Sept., 1841, to May, 1843, when he was appointed President of the Board of Trade, retaining the Mastership of the Mint. He resigned both offices in February, 1845; probably for no other cause but, conscientiously, in order that it might not be said, or even suspected, that his vote, soon after, on the Maynooth Grant, could be influenced by his holding office.

He accepted the seals of Secretary of State for the Colonies, in Dec., 1845; when, not being returned for Newark, he remained without a seat in Parliament until returned for the University of Oxford, at the general election, 1847: for which he was re-elected in 1852, and lately, after a most unjustifiable and protracted opposition, highly discreditable to the illiberal and intolerant members of Convocation.

Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary career and his official life have been remarkably effective. His application and industry at the Board of Trade and the Colonial Office, have justly distinguished him as a statesman and administrator. He was one of the most efficient colleagues of Sir Robert Peel, and he managed the affairs of the colonies with prudence and sagacity. In truth, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is one of the most remarkable men of the age. As an orator, for which nature, study, and knowledge have eminently qualified him, he is the most ready speaker in the House of Commons. Never was there a more effective speech than his withering reply to Mr. Disraeli's closing speech on the Budget.

We believe that he is eminently qualified to fulfil the difficult duties of his present office; at all times a department which is most likely to render a minister unpopular. There is great truth in the dictum of Emery, Surintendant des Finances under Mazarin, "Que les Ministres des Finances n'etaient faits que pour être maudits."—"That Ministers of Finance were only made to be cursed." He meant in a popular sense. We are of opinion, however, that Mr. Gladstone, with his undoubted strict integrity, skill, and financial knowledge, will bring forward, if not the best and most equitable budget, the best and most equitable that can be rendered practicable under existing circumstances, with the present House of Commons, and with that sacred regard which he is bound to maintain for the national credit and dignity. We say thus from a perfect knowledge of him as a statesman, as well as of his private character.

It would be superfluous to say that Mr. Gladstone is an accomplished scholar. He is author of the "State in its Relations with the Church;" "Church Principles Considered in their Results;" a small but very able work on "Recent Commercial Legislation;" besides other works. His two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen, on the atrocious political imprisonments and cruelties committed in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, do the highest credit to his heart as a man, and to his mind as a statesman. Mr. Gladstone married, in 1839, Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood, Bart., President of the Board of Control for the Affairs of India, is the son of the late Sir Francis Lindley, and was born at Pontefract, in 1800. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he obtained a double first class degree in 1821. He sat for Great Grimsby from 1826 to 1831. He married in 1829 Lady Mary, the fourth daughter of the second Earl Grey, and was returned for Wareham in 1831. He was private Secretary to the latter, when Prime Minister; Secretary to the Treasury 1832 to 1834; Secretary to the Admiralty 1835 to 1839, when he resigned. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer from July 1846 to February 1852. He has been returned for Halifax at every election since 1832.

Sir Charles Wood is a most laborious man of business. Mr. Disraeli's first budget and estimates, on which such extraordinary praise has been lavished, were Sir Charles Wood's, without the least alteration, and passed in the exact shape in which they were left by him, on resigning office in February 1852. It is remarkable that while Sir Charles was somewhat unpopular, we think very unfairly, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, no man was ever more popular or efficient, as Secretary, both at the Treasury and the Admiralty. His knowledge of all public business is, we may say so confidently, extensive. He is high-minded, and his principles and character are strictly honourable in private as well as in public life. We believe that he will prove the ablest Minister of

the India Board that has ever presided over that department. He will have to grapple with all the responsibilities and difficulties of renewing or modifying in 1853-4 the Government of the British Indian Empire. A task of stupendous magnitude.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIDNEY HERBERT, son of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke, by his second wife, only daughter of the late Count Woronzow, was born at Richmond, in 1810. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he was in the fourth class classics, in 1831. He has sat for Wiltshire since 1832. In 1846 he married the daughter of Major General A'Court, niece of the first Lord Heytesbury. He was Secretary of the Admiralty from September 1841 to February 1845, and Secretary at War from February 1845 to July 1846. In both he proved an efficient man of business. In Parliament he is a clear, fluent, and logical speaker. Personally he is much esteemed, and his benevolence is worthy of great praise, in promoting the emigration of poor females to Australia, where they now live in great comfort and happiness. In the Cabinet, in office, and in Parliament, Mr. Sidney Herbert will prove one of the ablest Members of the Government. His views are liberal, and he is an honest and thorough free-trader.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR WM. MOLESWORTH, BART., son of the seventh Baronet, born in London in 1810, succeeded his father 1823, was M.P. for Cornwall 1832 to 1837, for Leeds, 1837 to 1841, and since 1845 for Southwark, and was High Sheriff for Cornwall in 1832. In 1844, he married the only daughter of Bruce Carstairs, relict of Temple West, Esq. He was formerly, we believe, proprietor of the *Westminster Review*, and he has edited the works of Hobbes. He has always been returned to Parliament as a "Radical Reformer," and "in favour of complete religious liberty and equality, and the removal of the disabilities of the Jews." As he has had no administrative experience, we cannot, as yet, say anything of the First Commissioner of Works, &c., as an administrator. There is much expected from him, and at his recent election his speech was bold and frank. In Parliament, the subject of his speeches was chiefly the Colonies, on which his views were comprehensive, and illustrated by statistics.

Such are her Majesty's present advisers. Never has there been brought together in one British Cabinet so many experienced and able men—will they hold together? will they continue in power? We sincerely hope they will—we believe they can. There may be some differences of opinion between them. But each must give way, in some reasonable degree, to his colleagues. If ever there could be a time when unity in a Government was more necessary than at another, for the good of the whole empire, the present is that time. We trust that every member of the Cabinet will entertain towards his colleagues the sentiment of *bearance* and *forbearance*, on all differences.

M.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

THE new year commenced with a new Administration. The Ministry was formed before the close of December, but too late to allow us an opportunity of giving a list of the Cabinet in our last month's Register. It is therefore inserted here:—

First Lord of the Treasury	The Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Cranworth.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. W. E. Gladstone.
Home Secretary	Lord Palmerston.
Foreign Secretary	Lord John Russell.
Colonial Secretary	The Duke of Newcastle.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Sir James Graham.
President of the Council	Earl Granville.
Lord Privy Seal	The Duke of Argyll.
Secretary at War	Mr. Sydney Herbert.
First Commissioner of Works	Sir William Molesworth.
Without office	The Marquis of Lansdowne.

As regards the Foreign Office, the present arrangement is understood to be only a temporary one. Lord John Russell will hold the seals till Parliament meets, when he will hand them over to the Earl of Clarendon, retaining, however, his seat in the Cabinet, with the leadership of the House of Commons.

If the strength of a ministry were in proportion to the reputation and abilities of its members, the present, as every one admits, would be one of the strongest ministries that have ever conducted the government of the country. Moreover, it is now affirmed that Lord Aberdeen will have a larger body of supporters in Parliament than was at first supposed. He can count upon a good majority in the House of Lords, including "the whole bench of bishops," and some forty or fifty supporters of the late administration are said to have already given in their adhesion to the new combination. From all these circumstances the conclusion has been drawn by sanguine partisans, that the present government is likely to be not only a strong, but a stable one,—a conclusion which seems to be, to say the least of it, premature. A political party, like an army, requires something more than able leaders and well-filled ranks to ensure success. There must be concert, discipline, and enthusiasm; and of none of these is the Aberdeen administration yet assured. The ministry is made up of members of different parties, who have frequently been arrayed on opposite sides, and who still hold, on some important questions, widely different views.

Moreover, though they are doubtless all to a certain extent Liberal in their opinions, it is nevertheless true, that the leading ministers, with one or two exceptions, are less ardent in their desire for progress than the great body of their followers. This state of things is perhaps a necessity in the present condition of politics; but it is certainly destructive of that popular enthusiasm which is the motive power of a Liberal Administration. The ministerial party will probably present to its opponents an array not much more orderly or formidable than that of the Etruscan army, described by Macaulay, when

> Those behind cried "Forward!"
> And those before cried "back!"

The favourable result of the re-elections has, indeed, been regarded as a proof that the new Ministry is really a popular one. To a certain extent, the inference is fair enough: but the test, under present circumstances, is not altogether satisfactory. The recent general election had nearly exhausted the energies and the funds of the opposite party. The budget of the late Ministry, unpalatable alike to friend and foe, has been a great help to their successors. And after all, it must be admitted that if these appeals to the constituencies have aroused little opposition, they have, on the other hand, called forth few very warm manifestations of favour. The amount of popular support which the present Ministry may expect to enjoy, will depend entirely upon the character of the measures which may be brought forward by the Government.

The general policy of the Administration has been vaguely indicated by Lord Aberdeen, in his formal declaration made on assuming office, and by other Members of the Ministry, in their addresses to their constituents. From these manifestoes the public have learned that the intentions of the Government are—

To maintain a pacific but independent foreign policy;
To carry out free-trade principles;
To extend education;
To reform the representative system;
To secure the freedom and purity of elections;
To promote law reform;
To remove the Jewish disabilities;
To reform the customs department; and
To establish self-government in the colonies.

This is certainly an imposing array of Liberal professions; but it has not escaped notice that only one specific measure is promised, namely, the alteration of the oath which excludes Jews from Parliament. In all other departments of reform, the new Ministers have left themselves free to do as much or as little as they choose, provided only that they attempt to do something. It may be said that an announcement of specific measures could not reasonably be expected at this moment, and that the public must necessarily be contented for the time with general assurances of good intentions. Unfortunately, however, it happens that the leading ministers have declared against one highly important measure, in such a manner as to awaken some doubt concerning the real character of their general intentions. The ballot is not to form a part of the new Reform Bill. The reasons given for excluding it are so weak and unsatisfactory as to lead irresistibly to the conjecture that the true reason is purposely kept back. Lord John Russell, for example, objects to the ballot because he is "against secrecy in everything." Why, then, are not meetings of the Cabinet and of the Privy Council held with open doors? And why are not all foreign despatches published without delay? The truth is, of course, that publicity is only desirable as a means to an end—the end being good government; and when it ceases to be conducive to that end, it ceases to be desirable. Sir James Graham, again, urges that it would be impossible, in this free country, to make secret voting compulsory. Yet, in this free country, open voting is now made compulsory. The interference with the electors' freedom of action must be exactly the same under either law; but in the one case the compulsion would be for his benefit and for the public good, while in the other it injures alike the voter and the country.

One can hardly resist the conclusion, that these sagacious Ministers do not really oppose the ballot for such feeble and untenable reasons, but rather because they have no hope of carrying it through the House of Lords, except by means of a popular agitation which they are unwilling to arouse. It may, consequently, be inferred, that no measure is likely to be proposed by the present Government, which they cannot hope to carry without an appeal to the country. A majority of the House of Lords will support the Administration so long as no really large and important measure of political reform is brought forward; but no longer. And who expects that a system of education, which would satisfy the country, will be sanctioned by the bench of bishops?

Indeed it is evident, that no very beneficial legislation on these points can be expected from a Government which declines to resort to popular enthusiasm for the momentum necessary to overcome the dead-weight of the obstructive branch of the legislature. Such being the case, some may be inclined to ask, and not without apparent reason, what benefit the nation is likely to gain from the change of Ministry, beyond the merely negative advantage of getting rid of a bad budget. The answer is easy, if not entirely satisfactory. The country will have, in the first place, the advantage of good administration. It is something to know that every department of the public service is likely to be well-conducted, and that if any great emergency should arise, the ablest and most experienced statesmen in the country will be ready to meet it. We may also have the satisfaction, such as it is, of knowing that the sympathies of the present Ministry are with the people. We shall be no longer annoyed by denunciations of "the rabble," and by proclamations of the necessity of resisting the progress of democracy.

But popular sympathies and good administration will not alone satisfy the country. The defects of our representative system are so great and glaring, and public feeling has become so

keenly alive to them, that any Government which is not prepared to make a serious and determined effort for their removal, cannot expect long to retain the confidence of the people. While the present critical state of affairs on the Continent endures, it must tend to repress political excitement in this country. But as soon as this peculiar "pressure from without" ceases to keep the present Government in place, its lack of genuine reforming zeal will become apparent, and will, probably, lead either to its early modification or to its downfall.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

One of the most important subjects which will come under the consideration of Parliament this year, is the question of the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, or, more properly speaking, of the constitution under which India is governed. Our vast possessions in the East have been hitherto regarded as little more than the private property of a joint-stock association. They have been treated as a great patronage-preserve, maintained chiefly for the purpose of enabling the directors and shareholders of the East India Company to provide comfortable and respectable situations for their relatives and friends. The natural rights of the natives of India, though not altogether forgotten, have been little respected. A new feeling, however, is beginning to prevail, which will not allow this state of things much longer to continue. It is beginning to be felt that the main principle on which our system of Indian government has been based is not the right one. Hereafter, to satisfy the national sense of justice, it will be necessary to govern India, not for the advantage of any class of persons in this country, but mainly with a view to the benefit of the native inhabitants. This change of system is demanded not only by the requirements of justice, but by a regard for the interests of the empire. The natives of our Indian territories are awakening to a conciousness of their rights as subjects of the British Crown. It is in vain that we establish despotic governments in any region of the earth; the principles of British liberty, sown everywhere by our open courts of justice, our unfettered press, and even by the free speech and manners of the very officials who administer the arbitrary system, will in time take root, spring up, and produce their fruit. Already one petition has been received in this country, signed by three thousand native inhabitants of the Bombay Presidency, who, among other reasonable demands, ask that natives, when properly qualified, may be admitted to a share in the local administration. This petition may be regarded as only the herald of many similar claims, from different portions of our Eastern dominions. And the fact, rightly viewed, is a most encouraging indication, since it shows that, with a fair and conciliatory system of government, we may expect to hold those countries by ties of gratitude and affection, infinitely stronger and more durable than the fetters of military force.

Even now, our Government in India, such as it is, is naturally enough preferred by the natives of Pegu to the tyranny of the Burmese autocrat. It is not surprising, therefore, that, having been compelled to conquer this portion of Burmah, our Indian authorities should have come to the determination of retaining it. The whole coast region, from Prome southwards, is to be annexed to our former conquests in that country, thus shutting up the sovereign of Ava in the interior region watered by the upper branches of the Irawaddy. This determination may be judicious under present circumstances, though strong doubts are entertained on that point; but the arrangement is certainly not likely to be a permanent one. It is not to be supposed that the Burmese king, even if quieted for the present, will long refrain from repeating the offences which have twice led to the dismemberment of his kingdom. A third war will complete the absorption of his dominions; and as this consummation may be considered inevitable, many persons are of opinion that it might as well be completed at once. But the established etiquette of Indian conquest is opposed to such summary proceedings; and the system of gradual extension has at least the advantage of allowing to the native rulers repeated opportunities of amending their government and their manners, if they choose to do so. As the sovereign of Burmah is not one of those from whom any self-improvement of this kind can be expected, the ultimate destiny of his dominions may be foretold with certainty.

The Kaffir war has survived its official termination. The last mail brought reports of renewed depredations and conflicts along the eastern frontiers of the Cape colony; and fresh disturbances seem to have arisen in the interior country beyond the Orange River, whither General Cathcart had repaired, with a force of 2000 men, to overawe the unruly tribes. In the meantime, the colonists, left without any organization for self-defence and self-government, were electing delegates to a convention which was to be held for the purpose of securing this advantage. The new Colonial Minister will have ample room for the exercise of his talents, and the display of his conciliatory views, in the settlement of these South African difficulties, so needlessly prolonged by the indecision of the late Government.

In Australia, prompt action and a liberal policy on the part of our Government are not less required. The local administrations in all the colonies appear to be more or less unpopular; and considering their nature, this circumstance is not at all surprising. The Governors and the other chief officials, holding offices similar to those of our ministers, are all appointed by the authorities in Downing Street, and are in no way responsible to the colonists, whose affairs they manage, and whose revenues they spend. Each colony, it is true, has a Legislative Council; but the salaries of all the colonial officials are withdrawn, by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, from the control of these Councils. Moreover, in each Council, one-third of the members are nominees of the Governor; and though the remaining two-thirds

are elected by the people, it appears that in New South Wales at least, if not in the other colonies, an unfair arrangement of the electoral districts has been made, enabling a minority of the electors to choose a majority of the members. It is not surprising that the colonists should be discontented with a legislature of this kind. In Van Diemen's Land, the continuance of convict transportation has already brought the public administration to a "dead lock," by producing a vote of want of confidence in the Governor. In the new colony of Victoria, the neglect of the measures necessary for the protection of life and property was likely to lead to the same result. In that colony, moreover, as well as in New South Wales, a large portion of the public land is monopolized by a small number of wealthy squatters, or leaseholders, under a system with which the colonial legislatures have no power to interfere. "Tens of thousands of successful miners," says the *Melbourne Argus*, "are willing and anxious to invest their profits in the most natural mode—the purchase of a farm or garden near the scene of their successful labours as gold-diggers. By the absurd system, however, of locking up the lands in the hands of the squatters, this most natural and necessary process appears to be surrounded with sufficient difficulties to prevent our Executive from taking any means to give a settled character to our population, or remove the very great evils necessarily resulting from continuing to place nearly the whole adult population of the colony in the position of mere reckless and scrambling adventurers. But, while all sorts of difficulties are thrown in the way of the miners' investing their newly-gained wealth in the soil, or in the erection of houses for themselves and their families, our Government can distort the Land Sales Act so far as to alienate large tracts for the gratification and enrichment of their friends the squatters; and the monstrous anomaly is thereby exhibited of land being withheld from the people to be given to the personal friends or political supporters of the Government."

A considerable quantity of land, however, must have been sold, as the amount received for land-sales during the last quarter, was nearly £270,000. The total income of the colony for the present year was estimated at £1,733,000, to be levied from a population numbering about a hundred thousand souls. The expenditure was set down at £1,749,000. "Of this latter sum," says the journal just quoted, "not less than £412,715 is for the police establishments, £94,449 for penal establishments, the administration of justice £42,280, military £67,489, making a total of £616,933 to be spent in protecting life and property, and repressing crime. That such a sum should be deemed necessary for the purpose in so limited a community, is sufficiently significant of the blessings to be reaped from close proximity to a penal colony."

FOREIGN.

The history of the new French Empire during the past month has been rendered remarkable chiefly by the rebuffs which the Emperor has had to stomach from the military potentates of Eastern Europe, and by the sudden resolution which has raised a young Spanish lady to the Imperial throne. The "legitimate" despotisms refuse to fraternize with the *parvenu* tyranny, and only recognise it under protest, and in the most ungracious manner possible. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, Louis Napoleon should be disposed to pay little regard to courtly prejudices in the choice of a consort. It is equally natural that, at such a time, finding his advances repelled in the East, and fearing a financial crisis at home, he should be anxious to make it appear that he is on the best terms with his neighbours of the West, and, above all, with Great Britain. Quaking Belgium is reassured: and, as for this country, the cordial sentiments of the Emperor are proclaimed by the highest authority in the columns of the *Moniteur*. Indignant complaints are, at the same time, made of the little credit given by the English press to previous declarations of the kind. Unfortunately, the impression which might be made by these friendly professions is greatly weakened by the simultaneous publication of a list of vessels of war now building in the French dock-yards, comprising twenty ships of the line, all to be fitted up with screw propellers, eighteen frigates, and fifteen other screw steamships. There is but one power in the world, for assailing which such a naval armament could be needed by France. The publication of this list does more to arouse suspicion against Louis Napoleon, than all the leading articles which he seems so much to dread.

The Prussian Chambers have been in session during the past month, and have evinced sufficient freedom of action to show that the parliamentary system has taken firm root in northern Germany. The two most striking results of the late European convulsions appear to be, that France has lost constitutional liberty and Prussia has gained it. France is indebted for her present tyrannical Government to her uneducated peasantry and her ignorant soldiery. Prussia, like France, has an army of conscripts; but they are drawn from an educated population, and, consequently cannot be employed as unreasoning instruments for the suppression of their country's liberties.

LITERATURE.

The Adventures of a Bear, and a Great Bear too. By ALFRED ELWES. With Nine Illustrations by Harrison Weir. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

IF it be any recommendation to a book that it excites, at the same time, both the risible and the thinking faculties—that when one has done laughing aloud at the broad fun it contains, one begins laughing again in one's sleeve at its covert satire—then this story of a bear has substantial claims to merit. Whoever shall sit down to read it, be he man or boy, makes sure of one hour's amusement at least, and will, most probably, wish that the bear, blackguard as he was, had lived a little longer, nor come so soon to his untimely bier. But should the reader have any pictorial predilections, and be capable of judging upon a question of art, he will find here, not merely amusement for an hour, but a source of lasting interest and admiration. The illustrations, by Mr. Weir, are of the very highest order, and such as will be rarely surpassed by any effort of his own or another man's pencil. They constitute a series of noble drawings, every one of which might be made the subject of a finished picture by Landseer, without derogating an atom from his reputation. As specimens for the portfolio of the collector, they are alone worth five times the cost of the book. We might instance, as especially characterized by breadth of drawing and quiet humour of expression, "Selling the Natives," in p. 63, or "Cheap Harmony," at page 69; but, in fact, the merit of the whole series is so great, that it is almost invidious to make a selection.

A Practical Introduction to English Composition. By ROBERT ARMSTRONG and THOMAS ARMSTRONG. Part II. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1853.

THE former part of this work, of which the present volume forms the completion, has already met, as it deserved, the approbation of the public. This second part has been prepared with equal care, and at a greater cost of labour. The two together form an excellent series of practical lessons in the art of English composition; and it might be difficult to find a better work, irrespective of its low price, to put into the hands of a young student desirous of learning to express his thoughts in correct and elegant language. The work has an additional recommendation, inasmuch as no young man can work his way honestly through it, without adding considerably to his stock of knowledge.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe; with a Notice of his Life and Genius. By JAMES HANNAY, Esq. With Twenty Illustrations. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1852.

IN a late number of "Tait's Magazine," we gave a biographical sketch of Edgar Poe, to which the reader can turn, if he choose, for our notions on the subject of this semi-insane, irregular, and, in some senses, prodigious genius. We cannot but think that Mr. Hannay, in the life prefixed to this volume, has adhered too much to the maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Poe may have loved the beautiful in some way peculiar to himself; but he neither cultivated it in his own mind nor recognised or paid homage to it elsewhere, save in those dreamy abstractions which were the subjects of his musings and his muse. He did his worst to injure, and to render miserable all with whom he was connected, no matter by what ties. Without principle, and a stranger to the feelings either of honour or gratitude, he was yet the idol of his countrymen from his original and extraordinary talents. His works are as little like those of other writers as he was like other men. He was a meteor that blazed with a portentous light for a short time, and was as suddenly extinguished in darkness. As a poet he would have been far greater, had three-fourths of his poems never seen the light. His "Raven," has no parallel in the whole domain of literature, and there is little worthy to rank with it even in his own works. We quote for the benefit of our readers the following short poem, written in early youth, and which is, perhaps, worthy of the unqualified praise which his biographer awards it.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore,
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth air, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-land!

The present volume is a neat and well-printed edition of the collected poems of this strange erratic genius, and the illustrations are most of them well executed.

The Key to the Mystery; or the Book of Revelation Translated. By EDWARD RICHER, of Nantes. Belfast: J. Simms. London: John Chapman. 1853.

THIS work professes to contain a familiar exposition of the explanation of the emblematic language of the Apocalypse, first promulgated by Emanuel Swedenborg. At a time when the authority of the Bible is so strenuously assaulted by some parties, and so zealously vindicated by others, we need not be surprised to see the teachings of the renowned visionary, who, and whose followers, stand up for the plenary inspiration of every word and syllable of the sacred text, brought again into

prominence; and the present volume is but one of a series of publications, which, under the title of the "Spiritual Library," seeks to disseminate and to popularize the opinions which they hold. The promoters of this series profess to war against the worship of creeds, which has made Infidelity, under the garb of hypocrisy, or Rationalism, all but universal, and in the pursuit of that desirable object we wish them all success. With regard to the contents of this volume, however, we confess ourselves in no condition to pronounce a judgment; seeing that we have not read it, and could not read it if we would, there being a dozen pages wanting in the first sheet of the copy sent us for review. This, in the present instance, happens to be of no importance; we have never read a commentary on the Revelations, and never intend to—having a presentiment that our wits would inevitably go a wool-gathering if we did. It was the remark of a celebrated divine, yet living, that of all the commentators on the Apocalypse, there were few who were perfectly sane before they commenced the undertaking, but not one who was not mad upon that subject, at least, before he had done with it. Without going the length of a certain old monk, who, in denouncing all such intermeddlers, declared that they invoked upon themselves the curses threatened in chap. xxii. verse 18, we are inclined to think that the world is neither wiser nor better for all the time and talent consumed in endeavouring to find a "Key to the Mystery."

The Church Before the Flood. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

LIKE all the works of Dr. Cumming, and they would almost form a library of themselves, this book is characterized by a fluent, readable, and occasionally eloquent style, which carries the reader agreeably along to the end. In this peculiarity, we should imagine the reverend Doctor is unrivalled; his works, more than those of any author we could mention, are the light-reading of sacred literature, and it is this, probably, which constitutes one great element of their popularity. The present volume, though an admirable specimen of the style of the author, cannot be looked upon as a fair sample of his talents; it is more like the unpremeditated fireside conversation of an intelligent man, elicited by a social circle of friends, than the thoughtful conclusions of a Christian philosopher, pondered in the seclusion of the closet. Probably these several chapters are little more than a series of discourses pronounced, with or without notes, from the pulpit, and afterwards written hastily for the press; at any rate they would be the better for a careful revision and a liberal curtailment — revision with regard to assertions not to be supported, and curtailment of common-places, in which it does not become Dr. Cumming to deal so largely in print. The best portion of the work is the second chapter, entitled, "Genesis and Geology," in which the author reconciles the narrative of Moses with the facts which science has evolved in our day; but this has been done before, and, to say the least, quite as well, by the writers to whom the Doctor is indebted for his information, and by others besides. In dealing with the great difficulty which geology threw in the teeth of theologians, namely, the indisputable fact that death existed in the world thousands and tens of thousands of years before Adam's sin, Dr. Cumming rejects the theories of Hitchcock, of Pye Smith, and of Jeremy Taylor, and adopts that of Milton, in the Paradise Lost. He does not believe that man originally was intended to die, but yet he believes that certain animals were created with carnivorous teeth, for the purpose of inflicting death upon others—the Creator *anticipating* that Adam would sin, and the brutes participating his fall, be reduced to devour one another. Candidly, we don't relish this way of settling the question at all, and think either of the rejected theories preferable to this. To our minds it is as far from the truth, as the assertion which the writer makes relative to the patriarchs, some of whom he says "lived a thousand years;" having never heard of these millenarians, we should like to have chapter and verse for the statement. From the fifth chapter, on "the Curse," we extract the following eloquent and suggestive passage:

> Since we discover the great fact, that death is the effect of sin, and secondly, the other fact, that death existed before Adam's sin was committed, how do we reconcile the latter discovery with revelation? I answer, we have evidence in the Word of God, as well as in the world of God, that sin existed before Adam's sin. We read of angels that revolted against God, of "angels which kept not their first estate," and are now plunged into everlasting darkness. We thus discover a great fact, that sin existed somewhere prior to the creation of man. Is it therefore improbable—I submit the thought for study—is it improbable that this earth was the habitation of angels in a long prior, and it may be, still more glorious state? May it not be, that the havoc and disorganization which geologists discover as occurrences in distant ages, are the wrecks of an angel Paradise, existing long prior to the garden of Eden, and the creation of man. I do not say that it is so. I throw out the conjecture for study. It is not written, it is merely guessed. Angels fell, and they committed sin, a greater sin than Adam and Eve. Who knows the height and depth and extent to which this sin of theirs may have gone? Who knows what havoc it may have brought upon creation all around them, and how high towards heaven it may have reached, how deep towards earth's centre it may have shot? Who knows but that these subterranean traces of ruin, of disorganization, and of death, may not be the issues of angels' sin, long prior to Adam's creation, and that the havoc and death that we see now is only the transference, not the first application of a sentence, executed millions of years before, to a new dynasty introduced in new circumstances, and of which Adam was the federal head, who sinned and brought upon his race what angels brought upon theirs—death, with all its misery, and all its woe. If this be the case, then the sentence of death pronounced upon Adam was not the creation of a new law, but the application of an old one; it was not the occurrence of a first fact, but the repetition of a long prior existent fact.

This is very clever and ingenious, but it is not in accordance with the theory of Milton, who sung

> Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> *Brought death into the world;*

nor does it agree any better with the assertion of St. Paul, who tells us in 1 Cor. xv. 21, that by *man* came death; or with the evident belief of other inspired writers, who taught the same doctrine in the same plain way. It appears to us, that the way out of this "great difficulty," does not lie in the direction Dr. C. has pointed at, —though a way there undoubtedly is.

Those who have fears on the subject of an approaching Papal hierarchy in this country, will relish the latter part at least of the following confident prophecy from one who is esteemed so competent an authority as our author.

Very solemn is the period at which we stand. Very soon, in all likelihood, Europe will be blazing around us, its cities the volcanic mouths and craters of the pent-up elements of ruin. Very soon, days of trial and trouble, such as have not been since the beginning, will overtake us. . . . That very earthquake that will disorganize kingdoms, bury proud capitals, and agitate the world, carries with it, like a millstone into the sea, great Babylon that pollutes the earth. I have no more fear that the Romish apostacy will gain the supremacy in this land, than I have that Mahometanism will. I believe that it is now plunging in its last spasmodic convulsions. It will, like a dying maniac, put forth its most tremendous energies in its last struggle, but its fury is the evidence of its last moments; in spite of all it will go down like a millstone into the sea, and shall be heard and seen no more at all.

If building new cathedrals, new colleges and new schools—if buying new estates and making thousands of new proselytes among all classes of our countrymen, from the highest to the lowest, are really nothing more than so many "last spasmodic convulsions," then has the doctor good grounds for his prophecy—though in our ignorance we should have been led to a different style of vaticination, looking to the aspect of affairs as they stand at present.

Were it not foreign to the general purpose of our columns, we should be tempted to quote further and to comment a little more; but we must forbear, leaving the Church before the Flood to the consideration of our readers, who will find a deal of suggestive matter in it, though somewhat wearily drawn out and mingled with much that is trite and common-place.

The Little Drummer; or, Filial Affection. A Story of the Russian Campaign. Translated from the German, by W. H. Dulcken. With Illustrations. London: Addey and Co., Old Bond-street. 1852.

It is very unusual to meet with a story written for the amusement of children which combines the merits and attractions of this charming little volume. The hero, a son of a German tradesman, enlists as a drummer boy, as the only means of releasing his father from a prison. He joins the grand army, travels to Moscow, and returns through the horrors of the retreat. He makes friends by his humanity and good conduct, and is eventually restored to his parents. The wretched practices of war, and their horrible results are portrayed in graphic colours; and the youthful reader in imbibing lessons of morality and kindness, learns at the same time a portion of European history fraught with the deepest interest. The illustrations are in the first style of art both in design and execution.

&c. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. London: Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. 1853.

This volume appears to be made up of a set of random sketches, selected from a pile of unused notes and memoranda rejected in the preparation of former works. It is written throughout with much more vivacity than humour; but containing a good many curious scenes and lively descriptions, it will afford pleasant occupation for an idle hour. There is, however, a flavour of something about it not altogether to our taste, and which, were it not the work of a lady of acknowledged fashion, we might characterize by the term "vulgarity:" perhaps it may be extra gentility after all, and it is our discrimination alone that is at fault. The subjects of the volume are as various as the whims of the authoress, who jumps from steam to yellow fever, and from America to Tunis, and back again, without prelude or preparation. She has, however, something to say, go where she will, and carries a fund of animal spirits along with her which makes her society agreeable. The following is a specimen of the lady's Tunisian experience:—

One thing at Tunis which we became reconciled to without much effort or difficulty, was the admirable national dish called *kouskousoo;* it is a delicious kind of food, made of a great variety of ingredients, and is supposed to be highly nutritious and wholesome. The Moorish women eat enormous quantities of this, in hopes of making themselves corpulent, which is reckoned here a great beauty. They seem to succeed, from some specimens I have seen; and a friend told me of one famed beauty, who, by all accounts, had certainly crammed herself with kouskousoo to some purpose; "For," said my informant, "her huge double chin, or rather chins, hung almost down to her waist." Imagine those stair-like flights of chins descending in lines of wavy wagging to that waist, which to be in any proportion of pinguidity, must be of such a size as would take one a week to walk round it. When this fair Moorish Lambert moved from one end of the room to another (and she seldom or never attempted to go beyond the boundaries of her own chamber), or walked a single step, she was invariably seen, like a patrician coat of arms, between two supporters—in fact she was absolutely obliged to be assisted along and sustained by two strong persons; and had she lived in the days of the great prophet and paid her respects to him, Mahomet might have triumphed in having the mountain come to him after all.

Another of these voluminous beauties is described as resembling a "constellation of feather-beds:"—

She gave one the idea of being lost in her own immensity; and when she spoke, her choked, suffocated voice seemed to come from the centre of the earth almost; her eyes appeared buried in vast protuberances of plumpness, and she must have had incessantly a fine prospect of gently undulating hills of cheeks before her. Methought she could see a great deal of her vasty face without the help of a looking-glass— . . . . But her hands struck me with the most utter astonishment; the fingers were exceedingly taper at the points, and very nearly down to those taper tips swelled immense cushions of fat, so that each finger had a little the appearance of a thick round pincushion, terminating in a single pin, and that a black one, for, as I frequently remarked in Tunis, the henna, or whatever other other composition they make use of there, is black.

The chapter on the subject of steam in America

is well worth reading. From it we learn that travelling on the Hudson, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, may be done at the cost of about six miles a penny; so cheap, indeed, is the travelling, and so good the fare, that many people locate themselves on board these boats in the summer, running backwards and forwards, at a daily expense of 10*s.* 10*d.* Some of the vessels have honeymoon cabins fitted up for the reception of new-married couples, few of whom it appears are too sheep-faced to parade their conjugal felicity on board. On the subject of explosions the authoress of *&c.* is both serious and jocose. The following specimens are quite American:

A surgeon of a celebrated racing-boat was blown in a fearful explosion right through the slight roof of an artisan's dwelling, and deposited with a crash on the table. Without moving from his occupation the person invaded observed philosophically, "I reckon, stranger, you'll pay me thirty dollars for this here." "I reckon I won't," responded the invader; "I never paid more'n ten dollars for the same thing, and ain't a going to begin now."

Once when a keen race was taking place, the captain courteously begged those passengers who had not yet paid their fares to transfer themselves and pockets to the part of the boat farthest removed from the boilers and danger; "and you," he added, with equal politeness, to those near the machinery who *had* booked up, "may all stay here, for it doesn't matter in the least."

We had marked for extract one or two passages from the chapter on "Rescued Slaves," but we have not room for them. The above quotations must suffice for the present.

A Day of Pleasure. A Simple Story for young children. By Mrs. Harriet Myrtle. With eight Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

The subject of this clever and useful little book is the history of one day in the life of a spirited, wayward, but loving child of four years old; and we presume that it is written to be read by parents and nurses in the hearing of children about the same age. The difficulty of writing a good book for such a purpose is far greater than any one who has not tried it can imagine; even the attempt is honourable; and success, which in this case is complete, is a triumph of no common occurrence. This work, trifling as some may think it, could only have been written by a mother impressed with the sacredness of her responsibility, and endowed with sufficient wisdom to read the inmost heart of her child. The illustrations are graceful designs from the pencil of one whose works are familiar to the public, and they are etched in a superior and effective style. The mother and child at page 26 is a delightful domestic picture, and the drawing of the whole series is admirable.

The Family Economist; a Penny Monthly Magazine, for the Industrious Classes. Vol. V. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1852.

The proprietors of this magazine seem impressed with the very proper notion that since they teach economy they are bound to set a practical example of it, and hence the volume before us presents one of the cheapest shilling's-worths to be met with in the market. Two hundred and forty pages of excellent print and paper, crammed with useful information of every sort, illustrated with engravings, and interspersed with tales and light reading—surely here is enough for the closest shaver that ever looked at both sides of a shilling before parting with it. To the cottager and inexperienced housekeeper, the shilling spent upon this book may be the saving of fifty others in the course of the year.

A Hero. Philip's Book. By the Author of "Olive," &c. With Illustrations by Godwin. London; Addey and Co. 1853.

This is the work of a lover of boys, who has studied them well, and paints them to the life—no easy task. The Hero is a quiet-tempered Scotch youth, and his heroism is of the truest sort, consisting in the practice of self-abnegation and the preference of the happiness of others to his own advantage. To those of our readers who remember the delightful story of Cola Monti, we need only mention that this is by the same writer, and illustrated with engravings of equal merit, to ensure it a ready reception.

The Australian and Californian Gold Discoveries, and their probable Consequences, &c. In a series of Letters. By James Patrick Stirling, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1853.

Mr. Stirling, in this work, sounds a note of alarm in reference to the Diggings and their produce. He differs altogether in opinion from the writers in the "Economist" and their followers, who see no cause for immediate apprehension on the score of an immense influx of gold. According to him, we are not to imagine that because the operation of the discovery of the Potosi mines of silver was very tardy in its effects upon the value of money—the same thing will take place in relation to gold. He shows what is doubtless the fact, that the two cases are widely different, silver being obtained from the mine in a state somewhat analogous to that of iron-ore, and requiring much expensive labour to prepare it for the market or the mint—whereas gold is no sooner rescued from the earth than it is fit for use. The following brief extracts from the last chapter of the work will show some of the conclusions to which the author has been led:

It is during the progress of the consequent change from low to high prices, that the chief benefits of those new sources of wealth which Providence has opened up to us will be experienced by the producing classes. . . . The increase of money, consequent on the diminished cost of the metals, will not raise the price of labour only, but the prices of all things. The enhancement of money wages will probably be preceded by the enhancement of the money value of commodities, and after the rise of wages and prices has become general, the labourer will be no better off than before. . . . . He gets more money, but he acquires no additional command over the goods which that money will purchase. . . . . Nor will the capitalist ultimately be in a better situation. His profits depend upon the proportion between his outgoings and his returns. Increase the amount of money in general circulation, and his returns will be raised in pecuniary

value; but if his outgoings are raised, as ultimately they must be in the same proportion, the *rate* of his profits will not be increased. The *amount* of his profits will be greater, but he will in reality be no richer than before, because the increased amount will purchase no more of the necessaries of life than the smaller nominal amount which he now receives. . . . . As regards the agricultural interest, the change will affect landlords and tenants variously. By the proprietor who cultivates his own lands an improvement will be instantly experienced. . . . Rent and profits will increase in money value, but after the change has been fully effected, the increased amount will go no farther than the present amount in the purchase of commodities and the expense of living. To the tenant who has just entered upon a lease, for suppose twenty-one years, at a fixed money rent, the change will bring twenty-one years of increasing wealth and prosperity. To the landlord, who must wait until the expiration of this term for an increase of rent, and who must in the interval pay double for everything he consumes, with increased rates and taxes, and interest and jointures not diminished, the change will bring twenty-one years of hardship and privation. After the lapse of this period neither party will be a gainer. In the case of the clergy, whose incomes rise and fall with the average money price of corn, the change will be little felt. Not so with naval and military officers, judges, civil functionaries, and all who have fixed pecuniary incomes, &c., &c. . . . In a word, during the progress of the change, the producing classes will be the gainers, and consumers will be the losers. The former will benefit temporarily—the latter, at least those of them who live upon fixed incomes, will suffer in perpetuity. Debtors will get richer, creditors will get poorer. Production, in all the departments of industry, agricultural, and manufacturing, will be powerfully excited and stimulated. The creation and accumulation of capital, meaning by capital not gold and silver, but materials, provisions, &c., ... will be the ultimate consequence of the gold discoveries; and in this, rather than in the direct and immediate effects, the true value of these discoveries will be found to consist.

To the question, "Why not put an end to all doubts and anxiety on this subject, and obviate all future difficulties, by making silver the sole standard of our money?"—our author replies, that this question involves:

Not considerations of expediency alone, but the far higher considerations of equity and good faith. The legislature has now the power to a great extent simply by letting things alone, without violating any principle of justice, or trenching upon any law of God or man, to free the over-burdened industry and resources of England from the incubus by which they have been so long and so grievously oppressed. Would Parliament be justified then, in stepping in to prevent things from taking that course which nature and Providence appear to have beneficently determined they should take? or, assuming that all questions in connection with our public and national burdens are to be resolved by an appeal to expediency alone, would it be just to oblige private individuals, who have contracted pecuniary engagements under stipulations adjusted with reference to one standard of money, to liquidate and fulfil their obligations according to another standard?

This is a very eloquent disclaimer, and sounds well: but what becomes of equity and good faith if nature and Providence should combine to make gold as plentiful as the commonest of metals? Is the creditor and the mortgagee to accept of mere rubbish in payment of his claim, because that happened to be the standard of value when the debts were contracted? No man will reply in the affirmative to such a question. In reference to a recurrence to a silver standard, it may very well be that England shall be forced into such a measure. If other nations adopt it, and gold, as there is every reason to expect, depreciates in value, it is not very clear how foreign commerce is to be carried on unless we follow their example.

Mr. Stirling's book, be it remembered, deals comprehensively with the whole question, and may be read with profit by all who are desirous of obtaining a complete view of the subject. Though we cannot endorse the whole of his opinions, we can commend his work to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. By H. B. STOWE. With Twenty-seven Illustrations by George Cruikshank, Esq. London: John Cassell, Ludgate-hill. 1852.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, in the illustration of this edition of "Uncle Tom," has displayed his usual talents. He is excellent in his delineations of the humorous and comic scenes, but not so successful in those of a sober and pathetic character; there is vigour, life, action, however, in them all, and they would tell the story almost without the text. This volume is enriched with an account of the authoress and her family, and being handsomely got up, will be a favourite with the public.

Katie Stewart. A True Story. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1853.

WE have here a singular and characteristic Scottish story, most agreeable to read, and pleasant to recollect. Katie, the heroine, is the lively, merry-hearted, wayward, and fascinating pet child of a Scotch farmer. Everybody loves and humours her, and she has her own way always, and a delightful way it is. She is taken from home to reside with the Lady Anne at Kellie Castle, where she grows from a beautiful child to a lovely woman, and where she has admirers among the occasional visitors to the castle. She turns a cold eye, however, upon them all, and true to the instinct of her nature and her humble class, waits for the inevitable *he*, who comes at last in the person of Willie Morison, a sailor, whom she finally marries, as she says, to save both their hearts from breaking, and who makes her a good husband, as in duty bound. The charm of this story lies in the faithful and life-like pictures it presents of Scottish character, and customs, and manners, and modes of life. Many of the individuals introduced are, no doubt, accurately sketched from nature; and their prototypes are to be found at the present hour in the rural districts of the north. The volume is handsomely printed.

Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp, and Sinbad the Sailor; and Far Famed Tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. With Illustrations. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

THESE are a couple of neat little pictorial editions of stories with which children of all ages are tolerably well acquainted. They have been selected with judgment, and are perfectly unobjectionable in every respect, and may be put into the hands of children with the certainty that they will afford them amusement, and excite the imagination without corrupting it.

Paris after Waterloo. Notes taken at the time and hitherto unpublished. Including a revised edition of "A Visit to Flanders and the Field." By J. Simpson, Esq., Advocate. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1853.

The interest excited just now by the decease of the great Duke, with regard to everything respecting him, has no doubt led to the publication of this volume. There is no denying that it contains matter of deep and permanent concern to Englishmen, and such as is not likely soon to be forgotten; indeed, the fact that ten editions of the work, in a less voluminous form, have already passed through the press, is a sufficient guarantee of its popularity. The Introduction gives a graphic picture of the state of public feeling in Edinburgh in 1815, where all the world were breathless with expectation of news from the seat of war, and where, at length, the announcement of *the* victory created a general holiday. Some six weeks after the battle, Mr. Simpson visits the field, and while on the spot with the reader, recounts the history of that day's work in a manner so clear, so comprehensible, and at the same time so spirited, that the dullest head may understand the details of the strife. The state of the game too, at its commencement, and at its fatal crisis, is shown by two excellent maps of the field, marking the position of the combatants both at the commencement and the virtual termination of the contest. As a history of the battle of Waterloo, perhaps this is, considering its laudable brevity, the most intelligible, the most animated and patriotic that has ever appeared; and at the same time, we see no reason to question the authenticity of anything related. Unfortunately the interest of Mr. Simpson's book slackens wofully so soon as he gets away from the field of battle. Pictures of Paris during the period of the occupation by the Allies are far from what they might have been had the author, with such opportunities, had his eyes open and his wits about him; and they smack more of the dry descriptions of the guide-books, to which we suspect no small portion of the bulk of this volume is owing, than of actual impressions derived on the spot. They are further disfigured by the display of silly anti-gallic prejudices worthy only of the period when John Bull hated the French, and felt it his duty to hate them "because they ate frogs and wore wooden shoes." Mr. Simpson is not content with beating the enemy, but he must abuse them afterwards; thus the military are all monsters of treachery and cruelty; among the citizens "domestic pleasure is never heard of, all the virtues, public as well as private which an English home founds and rears, exist not in volatile" Paris. Again, the ladies are such dowdies in dress "that I never looked twice at any of them," and that, it appears, because they have more sense than to squeeze their waists by tight lacing into the form of combined ugliness and disease. Further, "the Parisian mother is a perfect ostrich. The duties and cares of a nursery are her aversion, she boards her children out, that she may frequent the theatres, cafés, and the Boulevards. This is a monstrous evil." It would be a monstrous evil if it were not a monstrous calumny, as every one who has been domiciliated for any length of time in French families will at once declare it to be—and which Mr. Simpson ought to have known by this time, having had above thirty-seven years in which to correct the blunders of his first impressions. Of the accuracy of these impressions, by the way, a curious instance is afforded in page 238; at the plate-glass manufactory, "I saw," says he, "the process of *silverising* (he means silvering). The mercury is allowed to flow over the glass, and to remain to adhere for twenty-four hours." Now the fact is, the mercury is *not* allowed to flow over the glass, and if it were, and were allowed to remain till doomsday not a particle of it would ever adhere, as everybody knows perfectly well who knows anything at all of the nature of mercury. Of course such a mistake as this is of little consequence, but it shows us that the statements of Mr. S. must be received *cum grano*. Another blemish in this work, which we recommend the author to correct in the next edition, is the useless repetitions of the same thing with which it abounds. Thus we are distinctly informed *three* several times that "the British are the only troops in Europe that attack the head of a column without regarding its depth;" and there are a dozen at least of other good things (we suppose they must be called) which the author repeats again and again, as though imbued with the notion that the reader could never have too much of them. While giving advice, we may as well add that we should like to see the whole of the seven visits to the Louvre deleted from the volume, as being palpably *de trop*.

The Society of Friends. A Domestic Narrative; illustrating the Peculiar Doctrines held by the Disciples of George Fox. By Mrs. Greer, Author of "Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life." In Two Vols. London: Saunders and Otley, 1852.

This work, in which the very slight plot of a domestic romance is ponderously overloaded with the incomprehensible doctrinal rubbish of certain fanatical blockheads, who had or are supposed to have had a great deal to do in the establishment of quakerism, is not nearly so amusing as Mrs. Greer's former work. The story is little more than the narrative of a course of very pardonable hypocrisy on the part of a lovely young quakeress who, to escape a forced marriage with a drab and broadbrim suitor for whom she has no liking, conspires with a good-natured brother to deceive papa, mamma, and sister Jenever, and marry an officer in his majesty's service. The tale serves very well, however, as a peg upon which to hang the whole body, soul, and spirit of quakerism, as it exists in Mrs. Greer's imagination, and to exhibit all its imperfections to the light, with no very flattering comments. The authoress, it appears, passed some forty years of her life in the Society of Friends, and in her preface to the present work, she states that "a personal event, comparatively trifling, was, thanks be to God, made instrumental to my deliverance from this

delusion." The event referred to was the discovery on her part that certain "faithful weighty Friends" were guilty of flagrantly dishonourable conduct, for which, so far from being censured, she found them upon investigation, sanctioned in their proceedings by the practices of George Fox himself, their founder—and "that the conduct which true Christians would instantly have reprobated as dishonest and false, was perfectly in accordance with the teachings and practices of the primitive quakers," who, it is said, held the doctrine that "it is expedient to hush up complaints when they touch persons eminent in the ministry." So Mrs. Greer abandoned the Society of Friends, and seeks to draw others after her by the publication of their errors, delusions, and hypocrisies, which it took her forty years to discover. "Friends," she says,

> profess to worship God—they worship only "nothingness," and a silent meeting, without Bible, prayer, praise, or thanksgiving, is most appropriate homage to that idol. They profess to be Christians—they bow before no Saviour, but only something they call Christ, in themselves. They profess to be guided by the Holy Spirit—they are guided by a miserable substitute, which they call "best wisdom." They profess to honour the Bible—they dishonour it by setting their own writings above it. They profess to hold the truth—for truth they have substituted the delusions of George Fox.

Of these delusions, if the extracts from the works of that renowned enthusiast are true, fair, and ungarbled ones, and which we do not mean to question, some rather singular specimens are given in the pages of this narrative. Thus on one occasion, George had an immediate revelation from the Lord how he should wear his hair; and on another, he preached professedly from the Lord about the slits a woman should have in her waistcoat. He is said to assert that Quakers "are in the same power, understanding, knowledge, and immediate revelation from heaven, that the apostles were in," and that they can discern who are saints, who are devils, and who apostates, without speaking even a word. They have the Word of God, Christ, which is eternal and infallible in their heart, to judge persons and things. Writing to Richard Baxter he says, "Writing paper and ink is not infallible, nor the Scripture is not the ground of faith," &c. In the appendix is a copy of George Fox's will, copied from one in his own hand-writing, yet to be seen in the Prerogative Office, which appears to be the work of one of the most illiterate oafs that ever made the mistake of wielding a pen instead of a pitchfork. William Penn appears to but little more advantage; he believes in the infallibility of George Fox, and supports the pretensions of the shoemaker prophet, in a style of equal fanaticism; he nicknamed the Bible "John Faldo's Word of God," and declares that all who believe in it, in preference to quaker teaching, are anti-revelation adversaries. We might multiply such samples as the above, to the length of several columns; but the reader has already had enough. We candidly confess that we do not relish the spirit which has dictated the portraiture of quakerism which these volumes supply. Notwithstanding the pious prayer with which Mrs. Greer closes her preface, we suspect that malice and resentment rather than Christian charity have furnished the impetus to her labours. They bear far too vindictive a tone ever to be useful, and are more likely to bring herself, rather than the Society of Friends, into bad odour. For our part, we would infinitely rather accept the picture of quakerism from the pen of Bernard Barton, as it may be found in his letters to Mrs. Sutton, contained in the posthumous edition of his works, than any delineation from the pencil of an angry seceder, who having her long-delayed secession to justify, is necessarily open to suspicion. In the mean time we would recommend our Quaker friends to revise their antiquated Scriptures—rules and minute-books, and purge them of the nonsensical rubbish of a fanatical period.

The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems. By H. Sewell Stokes. A New Edition with Additions, and Illustrations drawn on Stone, by C. Haghe, from Designs by J. G. Philp. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.

The principal poem in this volume is a carefully polished production of no everyday order. Being chiefly descriptive of local scenery, it is possible that it may have but a local celebrity, as the general reader who is a stranger to the exquisitely romantic district which has inspired these strains, cannot test the accuracy of the pictures they so forcibly paint. But the work from its intrinsic merits is worthy of a wide circulation, and will be read with pleasure by all lovers of thoughtful and melodious verse. The following is a specimen of the author's descriptive powers:—

> 'Tis now the hour when o'er the eastern hills
> Morn, like a blushing bride, her pearls put on,
> While the proud lark at heaven's high lattice trills;
> Now milkmaids blithe their quilted kirtles don,
> And the rough ploughman gapes, and growls anon
> As the cock's clarion pierces his dull ear;
> Down the green lane the lowing kine are gone
> To where the noisy brooklet bubbles clear,
> And in the folds the flock their shaggy guardian fear.
>
> Now may be heard, under the vantage eave
> Of trellis'd villa in smooth-shaven lawn,
> The twittering swallow that seems loth to leave
> Her procreant cradle for the breezy dawn;
> At that soft, sweet reveillée, half withdrawn
> The muslin from the casement's jealous bar,
> Shows a fair form more timid than the fawn,
> But with an eye that, like the morning star,
> Gleams through its lashes long, which black as midnight are.
>
> . . . .
>
> Hark! 'tis the thunder of the early wain
> Down the paved streets, shaking the very walls,
> As the stout team their swelling muscles strain,
> While with a lusty voice the driver calls
> His long-maned comrades by their names, and falls
> His sounding thong innocuous in the air:
> The white-capt housemaids, in their dusty halls,
> Pause at the ponderous caravan to stare,
> And for the comely man a casual glance may spare.

A number of minor poems of considerable merit conclude the volume. Want of room compels us to confine our selections from these to

THE WINTER MARRIAGE MORN.

Merrily, merrily, ring the bells,
Down Farry's winding vale,
And o'er the moorland's floods and fells
Repeat a happy tale;
But who hath wed this wintry morn
No flower a maiden to adorn?

Merrily, merrily, still they ring,
Folks wonder who will marry:
The nightingale she waits for spring,
Till spring the turtles tarry;
And Hymen shivers as he sees
The icicles festoon the trees.

Merrily, merrily, still they chime,
The old pronounce it queer,
The young declare that any time
Will do throughout the year;
And Cupid laughs and says the same,
And seems to like the yule log's flame.

Love will not wait the vernal hour,
To love all months are May;
Old Christmas leaves his holly bower,
To give the bride away:
No lilies twine sweet Marian's hair.
But then her cheeks the roses wear.

The illustrations of the volume, which are large and in the first style of lithography, add much to its attractions.

An Introduction to Mental Philosophy. In two Parts. Intended especially for the use of Students in Universities. By George Ramsay, B.M. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. Rugby: Cropley and Billington. 1853.

We have only space at present to draw attention to this work, which will be found worthy of a careful perusal. The first part is devoted to a very clever and considerate examination of certain terms such as Substance, Quality, Quantity, Relation, Cause and Effect, &c., &c., which constantly occur in the vocabulary of philosophers. The explanations of Mr. Ramsay are clear, succinct, and intelligible, and leave the reader in no doubt as to the signification which he at least assigns to the terms in question—which is more than we would say for some writers on the same subjects. In Part the Second, in a comprehensive chapter under the head of reasoning, Mr. Ramsay attacks with more boldness and vigour than any of his precursors, the virtue and value of the syllogism. Giving six instances of regular syllogisms, in the first figure, to which, according to Aristotle, all legitimate syllogisms may be reduced—but of which we need quote but one familiar to all, and which runs as follows—"Whatever exhibits marks of design had an intelligent author. The world exhibits marks of design; *therefore* the world had an intelligent author" —he asks the question:—

Do men actually reason thus? That they do not openly or apparently so reason, every one's experience may convince him. . . . . In order to prove that the world had an intelligent author, none but a dialectician would begin by stating "whatever exhibits marks of design had an intelligent author;" but an ordinary reasoner would say, "The world exhibits marks of design; *therefore* it had an intelligent author." And so in other cases. But, though not expressed, is not the first or major proposition understood? Mentally embraced, though not stated in words? There lies all the question. When we examine (this syllogism) we find that the major is a universal proposition, and this, in fact, is one of the laws of the first figure, as it is of syllogisms in general, that one of the premises must be universal. Unless this be the case, no infallible inference can be drawn. If the major proposition be universal, it *must* embrace the conclusion, for this is only a particular instance of the same. Consequently by assuming the major we assume the conclusion; or, in other words, our first proposition takes for granted the very thing to be proved. And this, we are told, is the legitimate, nay, the only legitimate mode of reasoning! Certainly, of all the delusions that ever passed current in the world, this is the greatest; for it is a delusion not peculiar to the vulgar, but shared, even now, by some of the highest names in philosophy. It is engendered between reverence for antiquity and respect for Aristotle and Greek, and in many instances it has proved too strong, not only for common sense, but for high intellectual power. On that account it is the more important that the delusion should be expelled. . . . . Who, I would ask, starting from the major proposition of the syllogism, would think of proving that Cæsar, as a tyrant, deserved death, *because* all tyrants deserve death? *That is the very thing to be proved.* Whether we use the singular or the plural, it makes no difference, for the general term *Tyrant* comprehends as many particulars as the phrase *all Tyrants.* What can be more silly than the statement, a tyrant, any tyrant, deserves death, *because* all tyrants deserves death? But such, and no other, is the proof afforded us in this syllogism. These two propositions are in reality identical; they differ only in form. We conclude that what, instead of proving anything, begins by taking for granted the very thing to be proved, cannot be the natural mode of reasoning.

Mr. Ramsay follows up these hard blows by others equally severe, and shows that the appearance of perfect proof in the syllogism is nothing but a fiction, and that only where the premises are undeniable is the conclusion necessarily true. He observes:

The grand mistake of the syllogistic theory, then, is the notion that we can ever arrive at demonstration in reasonings about matters of fact; and in carrying out this notion, a form of reasoning was invented, (for *invented* is the word) whereby the appearance, and only the appearance of infallibility, was given to an argument. The very perfection of the proof in a regular syllogism shows the futility of the argument; for we know that, except in mathematics, there is no perfect proof; and consequently, the perfection can only be apparent, and therefore, the result of a trick. This trick, we have seen is assuming the conclusion in the premises. That a system of logic raised on such a basis, should so long have stood its ground, and that even at the present day it should have eminent supporters, is certainly one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the human mind.

The above few extracts will suffice to show that the author of this book thinks for himself, and is not afraid of diverging from old and beaten paths. We may perhaps recur to this subject at an early opportunity.

Traveller's Library, Part 36. Swift and Richardson. By Lord Jeffrey. Reprinted from Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.

These reviews of Walter Scott's Life of Swift and Mrs. Barbauld's Life and Correspondence of Richardson are well known to a good portion of the reading public. To say that they are admirably written, and form in themselves excellent biographical sketches of the celebrated men of

whom they treat, is saying no more than the name of the author of them would guarantee to the reader. The unprincipled seducer and moral monster Swift is here painted in his true colours; and the cautious and self-complacent Richardson has more justice done him than he ever dreamed of in his day—or would have relished if he had.—We are glad to see, from an advertisement on the wrapper of this volume that the "Memoirs of a Maitre d'Arms," by Alexander Dumas, is announced for speedy publication in the same cheap series.

Letters from Ireland. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Reprinted from the *Daily News.* London: J. Chapman, 142, Strand. 1852.

WE are glad to see these letters collected and printed in a permanent form. We believe them to be true and faithful pictures of the present condition of Ireland, and as such well adapted for circulation at the present time. We have faith in the ultimate prosperity of the Emerald Isle—believing with Miss Martineau that there are elements in the Irish character as well as in the Irish soil, which may be turned to a good account. The good time will come again when the storms of adversity have blown past, and old Ireland resume her lost station. Let those who fear the contrary read these letters and come to a more hopeful conclusion.

The Drama of Life, and Lyrical Breathings. By J. H. R. BAILEY, M.R.C.P. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Wolverhampton: Williams. 1852.

IF, as we are at liberty to suppose from the Horatian maxim on the title-page of this book, Mr. Bayley be a doubtful aspirant for poetic fame "*qui timuit ne non succederet,*" he might have done better to have listened to the suggestions of his timidity than to have courted the verdict of the public by an appearance in print. We cannot compliment him upon the performances in this volume, which appears to be made up altogether of the milk-and-water stuff that constitutes the staple ware in the poets' corners of provincial newspapers. The writer wants the most common of all qualifications for a versifier, viz., a musical ear and sense of the harmony of rhythm. What can be said to such lines as the following, which are intended to serve as Alexandrines, in a poem written in the Spenserian stanza?—

> That make the satellite sparkle, than the planet shine,
> So unlike the duplicity of elder years.
> Binds poor humanity still ever since the fall.

We always prefer, if possible, by quoting a short piece entire, to let a young poet speak for himself; but we have looked in vain through this volume for a specimen likely to interest our readers. There *is* a good poetic idea in the last piece, "The King of the Tide"—but unfortunately that is borrowed from Lord Byron.

The Scottish Review. A Quarterly Review of Social Progress and General Literature. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. Edinburgh: J. B. Robertson. 1852.

A QUARTERLY review conducted on total abstinence principles, is a novelty in literature. We hope it will have fair play, and live and prosper. Without being total abstainers ourselves, we can recognise the beauty of the pledge in certain cases, and see no harm in persuading people to forswear alcohol, who are not to be trusted with the use of it. Much good has been done by the followers of Father Matthew—*that* we are in a condition to testify—and no harm that we ever heard of. Our good friends of the League are too much alarmed on the score of "Pale Ale;" a man might almost as soon get drunk on Camomile tea; and we think they are too hard on poor dear Robbie Burns, who never had the chance of turning tee-totaller.

The Synoptical Euclid; being the First Four Books of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, from the Edition of Dr. Robert Simson; with a peculiar typographical arrangement, by which is exhibited, without abridgment of the text, a perspicuous outline of each Demonstration, to facilitate teaching in classes and private study. With Exercises. By SAMUEL A. GOOD. London: C. H. Law, 131, Fleet-street. 1853.

THE plan here adopted is that of numbering the conclusions in every demonstration, and printing them in *italics* indented. The effect is palpably to assist the memory of the learner, and to prevent the embarrassment which is the great stumbling-block in the way of the young student. A tyro with a problem to master would gladly make use of this book in preference to any other.

Arbell, a Tale for Young People. By JANE WINNARD HOOPER. With Illustrations by James Godwin. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

ARBELL is the only child of an unhappy wife driven by ill-treatment from the home of her husband, an East Indian officer, whom she had married against the consent of her relatives, and by whom she is disowned. She finds her way to England, where she soon dies, leaving the child to the care of an old friend, a schoolmistress, who adopts and brings her up. At thirteen, she accidentally discovers her rich relations, and finds that she is heiress in expectancy to Glenara Castle, and a fine estate; but her old grandfather, who is the only bar to her inheritance, will not acknowledge her, unless she will dissolve the ties that bind her to the benefactress of her whole life. The child refuses, and returns to the school, where she learns to practise economy in the face of a cloudy fortune. But the old grandfather repents on his death-bed, dies, and leaves her his wealth after all, and everything is wound up happily, as it ought to be. The plot, it will be seen, is little more than a stereotyped formulary; but the merit of the book—and it has very considerable merits—consists in the truth of the delineations of character which it contains, and the generous sentiments it inculcates. It is eminently a girl's book, and well adapted for a young lady's library. The engravings are first-rate.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

Scottish Educational and Literary Journal, No. IV. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons.

The Life of Daniel Webster. An Address by Theodore Parker. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

The Coming Struggle with Rome, not religious but political; An American Word of Warning to the English People. By Pierce Connely, M.A. Sixth Edition. London: Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly, 1853.

On Sanitary Improvements. A Lecture delivered at the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution, Nov. 26, 1852. By Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq., F.R.S. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Ipswich: J. Burton and Co.

The Death of Hector. Oxford: C. Richards, High Street. 1851.

The Mighty Man of Valour. A Sermon preached in Trinity Church, Ispwich, Nov. 21, 1852, the Sunday after the Funeral of the late Duke of Wellington. By the Rev. Francis H. Maude. Ispwich: J. M. Burton and Co. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1852.

The Battle of the Warrior and the Burning of the Fuel of the Fire: a Divine Contrast. The celebrated Prophecy of Isaiah, compared with the original, &c., &c. By the Rev. T. D. Gregg, M.A. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1852.

The Evidences of Religion, Natural and Revealed, considered in Two Sermons, with notes. By R. B. Kennard, M.A. London: F. and J. Rivington. 1852.

Sabbath Evening Scripture Readings on the New Testament. By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. (St. Matthew.) London: Hall, Virtue and Co. 1853.

Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations. Part VI. By H. G. Adams. London: Groombridge and Sons. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

The Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainers' Almanack for 1853. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League Office. London: Houlston and Stoneman; W. Tweedie. 1853.

Summer Days and Winter Nights. Second Series. The Story of Wellington. London: Groombridge and Sons.

Letter to Lord Mahon, being an Answer to his Letter addressed to the Editor of Washington's Writings. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1852.

The Charm Almanack for Boys and Girls, illustrated with two splendid views of the Crystal Palace, and twenty-three other engravings on wood. For 1853. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street.

The Journal of Health. No. 29. By Dr. Walter Johnson. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Jan. 1853.

The Hero's Funeral. A Poem. By Robert Montgomery, M.A. Second Edition. London: George Routledge and Co. 1853.

Sunday and the Sabbath. By W. H. Johnstone, M.A. London, Wertheim and Macintosh. 1853.

Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia: the Rights of the Colonies, and the Interest of Britain and of the World. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D. A.M. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852.—*An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales; including a Visit to the Gold Regions, and a Description of the Mines; with an Estimate of the probable Results of the Great Discovery.* By John Dunmore Lang, D.D. A.M. Third Edition. Bringing down the History of the Colony to the First of July, 1852. In Two Volumes. London: Longman and Co.

Claverston — A Tale. Showing how there was a living Skeleton in James Nicoll's House; how it haunted him; and how it was laid. By Charles Mitchell Charles. London: Saunders and Otley. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Prince of Wales Life and Educational Assurance Company.—The first annual meeting of this Company was held on the 5th ult., at the Company's chief office, 105, Regent-street. Sir Thomas Howland Roberts, Bart., Chairman of the Company, presided. The report of the Directors was to the effect, "that they have received 513 proposals for assurances amounting to £116,367 8s. 3d.; and that they have issued 373 policies assuring £74,520 3s. 7d., and producing premiums amounting to £3,014 14s. 2d. (out of this sum £1,574 0s. 4d. has been received in the last three months). That acting on their original determination, they have secured this amount of premiums on a very small paid-up capital, and their having a few shares unsold, is entirely owing to their never having advertised them, or in any way attempted to force a sale. That their income, as compared with their current expenditure, shows a surplus (not a profit) of £624 18s. 4d. which will be transferred to an account to be called Life Premiums in Reserve; the sum sunk out of capital in establishing the Company, they propose should be paid off out of the Life Premiums in Reserve, at four intervals; such intervals being the four next valuations of the Company's liabilities and assets; they have determined on this course, in order that no present policy-holder may suffer for the benefit of the future assured. That they have established several excellent agencies, and at Manchester a large local office. They have also established branches at Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, Lisbon, Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney; and have one in course of formation at Hambro'. That with a view to popularize life assurance, and render its benefits accessible to all, they have issued tables for weekly payments, also tables for securing superannuation allowances in old age, in the same manner. Further, they have commenced the system of assuring relief in sickness; and generally for affording all those advantages, now imperfectly offered by benefit clubs. The Report concludes by recommending a dividend of 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital.

Rent Guarantee Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at the offices, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, on Thursday, the 6th of January, Mr. Cuthbert W. Johnson, presiding. "The directors, in their second annual report, congratulate the shareholders upon the present aspect of the affairs of the society, which fully confirms the opinion originally entertained of the importance of its operations, and leaves no doubt of future success. The experience of the past two years has proved the soundness of the principles upon which the society was established, and gives evidence that, ere long, it will be highly remunerative to the shareholders, and at the same time, equally beneficial to the owners of house property. During the past year, the sum of £1,230 2s. 4d, has been received for commission; but this, although more than treble that of the year 1851, does not represent the actual amount of business now in the hands of the society, as the commission on rents entrusted to them for collection during one quarter does not become receivable until the succeeding one. On the 5th January, the amount of commission receivable by the society amounted to £1,717 10s. 11d., in respect of business then in the office. The directors have continued to exercise the caution they used during the previous year, which is evidenced by the fact that of the proposals submitted to them since the establishment of

the society, £81,179 8s. 8d., they have only accepted £28,333 4s. 6d. They have had numerous applications for agencies in the principal towns, but they have not made any appointment beyond that at Birmingham, which they announced at the last general meeting, nor do they contemplate doing so for the present, believing that an ample field for the successful operations of the society exists in and around London. During the past year several additions have been made to the tithe-rent charge department, and at the present time the collection of the tithes of 15 parishes is in the hands of the society, and incumbents whose engagements had terminated have renewed their arrangements, and they and others have expressed themselves in high terms of approbation of the management of the society, and of the comfort and advantage to be derived to the clergy availing themselves of its agency. Considerable inconvenience having been found to arise from the annual accounts being made up to the 30th November, the directors recommend that, in future, they should be closed on the 24th December in each year." From the observations of the chairman, it appears that the difficulties experienced during the first two years of this society's operations are nearly overcome, and that there is now every prospect of ultimate and decided success.

Sovereign Life Assurance Company.—At the seventh annual meeting of this Company the Secretary read the Report, which congratulated the shareholders on the satisfactory progress of the Company. Since its establishment, the Directors had received proposals to the amount of £1,059,820, out of which 1268 policies, covering assurances for £561,374 7s. had been selected and completed, and in respect thereof £13,587 8s. 6d. had been received for premiums. On the other hand, the claims during the same period had been only £6,683 10s., being at a smaller ratio than 24s. per cent. on the amount. The Directors had minutely and carefully considered the exact position of the Society with reference to the bonus to be divided, and upon that subject called upon Mr. Neison, the actuary, to read his report as to the result of the investigation he had made for the guidance of the Board. The usual dividend of five per cent. on the paid-up capital was again recommended. Mr. Neison read his report, from which we extract the following:—"Gentlemen,—I have examined the various documents submitted to me, showing the progress of the Company since its establishment in 1846, and I consider the results highly satisfactory. The assurances effected within the last three years exceed in amount those of the first four years by about 23 per cent. From the detailed statement of the valuation of the assets and liabilities of the Company, made in terms of the deed of settlement, it will be found that, without anticipating a single farthing of the profits to be received on the future business of the Company, either in respect to premiums on existing policies, or on those which may be hereafter effected, there has arisen on the past monetary transactions of the Life Assurance fund, a surplus which would enable the Directors to make an addition to the general fund at the rate of about 3s.6d. per share, and a bonus on the profit policies of about £1 13s. 4d. per cent. per annum. The result of the survey of the present position of the Company is most encouraging, and cannot fail to be satisfactory to all parties interested in the progress of the Institution."

Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.—The twenty-ninth annual general court was held on the 14th December last, within the Company's office, No. 22, George-street, Ediburgh, (Sir Graham Graham Montgomery, Bart. M.P., Vice-President, in the chair), when a highly satisfactory report, by the directors, for the year ending 31st of August last, was read to the meeting, containing the gratifying announcement of a large increase both in the number and amount of new insurances, and the progressive improvement in all the branches of the company's business. The report was unanimously approved of, and the following resolutions were announced as having been adopted by the directors, by which the present and future policy-holders shall enjoy the following privileges:—"*First.* All policies that have subsisted for five years, shall thereafter be free from objection on the ground of any informal or incorrect statements in regard to the health or habits of the parties assured.—*Second.* All persons engaged in military or naval service, and all persons serving in the militia, shall be at liberty so to serve without extra premium, and without the necessity of obtaining licenses, so long as they remain within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—*Third.* In all assurances held *bona fide* upon the lives of others, policies shall be free from forfeiture on account of acts or deeds of the parties whose lives are assured, provided the ordinary premiums be duly paid, and the premiums for extra risks, whenever these are ascertained."

National Mercantile Fire Assurance.—At the annual meeting of the above Society at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, the Secretary read the following report:—"Gentlemen,—Your directors in accordance with the deed of settlement have to submit to you a report of the progress of the Society during the past year, and of its pecuniary condition, on the 30th ult., the day on which the current year expired. The statement of receipts and disbursements in which these are shewn has been made out as heretofore, shewing the progress of the Society, as regards receipts, claims paid, and expenditure for each year, by which its present pecuniary position, and the relative progress made, can be seen by inspection. The Society has now been in operation four years, during which period it has assured £8,440,550, or an average annual sum of £2,110,138. During the same period, as set forth in the statement of receipts and disbursements, the Society has paid in claims £18,732 15s. or an average annual sum of £4,683 3s. 9d. being at the rate of 4s. 5d. per cent. on the sums insured. This per centage is greater than that reported last year, which is attributable entirely to four or five heavy losses which the Society suddenly sustained in a few days during the month of October last. The progress of the Society in respect to new insurances will be evidenced by the following comparative statement.

Sums assured in	1849	....	£1,015,530	0	0
" "	1850	....	1,909,460	0	0
" "	1851	....	2,473,560	0	0
" "	1852	....	3,042,000	0	0
Total		....	£8,440,550	0	0

showing a steady increase each year."

National Provident Institution.—The following are a few extracts from the Report read at the annual meeting of the members of this Institution, held at the London Tavern in December last. The Directors report the continued prosperity of the affairs of the Institution, and a large accession of members during the past year. In the year ending the 20th November last, 1127 policies have been issued, the annual premiums on which amount to £17,726 4s. 1d. The annual income is now £206,700 11s. 3d. The number of deaths since the last report has been [illegible] exceeding only by four the number reported the preceding year, notwithstanding the great increase in the number of members since that period; the Directors trust they may refer to this favourable rate of mortality as evidence of due caution in the acceptance of proposals for assurance. In the exercise of their best judgment in this respect, aided by the valuable advice of their medical officers, the Directors have considered it prudent to decline 94 proposals during the last twelve months. The claims arising on account of the deaths now reported amount, together with the bonuses thereon, to £48,897. The accounts for the year ending the 20th November last have been duly audited. The balance of receipts over disbursements is £137,198 7s. 3d., by which the capital stock of the Institution is increased to £875,686 5s. 7d., which is invested in real and Government Securities, with the exception of £14,739, advanced on loan to members on security of their respective policies, in accordance with the Act of Parliament passed in 1850.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1853.

MOLIÈRE.

(Concluded from page 69.)

The character of the aristocracy who figured in the Court of Louis, is too well known to require much description. It was formed very much upon the character of the sovereign himself. Louis had the art, probably without having one really great quality, to make himself adored while he lived, and he has even drawn upon the admiration of posterity. He knew well the value of ceremony, for the purpose of securing the respect of those who surrounded him. Governed throughout his whole reign by his mistresses, one of whom he had the weakness to marry when both were past the middle age, he was, nevertheless, as absolute in the management of his court, as they were of his kingdom. He never appeared even to his domestics but in full dress; and he would keep his ministers in waiting, however urgent might be their business, until he had adjusted his peruke. He carried his politeness so far, as to lift his hat to his female domestics, when he met them in his palace; and if he met a lady, he would not replace it until he had passed her. He has been said to have been fond of the arts; but with such men as Racine, Molière, and Le Brun around him, he could scarcely have been otherwise; as with such captains as Turenne and the great Condé, there was no great merit in being victorious. His taste we are much disposed to doubt. He was fond of show, which, like Napoleon, he used as an instrument of empire, and he was fond of the arts so far as they contributed to the splendour of the pageant. He looked on Le Brun in the light of a superb gilder; and on Molière as an ingenious contriver of spectacles. If ever he dreamed of their immortality, it was when he thought of his own. In a list of pensions which he gave to the *littérateurs* of his reign, we find one thousand francs awarded to Molière, and three thousand to Chapelaine, now known only for his wretched "La Pucelle," but for which, as a French wit once observed, he might have had some fame. The one is described as "excellente poète comique," the other as, "le plus grand poète Français, qui ait jamais été, et du plus solide jugement." And yet in this list occur the names of Corneille and Racine, to the latter of whom is given eight hundred francs. Boileau is altogether omitted. The truth is, that Louis affected a love of literature and art as necessary to complete his character, without feeling much of it. As Frederick of Prussia said of him, "Ayant plus de jugement que d'esprit, il cherchoit plutôt l'un que l'autre."

The Court followed closely in his footsteps. A love of show and ceremony gave a stiff and artificial tone to the manners, which was relaxed somewhat only by the flexibility of morals. There was much politeness, but it was pushed to extravagance. The courtier professed the most profound respect and esteem for people scarcely known to him. "Theognis," says Le Bruyère, "embrasse un homme qu'il trouve sous sa main; il lui presse la tête contre sa poitrine; il demande ensuite quel est celui qu'il a embrassé;" and Molière well describes this fashionable hypocrisy—"les convulsions de civilité"—in the "Misanthrope."

"Je vous vois accabler un homme de caresses
Et témoigner pour lui les dernières tendresses,
De protestations, d'offres, et de sermens
Vous chargez la fureur de vos embrassemens;
Et quand je vous demande après quel est cet homme,
A peine pouvez vous dire comme il se nomme;
Votre chaleur pour lui tombe en vous séparant,
Et vous me le traitez, à moi, d'indifférent!
Morbleu! c'est une chose indigne, lâche, infame,
De s'abaisser ainsi, jusqu'à trahir son ame."

Gallantry was the prevailing passion, but it was not that of Bayard. It was a sensual and licentious amour carried on by intrigue, and in defiance of common decency. Its grossness was ill-disguised by an affectation of romance, vented in sonnets and madrigals. Many of the gallants of the period were professed *beaux esprits;* but their taste was as affected as their manners, and as corrupted as their morals. This literary affectation gave rise to a celebrated sect of female pretenders to literature, whom Molière at once extinguished and immortalized, under the name of *les Précieuses,*—an association of *Blues,* who met in Paris, at the Hotel Rambouillet, to discuss literary affairs; and affected to take particular cognizance of the French language and grammar.

It must be allowed that such a state of society

as we have described exhibits not an inconsiderable field for the writer of comedy. But its general features were too artificial to permit nature to appear much under other than conventional forms, and a writer who like Molière painted men as he found them, wanted those universal models, the study of which leads to the highest perfection of art. He copied nature, but it was nature in disguise, and under forms by which it was cribbed, cabined, and confined. Instead of studying the naked figure, he drew it as it appeared under the stiff and formal costume of the age. We cannot blame him for this, though with higher genius he would have penetrated deeper. The fault lay chiefly in his models, and there is no reason to suppose that had they been of a less artificial character, he would have failed in copying them. This must be kept in view in every estimate of the literary character of Molière, otherwise we will be apt to consider as a peculiarity of his genius what was more owing to the factitious characteristics of the subjects which he studied.

Of his contemporaries, such as they were, Molière had full opportunity for observation; and never was there a more industrious or accurate observer. The son of a Parisian upholsterer, he spent his youth among the *bourgeosie*, and he had scarcely embraced the profession of player, at the age of twenty-three, when the troubles of the Regency drove him to the provinces, where he acted for thirteen years. The rest of his life was spent at Court, where he united the profession of comedian to the duties of *valet de chambre* to Louis, a post to which he had hereditary claims. The fidelity of his portraits of character, (for many of his parts were drawn from living originals,) and his merciless exposure of folly and hypocrisy, raised him many enemies, but it is only doing justice to his patron to say, that he ever found a steady friend and protector in the king. It was in the latter part of his life that he produced almost the whole of his pieces. Many of them were written with extraordinary rapidity, some of them having been composed and acted within a few days. They were in general made to order of Louis, who commanded their exhibition, as he did that of fireworks or triumphal arches, as parts of the gorgeous fêtes given at Versailles, to celebrate his victories,—or, "à la Reine et à la Reine-mère selon l'histoire,—à mademoiselle de la Vallière selon la chronique." There, like a magnificent picture in a tawdry frame, appeared the immortal delineations of Molière, among Floras and Zephyrs, and satyrs and naiads, and shepherds and shepherdesses, with hooks and crooks, and artificial rocks, cascades, and *jets d'eau*. Occasionally this buckram was manufactured by the great comedian himself, but he never appears to advantage in it. Take for example the following from the Prologue to "Le Malade Imaginaire."

SCENE I.

Flore; Deux Zéphyrs dansans.

La décoration représente un lieu champêtre et néanmoins fort agréable.

Flore.

Quittez, quittez vos troupeaux:
Venez, bergers; venez, bergères;
Accourez, accourez sous ces tendres ormeaux;
Je viens vous annoncer des nouvelles bien chères,
Et réjouir tous ces hameaux.
Quittez, quittez vos troupeaux:
Venez, bergers; venez bergères;
Accourez, accourez sous ces tendres ormeaux.

Poetry was not what Molière excelled in, for he had more judgment than imagination, and more humour than wit. But his sentiment was apt to become verbose, and his humour to degenerate into farce. His *forte* lay in the delineation of character rather than in the expression of passion, and of his characters those are the best which depart from native simplicity the least; when they affect gravity they are apt to become dull, and affected when they would be thought wise. Their simplicity often borders upon facility, and the ease with which they can be duped represses our sympathy, and disarms our resentment. Many of them are too unintellectual to be interesting, and more too clever to be beloved. But whatever be their character, their modes of expressing passion are much the same. *Feux* and *yeux* are in the mouths of every lover, and if the piece be in verse they are sure to meet in rhyme. He generally accomplishes most when he labours least, and hence the short speeches are better than the long, and the prose than the verse. His variety of passion is exceedingly limited, and within these limits it is seldom profound. Love is the universal agent in his plays, sometimes superinduced upon some other passion, but generally unmixed, and almost always the ruling one. When it is determined that the lover shall not obtain his object, he submits to his fate with the most becoming resignation; and the raptures of his more fortunate rival may be conceived, but are neither expressed nor described. There is more humour in his situations than fable in his plots. But an intricate plot is little indispensable to good comedy; it is sufficient that the plot affords a vehicle for the dialogue, and furnishes as much incident as prevents it from becoming languid. Many of his plots and incidents are borrowed from other writers, but he seldom fails to improve upon them. He does not much study the probability of occurrences, in which he is right, for the drama is a fairy-land where we willingly submit to the wand of the enchanter, rather expecting what is wonderful, than requiring what is true. His style cannot always be recommended as a model of composition, but its apology is to be found in the rapidity with which he was often compelled to write, and in the necessity incidental to every writer of comedy, of adapting his language to the character. Many of his plays were not published until after his death, and several he had expressed his intention to revise. He has been accused of indelicacy, but we think unjustly. Although love in one phasis or another is the ruling passion in all his plays, there scarcely occurs an instance of obscenity. There are indeed expressions which are rejected by modern decorum, but there can be no doubt that they were current in the best society

of his age. These expressions are not confined to any particular class of persons. *Le mot expressif* which denotes the dishonoured husband is constantly used by his characters of every rank, and occurs in the title of one of his plays. But it also occurs frequently in Madame de Sévigné's Letters, even in those to her daughter. Molière painted too correctly to put a word into the mouth of a fine lady, which fine ladies of the day did not use; and he had too much respect for his patron to offend him by any breach of that external decorum which it was the policy of Louis to preserve. In plays where so much gallantry prevails, it was impossible to exclude incidents and situations of an immoral character; but there is none of them so equivocal as the admired screen scene in the "School for Scandal," and many other exhibitions of the English stage.

With all his faults, Molière is yet one of the most entertaining of dramatists. His acuteness of observation and power of discrimination, his knowledge of the human heart and accuracy in painting it, and above all his good sense and exquisite perception of the ridiculous, carried him triumphantly through the dangers from bad taste and artificial manners by which he was surrounded. Though many of his portraits are sketches, the character is generally complete, and the features are seldom inconsistent. Whatever defects may be in the conception of the part, there are seldom any in the execution. He sometimes fails to place virtue in its proper light, and more often overlooks vice when it ought to have been reproved; but he never renders ridiculous what is not so in itself. Every stroke tells, and tells in the proper place. We are apt at first sight to think some of his pictures overdrawn, but the more we come to know of the originals, the more we find that the portraits are correct. It is an inconvenience common to all writers on manners, that what illustrates their meaning to their contemporaries, tends to obscure it to posterity. To judge of the comic literature of any age, we require to know in minute detail its habits, customs, domestic history, and generally those circumstances to which allusion, and merely allusion, is made, more constantly in comedy than in any other department of literature. Now these things have generally been reckoned beneath the dignity of history, and thus there is comparatively little record of what is absolutely requisite to explain the comedy of any past age. What in the hands of Aristophanes or Molière would have set Athens in a roar, or upset the decorous gravity of the court of Louis XIV., probably by the most distant allusion to it, now appears to us to be uninteresting, if it does not altogether escape our observation. No past age, however, has been more copiously illustrated than that of Molière, on which contemporary memoirs and letters, and ultimately, the brilliant sketch of Voltaire, have thrown much light, though nothing has done so more than his own comedies themselves. And judging from all these lights, we are compelled to form the highest opinion of the fidelity with which he has reflected in his characters, if not human nature in its more general forms, as Shakspere has done, at least, the modes of acting and thinking of those who came within the sphere of his observation.

Of his *vis comica*, or the peculiarity of his comic genius, it is not easy to convey an idea by description, and as little by comparison, for it did not much resemble that of any other writer of comedy, ancient or modern. He is neither so bold, so daring, nor so grotesque, as Aristophanes, and as little does he soar into those regions of poetry and lofty intellect which go far to redeem all the faults of that extraordinary man. There is in the Frenchman, as in the Athenian, Πολλὰ μὲν γέλοια, πολλὰ δὲ σπουδαῖα, much of jest, and much of earnest; but there is much less breadth in the character of either. If, however, the mirth of Molière is less boisterous than that of Aristophanes, it is much less frigid than that of Menander. He is more natural than Terence, and more dignified and refined than Plautus. He is said to have studied both of those Latin writers in his youth, but when he had tried his own strength he renounced them and betook himself to the study of living models, though his mannerism always retained much of the tone of his juvenile studies. There is no comic writer of the English school whom he much resembles, for, except Shakspere, our writers of comedy have excelled more in the brilliancy of the dialogue than in the development of character, and the middle path between what we call genteel comedy and farce has been little trod, though that is the most legitimate sphere of the comic muse. To our great dramatist he is much inferior in ideality and in wit, but he is equal in humour, and superior in regularity and correctness, meaning by the latter term the consistent reproduction of character according to conventional rules. To our writers of the Restoration he bears little resemblance, many of his pieces being far more elaborate as works of art, and, it must be admitted, far superior in their moral tone and in their development of character, but inferior in point, repartee, and comicality of situation; though in these the French are seldom deficient. The best comedies of Farquhar, Vanburgh, or Congreve, are mere sketches in comparison with "Le Tartuffe" or "Le Misanthrope," to match which, with any approach to resemblance, we must go back to "The Alchymist" or "The Volpone" of Ben Jonson, or come down to "The Rivals" or "The School for Scandal" of Sheridan. The truth is, that the comedies of Molière were formed in a great degree upon the strict rules which regulated French tragedy, and hence they are more stiff and formal than comports with our notions of the sock. They are, indeed, in general, elaborate specimens of art, and, thanks to the genius of Molière, not inferior in real value, while they are superior in interest, to the best productions of Corneille or Racine. They are dignified by an eminently didactic tone, and making fair allowance for the manners of the age, and the levities incidental to comedy, their composition is, on the whole, not unworthy of the object they profess to have in view.

"Le Tartuffe" has, in public opinion, been commonly reckoned his *chef d'œuvre*, and we are by no means about to dispute the justice of the fiat, though we think that it must be received with considerable reservations. There can be no doubt that it owes much of its fame to the opposition which it encountered from the powerful party in the church, against whose hypocrisy it was directed. It indeed carried on the same warfare that Pascal's "Provincial Letters" had begun, and ultimately with similar success. When it was first represented before the Court at Versailles, such was the fury of those whom it assailed, that even the king, though sensible of the good intentions of the author, was obliged to yield for a time, by prohibiting its public representation; and this interdict continued until after Pope Clement IX. had interposed, to arrange the disputes which agitated the French Church. Meantime, the piece continued to be acted at the Court, and its prohibition elsewhere, while it enhanced the enjoyment of those who were privileged to be present, served to sharpen the desire of those who were not. When Molière ultimately triumphed, by the representation in public being permitted, it was received with the most unbounded applause, by audiences which probably did not number many of the *dévots*, whether false or true. The piece has, however, retained its popularity both on the stage and elsewhere, and not without great claims to high consideration. The chief character is most elaborately drawn, and with great originality of conception. The oily, sanctimonious, sensual hypocrite, the consummate villain under the disguise of religion, though frequently portrayed by painters of character, has by none been depicted in more brilliant colours than in this piece. But it must be allowed that it is brought out somewhat undramatically; it is rather described than reproduced. During the first two acts, we only hear of the great hypocrite, and he does not appear till the third, and scarcely at all in the fifth. Our anxiety is on the stretch to get a glimpse of a person we hear so much about, and though when he does come we are not disappointed, we would rather have formed our idea of him from our own observation, than have taken the description, however good, of *Dorine*. Of the other characters *Marianne* is the most interesting. There are few scenes in any of the author's plays better than that in the second act between her and *Valère*, where she struggles between duty to her father and love for her betrothed, her abhorrence of *Tartuffe* not being allowed to share in the conflict. *Orgon*, like many others of Molière's dupes, is too credulous to be interesting. He is quite "à mener par nez," as his guest says, and this simplicity not only spoils his own dramatic character, but detracts from that of *Tartuffe*, since a much less clever villain would have sufficed to impose upon so easy a dupe. His wife, *Madame Elmire*, is too cool for our taste; we cannot admire a woman who, even in France, in the age of Molière, takes as she does, a declaration of love from another than her husband, and we do not understand the discretion which makes her when urged to disclose it, say

> Ce n'est point mon humeur de faire des éclats;
> Une femme se rit de sottises pareilles,
> Et jamais d'un mari n'en trouble les oreilles.

Of "Le Misanthrope," we cannot join so cordially in the common estimation. It seems to us to be one of those pieces which the author has spoiled by making too elaborate. *Alceste* is morose without being philosophic, and melancholy without being amiable. At first, he is somewhat sensible in exposing the false politeness which presented the same silken aspect to virtue and to vice; but he speedily falls into extravagance and repulsive peevishness. His misanthropy is that of a man of fashion, with as much sense as enables him to observe character with acuteness, but not enough to make a good use of his observations. He is not even, as Dr. Johnson would have said, a good hater. He falls in love with a woman the least likely to please to him, an inveterate flirt, with his eyes open to her faults, and relying on the forlorn hope of his being able to cure them.

> L'amour que je sens pour cette jeune veuve
> Ne ferme point mes yeux aux défauts qu'on lui trouve;
> Et je suis, quelque ardeur qu'elle m'ait pu donner,
> Le premier à les voir, comme à les condamner.
> Mais avec tout cela, quoique je puisse faire,
> Je confesse mon foible; elle a l'art de me plaire:
> J'ai beau voir ses défauts, et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
> En dépit qu'on en ait elle se fait aimer,
> Sa grace est la plus forte; et sans doute ma flamme
> De ces vices du temps pourra purger son ame.
>
> *Acte I. Sc.* 1.

Yet he throws her off when she refuses to renounce the world, and go with him into the desert: a plan of life for a new-married couple of which no one would have become sooner tired than himself. This character marks the limit of Molière's mind in original conception. He fails when he does not draw from the life, which he did not do in this instance. The French Court did not contain a genuine misanthrope. There might, indeed, be some worn-out fop, tired of the follies of his youth, and disposed to show his wisdom by his sourness; but there was no Timon, no man-hater, whose misanthropy was formed by that morbid philosophy which works upon a mind originally generous. Molière may have aimed at such a character, but he has drawn a coxcomb. The other characters of the piece are better conceived. *Célimène's* remarks upon her acquaintances, in the second act, are spirited and graphic; but the dialogue, upon the whole, is rather tiresome. The long declamations in verse are altogether intolerable to any one who has not been drilled into such exercises by the serious productions of the French stage. The *dénouement*, also, is most undramatic; and, upon the whole, we are not disposed to rank this piece very high, though it is one of the most elaborate of Molière's works.

He has, we think, been more successful in "L'Avare," in superinducing love upon a stronger and opposing passion. An old miser in love, and in love with his son's mistress, is a character worthy of the author, and he has made the most of it. *Harpagon* is one of the best-drawn misers in any literature; perhaps the best, after *Trapbois*. The conflict between his love of money and of

Marianne—the all-powerful reason for marrying his daughter to one she detested, because he would take her "sans dot!"—the *double-entendre* between himself and *Valère*, when the one refers to his money-box and the other to the daughter—the conditions of the loan by the father to the son, (unknown to each other,) to enable the latter to cheat the old miser of his mistress—and many other passages in this play, are admirable, and in the very best style of Molière. It is not one of its least recommendations to our taste, that, though elaborate and in five acts, it is in prose.

In *Agnès*, in "L'Ecole des Femmes," we have another character in love under extraordinary circumstances. A child of Nature, jealously secluded from intercourse with the world from her infancy, is trained up to be the future wife of an absurd but not unamiable man, much older than herself, to whose kindness she owes everything. She never feels the tender passion, nor even knows what it is, until she sees a youth more to her taste, with whom she instantly falls in love, without being aware that in receiving his addresses she is giving the least cause of offence to her benefactor. There is a degree of simplicity in this certainly not very credible—we may say, not very possible, and therefore not very natural. If there be any doubt of this, consult the High Priest. What says *Miranda*?

> I do not know
> One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
> Save from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
> More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
> And my dear father; how features are abroad,
> I am skill-less of; but by my modesty,
> (The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
> Any companion in the world but you;
> Nor can imagination form a shape,
> Besides yourself, to like of; *but I prattle*
> *Something too wildly, and my father's precepts*
> *I therein do forget.*

Compare this with *Agnès*, after she has made considerable progress in the passion; we quote from a scene between her and her benefactor, in the last act.

> *Agnès.*
> Mais, à vous parler franchement entre nous,
> Il est plus pour cela selon mon goût que vous.
> Chez vous le mariage est fâcheux et pénible,
> Et vos discours en font une image terrible;
> Mais, las! il le fait, lui, si rempli de plaisirs
> Que de se marier il donne des désirs.
> *Arnolphe.*
> Ah! c'est que vous l'aimez, traîtresse!
> *Agnès.*
> Oui, je l'aime.
> *Arnolphe.*
> Et vous avez les front de le dire à moi-meme!
> *Agnès.*
> Et pourquoi, s'il est vrai, ne le dirois-je pas?
> *Arnolphe.*
> Le deviez-vous aimer, impertinente?
> *Agnès.*
> Hélas!
> Est-ce que j'en puis mais? Lui seul en est la cause,
> Et je n'y songeois pas lorsque se fit la chose.
> *Arnolphe.*
> Mais il falloit chasser cet amoureux désir.
> *Agnès.*
> Le moyen de chasser ce qui fait du plaisir?
> *Arnolphe.*
> Et ne savez-vous pas que c'étoit me déplaire?
> *Agnès.*
> Moi? point du tout. Quel mal cela vous peut-il faire?

We must, however, wink at many such things in Molière, and, after all, the conception belongs not to him, but to Cervantes. As it is, it is admirably maintained, and nothing but this radical defect prevents this piece from being one of the best. The simplicity of *Agnès* is so naïve that we are sometimes led to believe it to be affected. There are several *equivoques* in this piece, which were much criticised at the time, and are admirably handled in "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," to which we have already more than once referred.

The piece which, next to "Tartuffe," created the greatest sensation is, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," the first that Molière wrote after his return to Paris, and certainly the most effective of his shorter pieces. It is in only one act, and has scarcely any plot, but abounds in exquisite ridicule of the celebrated *précieuses* of the Hotel de Rambouillet. The best test of such a piece is its success, which in this instance was immense, and like the "Mæviad and Bæviad" of Gifford, in later times, broke up a coterie of conceited people of both sexes, who took upon themselves to control the literature of the day. Driven from literature by Molière's pungent ridicule, a remnant of them betook themselves to science, from which, also, he dislodged them by another piece, "Les Femmes Savantes," a much more elaborate production, but much less amusing and effective. The two first acts, in particular, are intolerably tiresome, from want of incident and interminable declamations in verse. The same may be said of "Les Facheux," a piece written to expose the *bores* of the court, but the author forgets that they are as much so to the reader as to *Eraste*. The piece, however, had considerable success, and vastly pleased the king, who pointed out a bore that had been overlooked by the author, referring to the Marquis de Soyecourt, the grand-veneur of the Court, who was forthwith transferred to the canvas, and proved to be, as Molière, with courtly flattery, says in his dedication, "le plus beau morceau de l'ouvrage." La Fontaine, who assisted at the representation before the Court, at Vaux, in writing to his friend Mancroix, a few days afterwards, says of the author, "c'est mon homme." Yet this play was little more than an impromptu, having been written and acted within a fortnight.

Of all the smaller pieces, "Le Malade Imaginaire" is most to our taste. There is too much farce in the interludes, particularly the last; but the humour of the whole is exquisite. The dialogue is sparkling and natural. *Angélique* is one of the best of Molière's female characters; she interests us from the first. *Toinette*, the waiting-maid, is admirable; though, like *Dorine*, in "Le Tartuffe," more pert than servants are allowed to be in our days, even on the stage. Never were pedants painted more ludicrously than *Monsieur Diaforus* and his son. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is another excellent little piece; but *Monsieur Jourdain*, like *Sganarelle*, *George Dandin*, and too many others of Molière's characters, are by

far too easily duped to be very interesting. As Corneille shrewdly remarks of the ambitious cit: "Avec lui on peut hazarder toute chose."

On the whole, these delineations are admirable portraits of the men and women of the age of Louis XIV., and their execution entitles Molière to the position of a great French classic, if not to an eminent place among the most illustrious minds of all ages. He is second to them only because his art reached no further than to copy what was set before him, and he wanted the creative ideality which bodies forth the forms of things unknown. But within his own sphere, no one ever painted more truthfully individual character, or grouped it on the canvas with more dramatic effect. If his scenes want the impress of nature, it is because his models were artificial, and his principles of composition too much subjected to rules drawn from the other branch of the dramatic art, and there misapplied. He did not pretend to generalize, but he observed accurately and reproduced faithfully and skilfully; and though he cannot be ranked as a great poet, he is entitled to the praise of being a truly great artist, second only to Aristophanes and Shakspere, in the comic literature of the stage.

Molière was as good a man as he was a dramatist, though he was but scurvily treated by the world. Born for love, as he himself expressed it, "Né avec la dernière disposition à la tendresse,"—domestic happiness was denied to him. Yet he loved on, with his eyes open to the infidelities of one who could not or would not love him. Gifted with the most amiable disposition, the enemy of nothing but folly and vice, he had, nevertheless, many enemies, from whose persecution, it must be admitted to the honour of Louis, he found a refuge, not merely in the patronage, but in the friendship of his sovereign. Nor did their hate end with his life. Despised while he lived for a profession which the prejudices of his time, not unknown to our own, stigmatized as disreputable, the same prejudice denied him the last offices of religion, and with difficulty conceded him a grave. But the prophecy of Bouhours,* that France would one day blush for her ingratitude, has been fulfilled. Nearly a century after his death, the empty honour of an *éloge* was accorded to his manes by the Academy which had refused him admission as a member, unless he would renounce his profession. At the same time his bust was placed in its halls, with the appropriate inscription:

Rien ne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la nôtre.

Still later, after his bones had become scarcely distinguishable from the vulgar heap, they, or what were supposed to be they, were transported to a more honoured mausoleum, in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. But, as if to remind his countrymen of the popular neglect in which he lived, the inscription which points out the spot to this day, errs, by not less than six years, in stating his age!

* Tu reformas et la ville et la cour;
Mais quelle en fut ta recompense?
Les François rougiront un jour
De leur peu de recognisance.
Il fallut un comédien,
Qui mit à les polir sa gloire et son étude;
Mais, Molière, à ta gloire il ne manquait rien,
Si parmi les défauts que tu peignis si bien,
Tu les avois repris de leur ingratitude.

NORMAN HAMILTON.

(*Continued from page 76.*)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EXPLANATIONS.

There are men on whom persuasions of every kind are wasted, on whom threats have no influence, and who are deaf to all sorts of remonstrance and entreaty. They have a stubborn will of their own, and to attempt to bend that will were an experiment as bootless as to cast a mountain into the sea. But yet it sometimes happens in the case of such men, that if they are left for a season to the freedom of their own will, they are so led to think on the fruits of their own doings, that ultimately they become ashamed of them; and often, when it is too late, endeavour to undo the evil consequences of their obstinacy and self-will. To this class of opinionative persons belonged the publican Buchanan; and, as the period fixed for the execution of Norman Hamilton drew near, he began to have misgivings as to the propriety of the course which he had adopted. The state of his daughter's mind (of whom as far as a boorish nature would admit, he was fond), was daily becoming more critical—the upbraidings of his wife were incessant—customers one by one deserted his premises—acquaintances shunned him on the street—and no one seemed inclined to justify the part which he had taken as a crown witness at the trial. Men may profess to brave it, but there is nothing so thoroughly difficult to do, as to stem the tide of public opinion. It is uphill work when one has co-operation and sympathy; but when a man stands alone in any question or cause, and has the world for his foes, he must, sooner or later, quail before the storm. Affection was against Buchanan, trade was against him—friendship was against him, and that large abstraction which we call the world was also against him. Remorse, sullen, consuming remorse, preyed upon him night and day. He sat in his bar from morn till night, for as his trade

had disappeared he had little to do; and when night came on he went to bed, as if for repose, but the morning revealed a wild and restless eye, which had been divorced from sleep.

His wife at last began to take pity on him; for wives, although amongst the first to condemn, are, after all, good souls, the first also to excuse and palliate.

"Willie," said his spouse, "we maun just bundle up and gang till America; this kind o' wark will never do. We had to send Haig's traveller awa' without an order, and that's what we havend done for mony a year. And there's the rent due neist month. I used to hae as mony guineas or pund-notes gathered in the auld teapot as put ower the rent; but noo, wae's me, ye'll hae to gang up to Sir William's bank, and draw oot oor sair-won earnings. The gable o' the hoose sud be whitewashed aboot this time; but what's the use o' doing onything when oor run's gane? We may as well lay doun the barrow at aince; and there's Maggie. Oh, I'm wae for the bairn. She's a puir, white-faced thing; and she neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps. I doot, I doot the lassie's wrang a' thegither. Willie, my ain Willie, dinna look at me that way. Although the warld's against ye, I'll never again say an ill word to ye."

Buchanan sat, as usual, in his sulky corner. Angry invective and imprecation had been liberally bestowed on him, but kind looks or kind words had long been stranger to him, and his iron soul yielded to their gentle influence; for they came upon him at a time when he least expected them. He started to his feet, and dashed a half-formed tear from his heavy eye.

"Jean, I'm sorry aboot the lad, an' I think I can save him yet."

"Na, na, Willie," replied the wife mournfully, "that's ower late noo. He's to be hanged the morn. Ye micht hae saved him afore the trial, but its nae use casting that up noo; its past and dune, and canna be recalled. Ye had better just slip o'er to Fife for twa three days, till its a' ower, and then we'll start for America. Maybe the change will do Maggie good; God grant that it may."

"Jean," said Buchanan earnestly, "go up to Cook, and tell him to be on the watch, him and some o' his friens, at the jail this nicht at twal o'clock; for as I am a living man, I'll try to save him, although I sud be killed mysel."

"You are mad, Willie, perfectly mad."

"I must and will do it. If I do not try, I will never hae peace i' the world again, although I gang to America or ony ither place. Its maybe the last request I may ever mak. Go up, Jean, to Cook, and tell him to hae a chaise ready, say at the Tron-kirk, at twal o'clock, and let the lad himsel be in readiness. I havena slept a wink for the last week, and I'll lie doun till ten o'clock, for I'll sleep noo that I see what I am to do. Come back again, and be sure to wauken me up at ten. I'm a desperate man, Jean, and if ye dinna do my biddin, ye little rek what may happen."

Jean began to have doubts as to her husband's sanity; but his determined air satisfied her that to delay or mince his commands would be perilous work, so she set out on what appeared to her to be a Quixotic errand.

Character Cook received her message in a spirit equally sceptical, and he refused point-blank to co-operate in any scheme originating with Buchanan.

"If your bull-headed husband had done his duty as a witness, all this business might have been spared," said the patriot; "but here, noo, the very nicht afore the hanging, he pretends to be sorry and wants a chaise at the Tron-kirk, to carry off Mr. Spencer. How can he carry him off? Lieutenant Arnold, and Harry, and me, havena been able to carry him off, and hoo can he doo it, I wad like to ken? If a' body has failed in that, is it likely that Willie Buchanan is to succeed? Puir fellow! puir fellow, his days are numbered; he'll hae to hang the morn, come o't what will. The very poisoning business has failed. I smuggled in as mickle as wad hae done the business o' an elephant, but the governor discovered it; and I say again, there's naething for't but the gallows. What will become o' that lassie Florence, Providence only kens. They say women's hearts, for a' the fracas they mak, are no easily broken. I ken Babie raised an awfu' din when the doctors said I was gaun to dee; but as I didna dee, there's no sayin'."

"Ye maun try and do something, Mr. Cook; my man's in an awfu' state," said Mrs. Buchanan, imploringly.

"He'll be waur before he's better. The Judas-rascal, he could hae saved the haill thing, but for his confounded positiveness."

"Weel, but he is sorry, very sorry for that, and he'll do all he can to mak it richt."

"Him sorry! I think I see it. But ye see, mistress, Sammy Cook is nane o' your folk that work wi' pigs in a poke. What security hae I that this is no a trap laid to catch some o' us? or, if it is no that, what is the kind o' plan that your husband has in his dogged-head. Do ye think that the like o' me, that has been hand and glove wi Muir, and a' the friends o' the great cause, am to haud the candle to Willie Buchanan, the Leith publican? It was a' very weel for me to preach and pray to him before the mischief was done; but its quite different noo that the evil's been committed and by his black tongue."

"On my soul, Mr. Cook, he means you, fairly; and I am sure that unless he had something in his mind that was feasible, he wadna speak as he did."

"Weel, weel, Lucky, as his unhappy wife, ye're richt to stick to him; but I am under nae obligation to haud on by his coat-tails; sae ye can jist try the young leddy, Miss Florence, or Arnold, or any o' them; and if they like to send a noddy, weel and good. I'll no say that I'll oppose them; but if I tak a share in the business, it will be in the same way as Moses saw the land o' Canaan—namely, afar off."

Mrs. Buchanan, finding that Character was inflexible, had no resource but to make application

to Florence, as Character had suggested. It was with very great reluctance that she made up her mind to propose any overture in that quarter; for her confidence in the probable success of the unknown scheme of her husband, which, from the moment of its first announcement had never been great, was now much lessened by the irritating distrust of Cook; while she felt no small repugnance at coming into contact with Miss Hamilton, from a consideration of the angry, if not scornful, feeling which her appearance was sure to excite in the mind of the unfortunate young lady. But yet the attempt, she felt, must be made; for she had left Buchanan in such a mood, that to return to him without having fairly exhausted every available means of complying with his request, would, she well knew, only exasperate him the more, and very likely confirm in him that permanent moroseness of temper which had so unexpectedly given way, and which, if not taken advantage of, in its state of temporary thaw, might again and for ever relapse into its stony obduracy. With no sanguine prospect of success, and indeed with less of the expectation than is often found to animate the leader of a forlorn hope, Mrs. Buchanan proceeded to deliver her singular message to Miss Hamilton.

The young lady, as might naturally have been anticipated, could not be seen by a stranger; and the misgiving wife of the repentant publican hesitated much about sending up her unwelcome name; but there was no help for it.

"Tell Miss Hamilton," said she to our old acquaintance Dolly Dimsdale, "not to be frightened at my name—Mrs. Buchanan, of the Kirkgate in Leith; for things are changed since she called upon us, and I want to tell her something, that if it can do no good, can at least do no ill."

"Buchanan?" queried Dolly, "it was your husband as peached on good Mister Norman. No, no! Go away, my good voman; you looks as if you were sorrowful; but my missus would be much more sorrowfuler, if she saw you. It would clean break her heart, and she has hardly so much on that left as will carry her over to-morrow."

"For the love of Heaven, let me see the young lady. I come to her with no other errand than to try and save the gentleman. If she will not hear me, I cannot help it; but at any rate, let me try."

"I will see," replied the reluctant Dolly; and leaving Mrs. Buchanan, she went to consult her ill-fated mistress. In a brief space, she returned, and beckoned the visitor to follow her.

Mrs. Buchanan expected to find a great change in Florence, but the reality exceeded the anticipation, for the bloom of youth had for ever passed away, and the sharp-pinched features of settled despair, had taken its place instead. Good old Mrs. Porter sat at a little distance from her, and it was but too evident, that grief had drawn his deep furrows across her cheek, and that the shock which had so thoroughly prostrated her niece, had also descended with heavy force on her enfeebled frame, and that the day was not far distant, when her grey hairs would be brought in sorrow to the grave.

Florence gazed with a troubled eye on Mrs. Buchanan, for impressed with the appearance of the two ladies, the latter had not yet ventured to speak. She in vain essayed to do so, but her tongue refused to do its office, and Florence keenly observing her embarrassment commenced the dialogue herself.

"Your husband has sent you, has he not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then something *may* come of it, yet."

"Would to God it may, ma'am."

"It is strange how I should have dreamt so; but I did dream that your husband would yet relent. Pray Heaven it may not be too late—and may Heaven grant him that forgiveness which I am afraid I cannot."

"He sent me, ma'am, to say——"

"Nay, say nothing here; there is life and death in this matter, and stones have ears: come with me."

On reaching another apartment, Mrs. Buchanan communicated the request of her husband to Florence, and the young lady pondered gravely on the singular character of the proposal.

"Your husband gave you no hint, and you yourself have no conception of the means he proposes to employ?"

"None, ma'am."

"And you believe that he is sincerely sorry for the infamous part he has already played in this tragedy, and that he is honestly desirous of attempting some amends?"

"As my Maker is in Heaven I believe he is."

"Well; I shall cause Mr. Arnold and my brother to give him the assistance that he requires, and I, myself, shall also be near the spot, as, if this last effort fails us, all will be lost, and I shall then be as one dead to the world; or rather, I shall court death, for where death is, misery hath lost its power."

Mrs. Buchanan hurried home with the tidings to her husband—she could not call them joyful, for where the probabilities of success were so narrowed, and the means to be employed so shrouded in mystery, there was little in the carrying of one preliminary item in the scheme to inspire confidence as to the final result. The evening was far advanced before she reached the Kirkgate, and on entering the house, she found that Buchanan was still asleep. She was struck by the deep repose that characterized his slumber; and especially by the contrast which it presented to the restlessness which he had exhibited for so many nights past. It seemed as if the rest so long denied, was now about to be compensated for, and that he would awake with renewed strength, as if to fit him for the approaching enterprise which he was about to undertake; and in this she could not help inferring an omen for good. The hour was not yet at hand, and there was time for still more sleep, and she quietly left him in the enjoyment of his slumber. No sound was heard in that once busy hold, till the silence was disturbed by a wild chant from poor Maggie

Buchanan, the daughter of the ill-starred pair. She sang occasional snatches from an olden ditty.

> O! what is death, but parting breath,
> On many a bloody plain;
> I have dared his face, and in this place,
> I scorn him yet again.
>
> I've lived a life of start and strife,
> I die by treacherie;
> It burns my heart—I must depart,
> And not avenged be.
>
> Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dauntingly gaed he:
> He played a spring, and danced it round
> Below the gallows tree.

The low pensive tone in which the lines were sung, and the subject to which they obviously referred, brought tears into the eyes of the mother, for she sorrowed as one who had no hope when she thought of the growing wildness observable in the demeanour of her daughter, and of the probable impulse it might be expected to receive from the consummation of to-morrow. Still, she was a woman of the world; and she tried to drown her many troublesome reflections by the performance of household duties—eager, meanwhile, that the time should arrive for the wakening of her husband, in order to his departure on his self-imposed mission of reparation. Happy Mrs. Buchanan, if thy household cares can kill that torturing, gnawing heart-ache, which all of us see at times in others, and which oftener we feel in ourselves; and from which even that lightest of all pastimes, novel-writing, does not always free the sons of Adam! Mrs. Buchanan looked into her larder, and cogitated on the supper for the night, and penetrating into futurity, she bestowed a thought on the dinner of to-morrow; and various considerations, known only to prudent housewives, passed through her sagacious mind, which considerations, being of a nature that we are not thoroughly capable of appreciating, we shall not allude to more particularly; but her occupation, with these and similar household duties, sufficed to fill up time; and at length, the season arrived when it seemed expedient to rouse her husband from his slumbers, and prepare him for his midnight embassy.

On proceeding to the bar, she found Maggie stooping over the prostrate form of her father; and to the horror of the wife and mother, she discovered that the girl held a large knife in her hand.

> I die by treacherie;
> It burns my heart—I must depart,
> And not avenged be!

"Ay, that man was not avenged, but this one who also dies by 'treacherie,' he shall be avenged. His innocent blood shall not cry for vengeance in vain. It's in the Bible, and cannot be wrong—'Skin for skin, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, *blood for blood.*' Although he were twice my father, and twice that over again, he must die. I'll go to Spencer's grave and tell him what I have done, and I am sure he will be glad. Now!"

Mrs. Buchanan sprang forward, and caught the uplifted hand ere it could descend for the accomplishment of its terrible purpose.

"I *will* do it, mother!" cried the excited girl. "He deserves it; and Spencer himself appeared to me in a dream, and told me to do it."

"Aye, Maggie," replied the mother with a quick adaptation of her reasoning to the shattered intellect of the poor girl, "but then Spencer is not dead yet, and to kill the one before the other would be murder—don't you see that, my child."

"Yes, I do—I do—it's very curious how I did not think of that before, mother. Here, put you past the knife till we need it; or no, I'll better keep it myself, in case it should not be at hand."

The distracted mother, content with defeating the danger of the moment, contented herself with motioning that the weapon should be laid aside, and then she took her husband by the arm, and awoke him.

Buchanan hastily dispatched the repast that was put before him, and shrouding himself in a large cloak, which concealed some bulky article, prepared to take his leave.

"Maggie looks strange the nicht, Jean, tak care o' her."

"Aye," replied the wife, with a long drawn sigh, "she's far frae being weel. Whaun will ye be back?"

"Whenever the thing's done, or not done."

"I'll be eerie, terrible eerie till ye come back, Willie. I canna gang to my bed till I hear about you; and I am feared to be left alone wi' Maggie."

"Mysie can sit up wi' you, but let nae licht appear frae the outside."

"I dinna ken how it is, but I sair doot this is to be a black night. God be wi' you, Willie."

"Where is he gone to, mother?" inquired Maggie.

"To Edinburgh."

"What is he going to do there?"

"Oh, Maggie! do ye like me noo as ye did, when you was a bairn in my lap, and will ye try to understand me?"

"I will, mother, every word that you say; it's only sometimes that I don't know what people are speaking about."

"Weel, then, he's going up to try and save the gentleman!"

Maggie did not express the surprise which, under the circumstances, her mother expected that she would have done; but she was not the less attentive to the importance of the information which had been communicated.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Maggie was not to be found.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ATTEMPT.

A CRIMINAL was to die next morning—and although on the evening preceding the execution the streets were crowded with passengers, each doubtless having in his own person enough and more than enough to think about, yet death is

one of those penetrating subjects that will obtrude itself on notice, in defiance of time and circumstance; and so as each passer-by approached the old jail he instinctively, and not without a shudder, lifted his eye towards the window of the condemned cell. Many were dying on sick-beds that night—many sinking under poverty, crushed hopes and disappointments; but these being everyday occurrences were not thought of—the time on earth of such might be short, whereas the time of this convict was not merely brief in span, but the exact limit of its duration was fixed. He was to die in so many hours. These or similar considerations induced small knots of passengers to congregate in the vicinity of the jail, and their communings were protracted to a late hour; but as midnight approached, the streets became more and more deserted; the most pertinacious talkers found themselves at last to be without listeners, and before the birth of the new day, no one was to be seen in the whole thoroughfare, save an occasional watchman. A thick mist enveloped the city, and against it the dim oil lamps of the olden time, struggled hard to discharge their illuminating function—it was, in fact, such a night as eminently favoured any enterprise where secresy was an indispensable element. Darkness had flung her sable mantle over the sleeping street, and the conspirators had but to be daring, and their attempt had every chance of success on its side.

A coach was stealthily drawn up in an angle of the church adjoining the prison, and several persons were seen passing up and down the street. They were muffled up, and apparently were suspicious as to one of their number.

"That's about his size," whispered Character Cook to Arnold; "but he is so disguised with that plaid, and the nicht is so thick, that I can't make him out. Shall I hail him?"

"Aye, do—its past twelve, and if anything is to be done, it must be done quickly."

Character crossed the street and tapped the figure on the shoulder.

"Buchanan, eh?"

"Yes—is that your coach?"

"Aye—its our coach, but harkee, frien' after your fair fiddlin' I have no great brew o' your honesty; if, however, ye mean to play fause, just look at this rung, I'll apply it wi' a force that will mak your upper storey ring to some purpose."

"There's no time for fooling," replied Buchanan, in his usual blunt tone; "when the door opens and the prisoner comes out my work is over; you get him into the coach and carry him where you like."

"Aye, of course," answered Arnold; "his brother, Cook and I will carry him off fast enough, if you can only succeed in getting him out. But what are your plans? do you know the jail? are we to go with you?"

"My plans are my own, I know the jail, and I want no one to assist me."

"He's daft," whispered Cook, "daft as a March hare, or as his ain dochter. I wadna be for trusting him."

"Silence, sir," said Buchanan, "there's the watchman."

They crept back into a corner, and the guardian of the night passed on without observing them.

The aged sentinel proclaimed the hour and its meteorology, in a harsh, broken voice; and when the announcement died away in retreating repetitions, which indicated the safe distance of the speaker, the four emerged from their hiding-place.

"I see you don't trust me, gentlemen," said Buchanan, "but you need not be afraid. I run all risks, you run none. Keep back, and make no noise, and do nothing till he comes out."

With considerable misgivings, but yet not without much curiosity, accompanied with a latent stifled hope that seemed to struggle for vitality, they silently yielded consent to the directions of the publican.

Buchanan cautiously knocked at the prison door.

"Wha's tat?" queried an inner voice.

"It's me."

"And wha be's *me?*"

"Mercy, Rory Maclaren, d'ye no' ken Willie Buchanan?"

"Och, an' is it you Williams, but hov te teevil can Rory hear *threw* te tam thick doors, and te pig iron nails. Its lang since she did not saw you Mister Buchanans."

"Open the door and let me in—its awfu' cauld here."

"She daurna does it, for the souls that's in her podies—the shentlemans is to be hanged to morn's morning, and nobodies can get in."

"I ken that," replied Buchanan; "I have been awa at Gorgie for some o' Johnny Gordon's Ferntosh, and I jist thocht on my road hame that a wee drap micht do ye good; it's an awfu' thing sitting by yoursel the haill nicht."

"It is all dat, Mister Buchanans; I don't like to be shailor in tis place o' bad smells. I wish I vas a smuggler again, Mister Buchanans. Is it Shon Gordon's *best?*"

"His very best, and has been three years below the grun'—man it's fine—jist ae moufou' wad mak ye greet for very joy. It gaes down a body's throat like a lighted peat. But there's nae use flingin' pearls afore swine, I thocht ye wad hae been ower glad to tak' it. A gude nicht wi' you."

"Stop, Mister Buchanans, would she give one drop to te watchers as well as to Rory?"

"Well, I don't mind."

"Come in ten, Mister Buchanans."

To the great joy of the other watchers outside, who partly heard the above interesting colloquy; the ponderous door of the Heart of Mid-Lothian was opened, and Buchanan admitted within its gloomy portals. All was then silent, and continued so for nearly an hour; and the time was passed by the friends without in an agony of suspense; but as we have the privilege of *entrée* as well as Mr. Buchanan, we shall detail what happened within the precincts of durance vile.

It appeared that Buchanan's friend, Mr. Roderick Maclaren, was an inveterate smuggler—or rather smuggler's assistant, for he lacked the necessary providence to accumulate capital in order

to set up as a contraband trader—and having an unlucky facility for getting entangled in the meshes of the law, he had, at the expiration of one of his terms of imprisonment, offered his services to the jail authorities, and they, willing to afford the repentant offender an opportunity for amendment, and perhaps thinking that one of his habits would be an efficient terror to evil-doers, had been graciously pleased to accept his tender of assistance. Buchanan knew of the appointment, and he also had a perfect knowledge of Rory's predilection for strong waters, and of the small probability which existed that this predilection could at all times be gratified within the walls of the prison, for about the time we now speak of Howard had ended his illustrious career, and jail canteens were not in vogue as in the days of Jonathan Wild and Captain Macheath; and accordingly, acting on Walpole's great theory, that every man has his price, the publican shrewdly and correctly guessed that the fiery distillation of Ferntosh was the bribe underneath which the virtue of the Celtic sentinel was likely to fade into thin air. In addition to Rory, the only other waking inmates of the jail, or at all events, the only other inmates officially bound to be awake were two turnkeys, whose province it was to remain in the condemned cell along with the prisoner. Rory was anxious, as we have seen, that they should be partakers of his sin, for the very obvious reason that they might not be denouncers of his guilt—and although his fellow-officials were lowland, while he was highland, yet as each genus of the family of Scotchmen possess in common a love of alcoholic mixtures, they yielded, as we shall find, to the national temptation.

Rory sat by a light as dim as the lantern which poetry supposes to have been used at the obsequies of the hero of Corunna, and he trimmed it with difficulty, alleging, by way of apology, that "it vas goods enough for te place."

Buchanan willingly accepted this explanation, and produced a huge bladder filled with the liquor, which, according to Boswell's statement to Dr. Johnson, alone can make a Caledonian happy, and he also produced a wooden *quaigh*, or drinking-cup, so that in all respects the equipment was complete. Rory eagerly seized the proffered vessel, held it up to the light that he might inspect the colour of the fluid—that being satisfactorily green, he next gently sniffed the odour, and it in turn being duly redolent of the peat, he then adventured on a preliminary taste, and pronounced it "Bale Shon Gordon's," and finally swallowed the entire contents.

"Och, Williams, mine breaths! and te tears of mine eyes! it goes down like one hot poker! Cot pless Shon Gordons for tat same! And pless you, Mister Buchanans, an' pless the provosts, and the baillies, and the magistrates, an' pless every podies! Give me one other, Williams—I'm going to lose te test of it alreadys."

Buchanan was nothing loth, and Rory had imbibed three *quaighs* before he recollected his coadjutors in the upper room. Signalling Buchanan that he should remain where he was, the door-keeper took the precious liquid up-stairs, and, having filled another *quaigh*, he knocked at the door of the fatal cell. The fragrance of the usquebagh was unmistakeable, and equally welcome as it was distinct; but it was proffered too obviously, and virtue, as usual, had to act her part.

"What is this, Rory Maclaren?" exclaimed turnkey A—— (we speak algebraically). "Ardent spirits in the very condemned cell; I must put a stop to this."

And so motioning Rory backwards into a corner, the indignant moralist seized the wooden receptacle and absorbed the contents in double-quick time.

A—— returned, and B—— caught the perfume also.

"I must see what he *means*," said B——, solemnly, and he marched out, but not to return so quickly.

"I hope, sir," remarked A——, to the prisoner, "that that unfortunate man is not tampering with my comrade." And so A—— went out *de novo*.

These different embassies on behalf of purity occupied time, and Mr. Buchanan, calculating with the precision of a Greenwich observer how long it should take to eclipse three turnkeys, when an orb of whiskey was interposed between them and their duty, at length deemed it safe for him to venture on a reconnoitering expedition.

"Hollo, strangers here," cried A——.

"Clear agin rule," echoed B——.

"It's onlies Mister Buchanans," answered Rory, "do ye thinks the Ferntosh could comes doune to lum?"

"Now, gentlemen, I must be off—I jist looked in to gie Rory a tastin' for auld lang syne," added Buchanan, "I hope you have baith got a drop."

Messrs. A—— and B—— solemnly declared that they had not, but graciously added that if it was Mr. Buchanan's pleasure they would taste with him, but nothing more—on that point they were most emphatic. Mr. Buchanan proceeded to help them, and finding that the bladder had decreased in weight and bulk to an extent that no ordinary theory of natural evaporation could account for, he made bold to advance another stage in his mission.

"It's a cauld nicht, gentlemen," whispered the wily vintner, "the prisoner owes me a grudge—let him hae a dram—it will let him see that I hae nae ill-will to him."

"Can't be done," said A——.

"Clear agin rule," echoed B——.

"Dat's one of te clock," said Rory, "in sheven hours mores, she will be in kingdoms come—let him have te tram, it will make him tie like one shentlemans, and not like one tam lowlanders."

The latter remark was likely to provoke an ethnographic discussion, indeed both A—— and B—— applied expletives to the Gaelic notion, which we do not care about repeating; but Buchanan felt that this was a time for action and not controversy, and seeing that the turnkeys were opposed more in form than in reality to the

civility proposed to be extended to the prisoner, he walked into the cell glass in hand.

"Please take a dram, Mr. Spencer," said Buchanan to Norman, who was busy reading.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Hamilton, starting to his feet, "what means this folly?"

"I am come to save you," whispered Buchanan.

Ah! there be many aids in this life that come late. Riches may come to the poor, food to the starved, medicine to the dying, justice to the oppressed, liberty to the captive, escape to the doomed; but how often do they come when hope has given up all for lost, when life's forces have ebbed to their lowest throb, and when the desire for again beholding the pleasant sun has ceased to be an instinct of nature. It was so with Norman Hamilton. Everything had failed and he had made up his mind to die: he had taken his last farewell of all that were near and dear to him; for him the bitterness of death was past, for over him the fear of mere physical destruction had no power. Yet this offer so strangely, so suddenly made! and by him who, above all men, was his bitterest enemy! The hand of Providence was apparently in it, and for the moment he felt as if he inhaled once more the free breath of heaven.

"I forgive you, Buchanan, and I wish happiness and a better fate than mine to you and yours." And so saying the prisoner put the liquor to his lips.

A—— declared that this feeling of forgiveness was quite affecting, and apparently as if from absence of mind he took the vessel from Norman's yielding hand and drank it off with continued appearance of unconsciousness. B—— did the same, but it was evident that he drank with a relish, as he loudly smacked his lips. Buchanan felt that the crisis was close at hand, and he again intimated his intention to depart—a resolution which the prison functionaries had less desire to oppose now that the contents of the bladder were so sensibly diminished. Rory was ordered to see him out, and Buchanan having privately made a significant gesture to Hamilton, formally took leave of the whole company. Rory escorted him through the various passages which led to the outer door of the building, but from his tottering steps and garrulity it was evident that the Celt was in that passive state which indicated that any opposition proceeding from him would be wholly inoperative. Indeed his passiveness had reached an extremity that was not at all convenient, for Mr. Maclaren seemed so talkative that there was a prospect of his doing nothing else save talking.

"I wunt oot, you stupid Hieland blockhead," said Buchanan angrily.

"Och, and to be shurely; an' whens did she sees Tugal Cameron—Tugal was one big rogues, but she danced weel—and did Neil M'Vittie play on hims bagpipes, noo? Och, Mr. Buchanans, but you are one fine mans—a petterer mans than Rory ever thocht you was."

"Let me oot, I tell ye."

"To be surely."

The getting out, however, was a difficult matter. Mr. Maclaren had left the keys in his own apartment, then when he went for them, he brought the wrong bunch, finding the right bunch he could not lay hold of the right key, getting the right key he seemed unable to apply it to the key-hole. Buchanan's mortification was extreme.

"Here it will be day licht before this stupid, blundering Highland ass lets me out, and then it will be too late."

He took the keys from the infirm finger of the sentinel, and at last accomplished the unlocking of the massive door himself. Keeping hold of them, he cautiously peered out and saw that assistance was at hand.

"This rascal is quite drunk, but still he may raise an alarm, take him by the throat and keep him quiet; and get one of your comrades to stand in this passage and seize the person that comes out next."

Character Cook volunteered to guard the enervated person of Rory, while Arnold (who had by this time resigned his militia commission) undertook the more formidable task of collaring the next descending individual—it being arranged that Cook and his charge should remain outside, while Arnold was to take his station within—keeping the door closed by way of preventing suspicion. Cook with characteristic restlessness did not long remain satisfied with the plan as originally adjusted—he did not think his external position was likely to afford sufficient scope for his warlike tendencies, and he petitioned to be allowed to share in the more adventurous glories of the internal conflict.

"Open the door, lieutenant," said the pugnacious man of leather, "there is no use in my watching a man that is clean mortal wi drink—he can nae mair stand than if he was an empty sack. If I lay him down in the gutter, he'll lie as soun' as the Bass Rock till it's time for the hangman. Let me in—I may be of use to you."

Arnold was nothing loath to have a coadjutor when he considered the dangers incident to a dark passage in a jail—the hour being midnight—and the object the escape of a condemned convict; but he suggested that the prostrate turnkey should be brought within doors also, and to this Cook assented, and Rory who still was emitting incoherent sentences of Celtic origin, was again deposited within the precincts of his professional abode.

"It is an awfu' thing drink, lieutenant!" ejaculated Cook, adding, however, by way of precaution—"that is when no ta'en in moderation."

Buchanan, meanwhile, had groped his way back to the cell, and then and there evolved another item of his scheme.

"I say you there, that cratur Rory is sae far gane he canna let me oot."

"The bladder fellow must be put out," said A——.

"His being here is clean agin rule," echoed B——.

"The Captain may come in upon us," added A——.

"Then go and open the door," rejoined B——.

A—— proceeded to discharge this mission, and ordered Buchanan to follow him, an advice which the latter obeyed, but whenever he ascertained that A—— was according to agreement safely in custody, he returned to the cell and knocked at the door, and B—— having no conception that any one could by any possibility knock except his associate A——, at once undid the fastenings. Mr. Buchanan allowed no time for reflection.

"Take the fetters off the prisoner,"—the command being accompanied by a shake illustrative of the present tense, and the display of a bludgeon equally descriptive of the future. "Both your comrades are secured—bear a hand."

"Clean agin—."

The bludgeon rose in the air, but B—— did not wait its descent—he undid the chains of the prisoner.

"Now, sir," said Buchanan, who appeared to have laid his plans with consummate skill, (for, like Rory, he had been engaged in the smuggling trade,) "I remain here for a few minutes to keep this chiel quiet; you make off, your friends have possession of the door. If I appeared to take your life—I've now saved it."

Norman grasped the hand of his deliverer, and immediately rushed out; the path, from a previous attempt at escape, was quite familiar to him, and he had no difficulty in making his way to the passage where his friends were in waiting for him. His voice was instantly recognised, and the door was flung open and he found himself a free man, and once more breathing the blessed air of liberty.

He was beyond the portal, but not a step more, when one of the town-guard suddenly appeared and made a thrust at him with his bayonet; a female figure, perceiving the intention, darted forward and received the blow in her own person. The guard next fired his pistol, and the fugitive staggered; but the guard was overpowered, and the prisoner was hurried into the coach, which drove rapidly off with him and the conspirators.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GUDE-WIFE O' WAUCHOPE; AND MEMORABILIA.

To readers of the Poems of Robert Burns, "The Gude-wife o' Wauchope" needs no introduction: but in presenting the two following (hitherto) unpublished Letters, addressed to her by Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., afterwards Earl of Minto, it may add to their interest, perhaps, if we give a few notes from our private annotated copy of Burns.

Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Rutherfurd, (she was niece of Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of a very touching and beautiful variation of "The Flowers o' the Forest,") appears to have been born in Edinburgh in 1729. She was the eldest daughter of David Rutherfurd, Esq., of Cape-hope, Advocate, by —— Dundas, daughter of Robert Dundas, Lord Arniston. Mr. Rutherfurd was, it is believed, a younger son of the family of Rutherfurd, of Fairnalie in Selkirkshire. In 1768, Miss Elizabeth Rutherfurd married Walter Scott, Esq., then younger of Wauchope, Roxburghshire. She died childless in 1789. The Wauchope Scotts are descended from "The Laird's Wat," celebrated in "The Raid of Redswyre." Several considerable estates in the western part of Roxburghshire had passed through the hands of various branches of the family previous to the acquisition of Wauchope. Their tastes seem to have been far otherwise than literary.* A "versifier" herself, Mrs. Scott in 1787 on the publication of Burns' volume addressed to him a rhyming epistle, entitled, "The Guidwife of Wauchope-house to Robert Burns," expressing her admiration of his poems, and her doubts as to the correctness of the report, that they were the production of a "ploughman." . . . . But it may be as well to let her tell her own tale, and thus afford a specimen of her poetic powers:—

My canty, witty, rhyming ploughman
I hafflins doubt, it is na true, man,
That ye between the stilts were bred,
Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed.
I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge
Either fra grammar-school or college.
Gude troth, your saul and body baith,
Was better fed, I'd gie my aith,
Than theirs, wha sup sour-milk and parritch,
An' cummil thro' the single Carritch.
Wha ever heard the ploughman speak,
Could tell gif Homer was a Greek?
He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
As get a single line o' Virgil.
An' then sae slee ye crack your jokes
O' Willie Pitt, and Charlie Fox,
Our great men a' sae weel descrive,
An' how to gar the nation thrive,
Ane maist wad swear ye dwelt amang them,
An' as ye saw them sae ye sang them.
But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
Ye are a funny blade, I swear;
An' though the cauld I ill can bide,
Yet twenty miles and mair I'd ride,

* The present "Laird" of Wauchope, J. MacMillan Scott, Esq., of Harwood, to whom we are indebted for the present letters and the preceding memorabilia, informs us that he has in his possession an unpublished poem of the "Guidwife's," bearing the somewhat ominous title of the "Diaboliad." . . . . Mr. Scott continues, "Some few years since in looking over an old book-stall I chanced to light upon a volume entitled, 'Alonzo and Cora, with other original poems. By Elizabeth Scot, a native of Edinburgh.' On examining this volume I found that the poems were those of my relative. The poems bear to have been published by subscription, and have prefixed to them a preface giving a not very accurate account of their authoress, dated at Northampton, June 1801." See Sir Gilbert's Letters, now first published.

O'er moss an' muir, an' never grumble,
Though my old yad shou'd gie a stumble,
To crack a winter-night wi' thee,
An' hear thy songs and sonnets slee.
A guid saut herring, an' a cake,
Wi' sic a chiel, a feast wad make;
I'd rather scour your reaming gill,
Or eat o' cheese and bread my fill,
Than wi' dull lairds on turtle dine,
An' ferlie at their wit and wine.
O, gif I kenn'd but where ye bade,
I'd send to you a marled plaid;
'Twad haud your shouthers warm an' braw,
An' douse at kirk or market shaw.
For south, as weel as north, my lad,
A' honest Scotchmen loe the maud [plaid.]
Right wae that we're sae far frae ither:
Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.
Your most obedient,
E. S.

Burns replied, as all the world knows, in that peerless epistle, in which he bodies forth those first indefinite stirrings of immortal ambition, which, as Lockhart and Christopher North have in eloquent words remarked, he had before shadowed out under the magnificent image of "the blind groping of Homer's Cyclops around the walls of the cave."

Smelling of sunny autumnal "Harst's" and the dewy freshness of the goldening "Fields," one cannot read verses such as these too frequently:—

Guidwife,
I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh,
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco' proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearin' the day awa.

E'en then a wish (I mind its power)
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeding-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear;
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew no higher praise.

In his famous border tour Burns visited Wauchope: regarding its inmates we find the following entry in his journal.

"Wauchope:—Mr. Scott, exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Pança—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing, rather than a good thing. Mrs. Scott, all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face and bold critical decision which usually distinguish female authors."

And now for the letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, addressed to the "Guidwife." All such morsels are of moment and interest, as reflecting the habits and casting light on the relations of the period: and are always so many little contributions towards the yet unwritten history of the literature of Scotland:—

I.

No. 3, Pall Mall Court, London,
31st Dec., 1787.

Dear Madam,—I fear I must adopt the apology you have been so considerate as to suggest for me, and plead the occupations of my last two months as a slight excuse for the delay which you have too much reason to impute to me, as well as others, in executing the commission you was [were] so good as to intrust me with. My admiration of your two poems is certainly not inferior to that proferred by Mr. Logan.* My offers of service on the occasion were as forward and as voluntary as his; and I fear my performance must fairly appear as backward and as dilatory, so that I must, in justice, claim my share in the blame, and in any displeasure which you might so naturally feel on our double failure. As reformation is the better part of penitence, I will lose no time in telling you that as soon as my holydays began, I applied to Mr. Logan, and was informed by him that "Alonzo" was actually in the hands of a bookseller, who had undertaken to publish it on his own account: and that it would appear soon after Christmas. I then showed him "Edwin and Edith," and desired his opinion, whether it might not be advisable to add that very beautiful poem to the former. He has returned it to me to-day, with the strongest expressions of admiration; and with his advice to publish the two together. I am, therefore, to request that you will forward to me, as soon as convenient, a correct copy of "Edwin and Edith," in the form in which you wish it to appear. It only remains that I should say a word on the different modes of publication. My own opinion (confirmed by that of Mr. Logan and several other good judges) of the extraordinary merit and beauty of these performances, rendered still more conspicuous (if I may say so without incivility) by the situation and circumstances in which they have been produced, is much too high to leave me satisfied with the only terms on which a first publication is undertaken by a bookseller, namely, to take the profit for the risk. I am, therefore, induced to submit to you two other methods, either of which appear to me better suited to the occasion than that I have mentioned; but I must request that you will decide freely for either or neither of them, according to your own judgment and inclination; begging only that if both my proposals should appear to you objectionable on any account, you will excuse my officiousness in favour of my zeal. The first method is to print these poems ourselves; I mean at our own expense, and to reimburse ourselves by the sale. I know that your modesty will suggest the risk of this expedient, as greater than may suit a rural poet. But as I am not bound to any modesty on this subject, I have only to desire that

* See remarks at the close of this paper.

you will allow me to take both the advances and the risk on myself. I will repay myself honestly out of the first produce, and account to the author for the rest; and I have no doubt of convincing you by the event that I am making you a tender which is more gallant than hazardous. The other mode is a subscription, which I am quite sure would succeed far beyond the expense of publication. That expense would not exceed £30, and I should think £100 a very moderate subscription. If you should see no objection to the latter proposal, I need hardly assure you of my best exertions to promote this, as I shall be happy to do any other means of accomplishing this publication, both for the gratification of the world, the honour of the borders, and still more for that of the rapture-giving sex, which I profess as much to worship, though not so well qualified to celebrate as your friend, our other Scottish bard. [*i.e.* Burns.]

May I beg the favour of your orders on this subject as soon as convenient, and that you will believe me, with best respects to Wauchope, my dear Madam, most sincerely,

Your faithful humble servant,

GILBERT ELLIOT.

P.S.—I have been prevented by the snow from my intended journey to Minto, and must therefore defer my hopes of receiving you there till the summer. I need not say, however, that Lady Elliot will at all times be happy in the honour of seeing you.

II.

Minto, Friday, 27 *June*, 1788.

DEAR MADAM,—I hope the engagements I have had this winter in London will be considered as some excuse for the appearance of neglect you will I fear have observed in the management of the business which you intrusted me with. It was not till very lately that it was at all in my power to give it the attention which I wished, and although I did not lose two days after I was at liberty, in taking steps towards accomplishing our affair, I was, however, unwilling to write to you on a subject which had suffered so many delays, till I could inform you of its being finally settled. I have now the pleasure of telling you that it is so, and I have only to hope that you will not disapprove of the manner and terms on which I have agreed for the publication of your two poems. Mr. Debrett, bookseller in Piccadilly, has bought the copy for £20; and although I certainly think this a very small sum, when compared with my opinion of the work, yet as it is just £20 more than is almost ever given for the first work of any author in that line, especially when it is to be published without a name, I was induced to accept of it: and I was indeed the more unwilling to refuse this offer, as I was strongly advised not to take the method formerly proposed, of printing it for the author, because a thousand difficulties are thrown in the way of such publications by the booksellers, who have opportunity enough to do mischief. What I regret most is, that the poems will not appear till next winter;—Mr. Debrett, and indeed several other booksellers, whom I consulted on the subject, thinking it by no means advisable to bring it out at the close of the season, when people were retiring to the country. The business is, however, in the meanwhile concluded: and I have Mr. Debrett's written engagement on the terms I have mentioned. As soon as my principal occupation in Parliament was over, Mr. Elliot of Wells and I transcribed the poem of Edwin and Edith: and took the liberty of inserting one or two little alterations, principally in those passages which had occasioned doubt or difficulty at our last consultations at Minto. These, however, will of course be submitted to your review and decision. The grand stumbling-block of all, "A Bracelet say," is I think happily got over, and I take the liberty of enclosing you two versions of that stanza for your choice. It will, however, be extremely advisable that you consider attentively during the summer the whole of our last copy, that it may not go to the press without your sanction. I imagine you will also think it right to bestow the same attention on Alonzo which was given last year to Edwin and Edith, as I do not know that it has ever yet undergone any revision with a view to its publication. I attempted to see Mr. Logan on the subject, but he had unfortunately gone a few miles out of London for the recovery of his health: and as he came to town occasionally but for a few hours at a time, we were not able to meet. He has returned me, however, the copy which he had of Alonzo, and I have brought back that and all other papers relating to your poems, along with me. It will be necessary to think of some little introduction in the way of preface or advertisement, and in short to settle exactly the form in which the work is to appear. I mention these things now, that the summer may not be suffered to slip away, and the season for printing catch us unprepared. I propose to have the pleasure of waiting on you in a few days, with the two poems, when we may talk over this matter more satisfactorily than can well be done in writing.

Believe me, Dear Madam, with Lady Elliot's best compliments,

Your affectionate and humble Servant,

GILBERT ELLIOT.

P.S.—I arrived from London yesterday.

Somewhat curious is it to think of Sir Gilbert, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk and Earl of Minto, "copying out" a poem whose stanzas must be reckoned by hundreds and its totality nearly (we suppose) a thousand. Well, the author of "My apron dearie" and "Amynta" was certainly much better thus employed than his degenerate representative, the present Pope-toe-kissing, Italy-ambassadoring, Earl Minto!

The "Mr. Logan" to whom allusion is made in the preceding Letters, is the famous (or infamous) Rev. John Logan, the mean stealer of poor Michael Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo" and "Paraphrases." His is a tainted name: and yet

requiescat in pace he repented him, as the death-valley fore-casted its shadows, of much of his obliquities.

We have placed under the heading of this Paper, "Memorabilia:" but these are but (in addition to what we have annotated) slight. However, the present is as good and acceptable an opportunity of giving them to the public as can occur.

The little "Memorabilia" referred to are hardly related to the preceding: and yet, were it needful to establish a relation, it might be done, inasmuch as the first is by Burns, and the second refers to a relative of another Scottish poet, Robert Ferguson.

Appended to a contemporary copy of that most daringly witty and sarcastic of all Burns's poems, "Holy Willie's Prayer," in our possession, is the following graphic hand-sketch (in a single stanza) of the mode in which poor Will Fisher, the hero of the poem, (alas, that he should have been found "dead-drunk" in a ditch, after all his austerity and punctiliousness,) was wont to "make his face in his prayers." It is a serious subject no doubt: but the individual is to be detached from the subject: and then (to make Pascal speak English) "I persuade myself that the ridiculing of the errors and extravagances of mankind is not acting contrary to the general conduct of the saints."

Here then is the Hogarthian limning,—

> "Gar your e'en reel, [turn up the white of your eyes]
> Circumflex your mouth,
> Haud your upper lip North,
> And your under South,
> Half grane, half squeel."

It bears the broad-arrow mark of Burns upon it.

Our next little "Memorabilia," is a pass granted by President Duncan Forbes to the uncle of the Poet Ferguson (by the mother's side). It sheds a side-light upon the state of the country at the period. We copy the original verbatim, which has been placed at our disposal (with other papers) by John Forbes, Esq., Writer, Old Meldrum, the representative (maternally) of Ferguson.*

SIR,—The Bearer hereof, John Forbes, of the Parish of Tarland, has waited in this Place Many Days in hopes of obtaining, on the Character Given by Me of his loyalty, a Protection, for his Person and effects, in case of any March of the troops throw that neighbourhood: It's possible that in the Hurry the Granting such a Protection may be forgot, should that bee the Case, the Poor man must be Contented with a Pass to Suffer him to Get Back to his Own Country and the favour I Presume to ask of You is that You will be so Good as to Give him Such a Pass. I ask Your Pardon for this Trouble, and am with Great Respect,

Sir,
Your Most Obedient and Most Humble Servant,
[Signed,] DUN: FORBES.

Inverness, 22d May,
1746.

On the reverse side:—

By William Blakeney, Esq., Major General of His Majesty's Forces, &c., commanding at Inverness.

Permitt the Bearer hereof, John Forbes, to Pass from hence to Tarland in Aberdeenshire without let or molestation. Given under my hand at Inverness, this twenty third Day of May, 1746.

[Signed] WILL BLAKENEY.

To all whom it may concern.

Forbes' is holograph . . . . very weak and feeble. The "Pass" has only the tottering autograph of Blakeney.

May these "mites" be accepted!

A B Γ.

Edinburgh.

* See the recent collected edition of the Poems of Fergusson, with new Life from unpublished Family Papers, issued by Fullarton & Co., of Edinburgh. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 432.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

Did we, as they of old, our gods attend
With festive pomp, before the city's view,
COMMERCE! adown this watery avenue
At each returning feast thy train should wend,
With richer circumstance than e'er did send
Athenian Pallas forth, or to the dome
Of favourite Jove,* amidst applauding Rome,
Proceed with trophies, treasures without end,
In that one homage—Less than should be thine,
Borne in thy sumptuous bark these ranks between,
Where from all winds thy votaries combine,
Centres all skill, all enterprise:—a scene
More wondrous far than did her progress line
When Cydnus' wave received th' Egyptian Queen.

* Jupiter Capitolinus.

REMINISCENCES OF A FRENCH LADY.

Madame de Bawr is an amiably garrulous old lady, well known and appreciated in an extensive circle of Parisian society. Enjoying the double blessing of a green old age and a good memory, she writes in the evening of her days, and for the public's benefit, a volume consisting of those incidents and recollections of a not uneventful life, with whose verbal narration she has been wont to gratify her friends. She has lived through three French revolutions. No more need be said to prove that she has seen much worth the telling. Twice, she intimates, she has been precipitated from the height of opulence, to the depths of adversity. That she has borne her cares and sorrows in the meek and resigned spirit of a Christian, the tone and tenor of her book affords sufficient evidence. In her day of disaster, she was not wanting in that moral courage which persons, suddenly overtaken by ill-fortune, are often unable to muster. Of good family and connections, she yet found herself, in the course of the many political convulsions through which she passed, compelled to rely upon her own exertions for a competency. Literature was the occupation to which she turned her attention, and not without success. Besides several plays, she has written a number of novels and tales, which, although they may not stand forth so strikingly from amongst the multitude of works of that kind which the present century has produced, as to hand down her name to a remote posterity, yet deserve favourable mention, on account of their amusing qualities, amiable tendencies, and unobjectionable character. Her present work, entitled "*Mes Souvenirs*," is, we presume, intended to be her last, since she already announced, in a novel that preceded it by two or three years, her final retirement from the field of literature. Unless, indeed, she should be tempted, by the success this new volume has already obtained in Paris, especially amongst female readers, to add to it another, for which she would surely still find ample materials in the recollections of a career extending over a number of years, which it is unnecessary, as it would be ungallant, here to specify. Without, however, speculating on what she may hereafter do, we will occupy ourselves with what she has already done. Her amusingly desultory volume courts and rewards examination. It matters little where we open it, for it is full of lively sketches and characteristic traits. We take, at random, an anecdote of Queen Marie Antoinette, illustrating the kindness of heart of that unfortunate princess. The person who told it to Madame de Bawr, had it from M. de Chalabre, who abstained from naming the culprit.

"M. de Chalabre held the bank in the Queen's apartments, when faro was played at Court. One night, when collecting the money of the players who had just lost, the great habit he had of holding rouleaus of fifty louis in his hand, convinced him that one he had just taken up, and which he had seen staked by a very young man, was false. Fearful lest he should unwittingly again circulate it, he availed himself of a moment when no one was looking, and put it hastily into his pocket.

"The Queen alone remarked the action. Surprised that M. de Chalabre, whose extreme delicacy at play was well known, should allow himself to subtract even the smallest sum from his bank, she waited till the company retired, and made sign to him to remain behind.

"As soon as they were alone, 'Monsieur de Chalabre,' said the Queen, 'I wish to know why you this evening took out of your bank, a rouleau of fifty louis d'ors?'

"'A rouleau, Madam?'

"'Yes,' replied the Queen; 'you put it in the right hand pocket of your waistcoat.'

"'Since your Majesty saw me do it,' replied M. de Chalabre, 'I am compelled to confess that I took the rouleau from the bank, because it is false.'

"'False!' repeated the Queen.

"M. de Chalabre took the rouleau from his pocket, tore the paper, and exhibited its contents —a piece of lead cut in the requisite form.

"'Were you able to detect the person who placed this upon the table?' said Marie Antoinette, pale from sudden emotion.

"M. de Chalabre answered this question with such manifest embarrassment, that the Queen pressed him hard, and at last said, in a tone permitting no further evasion:

"'I will know who it was.'

"'Well, Madam! it was the young Count de * * *.'

"Upon hearing the name of one of the best families in France, the Queen heaved a deep sigh.

"'I request, Monsieur de Chalabre,' said she, after a moment's reflection, 'that you will keep this sad business a profound secret.' And she dismissed him.

"At the next of the Queen's receptions, the young Count, whose father was then ambassador at a foreign court, made his appearance as usual. When Marie Antoinette saw him approach the faro-table,

"'Monsieur le Comte,' said she, smiling, 'I promised your mother to take you under my guardianship during her absence; our play is too high for so young a man, and you shall not play faro any more at Court.'

"The Count blushed crimson; he had no means of testifying his gratitude for such great goodness, otherwise than by a profound bow, but it is probable that thenceforward, Count de * * * gambled no more."

Madame de Bawr's personal reminiscences carry us very far back, but by the introduction of a third person she sometimes puts us in communication with a period incredibly remote. "Dining one day at the Chateau de Guermande," she says,

"a lady, who was seated near the master of the house, and who did not look very old, suddenly said, in a quiet confident way, 'In 1715, Louis XIV. told my husband that. . . . .' 'That lady is mad!' said I to my neighbour. 'No,' he replied, 'she is widow of Marshal Richelieu.' At the age of eighty-four, Marshal Richelieu had married a third wife, Madame de Roth, then young. So that at this present time of writing, in 1851, one person has formed the link between myself, still living, and him who conversed with Louis XIV. in 1715. The grandmother of Madame de Pastoret, who was still living when I was a girl, remembered to have heard Madame de Maintenon, going out for a drive with the king, give her orders to the coachman, saying, '*A Trianon*, légèrement.'" Madame de Bawr's own recollections relate chiefly to the court, to eccentric contemporaries, to the theatre, art, and literature. Herself a successful dramatist and thereby brought into personal acquaintance with several distinguished actors, notably with Mademoiselle Mars, who took the principal part in several of her pieces—she takes a natural interest in matters histrionic, and especially in the lyric drama. Her sketch of the character and genius of Bellini is calculated to inspire deep regret at the premature death of so amiable a man and promising a composer.

"Bellini," she says, "combined with his rare talent, all those qualities that win the heart. Nature had endowed him with the happiest and most amiable character. His enjoyment of life was keen; he was unspoiled by his successes of all kinds. With a strong feeling of emulation, he knew not envy: he would not even believe in the existence of envious persons. Thus it was that he suffered nothing from the numerous intrigues formed against him, for he was incapable of suspecting them. Content with his own success, he sincerely applauded that of others, which, he would say, rubbing his hands, excited his ambition for the future. The fact is that he considered himself far from having arrived at the apogee of his talent, and in that I believe him to have been perfectly right. It is easy to perceive, by observing the date of his works, that he daily took more pains to vary his melodies, and perfect the instrumental portions of his operas. His death robbed the world of more than one masterpiece, of a music full of grace, charm, and sentiment.

"Bellini had a great deal of natural sense and ability, and was eager in his acquisition of all kinds of knowledge. An indescribable tinge of youthfulness and artlessness gave a peculiar originality to his conversation. Features whose regularity was combined with expression, and a most elegant figure, would have recommended him in any society; how much more so, then, when their possessor was the author of the 'Puritani,' the 'Somnambula,' and 'Norma?'

"When Bellini's first opera was composed, Rossini, although still in the prime of life, and without any apparent motive, seemed disposed to compete no longer for the laurels of which he had had so large a share. The first appearances of his young successor were brilliant. All the theatres in Italy competed for a composition of Bellini's; in the towns he successively inhabited, he was sought and feasted by the highest society. At Milan, the first ladies in the place combined to work an immense carpet, which they presented to him. The music of Norma had raised enthusiasm to the highest point, when he yielded to his desire to visit Paris, where, it may said, artistic reputations become consolidated. The welcome he here found inspired him with such a partiality to France, that he proposed passing his life there. Alas! that pleasant and fortunate life was destined to be very brief. Bellini, born in 1802, died in 1835."

We find, in this *olla podrida* of gossip and *souvenirs*, an anecdote of another composer, who preceded Grétry as purveyor of the French opera, but who is now far less remembered for his musical skill than for his excellence as a chess-player. As a young man, Philidor exercised this remarkable talent as a means of making money. In Germany, England and Holland, he beat all the best players, although he gave them advantages. More than once he was known to direct the game of a person placed out of his sight, whilst he himself was playing another game; but efforts of that kind fatigued his head so much that he discontinued them. The Count d'Artois, however, having heard of the feat, greatly desired to witness it, and sent word to Philidor that he would play him in that manner for a hundred louis d'ors. Philidor, after duly warning the prince that he was sure to beat him, at last yielded to his wish, and accepted the bet. When the Count d'Artois had selected the two players who were to conduct his game,—and as he was quite decided to pay the hundred louis, however the thing turned out, he secretly prevailed upon Philidor's second falsely to execute one of the orders given to him. This understanding effected, the game began, and had proceeded but a very short while, when Philidor having told his player to move a knight, the player moved a bishop, and, twenty moves afterwards, informed him that his adversary checked his king with his queen. "That is impossible," cried Philidor, "our knight would take her." "But the knight is not there," replied the prince's accomplice; "it is the bishop." "How so, the bishop!" Resting his head upon his hands, Philidor sat buried in reflection, until he recalled to his memory, the whole progress of the game.

"At the fifth move," he at last said, "when I told you to advance the knight, you made a mistake, and advanced the bishop."

At these words the Count d'Artois, seized with wonder and admiration, rose from his seat, confessed the trick and asked Philidor's pardon. Next morning he sent him his hundred louis in a gold box, bearing his initials in diamonds.

An amusing section of Madame de Bawr's volume is devoted to celebrated punsters, and especially to the Marquis de Bièvre, so renowned for his proficiency in that branch of wit, that a collection of his *bon mots* was published, under

the title of "Bièvriana." Spoiled by popularity, he overdid the thing, and at last his habit became so deplorably confirmed that he could not speak for five minutes to any one—not even to the queen—without punning. He had another accomplishment, equally elevated and desirable; he was a proficient in the noble game of cup and ball. He would throw the ball to the ceiling or to a distance, and never fail to catch it upon the point. The natural consequence of these two strangely-selected accomplishments was that the Marquis was dreaded by his friends and not unfrequently "trotted out" for the amusement of strangers.

It chanced one day that a diplomatist with whom M. de Bièvre was very intimate, was intrusted by the cabinet of Versailles with an important mission to the Pope, and went to wish him good-bye before starting for Rome. M. de Bièvre, who had never been in Italy, conceived a sudden desire to visit that country, and proposed to accompany his friend. The diplomatist at first refused, with an embarrassed air. Pressed by the Marquis to explain his refusal, he at last frankly avowed that his friend's rage for punning and passion for cup and ball rendered him an unfit companion for a plenipotentiary. "And if I pledge you my word," said the Marquis, "not to make a single pun, or to touch a cup and ball before returning to France." "You could not keep it." "Try me. If I break it, I leave you the very next day." This agreed, the two friends set out. Of course the Marquis took no cup and ball with him, but it was hard work to repress the puns that every moment started to his lips, and he suffered greatly on the road. He reached Lyons, however, without accident. They were to halt there two days. The intendant of the province invited the two friends to dinner, and asked a number of distinguished persons to meet them.

When the diplomatist and the marquis arrived, the drawing-room was already pretty full. The first thing that caught M. de Bièvre's eye, was a cup and ball upon the chimney-piece. Determined not to go near it, he was conversing with some of the guests, when one of them took the fatal instrument and made very clumsy use of it. M. de Bièvre could not stand this. He darted forward, snatched the toy from the novice's hands, and, as if to make up for recent abstinence, executed a succession of feats which excited general admiration. A circle formed around him, he was loudly applauded and overwhelmed with compliments.

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis," cried one of the spectators, "how I wish I had your address (skill)!"

"My address, sir!" was the punster's reply; "it is Place des Terreaux, Hotel of the Three Kings."

One may imagine how the plenipotentiary looked, at this double relapse of his incorrigible companion.

"I knew, in his old age, and when I was hardly sixteen," continues Madame de Bawr, "a great artist, who, like the Marquis de Bièvre, had a passion for puns. It was Joseph Vernet, the marine painter, the same who, during a voyage, wishing to take a sketch of a tempest, had himself lashed to the ship's mainmast. Notwithstanding this remarkable trait, and the two hundred pictures, all esteemed by connoisseurs, which Vernet left behind him, one often met, after his death, persons who only spoke of him to quote his most celebrated puns, of which a considerable collection might be made. His son, Carl Vernet, inherited this passion, and as I knew him much longer than I did his father, I confess that the rolling fire of puns sometimes perplexed me to such a degree that I no longer understood a word of what he was saying.

"The Vernet family is, I believe, the only one which, from father to son, has produced in three successive generations, three men, distinguished in the same profession. Joseph has enriched all the galleries in Europe with his pictures. Carl, his son, acquired celebrity as a painter of horses; and it is unnecessary here to speak of the works we owe, and of those which I hope we still shall owe, to Horace Vernet, his grandson."

We would prolong our examination of this pleasant book, did space allow it. As it is, we must refer our readers to the original. It is not often one stumbles upon French memoirs that can be recommended to English ladies as entirely unexceptionable. After an attentive perusal, we can call to mind no page of the present volume from which the most fastidious need recoil.

LEAVES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

A TALE OF CASGAR.

CASGAR. Turbans everywhere. Turbans I say.
Upstairs and downstairs and over the way.
Turbans of every conceivable hue,
(To start *à la* Dickens,) old turbans and new,
Scarlet and orange and indigo blue.
Come, don't contradict me! Because if you do,
I'll multiply every Turk's turban by two.

In a certain snug street that I know very well,—
For I lived in Casgar once, a year at a spell,
And dashed off one morning, myself, in a hurry,
The "plan of the city" that's published in
"Murray,"—

There lives, or did live, Anno Domini Fifty;
A Tailor called Mustapha, civil and thrifty;
So merry withal,
You never could call
But you'd hear him strike up like the band at a ball,
Till everything rattled all over the stall!
Such fun was his music that people would stop
And form quite a crowd round the door of the shop;
Till many a Turk, irresistibly pleasured,
Who stayed there to listen stepped in to be measured.

One fine afternoon,
Towards the middle of June,
Our friend was as usual humming a tune
And singing some verses he'd made on the moon,
As cross-legged he cosily squatted at work,
In his double capacity, Tailor and Turk,
When a queer little figure
As black as a nigger
Peeped in at the door with a wink and a snigger;
On his backbone a hunch
Had grown such a bunch
That he looked very much like an African Punch,
And Mustapha's heart gave a leap to his throat
Lest this rum little devil had called for a coat.

But he hadn't: he sat
Plump down on the mat,
And drummed a few chords on the crown of his hat,
Then struck up a ballad so brimful of fun
That Snip rolled about on his board like a tun,
Shouting, "Stop there—you grinning young son of a gun!
Don't burst a man's biler, adone lad, adone!"
But stop?—not a bit!
He rattled his wit
Till Mustapha's ribs were just ready to split,
It's a mercy he didn't go off in a fit!
John Parry, I'll swear,
Had he only been there,
Would have thumped out his musical brains in despair,
And each "Brother Brough,"
As, in sympathy gruff,
The optic fraternal he wiped with his cuff,
Would have sobbed, "Brother, brother,—we've lived long enough!"
The words I can't copy—because, in a ramble,
My pockets were picked by a bandit of Stambol,
Who prigged all my papers and pounded my head,—
Walked off in my breeches, and left me for dead.
I only remember it closed with a wink,
And a pointed request for "a trifle to drink."

"Drink? dear little black,
With a hump on your back,"
Cried Mustapha, "come along home for a snack!
The cut of your jib
Will tickle my 'rib,'
We'll hang you out supper and liquor *ad lib.*
By Jove, you deserve it. Come, jump off the floor,
And shove up the shutters whilst I lock the door:
Early closing for ever, and Mental Improvement!
I say, little dog, it's an excellent movement."

Not far down the road
Lay the Tailor's abode,
His "cot" as he termed it when turning an ode,
Where the fondest of wives, with a kiss on her lips,
Stood ready to welcome the fondest of Snips.

With a start and a stare,
The Tailoress fair
Exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness, who have you got there?
A little black Blackamoor, well I declare!"
"Pray, wife," said the Tailor, "some supper prepare:
Don't snub little Hunchback, but set him a chair;
If he doesn't surprise you when once his tongue's loose,
By the bones of the Prophet, I'll swallow my goose."

Alas and alack
For our dear little Black,
His manners were almost as queer as his back:
For he never said, "thank you," and never said "please,"
But ate with his knife, and began with his cheese,
And snored as he chewed,
Which is perfectly rude,
When in civilized company taking your food:
Till his host and his hostess exclaimed, "What a glutton
This low little Hunchback is, over his mutton!"

At length a great crab
He snatched with a grab,
And down his black throttle attempted to dab;
But, frightful to say,
It "went the wrong way,"
And there, it's crustaceous ill-will to display,
Perversely stuck fast—
"Oh, I'm diddled at last!"
Gasped Blacky. "Gulp—guggle. It . . . cannot . . . get . . . past.
Quick! Slap my back somebody—Oh, try a spoon!
A long one—a longer! Oh, I'm a gone 'coon!"

To paint the despair
Of our kind-hearted pair,
When the poor little nigger rolled out of his chair,
I give you my honour is more than I dare:
For besides all the croaking
Folks make when they're choking,
And the trouble they give, which is vastly provoking
In the midst of a meal,
They couldn't but feel
They'd lost a fine crab which had cost a great deal;
And that wasn't all, for I'm sorry to state,
They were doubly perplexed by their visitor's fate,
The laws in Casgar being cruelly queer,
(In fact one might almost pronounce them severe,
Compared with our mild little statute-book here,)
Announcing outright,
In plain black and white,

'You must mind what you're at when your friends
you invite,
For, if any true Mussulman dies in your house,
You'll be hung the next day,'—which seems rather
a chouse.
So it's clear that our couple had reasons a few
For bringing their crooked young visitor to.

They ran off directly for 'Hints on Emergencies,'
To see what the author, (an eminent surgeon,) says;
Then both fell to thump
The detestable hump,
As if such a process would make the crab jump:
They opened his jaw,
And fished in his maw
With hook-sticks and scissors, and stammered
"oh law!"
When they couldn't so much as catch hold of a
claw.
"Its all of no use,"
Said the Tailor, "the deuce
Take the hunch and the boy! they'll be cooking
my goose,
I expect, with a stock that ain't easy to loose,
To-morrow at six;
It's rather a fix,
At my time of life to be in for the kicks.
Come, what's to be done wife, eh?—chop him up
little,
And sell him for sav'loys and poor people's victual?
Or, stay! Lug him off to our neighbour the Saw-
bones,
And swear that *he* killed him, in handling his
jaw-bones!
That's better! yes, bundle him up on my back:
I'll leave him next door and be home in a crack!"

'Ding ding' at the bell:
"This gemman ain't well,"
Says the Tailor, "his backbone's beginnin' to swell.
Tell your master, my lad: say he's wrigglin' with
pain,
And sends up this guinea his case to explain:
And tell him he'd better come down pretty slick,
Or he'll find his poor patient as dead as a brick."

Our doctor—a Jew,
Had but little to do,
Because all his patients were luckily few;
So he sat in his room, looking hungry and blue,
Writing fancy prescriptions and fabulous letters,
And wishing himself better known to his betters.
And, of course, when his boy
Burst in, full of joy,
"Oh master—oh master—oh master, ahoy!
Here's a cove and a pound!
And, oh, isn't he round!
And the little chap squeaks as he sits on the
ground!
And he can't come upstairs, 'cause he's bad I'll be
bound!"
He jumped off his chair,
Six feet in the air,
And taking, alas, neither candle nor care,
Went hop skip and jump to the top of the stair—
Where, just in the way,
Poor Blackamoor lay,
Very little expecting such nimble display—
Kicked him head over heels—oh it's painful to say
How he banged like a ball
On the stairs and the wall,
And how thump after thump you might hear in
his fall,
Till at last you might hear him roll into the hall.

"O! O! Vat ish here?
I've killed him I fear!
O! fetch down the candlesh! O Moses, ma tear,
Pleash help us,—I vould not have kicked on his
rear
If I'd known vere he lay,
O! vot a bad day,
To valk on von's patient that comes with his pay!"
So shrieked the physician as down stairs he ran
In frantic pursuit of the poor little man:
He did all he could,
But he did no more good
Than if he'd been coaxing a doll made of wood;
For every appliance
Of surgical science
He found that his customer held at defiance,
And still perseveringly lay on the floor,
Precisely as ugly and dead as before.

And then, in despair,
The Jew tore his hair,
(Our Hebrews have commonly plenty to spare,)
And cried on the 'prophetsh' to 'make it all
square,'
And vowed he'd continue to sob and to swear
Till they did: but it seems that they didn't much
care,
Or else couldn't help him and laugh'd at his prayer.
But outcries and 'groans
Which might soften the stones,'
Are things which my muse altogether disowns,
And begs you'll not fancy she's going to 'harrow,'
Or 'freeze' you, or play any tricks with your
'marrow;'
But simply imagine a Jew giving tongue,
Crying, "O vat a pity it is to be hung!"
It was well for this Jew that his little foot page,
Though small, was extremely discreet for his age;
He never with lollipop made himself ill,
Nor cribbed from the counter, nor stole from the
till,
Nor whistled on Sunday, but sat by the cook,
Improving her mind with some good little book:
And he often would say,—"See I never get
whacked,
And I never say nothing that isn't a fact,
And in minding my work, O I'm always exact,
And perhaps, when I die, I'll be put in a tract;
That's 'cause I'm so good, cook: indeed I don't see
As the Little Blind Dustman was better than me."

"Oh master, oh master!" the prodigy said,
"O don't go a-twistin' the hair off your head,
If so be as the poor little gemman is dead!
And please not to swear—'cause I'll quote you a
text—"
"Text be blowed," said the Jew, "you young
devil, what next?

I've killed him, I tellsh you!—He's dead as de door,
And if de polishemen shall find him, oh lor!
De Judgsh and John Ketch vill be only two stages—"
"Boo-hoo!" cried the youth, "shall I lose my week's wages?
Oh master, hooray!
I've thought of a way;
You need not be hung, for I'm sure it will pay,—
And I'll tell you for sixpence! come, what do you say?
Old Cofi, the grocer,
Lives next door, you know, sir,
Well! wouldn't it just be a regular poser
To slip him down chimney? We'll soon shove him through,
And Cofi's cock-sure to get hung 'stead of you!
If you swear that he never came into your house,
Though I can't tell a lie—I'll be dumb as a mouse!"

"Oh, Mosesh!" the Jew said, "dis queer leetle brute,
Dear boy, down the chimnesh we surely will shoot;
And, for fear in de vay he should shmut all his clothes,
Ve'd mush better keep dem ourshelves, I suppose.
I'll pull off his coat vich, ma tear, is quite new,
And a great deal too goot for to vear in a flue;
You pick off de breeshes and shoes from his fork,
He vont vant again to go out for a valk!"
So the poor little Black, being stripped on the spot,
Down the chimney of Cofi, the grocer, was shot.

Now Cofi, the grocer, though upright as any,
Except in the matter of turning a penny,
Was given to practise, I'm sadly afraid,
What are mildly described as 'the tricks of the trade.'
At least, people said,
With a shake of the head,
That he primed his 'prime congo' with sloes and black-lead:
And, worse a great deal, that, unpleasantly often,
With him, 'ripe old coffee' meant 'rotten old coffin;'
A dodge which they tell me, to this very day,
Is practised in London—don't mention it, pray—
And that people quite like, if they'd only but speak up,
A dash of their grandmamma whisked in the tea-cup.
His sugar, they added, was sandy and damp,
And his oil only fit for a 'wonderful lamp;'
And in fact, all agreed, if he wasn't a scamp,
The Grocer was certainly one of that stamp.
Of course on such gossip I'd gladly be dumb,
But it bears on my story,—so out it must come.

For there lived in the city a well-meaning man,
Who'd found out a plan
Such rogues to trepan,
And rolls from the oven and milk from the can
Would buy on the sly,
On purpose to try,
As he sat at his breakfast with nobody by,
And a thumping great microscope screwed in his eye,
If the bread was quite nice,
And hadn't a spice
Of something that wouldn't be cheap at the price,
And the milk just the thing that the real cow carries,
Unslushed with pump-water and plaster of Paris:
Until, when he'd quite made the tour of the table,
He'd slash off an article caustic and able,
In a work of his own,
Where all would be shown,
And horrified spinsters would read it and groan,
"Oh why don't he let people's victuals alone?
Oh, why did he tell us? No wonder one's thin!
Oh dear, what a state must our stomachs be in!"

Of course, all the tradespeople termed him a spy;
And gloomily said, "they'd catch him by an' by,
And they'd leave the great microscope tight in his eye!
And he'd better look out, 'cause as how they were blessed
If his facts or his food he'd much longer digest;"
And, by way of a *soubriquet*, christened him "Whack-Lie,"
A name all agreed that described him exactly.

After this you may guess
That Cofi no less
Went walking in bodily fear of "the press,"
Than of some one who signs with a capital S,
And an A, and a T, and an A, and an N,
Whenever his majesty handles a pen,
And passed all his time in an exquisite funk,
Or only felt passably valiant when drunk.

That evening, however, he'd been to a ball,
And came singing home by the help of the wall,
Declaring he didn't feel frightened at all.
He entered his shop
With a rollicking hop,
That proved, pretty plainly, he'd "just had a drop,"
And, waving his glim,
Cried, "Let me catch *him*—
That Whack-Lie! I'll mangle him, body and limb!
Who says I'm afeard?
If old Bogey appeared,
This minute, I'd take him, like this, by the beard,
Give him one for his tail, sir, and two for his nob,
—Great Allah defend us! Who's that on the hob?
It's black, and it grins!
Oh mercy! my sins—
(No, it can't be the Devil—he's hoofs to his pins,)
I know him, the villain! It's Whack-Lie, stark naked!
Here's a chance at his noddle!—by jingo, I'll take it!"
Whack—bang, "take another! You came for a sample?
Oh, did you?" bang—whack,—"you shall have it and ample."

Crack—bang, "Do you like it? Oh dear, it's no trouble,
Not even," bang—crack, "if I gave it you double!
You rascal, to say that I water my cocoa;
I don't think you'll hint I've diluted your toco!
Come, bolt, sir, and own
The forbearance I've shown!
You won't? O, I'll make you! Don't think you'll atone
For . . . . oh, my good gracious, he's cold as a stone!
Oh crikey! why couldn't I let him alone?
Ah, wretch that I am, may I ne'er smoke tobacco more
If I ain't been and done it—I've murdered the Blackamoor!"

In a moment he saw
The fiends of the Law
Popping up from till, canister, counter, and drawer,
Scowling, howling, and growling, with halter in claw!
The candle burnt blue
And the gibbering crew
Screamed, "Cofi—come Cofi, we're waiting for you;
Don't keep us all night!"
In short such a sight
As 'powerful writers,' who doubtless are right,
Persist in purveying for circles polite,
Whenever for murder they chance to indite:
All which made the matter prodigiously black,
And took the poor Grocer completely aback.
And, sobered of course,
He roared with remorse,
So loud that it almost attracted 'the force,'
Whose sympathy's rather a doubtful resource;—
Since—even in Bow-street—those gemmen in blue
Are apt to think less of your victim than *you*.

He snatched up the body—ran out in the street—
(A 50 was, luckily, grubbing cold meat
Adown the Jew's 'airey,' that lay on his beat,
And trying *his* hand at improving the cook,
Though not, I'm afraid, with a 'good little book,')
Stuck him fast by the wall,
Ran back with a squall,
And jumped into bed, breeches, turban, and all;
Where, all the long night through, he lay on the rack,
And squealed through the sheets like a pig in a sack.

That night, it so happened, the 'Friends of the Vicious,'
A clique in Casgar then extremely officious,
Had held High Palaver in 'Brotherhood Hall,'
To prove that the heathen weren't vicious at all:
That all men were brothers, and all men should hug,
Or, as they expressed it, drink out of one mug;
Going on to proclaim
That, if 'twas your aim
To make shaggy savages humble and tame,
Twasn't powder and ball would accomplish that same.

"You should first catch a Tartar,
And coax him to barter,"
Said they, "and the moment he finds what you're arter,
He'll say with a grin,
Extending his fin,
'My dear Preachee-Teachee, now don't take me in!
I'm backward at figures, you'll find, I'm afraid,
But I and my nation will joyfully trade.'"

"It merely," they said, "wanted skilful caressing
To make the poor Kaffir a positive blessing:
We should bear with his freaks—if he did in the night,
Drive your cattle and leave half your haystacks alight,
Should you for that reason—yes, you—better taught,
Humanity's precepts hold likewise at nought?
If he did shoot your shepherds and try to bag you,
A pretty example—to bang at him too!
No: joke with him, court him, implore he'll repent,
And Friendship, then Trade, with the bargain cement;
You'll send him clocks, calico, tweezers, and rum,
In return for scalps,* elephants, banjos, and gum:
Won't *that* be a triumph—a glory withal,
To the nation that boasts of a Brotherhood Hall!"

'Twas thus, from the platform, with unction and zest,
Sneeki-Peeki, the Quaker, that conclave addressed.
'Twas thrilling, they tell me, to hear him, as 'cheers'—
Condensed in 'sensation,'—subsided in 'tears;'
And heavy old women and hazy old cits,
Were heard through the darkness, exploding in fits,—
At length, having fairly disburdened his mind,
Proved that battles were sinful and blows were unkind,
Sneeki-Peeki, the Quaker—first pouching his fee,
Went smiling benignantly home to his tea.

I wonder why Fate
Lies always in wait,
Such excellent people to catch in a strait,
And why I've this dismal mishap to relate?
In crossing the Grocer's respectable street,
Where little dead Hunchback stood stiff on his feet,
Just outside the shop,
The Quaker ran flop,
Against the poor body, which caused it to drop,
Tripping up Sneeki-Peeki, who gave a great hop,
Crying, "Thieves! here, policemen!—hoy, watchmen—patrol!
I'm robbed—I'm assaulted! I am 'pon my soul!
Come, somebody, come! I'm in fear of my life!
Come, some one, before he jumps up with a knife."
But then, when he found
His foe on the ground

* Our perruquiers are not usually behind the rest of their brethren, either in enterprise, or the art of puff. Why don't they invest in a shipload of these *exuviæ*, and offer to the public what they might conscientiously announce as the "Gentleman's real head of hair?"

Didn't look very large, and was crooked and round,
He bravely ran back
And hit him a whack,
Shouting, "Shamming's no use, you detestable Black!
I'll teach you a peaceable man to attack!
Oh, you don't mean to rise! you're afraid of my stick?
Very well, then you're all the more handy to kick!
Ha, here come the watch! They shall hear what you've done!"
Says the Watch, "Hollo, Quaker, it's useless to run!
No gammon, we saw you—we watched the whole tussle, man;
And saw you knock over and pound this 'ere Mussulman.
If he's dead—and he is too! we wouldn't be you,
When, the first thing to-morrow, you're catching your due!"

Of course it was vain
The facts to explain,
Such flimsy evasions where autocrats reign
Universally meeting with simple disdain:
And poor Sneeki-Peeki, with great consternation,
In five minutes found himself tight in the Station.

It seems in Casgar, where but slenderly thrives
The noble Profession that somehow contrives
To run rather to seed in our Westminster hives,
The County-Court Judges try folks for their lives;
And it's found that this practice, in dealing with crime,
Effects both a saving of money and time.

They call on the cause,
And nobody jaws
About '*alibis*,' 'proofs,' and absurd little 'flaws,'
Which would argue a great disrespect for the laws.
"Now then," roars the Judge, "where's the Quaker? who—that?
That sheep-stealing, snuff-coloured hound in a hat?
Knock it off, sirrah Tipstaff! now then—what's the charge?
'Broke a Mussulman's head and the Statutes at Large?'
Of course he did! Look at him—guilty and dumb—
Not an answer to make!—Tell the hangman to come!
Hold your tongue, sir, this moment! D'ye think I sit here
To hear fellows chatter whose guilt is quite clear?"

"Jack Ketch, my Lord, waits.
"Oh, that's lucky; away!
Tie him up—tie him up, lying rascal! but stay,
Set a chair for the Court, outside, under a tree,
That the end of this villain myself I may see."

Loud roared Sneeki-Peeki, on finding his case
Assume such a sudden and shocking bad face;
(Any practical man could have told him 'twas vain
His private antipathies thus to explain.)

The rope was made fast,
The moment was past,
Which florid reporters describe as one's 'last;'
When somebody shouted, "Stop, hangman! avast!
You've got the wrong cove;
Don't let him be hove!
He isn't the villain—I did it, by Jove!
I'm Cofi—the Grocer! I caught him last night
Making mouths on my hob, and I smashed him outright,
And I can't go to sleep 'cause I'm jumping with fright,
And I wish to be hanged, and oh! please tie me tight!"

"Lor' bless me," the Judge said, "if this be the case,
You'd better step up in the gentleman's place.
I'll be bound, if the facts are at all as you say,
That thief, Sneeki-Peeki, won't stand in your way!"

So, up went the Grocer:—his head's through the noose,
In a precious fair way to be cured of the blues;
When hark, there's a cry,
"Ma tear, it vash I,
And I cannot permit de pore Grosher to die!
Don't hang him, I ask, and I vish to tell vy."

"Good heavens," the Judge said, "suppose it *were* you,
Why keep the Court waiting, you snivelling Jew?
Jump up and be hanged without further to-do!"

"But I vish to speak vords—may I? only a few?"

"No, YOU MAYN'T!" roared the Judge, "for they wouldn't be true!
Pitch over the Grocer there, hangman, and stifle
This beggar who'd thus with our dignity trifle."

"Ay, ay, sir," the hangman said, "how many more?
Here's three to begin with,—and here's number Four!
My stars, merry Mustapha! well, I *am* blessed!
If he isn't as great a tom-fool as the rest!"

"My Lord," cried the Tailor, "one word in your ear!"
But, just as he spoke, people shouted, "Stand clear!
Make way there—make way for our Lord the Vizier!"

Bang, bang, go the kettle-drums, twelve on a side,
That roll for his Greatness where'er he may ride;
Flap, flap, go the standards of Mussulmen green,
That flutter wherever his Greatness is seen;
'Hooray,' go the people, who always hooray
At aught that's unwontedly noisy or gay;
And down goes the Court in a servile salaam,
As much as to say, 'Oh, how flatter'd I am!
I hope you don't mean to play Wolf to my Lamb!'

"Rise, Judge, to your feet;
Your worship I greet
From one who esteems you both just and discreet.
The Lord of the Faithful, who sits all alone,
And rules the wide world upon Solomon's throne,
Commands your attendance; and bids me require
Both Tailor and Doctor, and Grocer and Liar:
It seeming that one of them's murdered his Laureate,
A dark and disloyal performance to glory at:—
He hears they all own *it*, and swears by the moon
He'll teach them to bully a Royal Buffoon!"

Now, just at this point,
My tale to disjoint,
I bid all at once lesser actors 'aroint!'—
Now for a goose-quill, round and clean,—
Back flats and flies, and change the scene!

That morning at eight,
From his pillow of state
And couch of spun-gold, Caliph Haroun the Great
Woke, yawning extremely and scratching his pate.
"Go, some one," said he, "for our funny Buffoon,
And bid him come hither and strike up a tune:
We're seedy this morning,—yes, rather so-so;
Our Hunchback alone can inspirit us.—Go!"

"Great Prince of the Earth, and the Air, and the Wave,
Live long and for ever!" made answer the slave.
"His Royal Buffoonship, sir, yesterday night,
Alas, closed his eyes on your majesty's light:
He went for a walk, and O, shocking to tell,
Strolled into some place where the tradespeople dwell;
They caught him—they killed him, and, stranger than all,
They're cutting like fun to the County-court Hall,
Each swearing, 'I did it! 'tis I that should squeak,'
Which looks like a dodge, sir, to diddle the beak."

Upstarted in wrath from his pillow of state
And couch of spun-gold Caliph Haroun the Great;
For dearer than all
In the Caliphat hall
Was the blithe little Hunchback so funny and small;
"Is it thus," he exclaimed, "that these worms of the dust
Dare—dare to insult Caliph Haroun the Just?
Must he mourn the pet boy that delighted him so,
And the girls of his Harem their little black beau,
And mourn unrevenged? no, by Mahomet, no!
Command our Vizier
To bring every one here,
Before our tribunal at once to appear;
For, by Heaven, the ears of all ages shall ring
With the sentence they'll hear from the lips of their King!"

'Tis done, as we know;
And, bowing quite low,
They front the stern judgment-seat, all in a row,
Sneeki-Peeki included—the picture of woe,
With his eloquent mouth like a capital O.

"Curst wretches!" the Caliph said, "which of ye four
Slew this poor little fellow that lies on the floor,
The pet of our Palace, the joy of our wives?
Beware how ye answer: ye plead for your lives."

Then the Tailor spoke first, and the Jew, in his turn,
Gave the tale to the Grocer, and then, 'wretched kern,'
The Quaker, who sorely mistrusted such parley,
Contrived, with loud sobs, to blurt out the *finale*.

When all had been heard,
"It's rather absurd,"
Said the Caliph. "We think the first, second, and third
May pass without censure:—the crab and the kick
Were accidents purely, and, as for the stick,
Master Grocer, next time you must mind who you lick.
But, as for the last," he resumed with a smile,
"Sneeki-Peeki, your head must come out of its tile;
For, of course, when we look on this poor little dumb body,
We want consolation for this out of somebody!
Ho, headsman!"
The words were scarce uttered when, lo!
With a queer little kick and a queer little crow,
The queer little man
Sat up, and began
To sneeze and crack jokes and his visage to fan,
Saying, "Fetch me some beer, please, as soon as you can!
I'm faint and I'm dry as the dust in the pan;
Do, there's a good Caliph! now don't look so cross!
I know that, last night, I took too much—fish sauce!"

To paint the good Caliph's excessive delight
Would fill a great volume, too bulky to write;
He let off the steam in a waltz round the garden,
And wound up the *pas* with a general pardon.

And then—to conclude—that their fortunate lot,
Like Gunpowder Treason, might ne'er be forgot,
And that all men, for ever and ever, might learn
How difficult sometimes is Truth to discern—
That all one can see of a case may be small,
And black may be white, if one did but know all,
He sent out and bought a great Pillar of Brass,
To stand by the gate where the magistrates pass;
And bade, on its face,
From the crown to the base,
A famous Historian write the whole case:
Which he did, with great skill,
And its legible still,
And I own I shall take it prodigiously ill,
If, treating a poet's assertion as *nil*,
You whip your red 'Murray' down out of the shelf,
And rudely demand if I've seen it myself?

THE GOVERNMENTS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

XII. THE TWO SICILIES.

Under a wise government, the countries comprised within the kingdom of the Two Sicilies might become not only great and powerful, but the inhabitants might also become as civilized, prosperous, and happy as those of any nation in the world. The continental kingdom possesses all the natural advantages of a most favourable geographical position, with numerous and excellent harbours, a delicious climate, and a fertile soil.

Anciently, as Apulia and Magna Græcia, these countries were greatly renowned. Parthenope, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Capri, and other places within the Bay of Naples, were the favourite and luxurious resorts of the ancient Romans. But few countries have undergone greater vicissitudes of war, conquest, rapine, and oppression.

In the fifth century it was wrested from the Romans by the Goths, who were conquered by the Lombards. The latter held possession of the country until Charlemagne vanquished Didier, the last of the Lombard kings.

After the death of the great Emperor, the Greeks seized a large portion of the kingdom. Towards the end of the ninth century and the beginning of the tenth, the country was overrun and taken possession of by the Saracens, who continued its masters until they were driven out by the descendants of Tancred, the Norman, under whose power the country remained until the death of William III., who left no heirs.

Constantia, a posthumous daughter of Roger, Duke of Apulia, conveyed by her marriage the countries of Naples, Abruzzi, and Calabria to the Emperor Henry VI. The tragical murder, at Naples, of her grandson Conrad, in 1257, and the investiture of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily by Pope Clement IV., 1265, in Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, was followed by the defeat of Manfred, a natural brother of Conrad, the assassination of whose son, Conraddin, deprived the legitimate heirs of the crowns of Naples and Sicily.

In 1282, Peter III., King of Arragon, having caused the Sicilians to rise suddenly at the feast of Easter, on the sound of the vesper bells, they massacred the whole French on the island in one night; an event which in history has become famous under the name of the "Sicilian vespers."

Jean, Queen of Naples, bequeathed the kingdom by testament, in 1380, to Louis, Duke of Anjou, whose daughter, to revive her pretensions in Arragon, went to war with Alphonso V., and in 1420, completely defeated that monarch.

Charles VIII. and Louis XII. of France, governed with various success; and the kingdom, after having been twice handed over to the two branches of the house of Anjou, fell, with all the other Spanish dominions, in 1700, under Philip of Bourbon, who made his public entry into Naples, 1702. The kingdom was next invaded by the Emperor Charles VI., who held possession of it until the Peace of Utrecht. Several disorders followed, when the two kingdoms were fully vested in the sovereignty of the Emperor by the Treaty of London. But the Austrian power had lasted only a few years, when Don Carlos of Spain acquired the sovereignty, first of Sicily and afterwards of Naples; since which period the crown has remained in possession of the Bourbons, with the exception of the last occupation of Naples by the French, when Joseph Bonaparte, and afterwards Murat, were successively placed on the throne.

Sicily was conquered from the Greeks by the Saracens early in the ninth century; and to this day many interesting traces of their occupations, industry, and splendour remain. They irrigated and cultivated its soil, embellished its cities, and carried on an extensive commerce for 245 years, until 1072, when it was conquered by the Normans. The authority of the latter was supplanted by the Swabian emperors, under whom it remained until 1265, when its government fell into the hands of the Duke of Anjou, whose power was exterminated shortly after by the massacre of "*the Sicilian vespers.*"

From 1285 to 1706 it was held under the dominion of Spanish sovereigns; for five years it was held by Austria; for nine years by the Duke of Savoy, when again it was exchanged to Austria, for the island of Sardinia. It was ruled over by the House of Hapsburg, from 1720 to 1734, when the Bourbons expelled the Austrians from the island; and their government ever since has been one of the most arbitrary cruelty.

The tyranny of the present government of Naples, and many of the acts of cruelty of which it has been guilty, are now notorious, and are looked upon with horror by the inhabitants of all free states. But the Neapolitan writers, who are nearly all the mercenary slaves of the Government, have with great industry endeavoured to prove that magnificent improvements in agriculture and in the condition of the people have taken place since the accession of the Bourbons. But the only period of great improvement that we can discover is that of the French occupation, and when the English held possession of the island of Sicily.

Some years ago while travelling over the continental and insular portions of this Kingdom, we found every town and village presenting an aspect which led to the presumption that they were formerly in a far better and happier condition. We found scarcely a town that did not contain a greater number of houses than were necessary to lodge the inhabitants. In Sicily especially we discovered some towns nearly deserted. We found that even Naples, with the exception of the Chiaya, the Toledo, and a few other streets,

presented a similar aspect. We could discover no improvements but such as were introduced when the Bourbons had not a shadow of power. The abolition of the feudal system, so frequently the boast of the Neapolitan writers, was the work of Joseph Bonaparte, in 1806. He passed a law which decreed that the feudal system and feudal jurisdictions should from that period cease; and that the towns, villages, and hamlets should be subjected to the general laws of the Kingdom, that personal services and dues exacted from individuals should henceforth cease, without compensation, together with all prohibitive rights and monopolies, which were antagonistic to the liberties and rights of the public at large. Monastic and convent lands were then decreed public property. Laws relative to the succession to and distribution of property were passed.

On the restoration of the Bourbons it was attempted to restore also the old laws and institutions; and especially those regarding ecclesiastical property and the church. To a great extent this has been effected with success. But the law for the division of property has not been abolished, although *majorats* have been established.

Previously to the occupation by the French, the people were little else than *adscripti glebæ:* the lands belonged to the king, church, barons, and corporations; game and forest laws of the most severe kind, and the feudal courts, were in absolute force. The country was infested by bandits consisting of persons who were outlawed by the tyranny of the Courts; famines were frequent; trade was despised; monopolies were restored.

In consequence of the superior character and greater boldness of the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies causing just fear, the government was carried on with extraordinary despotism and cruelty. The cavern prisons of the small islands of Maritimo and Favignana have always been crowded with untried persons accused of political offences. In other prisons on the Continent and in Sicily suspected men are now lingering out their lives without any prospect of ever being brought to a trial.

The swords, bayonets, artillery, and soldiery of Austria have ever been ready to assist the Bourbons in suppressing either the spirit or practice of civil or religious liberty. Several regiments of mercenary Swiss are the guards of the king.

In 1820, partially in consequence of the effect produced by the proclamation of the constitution of 1812 in Spain, and the disposition of the army under General Pepé, a junta was assembled at Naples, and at the same time the king's son, the Duke of Calabria, who had been viceroy in Sicily since the Restoration, arrived in the Bay of Naples, to act as vicar of the kingdom. The *Junta* framed a constitution similar to that adopted in 1812 by Spain. The king swore to this constitution, and turning round to General Pepé, he said weeping, "I have now sworn from the very bottom of my heart," pressing his hand on his breast at the same time. This was but one of the many perjuries of the faithless old Ferdinand. The whole army, including the militia, took an oath of fidelity to the constitution. Mistrust of the King, however, prevailed; some disorders occurred, and blood was shed among the troops. Disturbances broke out at Palermo, where a provisional government was formed, and to which all the towns of Sicily were invited to send representatives, in order to complete the revolution. Messina, Catania, Trapani, and other cities refused.

Skirmishes took place; the city of Palermo was besieged, but the prudent and conciliatory proposals of the brother of the Commander-in-chief led to a capitulation; which, had the terms only been observed afterwards by the faithless Ferdinand, would have led to happy consequences.

Meantime, a national congress assembled at Naples; but, although the King assumed an appearance of fidelity, he from the first carried on a treacherous correspondence with Vienna.

The Duke of Calabria, who had made a most open and extraordinary declaration of his love of liberty, was as insincere as the King, his father. Never was there a greater dissembler, unless it be the present king. "I cannot conceive," said he one day to General Pepé, "how a king who was free to give a constitution to his people, should not hasten to grant them such a blessing. With a constitutional government there is no responsibility either towards God or man. The king has not the power of injuring any one man, while he has many opportunities of doing good, and, finally, is enabled to live in the enjoyment of peace and security."

The multitude believed in the sincerity of the Duke, and so did the army, in consequence of the publication of a letter addressed by him to the Commander-in-chief, in which he expressed a "desire to see the constitutional system established by his august parent more and more consolidated." On the receipt of this letter, General Pepé says, "I had concentrated the whole army between Castellamare and Gaeta, with the twofold intention of accustoming the troops, and the provinces, to remain quiet without the usual garrisons."

At the meeting of the Parliament, or Congress, it was discovered that the King, instead of taking the oath to preserve the Constitution, intended only to allow his son to take it in his stead. Several of the members in consequence persisted, in the name of the public, that General Pepé would not give up the command of the army. The General, disgusted with the treachery of the King, and of his son and heir, threatened, on the following day, to resign the command of the army, in presence of the representatives of the nation; a resolution which an urgent and flattering letter of the Duke of Calabria did not deter him from carrying into effect. But, in consequence of the alarms which immediately followed, General Pepé consented to accept the appointment of inspector-general of the militia, from the Duke of Calabria, who had now become vicar-general of the kingdom.

Meantime, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, had decided, at the Congress of Laybach, that the liberties of Naples

should be suppressed. The old King, Ferdinand, had gone by invitation to the congress.

Simultaneously with the second meeting of the Congress, an Austrian army crossed the Po; and, by a proclamation of Cardinal Gonsalvi, head of the Papal Government, it was intimated that the Austrians, with the permission of the King of Naples, were to enter that kingdom. General Pepé was invested with the chief command of the second division of the army, in order to protect the Abruzzi: and with eighty battalions of militia and legions, he occupied the most important points.

At this time, the Duke of Calabria, who had previously been appointed Regent, and now commanded the first corps of the army, was secretly treating with the Austrians. The reinforcements promised to General Pepé, as well as the necessary commissariat, were withheld. General Pepé had to fight the battle of Rieti against greatly superior numbers; and although at last compelled to retreat, the victors could not boast of the capture of a single prisoner, nor of a single piece of cannon.

This was, however, a fatal day for the liberties of the Two Sicilies. The traitors at Naples took advantage of this retreat, and utterly betrayed their country. There is no doubt that had General Pepé been supported by the Regent and the Congress, he could have defended the kingdom against the whole Austrian force.

After reorganizing his remaining troops, he marched towards Naples; where the Regent made many promises, not one of which he ever fulfilled. The first corps of the army was without difficulty dispersed by the Austrians, the Constitution was destroyed, and an absolute Government was then established. General Pepé escaped from Castellamare, and landed first in Sardinia, and by way of Barcelona and Lisbon arrived in London.

The revolutions of 1848 in Sicily and Naples have not been more successful, and the people are now held in subjection by one of the most absolute of tyrannies. Probably no punishments could be devised more arbitrary thăn those which are inflicted upon persons accused, very often without foundation, of political offences. Let us hear what General Pepé says of himself:—

He had joined the liberal standard as a volunteer when he was only sixteen years of age—he had the misfortune to have been taken prisoner, and he was chained by a brutal judge and immured in a dungeon with criminals. He was then sent in chains to the caverns of the rocky island of Maritimo, west of Trapani in Sicily.

From that prison he was removed to another island, Favignana, where he was confined in a cell with several prisoners charged with murder and robbery. It was a dreadful dungeon, at the bottom of a castle, excavated in a rock, but the keeper being poor, he was induced to allow them open-air exercise; for which he was paid. Here he remained for three years. The prisoners were chained two and two, and daily at sunset were locked up in the same dungeon. The keeper being given to drinking, several of the prisoners, at the instigation of Pepé, made an attempt to seize his person and to overcome the guard. But the experiment was unsuccessful, and Pepé and the other prisoners of state were taken for greater security to La Columbaja, a small island close to Trapani, where they remained until the arrival of the English forces in Sicily, when he was set at liberty.

While we were travelling over the island of Sicily in 1839, the country was under martial law, and we were horrified with the sight of carts loaded with prisoners who were going to be tried by martial law at Trapani, where they were summarily condemned and executed. The dungeons of Trapani and Maritimo were at that time crammed with persons who had never been tried. The cholera had raged during the previous year, and in consequence disturbances broke forth among the people, from the belief that the Neapolitan government had poisoned the wells. The military executions of persons of all ages were frequent in most of the towns, and we could record acts of regal brutality which would make the most hardened shudder, were their recital not too disgusting for moral and virtuous readers.

The Neapolitan tribunals are notorious for corruption; while the criminal courts are mere instruments for executing the policy of the government. One species of punishment which has been long exercised by the present King is that of ordering men who may displease him while in office into banishment, not from the country, but to some secluded stronghold. One of the most able and faithful ministers the present King ever had is the Prince di Cassaro, who on account of his wishing justice done to British subjects who had incurred heavy losses by a sulphur monopoly in which more than one illustrious person was believed to have had an interest,—was banished to the unhealthy and miserable, yet strong fortification of Foggia.

A statesman whose sincerity no one will doubt, has boldly and ably narrated to the world that the present practices of the Government of Naples towards supposed political offenders are outrages on civilization, on humanity, and upon decency.

"That *these practices are certainly and even rapidly doing the work of republicanism in that country, a political creed, which has little natural or habitual root in the character of the people.*" This remark we can, from an intimate knowledge of the country and the people, affirm to be perfectly true: for neither the Neapolitans nor the Sicilians have any *traditional* or *educational* sympathy with republicanism. On the contrary, all their traditionary and historical sympathies are monarchical, but the Neapolitan Government has in its imbecility persevered in practices which would even in a more intelligent nation, undermine all the sentiments as well as the principles of loyalty.

"I shall assume," says Mr. Gladstone, "that the constitution of January, 1848, spontaneously given, sworn to as irrevocable with every circumstance of solemnity, and never to this day, either legally or even ostensibly revoked, (although contravened by almost every act of the Government,) never existed, and is a pure fiction. I will not even appeal to it, because such an appeal might

give colour to the idea that my desire was to meddle with the form of government, and might thus interfere with the purposes of humanity which, and which alone in the first instance, I propose to myself." This was a wise resolution on the part of the right honourable gentleman, and truly has he abided by it.

After some further remarks he observes, "there is a general impression that the organization of the government of Southern Italy is defective, that the administration of justice is tainted with corruption, that instances of abuse or cruelty among subordinate public functionaries are not uncommon, and that political offences are punished with severity, and with no regard to the forms of justice. The difference between the faintest outline that a moment's handling of the pencil sketches and the deepest colouring of the most elaborately finished portrait, but *feebly illustrates the relation of these vague suppositions to the actual truth of the Neapolitan case. It is incessant, systematic, deliberative, violation of the law by the Power appointed to watch over and maintain it. Such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine. It is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may be said to be its object, so that the Government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the mainspring of practical improvement and progress. It is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law under the stimulant of fear and vengeance: it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils only too thread-bare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberatively, by the immediate advisers of the Crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, aye, and if not by capital sentences, the life of men among the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished and refined of the whole community; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as, in a lower degree, of physical torture, through which the sentences obtained through debased courts of justice are carried into effect!*" What an awful picture of abominable injustice and tyranny!

In this and in all other proceedings the Government of Naples since 1848 has utterly defied the laws of the country; houses are ransacked, and floors torn up, under the pretence of searching for arms, and men are imprisoned by thousands without any warrant whatever, nor any statement of the nature of the offence. Men are arrested, not because they may have committed an offence, or are believed to be offenders, but because they are persons whom it is thought convenient to get rid of, and against whom some charge must be found or fabricated. Many are imprisoned, their effects seized, and afterwards kept in confinement for life, without any trial taking place.

When Mr. Gladstone was in Naples the numbers thus confined in dungeons (for those prisons are loathsome and horrid dungeons) were estimated at from 15,000 to 30,000. At present we believe the number much greater. If Mr. Burke had lived to the present day he would have found a Government which had succeeded in "framing an indictment against a whole people." In the Government catechism, taught by the church, and in the schools at Naples, civilization and barbarism are, though at extreme points, equally represented as *vicious, and that happiness and virtue lie midway between them.*

Among the prisoners are more than a majority of the deputies, which assembled under the Constitution sworn to by the King. When after two or three years of imprisonment, any of them are brought to trial, they are inevitably condemned on the false evidence of hired perjurers; and if not executed secretly, are immured in prisons of darkness, horror, filth, and vermin. In these are crowded indiscriminately murderers, robbers, debtors, and the best and most worthy of the country. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!"—but that vengeance is mercy and charity. No! says the Government of Naples, vengeance is mine, and that vengeance is not mercy, but the persecution, imprisonment, degradation, and death of all who dare to be good and virtuous.

M.

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SPIRIT!

"Rap, rap, rap."—Bürger.

MOST of our readers must have had their attention aroused in a greater or less degree to the mysterious demonstrations known as "spirit-rappings," which, beginning about four or five years ago to attract notice in the city of Rochester, in the United States, have gone on from that time to this increasing in interest and spreading in extent, until they have become familiar to Americans throughout the entire length and breadth of the Union. In this country they have excited but comparatively little observation; and what notice the press has accorded them, has been chiefly for the sake of affording food for ridicule, or at least matter for amusement. Consider it in

what light we may, the subject is a curious one; and seeing that an opportunity is offered us of viewing it in all its bearings, by the publication of a work professing to comprise its entire history,* we propose to avail ourselves of the revelations contained in Mr. Spicer's volume, in order to put the reader, so far as our limits will allow, in possession of the facts of the matter as it stands at present. We cannot do this better than by glancing *seriatim* at such of the contents of the volume before us as may serve to afford us the readiest clue to the conclusions at which the author arrives; from each and all of these conclusions, however, we must beg for the present to stand aloof, seeing that we are not in the condition of Mr. Spicer, or empowered to judge upon any other evidence than that of hearsay or documentary reports. The reader must arrive at a judgment on his own responsibility, from the facts we shall adduce; or he may suspend it till further testimony may warrant his verdict.

The writer sets out by declaring himself to have been as much an infidel in regard to "spirit-rapping," as a man need be; but not being proof against evidence, and finding that men whose intelligence and truthfulness were not to be questioned had been compelled to give in their adherence to the new faith, he was led to investigate the matter personally, and drawn to believe with others. When he found that one man had learned a secret which he imagined confined to his own breast from the "rapping-spirit"—that another had witnessed a *pas seul* danced by one of the heaviest dining-tables in New York, *proprio motu*, with other marvels of the sort—he was induced to investigate closely for his own satisfaction, and was finally forced irresistibly against his will to the conviction that the mystery in question has its origin in no mechanical skill, in no human intelligence, in no hitherto recognised law of physics, in no material organism whatsoever. All he demands of the public is that they should judge the new philosophy on fair grounds, not from exparte statements, like the malicious revelations of Mrs. Culver, whom he considers to have been purposely deceived by the "medium" in whose confidence she had really no place, nor by the representations of Messrs. Brown and Thompson, in "Household Words," who, he intimates, went to Mrs. Hayden's "circle" with the intention of exploding a prejudged imposture, and not of inquiring into the truth. While he admits that the aptitude to degenerate into fanaticism is the most distressing feature in this spiritual manifestation, he looks upon that only as an additional reason why its true character and powers should be ascertained and defined; submitting that it is not for us to doubt that a channel of communication with the spirit-world may, at some period of time, be found, or to prescribe the consequences that shall follow.

Before entering upon the details of modern American "Manifestations," Mr. Spicer briefly recapitulates the recorded particulars of phenomena of a similar or analogous nature, which have occurred in various parts of the world, and at various periods. Among these the most remarkable were the exploits of the once famous drummer of Tedworth; the whimsically unaccountable knockings and bangings of "Old Jeffery," that disturbed the family of John Wesley's father, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, a "full, true, and particular" account of which are to be found in Wesley's Journal; the invisible ghost which swallowed the red wine of Counsellor Hahn, at Slawensick, in Silesia; the hard-working demon of Mr. Dods, in Penobscot county; the prophetic vision of a Mademoiselle F. Lamb, recorded in the "Arcanes de la Vie future devoilés" of Cahagnets; the case of the celebrated French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, elaborately attempted to be explained, on the hypothesis of a trick, in the first number of "Household Words;" and that of Angelique Cottin, which excited attention in Paris so late as 1846. Most of the above-named instances are too well known to require more than a passing reference, and they are only cited by the author to show that the subject under consideration is not altogether a new thing in the world.

It was in March, 1848, in the village of Hydesville, Wayne County, New York, that the peculiar disturbances attributed to spiritual agency commenced in the house of Mr. John D. Fox—a previous indication of something of the kind having been noticed during the occupancy of a former tenant. The noise resembled that of a person knocking on the floor of an up-stairs room; but on searching no one could be found. It continued for several nights before the neighbours were called in by the family to notice it. Becoming in time familiar with these strange sounds, Mrs. Fox and her daughters spoke to the supposed spirit, and, partly aided by the suggestions of a neighbour, succeeded in establishing a mode of intelligible communication by means of successive raps and an alphabet. Extraordinary revelations speedily followed—a murder was declared to have been formerly committed in the house, and the body of one Charles Ryan to be buried in the cellar. It is noteworthy that *no effectual steps were taken to prove the truth or falsehood of this communication.* Other revelations, however, more easily verified or disproved were found to be true. Public attention was drawn to the proceedings at Mr. Fox's house, and the most rigid examination could detect no imposture, although considerable prejudice existed against the inmates. The Fox's soon after removed from their dwelling, but wherever they went the "rappings" followed them. It was soon discovered that they were the so-called *media* of the spiritual communications—by a *medium* the reader will understand us to mean a person who under certain circumstances is favoured with responses from the invisible world, such responses consisting for the most part of "rapping" or "table-tipping," the signification of

* Sights and Sounds: the Mystery of the Day: comprising an entire history of the American "Spirit" Manifestations. By Henry Spicer. London: Thos. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street, 1853.

which will be more apparent as we proceed. Very soon new *media* made their appearance, the demonstration spread rapidly on all sides; magnetic circles —for the *medium* only acts effectively when seated in a circle of assembled persons—were formed in various towns, and more extraordinary manifestations were elicited. At the present time there are above thirty thousand media scattered throughout the United States; the responses they elicit from their accommodating genii are relied on as absolute truth by a large section of the inhabitants; and they are consulted as confidingly as is the physician by the patient, and used as regularly as the post-office or the electric telegraph.

But we must not anticipate. Early in 1850, Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox visited New York, and as spiritual *media*, were of course immediately subjected to the test. In order to prevent the possibility of trick or collusion, the *reunion* was appointed at the dwelling of Dr. Griswold, which the ladies had never entered. Here follows one part of the proceedings: Several remarkable revelations having been "rapped" out—

Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper was then requested to enter into the supramundane sphere, and proceeded to interrogate the spirits, with the most imperturbable self-possession and deliberation. After several desultory questions, from which no satisfactory answers were obtained, Mr. C. commenced a new series of inquiries. "Is the person I inquire about a relative?" Yes, was at once indicated by the knocks. "A near relative?" Yes. "A man?" No answer. "A woman?" Yes. "A daughter? a mother? a wife?" No answer. "A sister?" Yes. Mr. C. then asked the number of years since her death. To this an answer was given in rapid and indistinct raps, some counting 45, others 49, 54, &c. After considerable parleying as to the manner in which the question should be answered, the consent of the invisible interlocutor was given to knock the years so slowly that they might be distinctly counted. This was done—knock, knock, knock —for what seemed over a minute, till the number amounted to fifty, and was unanimously announced by the company. Mr. C. now asked, "Did she die of consumption?" naming several diseases, to which no answer was given. "Did she die by accident?" Yes. "Was she killed by lightning? Was she shot? Was she lost at sea? Did she fall from a carriage? Was she thrown from a horse?" Yes. Mr. Cooper did not pursue his inquiries any further, and stated to the company that the answers were correct, the person alluded to by him being a sister, who, just fifty years ago the present month, was killed by being thrown from a horse.

The meeting at Dr. Griswold's took place prior to the "peaching" of Mrs. Culver, a *soi-disant* accomplice, whose evidence, Mr. Spicer, for reasons we have already mentioned, considers unworthy of credit: that it had little or no effect in America is shown by the fact that the Misses Fox have continued their manifestations up to the present time.

In March, 1850, some astounding manifestations made the dwelling of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Connecticut, not a very comfortable abode. These were violent rappings, bangings, and window breakings, the removal of various articles of dress and domestic use from their places without hands—the hurling of brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, snuffers, &c., against the windows, which were dashed to pieces before the Doctor's own eyes, while he could see no physical cause for the motion of the missiles: tables were lifted from the floor and dashed down again with all their dishes; the Doctor's son, a boy of eleven, was the chief object of persecution; his clothes were spirited away, and he himself was lifted from the ground and violently borne about. Dr. P. questioned the spirit in the usual mode, and obtained responses; but he does not appear to have had any other wish on the subject than to get rid of the manifestations, and as far as we can learn, turned them to no profitable account.

Among the most noted of the *media* is the hon. Judge Edmonds, who, once violently opposed to the pretensions of the new philosophy, became through inquiry, a convert, and subsequently a most powerful medium. Some alarming particulars of manifestations in which he bore a part, are given by the author; but we pass them over in order that we may have space for a brief visit to a "circle" assembled at the house of Mr. Ward Cheney, where Mr. D. Hume, a member of the New York Conference, and a clairvoyant of extraordinary power, was the medium. After sundry rapping responses, and other demonstrations—

The *medium* was then (apparently) thrown into a spiritually magnetic state, discovering great rigidity of muscle and the ordinary phenomena of the psycho-magnetic condition, including a magnetic locking of the jaws, in which an iron-like hardness of the muscles was apparent. He then spelt out (with his eyes closely bandaged) some remarkable and interesting messages to one or two of the company, the personal nature of which precludes their publication, but which were declared by those interested to be perfect tests. He did this by pointing, with almost incredible rapidity, to the different letters of an alphabet arranged on a 7 by 9 card, and thus spelling out the necessary words. A rapid writer had difficulty in keeping up with him. . . . . . Among other (messages) came one from two sailors lost at sea, relatives to one of the company, a stranger to most of those present. These spirits announced themselves somewhat unexpectedly, by canting over the solid and ponderous table, and rolling it in the manner of a vessel in a violent tempest. Accompanying this demonstration came a violent *creaking*, as of the cables of a ship when strained in a gale; then came the loud sound of a prolonged wailing, shrieking blast of wind, precisely such a noise as the wind makes in the rigging of a ship in a storm at sea; and the creaking of the timbers and masts, as the vessel surged from one side to the other, was distinctly heard by all. Next came the regular, sullen shocks of the waves, as they struck the bows of the doomed vessel. All this time the table kept up the rocking motion. And now the table was *capsized* on the floor! All this was done with no one touching the table, as a close and constant scrutiny was kept up by two at least of our party. These two sailors (whose names and ages were given) it seems lost their lives by the capsizing of a vessel, as represented; although this fact, I have the best reasons for knowing, was not previously known to the *medium* or the company. Demonstrations now increased in force and number. The table was actually lifted up from the floor, without the application of a human hand or foot. A table, weighing (I should judge) one hundred pounds, was lifted up a foot from the floor, the legs touching nothing! I jumped upon it, and it came up again! It then commenced rocking, without, however, allowing me to slide off, although it canted at least to an angle of 45 degrees. Finally, an almost perpendicular inclination slid me off, and another of the company tried it with the same results. These things all happened in a room which was light enough to allow of our seeing under and over and all around the table, which was touched by no one except the two persons who

respectively got upon it to keep it down. . . . We went into a darkened room to see the spiritual flashes of light said to have been vouchsafed to some investigators. Instead of this we were greeted with *tremendous rappings* all about us. Some of the blows on the walls, floor, and tables, within three inches of myself, were *astounding*. I could hardly produce such violent demonstrations with my fist, though I were to strike with all my might. The very walls shook. Answers to questions were given by concussions of varying force and intonation, according to the character of the spirits communicating. A favourite little daughter of one of the gentlemen present, a stranger from a remote state—who had left the earth in the fourth year of her age, announced her presence by a thick pattering *rain* of eager and joyful little raps; and in answer to an inward request of her father, she laid her baby hand upon his forehead! This was a man who was *not* a believer in these things; he had never before seen them; but he could not mistake the thrilling feeling of that spirit touch. I also had a similar manifestation, in the character of which I am not deceived. . . . Suddenly and without any expectation on the part of the company, the *medium*, Mr. Hume, was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I felt his feet; they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot with the contending emotions of joy and fear which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hands and head came in gentle contact. I felt the distance from the soles of his boots to the floor, and it was nearly three feet. Others touched his feet to satisfy themselves.

These are wonderful things; but greater wonders are to come. As the new philosophy spread, its marvels and miracles grew more astonishing. The media, who hitherto had acted but as the privileged organs through whom the rapping, sighing, wailing, and table-tipping demonstrations were elicited, now became supernaturally possessed, and under the spiritual influence wrote with their own hands, messages poetical and prosaic from persons who had been long dead, amongst whom were some of the most remarkable geniuses the world has ever known. The most extraordinary of all the *writing* media appears to be a Mrs. Lydia Tenney, of George-town, Massachusetts, a lady who repudiates all claim to poetic fire, averring positively that she is unable to write a line uninfluenced by another will than her own; and that her hand in the act of writing is entirely beyond her own control. Yet when under the sub-terrestrial influence, in the magnetic circle, she pens such lines as the following, purporting to be a communication from the spirit of the deceased Edgar Poe, and certainly embodying a most striking and unaccountable resemblance to the very peculiar strains of that singular genius.

"O, the dark, the awful chasm!
O, the fearful spirit spasm!
Wrought by unresisted passion
In my heart.
Fancies joyous but alluring,
Love pure, but unenduring,
From time to time securing,
Each a part.

Then embraced by seraph bands—
Drawn by tender loving hands—
From these treacherous, hateful sands
Of despair,
How my soul was waked to gladness,
And cast off the deadening sadness,
And the soul-devouring madness
Writhing there.

Then came dreams so soft and holy,
Over roses wandering slowly,
With sweet music stealing lowly
To my ear.
Hark! I hear—I hear her calling,
In tones no more of wailing,
But in dewy sweetness falling—
Here—up here.

Thanks, great heaven, I am stronger—
Slave to earthly lusts no longer,
I am free.
O, this lightness! O, this brightness!
O, this pure and heavenly whiteness,
Marking thee!
Freed from earth and sin for ever—
Death can us no more dissever,
Humbly thank great God together—
Thou and we."

Mrs. Tenney summons other spirits at her will from the paradise of the Poets, and they respond to her call. In the case of Robert Southey, who is cited to appear, it would seem that in his hurry to obey the lady's command, he had caught up the harp of a brother bard instead of his own—seeing that he sings to a very different tune to any we have been accustomed to hear from him. The following is the poem:—

POEM

Dictated by the Spirit of Robert Southey, March 25, 1851.

I.

Night overtook me ere my race was run,
And mind, which is the chariot of the soul,
Whose wheels revolve in radiance like the sun,
And utter glorious music, as they roll
To the eternal goal,
With sudden shock stood still. She heard the boom
Of thunders; many cataracts seemed to pour
From the invisible mountains; through the gloom
Flowed the great waters; then I knew no more
But this, that thought was o'er.

II.

As one, who, drowning feels his anguish cease,
And clasps his doom, a pale but gentle bride,
And gives his soul to slumber and sweet peace,
Yet thrills when living shapes the waves divide,
And moveth with the tide;
So sinking deep beneath the unknown sea
Of intellectual sleep, I rested there:
I knew I was not dead, though soon to be,
But still alive to love, to loving care,
To sunshine and to prayer.

III.

And life, and death, and immortality,
Each of my being held a separate part:
Life there, as sap within an o'erblown tree;
Death there, as frost, with intermitting smart;
But in the secret heart
The sense of immortality, the breath
Of being indestructible, the trust
In Christ, of final triumph over death,
And spiritual blossoming from dust,
And heaven with the just.

IV.

The soul, like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown,
Lay tranced in beauty in its silent cell;

The spirit slept, but dreamed of worlds unknown,
As dreams the chrysalis within its shell,
Ere summer breathes its spell.
But slumber grew more deep till morning broke,
The Sabbath morning of the holy skies,—
An angel touched my eyelids and I woke;
A voice of tenderest love said, "Spirit, rise"—
I lifted up mine eyes,

V.

And lo, I was in Paradise. The beams
Of morning shone o'er landscapes green and gold,
O'er trees with star-like clusters, o'er the streams
Of crystal, and o'er many a tented fold.
A patriarch, as of old,
Melchisedec might have approached a guest,
Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,
And bade me welcome to the land of rest,
And led me upward, wondering as I went,
Into his milk-white tent.

If all the written manifestations obtained had been of so pleasant a character as the above, we, for one, should have voted for their multiplication *ad infinitum*: it is but fair to state, however, that though many ghosts of august presence were summoned by the various writing media, some of them cut but a very poor figure in their compositions. Besides several poets, whose strains are not worth quoting, we have Washington, Jefferson, Calvin, Fenelon, Franklin, and others of less note. These communications strike us as not being very much to the purpose, or as likely to add much to the credibility of the new philosophy. Some of the written manifestations were made in languages not understood by the party who wrote them—a fact, if it be a fact, guaranteed by the testimony of a sufficient number of witnesses to the good and truthful character of the medium.

The reader is probably by this time desirous of knowing what was the opinion of disinterested persons on the spot in reference to these strange doings. We will quote for his satisfaction some of the current criticisms of the pulpit and the press. In December, 1851, the Rev. J. P. Stewart announced a series of lectures on the communications between men and spiritual beings in another sphere. The series came off, greatly to the satisfaction of the hearers; but we must, for want of space, refer our readers to the volume before us, for a *resumé* of their substance; they were followed by a supplementary lecture, from which we extract the following passage as explanatory of the lecturer's opinions on the subject—and unless we are much mistaken, it may be regarded as the exponent also of Mr. Spicer's own views.

"It is supposed by many that whatever is disclosed by spirits who are in the other life, must be true; that spirits, good or evil, alike know the truth, and are disposed to speak it; that none are ignorant, none believe in lies; while all are capable of instructing the very wisest of the sons of men. In consequence of this erroneous belief in the wisdom, and even the infallibility, of spirits, great interest is felt in what they utter. People who regard not the wisdom of Solomon, or Socrates, or Confucius, are quite obedient to *any* voice speaking from the spiritual world. There are those who will turn away from the sacred pages of the Holy Word, wherein are the arcana of the Divine wisdom of the Lord, to listen to messages that are reeled from the spiritual telegraph, whether the utterances are given from an angel, a spirit, or a devil." The lecturer said, however, that he was glad these things had taken place; for he would confide in Divine Providence. "We might see for ourselves that we are gaining a most glorious result in the demonstrations of the spiritual world that are given to men of every class; for whether declarations of men who have passed into the other life are true or false, weighty or worthless, wise or nonsensical, *one* thing is gained by them. Henceforth the world shall know that death is neither a temporary nor an eternal sleep; but when stripped of his mortal coil,

'A man's a man for a' that.'

From henceforth it shall be known that the sphere of immortal life is contiguous to the sphere of mortal life, and that millions of spiritual beings, unseen and unknown,

'Throng the air and tread the earth.'

He had seen much of clairvoyant communications with the spirit world, and had heard much of similar communications by means of rappings—and his deliberate conclusion was, that we may trust the spirit that gives utterance from within the veil, as far as we can see him: as far as we know the truth of what he utters from other sources; as far as we can confirm his testimony from other evidence, but no farther. We shall do well," concluded the lecturer, "never to surrender either our rationality of thought, or freedom of action, to the fantastic delusions that may be poured upon us from the spirit world. Angels, and spirits who speak to us by permission from the Lord, never speak of anything that deprives man of the freedom of reason; and they never *teach*; for the Lord alone teaches man, through the medium of his word."

From the above it appears that the spirits may "rap" out a lie as well as the truth. The admission is unfortunate for the value and efficacy of the new philosophy; but this disadvantage is compensated to all true believers by its prodigious utility as a safety-valve through which may blow off all the opprobrium which might otherwise be heaped upon the spiritual science, by sham media, humbug professors and unprincipled speculators in the appetite for mystery everywhere prevailing.

Another reverend lecturer took a widely different view of the subject, and denounced the manifestations as the work of lying spirits, ministers of the Prince of Darkness. The press, in America a veritable many-headed monster, took up the subject with its usual readiness—and not a few of the newspaper editors turned it, as in duty bound, to an amusing account. The following lucid explanation of the spiritual phenomena, extracted from the *Georgia Chronicle*, is a queer sample of transatlantic jocoseness:—

The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defects of the membranaceous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the flandango. Now if the taps were caused by the vogation of the electricity from the extremities, the *tympanum* would dissolve into the spiritual sinctum, and become identical with the pigmentum. Now, this is not the case; in order to produce the taps the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subtend over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the stertioletum.

A friend of ours, who graduated with "distinguished honours" at one of the northern universities, says that he must dissent *in toto* from the idea that the "depression of the duodenum into the flandango" could, by any possibility, cause the olfactory ossificator to ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum. He says the thing

cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authorities on the subject, winds up his argument with the remark that—"the vibratory motion communicated to the tunica albugenia by the parturition of the alveola process, effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphatic glands; which abnormal and diagnostical state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distension of the auricular membraneous orifice; in which case the rappings become painfully and distinctly audible."

Now, whether this is or is not so, we will not undertake to say, but will leave the whole matter in the hands of the learned *savans*, in the full confidence that little can be added to the above triumphant and incontrovertible exposition.

Mr. Spicer informs us that his personal acquaintance with these tricksy spirits did not commence until March last, and that he sought them out rather from motives of curiosity as to the *modus operandi* than from any interest in the subject itself. Having resolved upon making trial of their efficacy, he sought out a respectable medium, and engaged her to take the chair at a magnetic circle to be formed at the house of a friend of his own. When at the appointed time he proceeded to the rendezvous it was with the predominant impression on his mind that he was about to countenance an absurd deception. He found the party assembled, all with the exception of the medium and her husband, before his arrival. These soon came, and then the circle, consisting of eleven persons in all, were arranged in a position dictated by the spirit around a dull, unhealthy, cadaverous-looking table innocent of castors. It having first been ascertained, by the usual signals, that numerous spirits were in attendance, and communications might be expected, the persons present commenced interrogating them, each in his turn. We leap over the revelations elicited by others, and pass on to those afforded to our author, when his turn came, because he states implicitly that to this experiment his conversion to the faith of the new philosophy is due—"*De ce jour,*" says he, "*tomba mon incredulité.*"

I recollected that I had in my pocket a packet of letters, eight or ten in number, most of them from Europe, and not of very recent date. . . . . From these, without looking at them, I selected two of the smaller, the size and form of which had no effect in refreshing my remembrance as to the writers. On its coming to my turn to converse with the "powers invisible," I asked, as usual—"Will any spirit communicate with me?"

Rap.

"On any subject?"

Rap.

"Will you tell me the names of the writers of any two letters I have here?"

Rap.

Accordingly I placed the two letters on the table, the addresses downwards, and the seals removed, covering them besides with my hand in such a manner as to conceal them entirely. With the other hand I passed the pencil over the alphabet, and the raps spelled out "*George Holland.*"

Having no correspondent of the latter name (the former, I believe proved to be correct), I passed, without comment, to the second letter, with every expectation of a similar result. The name now spelled out was that of a gentleman from whom, in the course of our acquaintance, I have certainly not received more than three letters, and these at distant and irregular intervals. I turned the letter up. It was as the raps had indicated.

Now, granting that all present were cognisant of my acquaintance with the person in question, how could they possibly divine what I myself did not know? First, that I had the letter with me; and secondly that I had selected it from eight or ten others? If this be guessing, it is of a nature too complicated for *my* comprehension. Granting *nothing*, here were four things to be decided correctly: the acquaintance, the correspondence, the possession of the letter, and its selection, two of which points were unknown to myself. Thus, the assumption that my mind might have been placed *en rapport* with that of the *medium*, would have been insufficient to produce this result. And the failure of the *first* reply only serves to make the mystery more mysterious without neutralizing the extraordinary success of the second.

It is too much the fashion among cursory inquirers to overlook the importance of what *is* done, in the failure of what is *not*. This is not fair. If you place twenty sealed letters on the table, with a different line written in each, and the "spirits," after failing in the first nineteen, read the twentieth, surely the wonder, in respect to that success, is as great, the mode of compassing it as unaccountable, as though nineteen failures had not preceded it.

We are not called on to remark upon the author's credulity on this occasion. It is more than probable that most unprejudiced persons, under similar circumstances, would have come away from such a demonstration with the same convictions as he now began to entertain. Of course his experiments did not end here. He attended at other assemblies of the kind, and reports candidly not only the success, but the ridiculous failures of which he was a witness. Some of the manifestations are diverting enough. A certain Colonel Fiske, who had left the land of the living for a considerable time, is one of the spiritual *revenants;* he was in the habit of announcing his presence by drumming hysterically a martial kind of air. It would appear that he bore but an indifferent character before he had *gone to the other side,* and had not much mended it since: he had the reputation of the Parolles of the invisible world, and his communications were by no means to be relied on; he got into disgrace, in fact, by fibbing and equivocation, and at length became ashamed to respond when called upon, as if conscious that his manifestations were not worth a "rap."

From the chapter headed "Latest Incidents" we learn that the excitement in regard to this curious subject has continued unabated up to the present time. For the many extraordinary narratives there given at length, we must refer our readers to the volume itself; but we shall, by the following extract give Mr. Spicer an opportunity of putting in a word on the other side of a question already familiar to the public through the medium of Dickens's amusing paper in the "Household Words."

With a few words respecting the manifestations in England, I will conclude this chapter. Mrs. Hayden, a *medium* of no great celebrity, whom I met in the States (and who is mentioned in the introductory chapter as having been made the subject of a somewhat scurrilous(?) article in the *Household Words*), arrived in England three months since. I have before me a list of fourteen houses of the first distinction, at which she has attended by invitation; meeting at each a circle of from ten to fifteen persons, chiefly from the ranks of fashion

and nobility, the Guards and Turf Club supplying a liberal quota, and the *savans* being in a decided minority. With circles thus constituted, wherein no other harmony than that of a disposition to jest could possibly be found, it is not surprising that (apart from the ever-puzzling sounds) the results obtained were few and unconvincing. The gentlemen deputed from *Household Words* to collect materials for a funny article, appear to have fulfilled their duty with the happiest success. Regarded, however, as an inquisitorial visit, in protection of an innocent public, it must be viewed as an equally signal failure. Grinning faces, the buffoonery of assumed names, exchange of gestures, proposal of absurd questions, &c., are the most certain means of retarding that discovery which silence, harmony, and a determination to give full scope to the theory, might possibly enable us to make.

Even, however, under the disadvantages alluded to, some singular results have not unfrequently been obtained. A circumstance, for example, occurred in a circle assembled at the house of a lady, not far from Park Lane, to the correctness of which, as stated below by one of the party present, I can myself bear personal testimony.

"Until I received an invitation to join the circle in —— Street, a few hours only before it assembled, I had never heard of the 'manifestations,' nor did I then clearly understand what I was to witness. However, believing that some jugglery was to be practised, I placed in my pocket a curious autograph letter of considerable date. During the sitting, I took the letter out, still rolled up scroll-wise, the outside blank, and placed it on the table, no one present but myself cognisant of its nature, and none being suffered to examine it. The 'spirit' having undertaken to name the writer, a gentleman present, a stranger to me, took the alphabet, and the rappings spelled out without hesitation, 'King William.' It was an autograph letter of William the Third."—*E. de St. Croix.*

The course and result of the experiment were precisely as this gentleman has stated.

The latter part of this volume is devoted to an inquiry instituted for the sake of the sceptical reader, into all the supposedly practicable modes by which the strange and unaccountable sounds attending the rapping circles are produced, and the revelations elicited. That these phenomena do exist, and that up to the present moment no mortal agency has been detectable in their production, is, according to Mr. Spicer, indisputable. If they are not what the *media* assert them to be, it is incumbent upon those who deny them credit, at least to show that they are producible by some known and recognised means. Neither have opponents been wanting who have boldly attributed the noises to mechanical means, and the manifestations to clairvoyance. A Dr. Lee affirmed that sounds, similar to those of the magnetic circles, might be produced by a partial dislocation of the bones, and he produced a lady who could rattle her knee-cap in a very edifying way, in proof of his theory. A Mr. Chauncey Burr, assisted by his brother, also produced sounds something similar from his own person; and one Shadrach Barnes published illustrations of the rapping science, and proved that he himself possessed the power of rapping with his toes. The credit of the Burrs, however, fell to the ground when their performances were impeached by the confession of an accomplice, who stated that he had been expressly engaged by them for the purpose of practising the deception; and it having been shown by the faculty that any such use of knee-pans and great-toe joints, as were attributed to the rappers, would speedily destroy them, the knee-pan theory became a ne-gation, and the toe-ology failed *in to-to.*

Other partisans there were who attributed the audible phenomena and the table-tipping to electricity; and they talked very learnedly on the subject, all the more so, perhaps, as our author hints, as they knew little or nothing of the properties of that subtle agent. One discovered that slight electric shocks accompanied the raps; another, that just before the rappings commence, a crackling, hissing sound is distinguishable, precisely like the escape of electricity from the prime conductor, or from an overcharged Leyden jar; and individuals were found who had electricity enough in their knuckles to strike fire from another's head, &c., &c. It happened, however, unfortunately, that when experiments were made with a view to detect the presence of electricity during the operations of the different media, they were altogether void of success, not the slightest deflection being perceptible in a delicately-poised magnetic needle placed directly in the current of the sounds, or even when handled by the media themselves during the rapping. One learned professor has a notion that the nervo-electric fluid is at the bottom of the whole business: "Force," says he, "is matter in motion, and electric matter only moves on the law of equilibrium, or when moved by mind. Intelligence can take hold of it, as found in our bodies. . . . . A diseased nervous condition develops this state of our brain and nerves, and the mind, freed from the gross body, acts with greater power," &c.; and he denounces rapping as a diseased condition, and all "spirit-manifestations" to be the work of spirits in the body. Among the disciples of mesmerism, not a few have declared their belief that the medium of the rapping-spirits is nothing more than an unconscious clairvoyante: that the sounds are produced by her will from the electric atmosphere encircling her; that she possesses an inner consciousness of what is passing in the minds of those at a distance with whom their wishes place her in communication; and that her extraordinary answers are given by means of her clairvoyance, unknown to herself!

Rejecting all such lucid expositions of the puzzling phenomena, the author is thrown back upon the popular theory, to wit, that the rappings are *bonâ fide* spiritual manifestations; and seeing that the recent developments, though new in detail are old in principle, and have been known to exist in all ages of the world; that they have been recognised by Old Testament writers, and inferentially sanctioned by one apostle at least; and that great and good men have at various periods admitted the possibility of commerce with spirits, he, too, is disposed to accept the popular belief. "Proofs," he says, "that these phenomena *are not produced or controlled by any agency on the hither side of nature* have been adduced in sufficient numbers to awaken the interest, or at least secure the attention, of all who do not purposely close their ears, or steel their reason, against the matter in di-

pute; and to those who do, I have not the remotest intention of appealing." Among the proofs here alluded to, are some most extraordinary and well-attested narratives of strange and supernatural facts which have occurred at different times, in different families, for which, as we have not room for them here, we must refer the reader to Mr. Spicer's volume.

In summing up, in his last chapter, our author declares that he has set forth the subject in every possible aspect, favourable and unfavourable, and that all he wishes to secure for it is fair play. We are bound to bear testimony to his candour throughout the whole of his narrative, in which, if he has boldly vindicated what he conceives to be the truth, he has with equal boldness poured contempt upon the pretensions of humbug and imposture. The following is his summary of what he considers to have been proved:—

First.—That manifestations of an extraordinary character are rife in the United States, and are becoming familiar in England.

Secondly.—That demonstrations of a similar kind have been known almost from time immemorial, in civilized and barbarous countries alike; their true origin, as in the present instance, never having been ascertained.

Thirdly.—That the American manifestations have been closely watched, carefully investigated, and submitted to every conceivable test, by persons eminently qualified to conduct such inquiries, and whose characters entitle them to the fullest credit. These have decided—

Fourthly.—That the phenomena present features which render the theory of the employment of mechanic art wholly inadmissible.

Fifthly.—That the recognised laws of electricity are utterly insufficient to account for, and the properties of that agent inapplicable to, the results obtained.

Lastly.—That the theories of animal electricity, magnetoid currents, nerve-spirit, &c., will not suffice to explain the whole phenomena, while unconnected with some independent intelligence; though where that intelligence is to be sought, and how explained, there is no satisfactory evidence to prove.

At these conclusions, so many enlightened and liberal minds have already arrived, that we recognise the last and most favourable feature of the whole strange history in the fact of the question being permitted to halt and remain stationary, exactly at the point where profound and anxious interest, for the first time, really attaches to it!

* * * * *

A wonder, whatever its agency, has no doubt been wrought in the land. Considered . . . . in the light of an undiscovered *hoax*, its marvellous ingenuity, and the incomparable fidelity with which a secret that must be known to many thousands among the neediest and most *purchaseable* of the community has been preserved, raise it beyond dispute to the dignity of what it has been styled—a wonder. In spite of the hostility and denunciation of the greater portion of the press—the warning tone of the clergy—the ridicule and *insouciance* of the non-reflecting portion of society, the subject has gradually won its way through all opposition; and, up to the present instant, added thousands, almost daily, to the number of those who deem it worthy of zealous inquiry.

But—the question naturally arises—supposing these rapping spirits to be actual disembodied entities, and willing to come and to drum at the call of the media, what use are we mortals to make of them, if, as Mr. Spicer seems to allow, they are as often deceivers or deceived themselves as they are wise and true? It was this uncertain and in part disreputable character of the rapping gentry, it may be, that prompted the *New York Times* to publish the bravado, "Who cares?—supposing these rappings *are* the work of spirits—who cares?" In answer to this editorial inquiry the author replies with much solemnity, and quotes the following sentences from an American writer in reference to the manifestations:—

"To every mind that has kept itself so free from absorption in worldly pursuits, that it can cultivate a rational interest in the inquiry—*Where are the Dead?* this maligned topic cannot be without its claims to candid investigation. Surely the great problem which has pressed so heavily upon so many noble minds through all ages, is not, in *this*, to be regarded with a callous, or what is worse, audacious indifference.

"That these developments accord rather with the instincts of the vulgar through all time, than with the theories of the learned at the present day, is no good reason that we should turn with supercilious scorn from the inquiry. Look at the writers of two or three centuries ago—at Baxter, Henry Moore, and many others; and observe how much of their argument in favour of the immortality of the soul was founded on phenomena precisely similar to those now exciting our astonishment—phenomena which modern science proudly ignores; but which nevertheless *occur*, as surely as the earth goes round the sun, in spite of the adverse opinion of the men of the church in Galileo's time."

Such is the language of an enlightened expositor of honest convictions, and it would be infinitely more to the credit of those whose calling places them for the time, in the position of "*custodes morum*" of the people, did they adopt a similar tone; or at least refrain from insulting the better feelings of their readers by ribaldry, or affected indifference to a subject which is clearly not susceptible of such a view.

Here we must take leave of "Sights and Sounds." The reader has by this time a tolerable idea of the American Rapping manifestations, and if he have any inclinations of a supernatural tendency, he may gratify them to a prodigious extent for the cost of Mr. Spicer's volume. The subject is a curious and interesting one, considered from any point of view; the author has treated it fairly, and in so doing has presented a singular aspect of human *(something)* for the study of the psychologist. We can commend his work to the attention of our friends, feeling pretty sure that, be their faith what it may, they will find in it abundant matter for interesting speculation.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF CIVILIZATION.

There is no doubt that the present age is distinguished above all that have preceded it by an amazingly rapid progress in science and the useful arts, in morals, manners, government, and all that constitutes what is known under the general term of civilization. On this point we have the evidence of history to prove that the suggestions of self-esteem do not lead us into the common error of exaggerating our own advantages. We know that there have been long periods, reckoned by centuries—like that, for example, which intervened between the Norman conquest and the invention of printing—when society seemed to be, as it were, lying fallow, and slowly gathering the elements of future fertility. In general knowledge and in habits of life there was barely a perceptible improvement from one generation to another. Not only the same fashion of dress, but the same identical raiment, often descended from father to son, a fact indicating, as at this day in the east, an unchanging condition of society. In the fourteenth century, the furniture in ordinary dwellings, as shown by the tax-gatherer's returns, was almost as scanty and as mean as in the days of Alfred the Great. It seldom exceeded (according to Sir Frederick Eden) the following brief list of articles: a wooden drinking bowl, a cup, dish, and pot of brass; a gridiron, a tripod, an andiron, a bed, and a rug or coverlet. Similar articles, it is well known, were in use in the Saxon times. There is no better test of civilization than that which is afforded by the quality and variety of clothing and household furniture in common use. Judging from this test alone, we should be justified in believing that society has advanced more during the last hundred years than in all the previous centuries since the downfall of the Roman empire.

But there are other and more striking evidences within the experience of every one. It is only necessary, for our present purpose, to allude to the fact that most of the social comforts and public conveniences which we now enjoy have originated, or been rendered common, within the memory of living men. Our coal fires, gas-lights, well-paved streets, good roads, canals, railways, steamboats, post-offices, and nearly all the other improvements which distinguish the England of this day from the England of the Plantagenets, are the product of a single century. When we add the evidences of mental and moral activity of another description—the improved and immensely extended literature, the schools of various novel descriptions—infant, Sunday, industrial, reformatory,—the scientific, and artistic societies, the mechanics' institutes, the missionary associations, the savings' banks, the numerous charitable institutions, the hospitals for almost every ailment that can afflict humanity—is it not natural that we should be deeply impressed with a sense of the peculiar advantage which we enjoy in living in an age so eminently enlightened, virtuous, and prosperous?

But in the midst of our self-congratulations, some startling facts are forced upon our attention, which certainly tend to diminish our satisfaction at the prospect of this high civilization and rapid social progress in the midst of which we live. We learn that there is a class among us which not only does not share in these advantages, but actually sinks as the scale of refined society rises. We find that the number of criminal commitments in England and Wales, which in 1805 was only 4,605, has increased to an annual average amount of 27,000 during the last ten years. We find that of this number no less than 10,000, in every year, have been boys under seventeen years of age. We discover that in the midst of every one of our large cities there are districts inhabited by a population more ignorant, debased, and heathenish—more utterly removed from all good influences—than has probably existed at any former time since Britain became a Christian country. On seeking for the causes of this fearful phenomenon, we are still more startled at discovering them apparently in those very improvements which we had regarded as at once the sources and evidences of modern civilization. It is to good roads and well-lighted streets, to stage-coaches, canals, railways, and omnibuses, to steamboats, docks, artificial harbours, and other creations of modern skill and industry, that we owe the sudden and vast extension of our cities, and the wide separation of the classes which inhabit them. The consequences have been clearly described by Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, in his evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on "Criminal and Destitute Juveniles:"—

A century and a half ago, as far as I have been able to ascertain, there was scarcely a large town in the island except London. When I use the term—large town, I use it with reference to the subject under hand, I mean where an inhabitant of the humbler classes is unknown to the majority of the inhabitants of that town. By a small town, I mean a town where, *à converso* every inhabitant is more or less known to the mass of the people of the town. I think it will not require any long train of reflection to show that in small towns there must be a sort of natural police, of a very wholesome kind, operating upon the conduct of each individual, who lives, as it were, under the public eye. But in a large town he lives, as it were, in absolute obscurity; and we know that large towns are sought by way of refuge, because of that obscurity, which, to a certain extent gives impunity. Again, there is another cause, which I have never seen much noticed, but which, having observed its operation for many years, I am disposed to consider very important; and that is, the gradual separation of classes which takes place in towns by a custom which has gradually grown up, that every person who can afford it lives out of town, and at a spot distant from his place of business. Now, this was not so formerly; it is a habit which has, practically speaking, grown up within the last half-century. The result of the old habit was, that rich and poor lived in proximity, and the superior classes exercised that species of silent but very efficient control over their neighbours, to which I have already referred. They are now

gone, and the consequence is, that large masses of the population are gathered together without those wholesome influences which operated upon them when their congregation was more mixed, when they were divided, so to speak, by having persons of a different class of life, better educated, among them. Those two causes, namely, the magnitude of towns and the separation of classes, have acted concurrently, and the effect has been, that we find in very large towns, which I am acquainted with, that in certain quarters there is a public opinion and a public standard of morals very different from what we are accustomed to, and very different from what we should desire to see. Then the children who are born amongst those masses grow up under that opinion, and make that standard of morals their own; and with them the best lad, or the best man, is he who can obtain subsistence, or satisfy the wants of life, with the least labour, by begging or by stealing, and who shows the greatest dexterity in accomplishing his object, and the greatest wariness in escaping the penalties of the law; and lastly, the greatest power of endurance and defiance, when he comes under the lash of the law.

Under such influences, this isolated population retrogrades into a barbarous state. From its midst come those swarms of juvenile vagabonds who infest the thoroughfares, worry the police, perplex the law-courts, and sadden the mind of every benevolent person who considers their condition and probable fate. The name of "City Arabs" has been given to them; a term, as Mr. Hill remarks, certainly expressive of their character, which combines all the vices and some of the virtues of savages. That experienced and philanthropic magistrate describes the genuine City Arab in the following graphic manner: "He is indolent, averse from any settled or steady employment, averse from restraint of any kind; on the other hand, he is patient of hunger, and thirst, and cold; and as to dirt, he rather delights in it than otherwise. It is by no means an evil in his estimation; and he would much rather be permitted to roam about at large, even suffering at times great privation, than he would be at school or at work, under the restraints which belong to civilized society."

Miss Mary Carpenter, of Bristol, whose benevolent efforts in favour of the children of the "perishing and dangerous classes" are well known, gave evidence which strikingly confirms that of Mr. Hill, with regard to the increasing separation of classes in large towns, and its effect in debasing the lowest class of all, depriving its members even of the protection of the law, and excluding them from the advantages of the humblest schools. On these points, Miss Carpenter observed—

I have noticed myself that districts which were formerly inhabited by a number of respectable inhabitants, are now almost exclusively inhabited by the lowest class; —the respectable inhabitants moving from them, and avoiding even entering into them, if they possibly can. Those districts are therefore, in Bristol, left absolutely and avowedly in possession of the lowest inhabitants. The district to which I particularly allude is in St. James's parish. There is an immense number of courts and alleys branching out of the principal streets. I have been in the habit, during the whole of the seventeen years, of visiting at different parts of the day, and on different days, this district, and I have never once, during the whole course of the time, met a single policeman in any one of the by-streets or courts; I have not on an average once a month met one in the principal streets. Even a few Sundays ago a scene occurred, which perhaps I ought to mention. Just before divine worship, as I was passing through Lewin's Mead, the principal street, I found the whole street, within two minutes' walk of a large chapel, filled with a low crowd. I perceived that there was a fight going on in the middle of it, between a soldier and a civilian. I with difficulty penetrated through it, (I was not afraid to penetrate, because I have never in any way been molested in those parts,) and at once sent to the station for help. They were actually obliged to send nine policemen in order to quell the disturbance; and yet, if I had not sent to the station, the place would have been left as it was. I mention this fact merely for the purpose of showing what the inhabitants consider to be the ordinary state of the street on Sunday evening. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that districts remaining in such a condition are the nests of crime. With respect to the fact of these classes being increasingly uninfluenced by the schools intended for the respectable portion, I would say that about twenty-five years ago a Sunday school was instituted, which I have ever since attended very closely. At that time the Sunday school was entirely filled with those who would now be considered the ragged class,—so much so that it was considered an annoyance to the attendants of the chapel for them to be introduced. At present, the Sunday school does not receive any of those children. Even if it would receive them, the children would not come. Another, and even a more striking fact is, that one of the first British schools in Bristol, the Red Cross Street school, which has been inspected by Her Majesty's Inspector, and considered one of the best in Bristol, was established originally for what is now termed the "ragged" class. The district was selected for the school expressly because it was very low and degraded. Now the school does not in any way touch the ragged class. The district is still quite degraded, yet none of those children are admitted into that school. This class is without the pale of such schools.

Miss Carpenter added the expression of an opinion, in which all the witnesses seem to agree, that the education of this lowest and most degraded class can only be effected "by such police regulations and such authority from the magistrates as will apply a certain degree of compulsion." All who have paid attention to the subject are united in affirming that the purely "voluntary system" of education necessarily fails to embrace the children of parents belonging to the utterly destitute, ignorant, and vicious classes. Various methods are suggested for the purpose of bringing them within the scope of elevating influences; but all imply some recourse to legal compulsion, exercised either upon the parents or upon the children.

Glasgow is a city in which, for the reasons already mentioned, a large criminal population might be expected to exist. Its growth from a small town to a city of the first order has been wonderfully rapid. A "mixed multitude" of strangers of the poorest class, has been flocking to it during the last half-century, from all parts of the United Kingdom, but chiefly from Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. There is, at the same time, a wealthy, intellectual, and refined class, forming a society apart, and hardly conscious of the existence of any other. The result is that Glasgow ranks next to the metropolis and Liverpool in the amount of misery and degradation which it shelters. An account of a visit to the heathen portion of the city was given by Mr. F. Hill, Inspector of Prisons, in his report for 1837.

As the narrative is reprinted in his recently published work, it may be presumed that there has since been no material change in the condition of that quarter of the town. The district which he visited is described as "a compact mass of building, intersected only by narrow wynds,—bounded on the north by the Trongate, on the east by King Street, on the south by the Bridgegate, and on the west by Stockwell Street:"

On all sides there were appearances of discomfort; families crowded into dark ill-ventilated rooms, with dirty children at the doors, and heaps of steaming manure before the windows. Though it was the middle of the day, we found many of the inhabitants in bed, the night having probably been passed in crime or debauchery. In several instances I observed persons of different sexes sleeping in considerable numbers in the same room. In one case I remarked a child lying on a heap of shavings, and looking very ill. On inquiry, I was told that it had the typhus fever; and I was not at all surprised at this, for I had been previously informed by Dr. Cowan, one of the physicians of the Fever Hospital, and a writer on the medical statistics of Glasgow, that this district is never free from fever. Indeed, in passing through the place, the sources of fever are but too conspicuous. On descending the stairs of one of the old frail tenements that we examined, I was told that the place is known by the significant name of "Flea Hall." Most of the shops in these wynds, Captain Miller informed me, are kept by receivers of stolen goods. The inhabitants of one of the wynds, indeed, have so bad a character, that Captain Miller finds it necessary to keep a police-officer constantly stationed in it. Our progress through this abode of crime, of course, made a commotion among the occupants, and we soon had a crowd of attendants, among whom Captain Miller and Mr. Brebner recognised many who were but too well known to them. In some instances, there was a hesitation about admitting us; but the, to them, familiar cry of "Police," was instantly followed by the turning of the lock and opening of the door. In one place, we found a party of housebreakers. Captain Miller showed me a room in another house, in which a murder had been committed about a fortnight before. "He arrived at the spot," he said, "very soon after the deed had been perpetrated, and found the body of the murdered woman still warm, and lying across the bedstead. In the same room, in one corner of the floor, were two girls, seventeen or eighteen years old, who did not seem even to have been sufficiently roused by the circumstance of the murder to quit their bed!"

The work* from which the preceding extract is quoted, is one which should be read by all who take an interest in the important subject of which it treats. The author has had the advantage of great practical experience, gained during the efficient performance of his duties as Inspector of Prisons, first in Scotland, and afterwards in England. On him, moreover, official experience has not produced its too common effect, of narrowing the mind and restricting the ideas within the limits of established routine. The work exhibits the clear intellect and conscientious frankness of a sagacious and independent thinker, who having proved or corrected his theories by his experience, now gives the results with natural confidence to the world. At the present time, when our Government is about to deal boldly and comprehensively with the whole system of "secondary punishments," Mr. Hill's work will be peculiarly valuable.

An Inspector of Prisons might, perhaps, be expected to laud, or at least to apologise for, the system of prison management which he has been engaged in administering. Mr. Hill, however,—to his credit be it said,—does nothing of the kind. He admits, indeed, that considerable improvements have of late years been made,—some of which, it may be added, have evidently been due to his own influence, particularly in the prisons of Scotland. He points out numerous other amendments, of which the system is susceptible. But, in his opinion, the system itself is based on a wrong principle. Its object is the punishment of the criminal, not his reformation. Mr. Hill holds that the aim of prison discipline should be, not to punish the offender, (in a vindictive sense,) but to restrain and reform him. The restraint should last until the reformation is complete, or is, at all events, so far advanced that the prisoner may be safely liberated. A criminal who cannot be reformed should be confined for life. A prison should be regarded as a hospital for the morally diseased. The means of cure should be modified according to the character of the patient,—but in general should consist of regular, healthful, and useful labour, moral and intellectual instruction, and kind treatment. These propositions which were once the bold suggestions of theorists, are now the well-weighed conclusions of an eminently practical and clear-headed man—a barrister-at-law and late prison inspector.

Like all sensible physicians of the body politic, Mr. Hill considers prevention to be infinitely preferable to cure. The means of prevention, he holds, consist chiefly of "good education and the general spread of knowledge; the cultivation of habits of forethought, sobriety, and frugality, with the control of the passions; the promotion of habits of industry and self-reliance, and the adoption of all other practicable means for raising every class of society beyond the sphere of destitution, and into that of comfort and moderate wealth; such a remodelling of our laws as shall bring the statute-book as nearly as possible into coincidence with the eternal principles of justice,—so that while it is a code of municipal law, it may also serve as a manual of morality; and lastly, the adoption of such means for the apprehension, trial, and punishment of offenders, as shall secure, as far as practicable, that every offence shall be followed by immediate detection and certain conviction, and that the criminal shall be placed in such a position as shall make him sincerely and deeply regret the wrong he has committed, and bring him to labour earnestly in the work of his reformation, and in obtaining the means for making restitution to the person injured." To each of these heads the author devotes a chapter, comprising many important facts and suggestions,—of which only a few can be noticed here.

With regard to the effects of education, he states that "even the mere powers of reading and writing, without reference to exercise in their in-

* Crime: its Amount, Causes, and Remedies. By Frederick Hill, Barrister-at-Law, late Inspector of Prisons. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1853.

telligent use, are comparatively rare among criminals." Of 16,000 persons in Scotland (where education is more general than in England) received into the prisons in one year, less than 1200, or one in thirteen, could both read and write well, —*and only* 312, *or one in fifty, had learnt more than mere reading and writing.* A still more significant fact is mentioned in the following paragraph:—

To what an extent the simple power of reading fluently is often a protection from habits of crime, may be judged of from the fact that a home missionary in Edinburgh, in whom I had full confidence (the present worthy and able governor of the prison of that city, Mr. Smith) told me that in all his visits to the poor, *he never met with a single person who was at the same time addicted to crime and in the habit of reading.*

Well might Lord John Russell say,—in his recent statement of ministerial policy,—that the determination of the Government to put an end to convict transportation gives additional importance to the great question of popular education —"because, in proposing measures to supersede the punishment of transportation, and in devising other means to deter men from crime, it becomes, if possible, the more necessary that we should plant in their minds motives sufficiently strong to induce them to avoid crime altogether." And it may be added that if this pernicious system of convict colonization had been earlier discontinued —or, better still, had never been commenced,— our Government would before this time have been compelled to adopt a system of national education, which would have relieved us from the reproach of being far behind every other Protestant country in the world—behind even Roman Catholic Belgium —in the amount of instruction afforded to our people.

It is satisfactory to find that in Mr. Hill's opinion, not only should convict transportation be at once discontinued as a matter of justice to the colonies, but its cessation may be made, by the adoption of a proper system, an advantage, instead of an injury, to this country. We quote his remarks on this subject with the more pleasure, as they include a well-deserved tribute to a gentleman whose efforts have been especially instrumental in bringing about this gratifying result:—

Of transportation, in the ordinary sense of the term, few can have a lower opinion than myself; indeed, I am convinced that the system has generated monstrous evils. Nor is the evil confined to the penal colonies alone, for the convicts soon find their way into other colonies; indeed, it is stated that in Van Diemen's Land a society has been formed expressly to aid them in so doing; and it appears that most of the crimes in South Australia (though one principle in the foundation of that colony was exemption from the convict system) are committed by released convicts. Fortunately,—for so I regard it,— ordinary transportation is very expensive; *whereas it has been demonstrated, both in this country and in America, that, under good arrangements, imprisonment may be made self-supporting.*

Those who object to the discontinuance of transportation often ask how the criminals are to be disposed of, and where so large a number is to be kept, if none are sent out of the country? the reply, one would suppose, might be readily suggested by looking at America, Belgium, Switzerland, and other countries, which have no penal colonies; but no one who has calmly considered the subject can doubt that there is room for all our criminals on a small portion of the unoccupied land in this country, even though they were far more numerous.

It is a good omen of the state of a nation, when a country gentleman like Mr. Adderley devotes a considerable portion of his time and talent to such questions as these; and calls on his countrymen to join him in efforts for the moral improvement of the degraded and criminal, even at the sacrifice of some of their own pleasures and pastimes.

It is cheering to find that the Queen, in her speech on the opening of the present Parliament, recommends an important step towards the discontinuance of transportation. I sincerely hope that her majesty's advice will be adopted, and that this step will soon be followed by the total disuse of the whole system; and that— although after an interval of more than two hundred years—we shall, as a people, cease in transportation, as in all other kinds of colonization, to be liable to the charge contained in the declaration of the great Bacon, that "it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant."

Among the most valuable influences subsidiary to education, Mr. Hill mentions cheap literature and cheap postage. The former, he considers, should be relieved from the imposts which still press upon it. The latter has already produced great benefit in this and other countries by keeping up family ties, and as a potent means of disseminating knowledge. In the course of three or four years after the penny postage had been established, Mr. Hill found, on a visit to the Shetland Isles, (the inhabitants of which are remarkable for the strength of their parental feelings,) that the number of letters in that remote part of the country had increased *thirteen-fold,*—fathers and mothers being no longer averse, as formerly, (now that they could correspond by letter,) to allow their sons to seek profitable employment at a distance from home. "When it is remembered," adds the author, "that altogether there are now more than a million of letters posted in the British Isles every day, it will at once be admitted that the business of letter writing must act powerfully on the general education of the inhabitants." We may add that great additional advantages would accrue from extending the system of cheap postage to the communications between this country and the colonies. Thousands of poor persons are prevented from maintaining a correspondence with their relatives in other parts of the empire by the present heavy tax of a shilling on every letter.

Mr. Hill enumerates various faulty laws which occasion much of the existing criminality. Among the worst, if not the very worst, of these are the laws which determine the condition of married women—depriving them of all protection, and reducing them frequently to a state of helpless and miserable slavery. "The married woman, in the lower classes, is in effect so indissolubly bound to the man whom she has once received as her husband, that, whatever may be his offences against conjugal fidelity, sobriety, honesty, kindness, or duty of any kind, so long as they do not place him immediately within the grasp of the law, she has no protection either for herself or her children against any wrongs he may think proper

to inflict. How many poor wives are there who would most cheerfully and effectually maintain themselves and their children—in other words, do their husband's whole duty—if they could but be guaranteed against his violence and dishonesty! Application for legal redress avails little or nothing. To obtain divorce, or even separation, involves an expense beyond the total earnings of years—perhaps of a whole life; and complaint to a magistrate, the only process open, obtains at best but a temporary relief, followed, in all probability, by more malicious, if less open ill treatment." Mr. Hill adds, that during the time of his inspection in Scotland, many—he believes the majority—of the murders that were committed were those of wives and husbands; most of which would probably have been prevented, could the suffering party have obtained a separation; and he observes that the State of New York has set a good example in its legislation on this subject, by decreeing that the property of a married woman shall, without special covenant, be at her own disposal, instead of being handed over to her husband.

Mr. Hill, it should be observed, is decidedly of opinion, as the result of many years' inquiry and observation, that crime in this country is steadily decreasing in amount, and taking a milder and milder form. As regards the last twelve years, the returns of criminal commitments fully bear out this opinion. But when the author adds that the amount of crime "is less than at any previous period of our history, even without reference to the increase of wealth and population," and questions the correctness of the returns which tell a different story, it becomes apparent that some stronger grounds than those given by him are required to support this conclusion. Mr. Hill enumerates, indeed, with great clearness and force, many causes which must have led to the gradual diminution of offences; and he mentions whole classes of crimes which have almost entirely disappeared in our day; such, for example, as piracy, kidnapping, wholesale cattle stealing, robbing of mail coaches and other public conveyances, and the like. But he forgets the important source of augmented crime which his brother, Mr. M. D. Hill, has pointed out, in the growth of our cities and the formation of a pariah class in their midst. It is deserving of notice, that the fluctuations of the criminal returns, during the last forty years, have been in strict accordance with the changes in the social condition of the people. In the fifteen years subsequent to the general peace—from 1816 to 1830 inclusive—the number of commitments was doubled, rising from 9,091 to 18,107, while the population only increased by about one-fifth, or from 11,200,000 to 13,800,000. This is exactly the result which one would expect to find. At that period, all the causes which produce crime were in active operation, while those which have since been found in some degree effectual for its repression, hardly existed. At that time, the growth of the principal cities, and the separation of the different classes, proceeded rapidly. The Government was oppressive and unpopular. The criminal laws were frightfully cruel, and badly administered. The Corn Laws enhanced the price of food. Great masses of the people were ignorant, turbulent, and miserable. The higher classes had lost that species of supervision and restraining influence which they had exercised over their humbler neighbours before the large towns withdrew the latter from their control. There were then few schools for the poor. What cheap literature existed was of a worthless or corrupting kind. The amusements of the people were coarse, brutal, and demoralising. Under such circumstances, a great increase of crime would naturally be expected. Had the official returns not shown evidence of such an increase, their correctness might with reason have been doubted. But there seems to be no sufficient ground for impugning them, while they agree so accurately with the conclusions derived from historical evidence.

About the year 1830, as is well known, a great change took place in the aspect of society and the feelings of the people. A popular administration came into power. The Reform Bill brought the governing body more nearly into harmony with the people. The barbarous criminal code was greatly ameliorated. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge prosecuted its invaluable labours with great activity and success. The first grant of public money for schools was made in 1833. The British and Foreign School Society and the National School Society, founded about twenty years before, now first became important and efficient institutions. Infant schools became common; Sunday schools almost universal. The New Poor Law, Municipal Reform, and the reduction of the Newspaper Stamp, all had a salutary effect. Thus, although many of the causes which produce crime remained in full vigour, we are not surprised to find that these counteracting influences had a sensible effect, and that during the eight or nine years following 1830, the increase of offences did but little more than keep pace with the increase of the population. In 1831, the commitments were 19,647, while the population was 13,900,000. In 1839, the commitments had increased to 24,443, and the population to 15,500,000.

In 1840, a scarcity produced by a succession of bad harvests, accompanied with great commercial depression and political excitement, served to raise the number of criminal commitments to 27,187. From that time, with some fluctuations, their tendency has been to diminish in number. In 1850, though the population had increased by two millions, the number of offences was less by several hundreds than in 1840, being only 26,813. We see in this decrease, the growing effect of the favourable influences which have been brought into operation of late years. The result is cheering, as it gives reason for hoping that with extended education, and other means of improvement, the reduction in the amount of crime will continue, until it is finally brought within an easily manageable compass.

But before this result can be attained the great difficulty has to be overcome. We have

yet to find the means of dealing successfully with the augmenting criminal population of our large cities. Education, the police, the railways, and other agencies, have, doubtless, greatly diminished, of late years, the number of criminals in small towns, and in most rural districts. But the diminution is, to some extent, only apparent. The criminals have not been reformed or restrained, but simply expelled, and driven to safer haunts. The weeds have not been eradicated altogether from the rural fields, but only transplanted into the more congenial seed-plots of crime in the cities. The class of juvenile delinquents in particular—including the whole tribe of "City Arabs,"—has continued to flourish in spite of all reformatory and repressive influences. Of the 10,000 male offenders under seventeen years of age, annually convicted in England and Wales, the two metropolitan counties of Middlesex and Surrey supply more than one-fourth, (in 1851 no less than 2940,) though they contain only one-seventh of the population of the country. The cities of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Bristol, and a few others, furnish a large proportion of the remainder. "That the penal laws are inefficient of themselves to check this disorder," observes Captain Williams, inspector of prisons, in his Report, dated December 13, 1851, "*is proved by the unabating prevalence of the evil, and the almost countless recommittals of children to prison.*" These facts, moreover, prove, that "ragged schools," industrial schools, and other similar institutions, though excellent in their purpose and management, and doubtless beneficial in many ways, have as yet made no sensible impression on the mass of the criminal population in our cities. Mr. Locke, the Honorary Secretary of the London Ragged School Union, after giving a very gratifying account of the increasing usefulness of those schools, expressed the opinion that without some direct interference of the law, for the purpose of prevention, "we shall never get the great evil of vagrancy and juvenile delinquency remedied. If by law we can compel a parent to give his children food," added Mr. Locke, "I think we should do the same as to instruction." Should the parent be unable to pay for the child's instruction and maintenance, the parish, he considered, should fulfil the duty, and exercise the authority of the parent for the child's education.

A "Conference on Juvenile Delinquency," was held at Birmingham, in December 1851,—having been convened mainly through the exertions of Miss Carpenter. As the ladies and gentlemen, who attended the conference, had all been volunteer workers in the benevolent cause, they must have had thorough experience of the efficiency of purely voluntary agency for the prevention of this evil. The result of their deliberations was, however, that they came unanimously to the following important conclusions:—

That though "ragged schools," and similar institutions, were doing a vast amount of good to the neglected class, yet in most localities they were cramped and hindered from want of funds; *and that all the agencies yet at work were totally inadequate to check the increase of juvenile crime.*

That voluntary agency was not equal to the work, and that support was needed from some regular and adequate source.

That where parents neglected or perverted their offspring the public should interfere and see justice done; but that parents who could pay should not be permitted to escape doing so.

That there were large numbers of children in our large towns, of the vagrant class, who needed food and some industrial training (to fit them for future life) as well as moral and religious teaching.

That for such children book learning should be secondary to moral training and instruction in some trade or handicraft.

That no great good would ever be done to this class until some power were given to the police or parish officers to enforce attendance at a school of some kind, and until street-begging should be effectually put down.

That it is a great mistake to treat juvenile delinquents, especially those under twelve years, in the same manner as hardened criminals; and that correctional or reformatory schools were needed for such classes, rather than prisons.

That the present treatment of this class, through means of prisons, &c., was radically bad, and in every case doing more harm than good—tending to increase and perpetuate crime, rather than to repress or diminish it; the re-commitments being in most cases forty or fifty per cent., and in some seventy per cent., on the commitments.

That reformatories (the few that exist) were doing much good; the reformations being forty or fifty per cent., and in one case eighty per cent. on the admissions.

That prisons were far more expensive than ragged schools, industrial schools, or reformatories, merely considering the current annual expense; and

That in every respect, prevention was better than cure.

Some remarkable facts may be mentioned in confirmation of these views, and none are more striking than the history of the Aberdeen "Industrial Feeding Schools," which may be said to have first drawn attention to the necessity and the proper means for repressing the growth of juvenile destitution and crime. About the year 1840, the alarming increase in the number of young vagrants and criminals in that rapidly growing city attracted the attention of some of the principal inhabitants, who combined to adopt measures for remedying the evil. They first established, in 1841, a school in which destitute boys were received during the daytime, fed, instructed in the common branches of school education and in religious knowledge, and trained in some useful labour, such as tailoring, shoemaking, picking hair for upholsterers, and net-making. Afterwards, two schools for girls were established, by ladies, on a similar plan,—sewing and knitting being the descriptions of work in which the children were instructed. The food given in these schools consisted of oatmeal porridge and milk for breakfast and supper,—and for dinner, usually soup made of ox-heads,—the kind of soup commonly in use in prisons and such institutions. It was found that the children could be fed at the cost of a penny or a penny farthing a day. The total annual expense of each boy, after deducting the amount of his earnings, was found to be £3 15s.; that of each girl, £2 8s. 6d. Comparing this expense with that of maintaining a criminal

in prison—which averages £16 in Scotland, and £24 in England—it will be seen that it is much cheaper, as the Birmingham Conference declared, to prevent crime than to punish it.

These schools were highly successful in improving the character and condition of the children who attended them. But they had little effect in diminishing the general amount of vagrancy in the city. In 1841, there were 328 vagrants in the county of Aberdeen; in 1844, there were 345 vagrants, a larger number, though the Feeding Schools had been nearly three years in operation. At length, in 1845, the magistrates resolved upon a decided and effective measure, extremely beneficial in its result, but, as one of them frankly admits, of a "highly illegal character. The illegality, however, was in the direction of leniency, as the proceeding was based on a local act for the prevention of begging. On a certain day, a general razzia was made upon the 'city Arabs' of Aberdeen. Orders were given to the police that morning to lay hold of every little begging boy and girl in the town." Seventy-five were thus captured at one swoop, and were borne off in triumph to an Industrial Feeding School, which had been established expressly for their benefit. On the first day there was great difficulty with them. The little savages rebelled violently against the discipline of the school, and especially against the unwonted operation of washing their faces and hands. On the other hand, the three substantial meals with which they were provided had a pacifying effect. In the evening they were dismissed to their homes with the information that they might return to school or not, the next day, as they pleased; but that if they were caught begging they would be immediately apprehended, and conveyed, not to the school, but to prison. Of the seventy-five, seventy-two returned; and the school has gone on most successfully ever since. The average number attending it has been, of late years, from 115 to 120.

The effect of this method of procedure upon the vagrant and criminal population of Aberdeen has exceeded expectation. In 1844, as has been seen, the number of vagrants in the county was 345. The compulsory action began in May, 1845. In that year the number of vagrants fell to 105; in the next year to 14; and in 1850, only *two* could be found throughout the county! As regards crime, it is stated that the number of juvenile commitments to the gaol of Aberdeen in 1841 was 61; and in 1851 it had fallen to *five!* The magistrates, however, find that there is still a class of neglected children whom, in the present state of the law, they cannot reach. These are "the children of parents who are perfectly able to support them and educate them, but who, from their own bad principles and bad conduct, will not take charge of their children, but leave them to grow up a torment to themselves and their neighbours." Mr. Alex. Thompson, the gentleman from whose evidence the foregoing facts have been principally derived, observes:—"We have no power of dealing with such a class, and we have proposed once or twice to have a slight alteration made in the law of Scotland, which would enable us to treat them as we think they ought to be treated. I admit that there is a very great difficulty in the question of compulsory education, but the view I am inclined to take of the matter is this,—that if the parent wilfully and deliberately neglects his child, the state is entitled to come forward in the place of the parent, and to say,—'You shall not bring up your child to a life of crime. If you will not do your duty to your child, we will do that duty for you.'"

The conclusion which Mr. Thompson here enunciates is undoubtedly that to which the country will come at last. It rests on the great principle which lies at the foundation of civilization itself. In a barbarous condition of society, the government is conducted by chiefs, or influential men, who exercise a personal supervision over their inferiors, and prevent the growth of a criminal class by the summary process of knocking all offenders on the head, or otherwise putting them out of the way. As society improves, the power of the chiefs declines, and is gradually superseded by the united will of the community. Thus arises the system of government by the State. The very term civilization, derived from a word signifying *citizen*, indicates the nature of the new system. The citizen owns no superior but the State; and the State owes to every citizen, rich or poor, young or old, equal protection and all needful superintendence. The laws of the State are obeyed without hesitation by the citizen, because he sees in them only the embodied will of himself and his fellow-citizens. Hence the strict educational laws of several of the American States, which some persons in this country regard as gross infringements of personal liberty, are cheerfully observed and jealously maintained by those sturdy republicans. Our own country is at present in a transition state. We have just outgrown the semi-barbarous system of feudalism, which was only the latest form of government by chiefs; and we have not yet learned to appreciate the complete method of government by the State. The ignorant masses are consequently left at this period more entirely without control than they have ever been before, or than they are likely to be hereafter. Some may, perhaps, regard their condition as one of enviable freedom. It is, in fact, the lamentable condition of exclusion from the most valuable privileges of citizenship. They are now little better than outcasts. Those who were once their feudal lords and protectors have lost all control over them; and the State has not yet begun to recognise their claims upon it. As the State thus fails in its duty towards them, its neglect is naturally and inevitably punished by the growth of a degraded and dangerous class, which is to the community what a disease is to the human body—an indication of a bad regimen. The only effectual remedy for the evil will be found in the discharge, by the State, of its duties of guardianship and instruction towards this hitherto neglected class of its citizens.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

The public are indebted to Mr. Heywood for a useful digest of the Report of the Oxford University Commissioners.* Were blue books more available for circulation, he might have spared his editorial labours; but those uncomfortable, unwieldy volumes, which form the text books of Mr. Hume and the "independent members," are so obviously intended to lock up the treasures they profess to reveal, that we are glad indeed to obtain the substance of Mr. Stanley's labours, in a readable shape. It is only by giving vent and circulation to the truth, that any of these recommendations are ever likely to make head against the tide of opposition they will have to encounter; and that object, we hope, will be furthered by the publication now before us.

Mr. Heywood has confined himself chiefly to the learned city on the banks of the Isis, leaving her younger sister for the present in undisturbed repose. And rightly so; for Oxford is the stronghold of the system—the very symbol and citadel of college supremacy and university grievance. Manifestly the country was entitled to know the truth about Oxford; and to get it in some authentic shape, clear and credible, this commission was appointed. We had enough of flying rumours and floating suspicions, eulogy and obloquy, the rodomontade of enthusiastic bachelors, and the withering contempt of utilitarian philosophers. No previous information had sufficient guarantee for its unbiassed accuracy. Huber's was a good book; but his German stand-point was enough to damage his general credit; while the light artillery of flippant pamphlets, and the fond reminiscences of country rectors made neither a general nor wholesome impression on the public mind. Thus left with no acknowledged authority to which we might appeal, men judged of Oxford differently according as they viewed it from a different angle; and the cameleon disputation was not more varied, dogmatic, and honest. To the learned it was simply the seat of the Bodleian and the Radcliffe—to the student it was the type of lettered ease and cloistered seclusion—to the archæologist it was a monumental history of mediæval architecture—to the high-churchman, it was the grand ecclesiastical nursery—to the evangelical, a hot-bed of Puseyisms—to the dissenter, a nest of unclean birds—to fathers, it was a rueful emblem of unconscionable bills, and ne'er-do-well spendthrifts, who mingled Greek and slang with champagne and cigars—to the "fast man," it was redolent of boating, betting, prayers, and rustications—to the fellow, it was the dispenser of fat livings—to the conservative M.P.'s, it was the bulwark of the constitution, and to the new school of economists, it was a sheer waste of £150,000 a year. One would have it to be a fountain of living water, irrigating the country with purest streams of learning and piety; while another deemed it no better than a dead stagnant pool, not fit for a beast to drink at, and gendering nothing but mental agues, cramps, and fevers of the worst type. Besides these, indeed, there were some few who did not think that England was quite prepared to turn those ancient seminaries either into spinning mills, or mechanics' institutes, and who, at the same time, had a shrewd suspicion that they were not exactly keeping pace either with the educational progress or intellectual wants of the age. These men admitted, that like their fine old halls and colleges, there was something antique and inconvenient in their teachings; that there was need of scientific ventilation in their cloisters; only they would have it done daintily, lovingly, and by no profane hand of laic or revolutionist. Alma Mater might be getting old-fashioned; but let the dear old mother be reformed with reverence: and surely they were right. A university should keep pace with the wants of the time; but it should not be a mere creature of the time. Cotton-spinning Lancashire may get on without Greek; but not so all England; and it were a pity that the temporary prevalence of any class of opinions should hurry the calm and tranquil march that ought to characterise these institutes of learning. For these reasons, therefore, it was meet to examine well, ere we proceeded to act; and hence this commission to inquire into the alleged evils of our university system, and to learn whether they be chronic or curable by legislative enactment.

It were hardly possible, with a Bramah press of ingenious condensation, to give even a tolerable idea of the various materials now submitted to us in this Report. The Commissioners went about their work, we think, with a creditable patience and courtesy; yet several of the Colleges, Magdalen especially, returned to their questions only a *cartel* of indignant defiance. Magdalen had played the martyr in the days of the tyrant James; and her "dons" were still prepared to show that "even in her ashes lived their wonted fires." Unhappily they were born a century and a half too late. The age is in too great a hurry, and has no time to put the learned doctor into "the boots," or to squeeze out answers with the blood from under his finger nails. It is really a pity for modern hagiology; but one way or other, enough has oozed out for our purpose, without applying the torture to any one member of the devoted hebdomadal board.

The bill of fare we have thus got is by no means inviting; almost it will justify the sneers of the most sardonic, and all the lamentations of the orthodox. Everybody knew before that these institutions were so wofully exclusive that they

* The Recommendations of the Oxford University Commissioners, with Selections from their Report, and a History of Subscription Tests, &c. Edited by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.

could not be called national, but rather ecclesiastical establishments. But we are sure it will astonish more than one to learn that, while we have many colleges, we have really no such thing as a university in England. The university, in fact, has been utterly swamped by the schools, and the professors swallowed by the tutors; like the fat kine in Pharaoh's vision, devoured by their lean successors, who remained for all their repast just as lean as they were. We confess that this is, in our estimation, one of the worst features of the case. The Scotch Universities, diverging from their original character in the opposite direction, are now little other than "lecture-rooms," as Coleridge was wont to style the Gower-street academy. This is to be regretted, especially when we consider the manifold imperfections of the preliminary grammar schools. But, on the other hand, with such admirable foundations as Eton, and Rugby, and Harrow, to ground our English youth in elementary knowledge, it is quite evident that the tutorial system is miserably incompetent to interest our studious lads, or carry them forward to those new fields of inquiry on which their ardent minds are longing to enter. An university, in fact, is the very thing we require, and the very thing we have not. We have good schools of the higher class over all England, as well as in Oxford and Cambridge; but we have no seat of learning, where scholars, divines, and philosophers can promulgate to an intelligent audience the lofty results of their reading and their thought. In fact, the only thing of this kind we have had in England these many years, has been the literary coteries—the groups of wondering admirers who listened to the Coleridge monodies drawled out by him of the godlike forehead, as he sat in Mr. Gilman's front parlour at Highgate; or the bold revolutionary spirits who surround the uneasy chair of the grim, sardonic, eloquent prophet who preaches in camel's hair girdle in the region about Chelsea. Clearly it is not meet that England should have nothing but these very private and perilous universities. This is too great a power to be idly thrown away. The tutorial system goes like a gin-horse along the old beaten path of examination-papers; good in itself, doubtless, but not the whole, and not nearly all that a man needs in his daily working life. Learning, as tutors teach it, is cramped within an outer shell and makes no growth, or at least not easily; it is fixed by the tradition of the schools, and use and wont of examiners; ending, sooner or later, in gross cramming, not digested, nor digestible. This is plainly visible in the Commissioners' Report, sometimes in their recommendations, as often in their significant silence. We are glad, therefore, to find them urging the revival of the University—the appointment of four different faculties—the independence of students, so that they shall not be obliged to enter any college or hall; and we trust that an attendance on these lectures will be enforced, so that we may no longer find Bucklands discoursing to empty benches, and Stephenses prelecting to the vacant air.

This absorption of the University in the Colleges accounts in part for the lamentable falling off in the number of students. It is not that learning is in disrepute, but that a lad going from any of our preparatory schools finds the work of the College so easy or so uninteresting that he is led often into loose habits which the proctor cannot prevent unless he provide some occupation for his mind. Tavern bills, tradesmen's bills, long credits, and police courts, have made fathers chary; and so the thirty thousand students who haunted Oxford in the days of Wycliffe have sunk to a mere fraction, to the general detriment of professional learning. Another cause of this, too, is no doubt the malversation of moneys devoted originally to the maintenance of poor scholars in the Colleges. *Now*, the Colleges in fact educate very few; what teaching there is, is done mainly in the Halls. Magdalen, with all its wealth, had in 1842 only thirteen undergraduates, and All Souls four. Though destined originally for poor scholars, these rich foundations are almost entirely appropriated by commoners, their surplus funds being either divided at the year's end, or going to purchase advowsons for behoof of the fellows, and for increasing the power of Oxford over the Church. The Commissioners admit that only a mere moiety of the College income is appropriated to the objects for which it was left by the founder, and thus the poor are defrauded, and learning is stunted, and a plain man is puzzled to find a reason for supporting fourteen learned divines in order to instruct four students in letters and good morals. Even Mr. Gladstone must be ready to admit that this needs to be amended; even Sir R. H. Inglis will hardly say that all the splendid names of the Athenæ Oxonienses can cover with their mantle this time-honoured abuse—nay, we could almost vouch for it that Col. Sibthorpe himself will grant that the Hyde Park Bazaar was hardly a greater sin against the honour of Old England.

What then is to be done? what does the Commission recommend? They certainly do not propose any very sweeping revolutionary measure; and on the whole we are glad they do not; for though there are many cobwebs to brush away, yet a partial measure of reform is more likely to be carried than one whose very excellence would defeat its own object. Oxford is hedged round with many sacred prejudices. She has many devoted sons sworn to maintain her statutes inviolable. We must therefore be aware how we arouse their antagonism. Let us take what we can get now; it will be a sure earnest of more hereafter. If reformers will be moderate they will get, some day, all their hearts' desire. And the best proof of this is the fact that the Commission of reverends, very reverends, and right reverends, have not shrunk from pointing the finger of observation to the great *origo mali*, the excessive ecclesiastical influence that pervades every branch of these learned institutions. This, it is honestly and manfully admitted, has turned Oxford into an ecclesiastical seminary instead of a national university. This has cramped the spirit of freedom which, as Huber justly says, is

the very essence of mental life. We do not say that among our learned divines we shall not find on the whole the best teachers of youth—we do not say that the Church of England should not have in Oxford a thorough faculty of theology for training her ministry according to her articles—nay, we are not even disposed to urge, for the present at least, the entire abolition of tests as applied to the teachers in our Universities. But why should dons and fellows, professors and tutors, be all in deacon's or priestly orders, as if none but the clergy were fit to teach the elements of Euclid or to construe a classic author? Why should a generous student who feels no call to the ministry be denied all the benefit of that lettered leisure and independence which the fellowships were intended to afford? Why should these prizes of good scholarship be turned into a porch for our Protestant Temple? And above all, why should a lad sixteen years old be required to sign a formula of forty-two stiff and disputed articles, ere you will undertake to instruct him in his Greek accidence? This is the nightmare of Oxford, which is riding her to death. With all the exclusiveness of Romanism, the University was more free in the middle ages than ever it has been since. Wycliffe might be a heretic, but he was still head of his College, and a teacher there for years. There was freedom, at least, for every youth to study there, whatever his creed might be, down to the times of our English Solomon and "the Holy Father," as Oxford was wont to address her Chancellor Laud. Whitgift, indeed, had already begun the warfare against Puritans; but the system was still, on the whole, such as a free spirit could breathe in till the close, sultry days of the last Canterbury martyr, whose head, of all things, was the last that the Commonwealth should have grudged him. Since those days the city of Wykeham and Anthony A. Wood has been "thirled," as they say in Scotland, to bring all her grist to the episcopal mill. Surely of all monopolies this is the most disgraceful and nonsensical; for even granting that dissent is a very wicked thing, it can surely be none the worse of Oxford commons and patristic Greek. If ignorance be the mother of schism, why not heal breaches by vouchsafing the requisite learning? Or must we first be converted, and then hear the reasons? Is it fair or wise to put every raw Etonian or Christ-church boy into this Procrustes' bed of Anglican orthodoxy? Good men, I dare say, may be afraid of Puritan professors and Jesuit tutors; but surely those racing, boating, or reading lads, brimful of animal spirits, college dignity, or "bishop," may be trusted for any dangerous theological opinions that can possibly lurk under their square skull-caps. Perhaps Dissenters would not avail themselves of the privilege —perhaps in existing circumstances they should not; but, at all events, our universities must get rid of this wretched exclusiveness, which savours more of old ecclesiastical bigotries than is meet for the nineteenth century. Until these narrow limitations be removed, it is hopeless to expect that they can regain their ancient fame, or see their cloisters thronged by a concourse of aspiring youths. That the commission has not applied a very stringent principle to those grievances is true; but they have not overlooked them. They propose to open these seminaries absolutely to every youth under nineteen, so that all shall be equally entitled to their scholarships and honours —they recommend that fellows should be freed from any obligation to enter into holy orders—that similar restrictions on the appointment of professors should also be removed; and, altogether, we think there is a combined wisdom and moderation in their proposed reforms, which should commend them to the good sense of the country, and to which the Universities, if they be wise, will give their assent now, lest other and ruder hands may be laid to the work. If Parliament and the country sanction their labours, we shall once more have a free and national University, a quiet retreat for learning amid the din of railways and spinning jennies; and we shall be freed also from the old reproach, that with all our practical science we had no philosophical instructors except the peripatetic sages who perambulate our Athenæums with a black board and a bit of chalk, and a fluent facility to astonish the shop-boys.

ON CANT.

Few persons who are accustomed to watch the progress of human thought as exhibited in the page of history, can have failed to notice the embarrassment into which the supporters of conflicting opinions are ever and anon involved, and the summary way in which a beaten antagonist sometimes endeavours to relieve himself of any further share in an argumentative contest, by proclaiming his victor unworthy or unfit to be reasoned with. For instance, the dormant intellect of the middle ages, regarded it as an unquestionable truth, that the globe we inhabit was the fixed centre round which all the heavenly bodies performed their diurnal revolutions: and as the philosophical and religious teachers of those days were one and the same class of persons, and whose opinions were subject to the revisal of a supposed infallible head, that head being the Pope, it required no small courage on the part of those who detected the absurdity of the ancient hypothesis to make known their new convictions. Nevertheless, the astronomical phenomena daily passing under their observation, were utterly inexplicable on that hypothesis, while on the other hand, a

rational explanation of those phenomena was daily becoming more imperatively necessary. Hence, some of the bolder spirits of the time determined on the adoption of a new hypothesis, wherein the idea of central immobility was transferred from the earth to the sun. This was in direct contradiction to the decrees of the mediæval church, and, as might be expected, fierce was the consequent struggle that ensued. At length, the philosophers having fortified their new position with argument upon argument, observation upon observation, experiment upon experiment, and finding no necessity, nor feeling any inclination, for a surrender, their spiritual antagonists resolved upon availing themselves of the only remaining expedient by which they could hope to retire from the arena with any consciousness of honour, and, at the same time, exhibit their unwavering devotion to their Alma Mater:—with heart and voice they shouted "Heresy!"

And when in a later age the spirit of inquiry had pushed itself so far as to question the propriety of confining within the limits usually assigned to it the period of the world's existence; and demanded the addition of geological ages all but infinite in extent, as a basis on which to found an explanation of the phenomena which every ravine, rock, and ripple, unceasingly presented to its view, many who had followed the light of science thus far, resolved to go no farther. Hereupon another division ensued, the one party taking its stand on the common and limited interpretation of the Mosaic record; the other on an interpretation more liberal. Here, again, the philosophic party won the day: and as it was clear to their more conservative opponents, that the Divine authenticity of that record was thereby impugned, they took to themselves on their retreat such satisfaction as they could find, in bespattering their intellectual victors with the slush of "Deism."

But the time came when the philosophers in their turn were to experience a discomfiture; at least in so far as a large section of them may be taken to represent all who are included under that generic name. They had rushed boldly into the obscure recesses of Nature, and that complaisant old lady had, in answer to their touts and solicitations, yielded up her secrets one after another in rapid succession. Such abundant rewards encouraged further researches, till at length these enthusiastic explorers of the regions of physical science grew weary of that limited field of operation, and dashed forward into the realms of metaphysics and religion, and invaded those territories with whose occupants they had hitherto acted only on the defensive. And here they received a check; the very weakest of their opponents—such as they thought to have crushed more easily than a moth—received their winged and brilliant missiles, without the slightest trepidation, and turned them askant with a calm and dignified "*I know.*" In these regions the most unlettered peasant shrunk not from a volley of philosophic thunderbolts, were he but armed with an "*I am persuaded;*" nor the weakest woman from legions of sophists if fortified with the "inward witness of the Spirit." So that the invaders have long had their patience and perseverance exhausted, and failing the joys of conquest, solace themselves by annoying the enemy with cries of "Cant!"

Now, singularly enough, we have come to regard much that passes current in these days under the odious cognomen of cant with a very high degree of respect. Not that we like to hear it from the mouths of hypocrites and self-deceivers, or see it made the means of ostentatious display in the hands of the would-be-thought pious; nothing could be more revolting to our taste. But we have a profound conviction that cant in itself consists simply of short practical formulas, by which illiterate and unsophisticated persons regulate their moral life, and excite their religious feeling. That it should be abused and misapplied is only to share the fate of all good things; and those arguments which justify the right use of good things in general, justify the right use of this also. Before this question can be profitably discussed, however, it will be necessary to ascertain and define clearly, what is understood by the term in question; for it is certain that during the last few years the word has been most unscrupulously used as a closure to almost every species of argument in philosophy and religion, in which either party felt himself too weak or too lazy to engage or to protract an intellectual contest. This precaution is the more necessary from the fact, that in gravely sitting down to write a vindication of cant, we cannot but feel we are placing ourselves in a position which must appear superlatively ridiculous to a large majority of general readers.

In order to arrive at the meaning of this or any other word, two things must be taken into account. First, its literal and etymological signification, and secondly, those extensions or limitations which have been effected by conventional usage. Its etymological signification is easily arrived at, since it obviously takes its origin from the Latin *cantare*, to sing; whence *to cant*, is simply to say anything in a sing-song manner, and perhaps implies, further, the exercise of but little thought and feeling on what is said. If this be correct, then all sententious expressions, all moral proverbs, and scientific formulæ, may very properly be ranked under this one generic term. It may be, that they all owe their origin to a high order of thought or feeling: but when once that thought and feeling had acquired a verbal embodiment, and had thus assumed the form of an aphorism, formula, or proverb, these latter were ever afterwards used with but a small fraction of that inward emotion to which they are primarily indebted for their existence. But the conventional use of the term is far more limited: for the arithmetician may arrange his problem in "Proportion," and look at his terms with the most awful profundity he pleases, while he runs through his "Multiply the second and third terms together and divide by the first;" or the merchant glibly chant his "Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest;" or the economist his "Take care

of the pence, and the pounds," &c: nay, even the moralist may sing "Virtue is its own reward," and no one will ever think of calling any of these things "Cant:" but woe betide the man, who by way of *finis* to some fruitless *theological* discussion, informs his philosophising friend, that "These things are spiritually discerned;" for here would be a genuine specimen of what in our day is universally recognised under that offensive name: and the philosopher would recoil with dignified revulsion, that such miserable jargon should be quoted in his hearing, while he paralysed the canting fanatic with glances of withering contempt.

Here, then, we have a definite clue to the conventional signification of a term which is never used but with a view to depreciate the value of the rejoinders of an opponent, and which an opponent rarely hears applied to his rejoinders without an inward sense of mortification and chagrin. How far that mortification may be well-grounded we leave each one to judge for himself; for our own part, we have learned to say, under such circumstances—"Cant! yes, I know it is cant; and I prefer it to a verbose mysticism: there have been seasons when my mind has been wearied with thinking, and my heart overwhelmed with emotion, when, after days and nights of intense spiritual conflict, I have sought for some verbal embodiment in which to incorporate the great leading idea that brought me forth out of that conflict in triumph, and oh! how precious have been the half-dozen or perhaps less number of monosyllables into which the quintessence of so much energetic thought has been compressed. And there have been other times when I sat at the feet of some self-abased but God-exalted minister of the gospel, as he poured forth from his fervid lips brilliant elucidations of scriptural doctrine, or, from his glowing heart the most touching exhibitions of Christian experience, while both the one and the other have been but the natural development of the main idea contained in some short, sententious, and perhaps, hitherto to me half-enigmatical text. Thus it is, that words and phrases which have never been the objects of concentrated thought, or the vehicles of genuine feeling, remain a dead letter, while the same words and phrases, when made the practical embodiment of that thought and feeling, become a living spirit: and whereas they owe their existence to the operation of intellectual and emotional forces of a high order; so they in their turn exert a reflex influence on me, engendering in my own mind and heart spiritual products closely akin to those by which they themselves were begotten. Whether these condensed expressions be called *cant*, or by any other name, is to me a matter of perfect indifference: I, as an individual, certainly regard them and use them as such."

Now by this circumambulatory process, we arrive by degrees at the chief end and aim of this paper; that is, to discover the sense in which the word "cant" is generally used, and to ascertain how far that contempt with which it is always regarded, is justifiable and appropriate. It might appear that the difficulty would be immediately overcome by reference to some dictionary of good reputation. But nobody looks into a dictionary for such a purpose now-a-days, except school-boys and members of parliament: for it would be about as rational as looking into "Moore's Almanack" to see if it were raining, when a glance out of the window would yield information on that point, far more certain in its character. Proceeding on this principle, we have arrived at this conviction,—That the stigma of "cant" is applied by a large class of persons, 1. To those expressions which make reference to a spiritual, supernatural power, as guiding and controlling the operations of the human mind. 2. To those expressions which make reference to an inward religious experience, and which regard that experience as more powerful to convince the understanding, than any amount of the most elaborate philosophical argumentation; and 3. To those which acknowledge the obligation of a severe practical morality. Not unfrequently, we see the term applied to words and phrases adopted from Holy Scripture, but the hardihood which prompts to such an application is happily comparatively rare. If this classification be correct, then it is obvious that the subject is one which demands illustration rather than definition; and in this spirit therefore our remaining observations shall be conducted.

Taking a glance at two or three dictionaries close at hand, we find that *to cant* is represented as meaning "to speak in a whining, affected tone," and "to use quaint phrases or peculiar forms of speech with frequency," and so forth. If this definition be accepted, then where can two other men be found who ever canted half so much as our illustrious Coleridge and his celebrated friend Thomas Carlyle? The former uttered all his conversations in a whining, snuffling tone, according to the accounts of those who were much in his company; while the quaint, peculiar, and oft-repeated phraseology of the latter is known to every one who has perused his works. But he would be considered a bold man who deliberately recorded it as his opinion, that the conversations and writings of these men were sheer cant. Lexicographers, therefore, must amend their definition, or sacrifice their authority. But now for an illustration or two of what *is* cant, according to modern acceptation, and which shall serve as types of most other cases which occur. A poor old widow, who had been beaten down by affliction, temptation, and adversity in its various forms, through a long series of years, was in the habit of comforting herself by incessantly quoting the familiar phrase, "It is all for the best." Now this phrase, the gentle Sterling thought proper to stigmatize as cant; and, as we think, quite correctly. It was cant, if the word have any meaning at all. The chief difference betwixt ourselves and others is, that when used with apparent sincerity, we always hear it with complacency, but they with revulsion. How can it be expected, of the multitudes of poor illiterate creatures who constitute a large proportion of the Church militant, and whose religion is their all, that they should be able to express their fluctuating emo-

tions in elegant and varied language, or even treasure up in the memory a large number of texts and aphorisms for that purpose? A Bible, a Pilgrim's Progress, and a Hymn Book, constitute the entire library of many of them; and the phraseology of these books is all they can venture to use: while the particular texts and phrases selected by different individuals will depend much on the character of the teaching they have had, the worldly circumstances in which they are placed, and other causes too numerous to specify. But when the gist or application of certain texts and phrases has once been fully comprehended or felt, they ever afterwards serve as lode-stars by which the benighted pilgrim directs his course —as rocks to which the shipwrecked mariner may cling in the spiritual tempest—as caskets, from which the sorrow-stricken man may pick the gem of comfort—as weapons, with which the Christian may repel the attacks of the adversaries by which he is unceasingly beset. True, like lode-stars, they may sometimes be gazed on; like rocks, they may be rested on; like caskets, they may be conned; like weapons, they may be wielded, when there is but little necessity for them, and consequently with but little reflection or emotion; nevertheless, their worth is not diminished, and they are as invaluable as ever when the time comes that they *are* wanted.

Let, therefore, the humble Christian, who has been beaten down with adversity and misfortune, express his resignation and his hope in those familiar aphorisms, "No cross, no crown!" or, "It is a long lane that has no turning." Let him whose life is one perpetual struggle with inward corruptions and carnal propensities, take up the language of his Bible, and acknowledge that "what he would, he does not: but what he hates, that does he." Let him who is assailed by the quibbles of letter-learned sceptics and the verbiage of heady professors, fall back on that knowledge which results from "the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit;" let him who eschews the race-course, the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table, because of the moral evils which are essentially or accidentally associated with them, repel the sophisms of their advocates with some or any of the mottoes whose value and adaptation his experience has aforetime attested; and though there be those on whom Fortune has smiled, and whose worldly or educational advantages have been greater than those of many of their fellow-creatures, who will apply to such language the epithet now under consideration, and that, not from any appreciation of its propriety, but because it is the most offensive and galling they feel at liberty to use; still, let the faithful and persevering pilgrim feel assured, that when he arrives at the brink of that cold, broad, deep river, which we shall all one day be called to pass over, and when its chilling waters begin to lave his heaving breast, and impart to his very life-blood their own frigidity; when his senses shall grow dim and when his memory shall fail; that the probabilities of a peaceful transit are immensely in favour of that man whose feelings have been educated to expand and soar beyond the limitations of mere verbal expression, or to start into active and vigorous existence at the mere mention or memory of words and phrases in which the highest and holiest emotions of the human breast have been embodied.

And let philosophising and speculative religionists beware how they stigmatize the language of their less favoured brethren with the opprobrium of cant: for to our mind there are few things so *cantingly* uttered as these unmeaning and lazy declamations *against* cant. It is a rare thing to hear a cry which indicates such thorough mental imbecility in those who use it; at least with reference to those questions to which it is directed. There is something exceedingly rich in the airs of those coxcombs, who, inflated with the sentimentalism of second-rate novelists and the bombast of aspiring poetasters, think to annihilate the opinion of staid and earnest men by the interjection of a powerless monosyllable: nor is the case greatly superior with those, who, having bewildered themselves in their endeavours to incorporate within the limits of human speech those transcendental ideas and emotions to which no articulate language is adequate, and seeing the facility with which illiterate men *represent* rather than *express* such ideas and emotions, gratify their pride and self-conceit by an ostentatious assertion of their *hatred* to cant.

Finally, let us not be understood as defending the use of that boisterous and unbecoming form of language more properly denominated *rant:* nor on the other hand, that vulgar use of the metaphor and metonomy, more correctly called, *slang.* To both we feel an intense dislike. But it would not be difficult to show, were the result worth the effort, that both these forms of speech have frequently been confounded with, and called by the name of, cant, by writers of great respectability. And while we thus point out what, in this article we do not attempt to defend, let us reiterate what we do aim to establish. It may be thus summed up:—That the term Cant has of late years, and by persons of great talent and influence, been applied to forms of speech and modes of expression quite different from those to which it was formerly deemed appropriate: and that the forms and modes to which it has latterly been applied by such persons, are by no means reprehensible or even objectionable. On the contrary, we have endeavoured to show the superiority of cant—taking the word in its present *conventional signification,* as well as in its etymological meaning—as a vehicle for the communication of elevated thought and sentiment, or as a means of representing those transcendental ideas which are beyond the scope of human speech, but which, notwithstanding, we may wish to impart to others.

AN APPEAL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Bear with me, for my heart is full—
I've had a heavy care to-day;
Though old and worn, I cannot school
My foolish tongue a part to play:
I cannot still the fevered pulse,
Nor feign a quiet, now unknown;
And thus I show what none should know
But thou—or God alone!

Air! give me air! my soul wants air,
And sickens 'midst this mass of stone;
The sunshine hath a light less fair,
It looks such ghastly sights upon!
The stifling breaths of wearied crowds,
The vapours, borne from court and lane,
Where famine pines and fever shrouds,
Affect my very brain!

What woe, what pain, what want, are here—
What crime, so oft the child of want!
The blow that wakes a dastard's fear—
The fear that wakes a woman's taunt!
I seem to feel them now as if
Some giant's hand had launched them all
In one huge knot, red, fiery hot,
Upon my head to fall!

I heard a mother chide her child
For craving what she could not give—
I heard a husband, fierce and wild,
Command his wife, that he might live,
To yield her honour!—Out, alas!
I dare not tell the things I heard:—
They hiss like adders in the grass,
With venom in each word!

And every sight and sound of woe
Add to the burden on my breast,—
Mine own sad weight of care, which no
Kind hand hath power away to wrest!
So, if my tongue speak bitter things
To those around me, as to thee,
I know that they will count the stings
And pay them back to me!

For them I care not! but thy heart
Hath borne so meekly—ah! I've said
That I would not one pang impart,
Nor cause thee one more tear to shed:—
Bear with me, then, if word or look
Convey upbraidings never meant;
Thou canst not study Kindness' book,
And call it time mispent!

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

On the 10th of last month Parliament reassembled, and the new Ministry at once commenced work. In the House of Commons Lord John Russell announced in the briefest possible terms, the course of policy which the Government had determined to pursue. As was generally expected, the promised Reform Bill is to be put off till next session, on the ground that, if now introduced, it would engross the whole attention of the Legislature, to the exclusion of other important subjects, which require immediate consideration. The delay, moreover, is requisite to give time for preparing a measure of reform, "that shall prevent for many years to come, the necessity of again legislating upon it." But "immediately after the commencement of the next session of Parliament, it will be the imperative duty of the Government to introduce a measure upon this important subject." The business with which the Government propose to occupy the present session comprises a bill to enable the Legislature of Canada to dispose of the Clergy Reserves in that colony; a pilotage bill, with other measures for the benefit of the shipping interest; the removal of the Jewish disabilities; proposals tending to promote the cause of education, both in England and in Scotland; a proposition respecting the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the discontinuance of transportation to Australia, and a change in the present system of secondary punishments; measures for the improvement of the law, and more especially one to settle finally, if possible, the "agitated question" of land-tenure in Ireland. If, moreover, the investigations of the election committees should show that any measure is necessary for the prevention of bribery and corruption, an effort will be made to effect this object. The budget is to be brought forward immediately after Easter; and this announcement was expressed in terms which seem to indicate that some attempt will be made to readjust the income-tax.

This explanation of the Ministerial policy has, on the whole, been well received. The propriety of postponing the consideration of the proposed Reform Bill is generally admitted. This acquiescence, however, does not proceed from any lack of interest in the subject. At the general election, and still more at the late re-elections, the public

feeling on this point was manifested with a strength which evidently took some experienced politicians by surprise. There could not be a greater mistake than to suppose that the present political calm results from popular indifference to the defects of our representative system. It arises, in part, from the confidence generally felt in the fair intentions of the present Ministers, and a consequent willingness to defer to their judgment in regard to the most suitable time for introducing the promised measure. But in part it must also be ascribed to the peculiar interest which foreign affairs possess at the present moment. This interest is undoubtedly greater, for the people of this country, than it has been at any former period since the close of the last European war. In and out of Parliament, discussions relative to questions of national defence, of foreign policy, and of political or religious sympathy with the oppressed people of various continental states, take precedence of all others. The differences of opinion on these points serve rather to increase than to diminish the interest which is felt in them. While the public mind is engrossed with these extraneous topics, it is clear that questions of domestic policy cannot receive that amount of attention which they would obtain under ordinary circumstances. Considering the rapid changes which have taken place within the last few months, not only on the Continent, but in the state of opinion at home, there is reason to expect that before the close of the year all apprehensions of a collision with any foreign power will have subsided; and it is by no means unlikely that the re-establishment of constitutional liberty in France may come, by that time, to lend an additional impulse to the demand for representative reform in this country.

The various subjects with which the Government propose to deal, will certainly afford ample work for the session. One of them—the question of national education—is not less important than the question of Parliamentary Reform. The result, however, will probably show that any great improvement in the existing educational system must follow a reform in the representation, instead of preceding it. There can be no doubt that the members of the present Administration are sincere in their desire to promote the cause of education; and, probably, a majority of the House of Commons would support them in carrying a much more comprehensive measure than has yet been attempted. But this majority will be too small, and its support too feeble, to overcome the opposition which must be expected in the other branch of the Legislature. A remarkable foretaste of what may be expected from that quarter has already been given. Lord John Russell, in announcing the intended discontinuance of convict transportation, justly observed, that this determination would render the diffusion of education among the people more necessary than ever, as a means of preventing crime. No sooner, however, was this proposition announced, than the alarm in the Upper House was vividly manifested, and with evident reason. If all criminals are to be retained in this country, it is quite clear that, as Lord John Russell intimated, a thorough system of national education will become a necessity. But when the people of Great Britain are all as well educated as those of Germany or the United States, what will become of the Game Laws?—of the Law of Entail?—of the privilege of Primogeniture?—and of other equally unjust and unreasonable laws? So strongly were their lordships' minds agitated by the vague presentiment of coming evil, that the Duke of Newcastle was obliged to soothe them by the assurance that the Government did not propose to put a stop to transportation altogether, but only to discontinue it to Van Diemen's Land. Convicts will still be sent to Western Australia for a limited time, as a means of "benefiting the colonists!" That so enlightened a statesman as the Duke of Newcastle can believe that this pernicious and corrupting system will really benefit the colonists, is quite incredible. The phrase was evidently given at random. But it is clear that Ministers are not prepared at present to press any measure which is likely to meet with a decided opposition in the House of Lords. Under present circumstances, and until the time comes for bringing forward the Reform Bill, this cautious policy is perhaps judicious. But, at the same time, it evidently tends to diminish the likelihood that any very beneficial legislation will be achieved during the present session.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

Pegu has been annexed, by vice-regal proclamation, to our East Indian dominions, and the Burmese monarch has been warned that unless he submits quietly to this arrangement,—which he is not at all likely to do,—the remainder of his kingdom will share the same fate. It may, then, be taken for granted that within a brief period the whole of Burmah will be under British rule. A great diversity of opinion prevails in reference to the propriety and utility of this procedure. Some object to it because the country is likely to prove an unprofitable acquisition, being probably too poor to defray the expense of its civil administration, on the costly scale now customary in India. Others question the correctness of this conclusion, or maintain that, at all events, the benefits which the inhabitants will derive from our government should compensate for all other disadvantages. On the other hand, it is affirmed that our government in India is in reality so oppressive, and so obnoxious to the natives, that they are continually seeking to escape from it into the territories of the few princes who still retain some authority. These are questions which it is most important to have decided; for it is clear that if we cannot make our government in the East more beneficial to the people than that of their native sovereigns, we have no business as rulers in that part of the world at all. The contrary opinion may have prevailed in days when the slave-trade was a lawful and respectable branch of commerce; but public sentiment will no longer tolerate any system which is believed to be based upon oppression. Unless the inquiries of the Committee on East Indian Government should

satisfy the country that our administration is really advantageous to the people of India, it will be impossible for the existing system to be maintained.

The evil consequences of the hasty and reckless manner in which emigration to the gold colonies has proceeded are beginning to manifest themselves. Recent advices describe the condition of the newly-arrived emigrants in Melbourne as most deplorable. The town was already over-crowded. Many were unable to procure lodgings, or even the humblest shelter; and not a few were dependent on the charity of the inhabitants for the means of subsistence. Yet new-comers were arriving by hundreds, almost daily, to increase the destitute multitude. The knowledge of this state of things ought at least to deter intending emigrants in this country from directing their course to that colony at the present time.

FOREIGN.

The French Emperor has convened the puppets of his mock Parliament, and has repeated to them those pacific professions which on a former occasion found so little credence either in or out of France. Nothing which Louis Napoleon can now say will be believed on his mere assertion. Still the earnestness with which he declares his peaceful intentions shows at least his conviction that such a policy will be popular with the French people. It is true that so long as he retains his arbitrary power he must be a dangerous neighbour; but there is every reason to expect that if the French people are left by foreign powers to deal with him in their own way, their reviving spirit will before long put an end to that extraordinary condition of affairs in which this danger originates.

An abortive attempt at insurrection in Lombardy has cost several lives, and has only served to tighten the bonds of tyranny by which that unhappy country is at once tortured and rendered helpless; but the cord, now strained to the utmost, will one day snap, and the prisoner be free. Italy will yet recover that civic freedom, of which she has twice, in distant ages, given the example to Europe.

LITERATURE.

Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia; the Right of the Colonies, and the Interest of Britain and of the World. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852.

An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales; including a Visit to the Gold Regions, and a Description of the Mines; with an Estimate of the probable Results of the Great Discovery. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M. Third Edition. Bringing down the History of the Colony to the First of July, 1852. In Two Volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

In the first of these works Dr. Lang advocates the separation of the Australian Colonies from the parent state and their erection into an independent republic. After setting forth what he conceives to be the rights of the colonies, he proceeds to dispose of such objections as may be urged by parties opposed to their recognition. This he does in a very summary way and in a style of argument much more acrimonious than convincing;—in short we are not convinced by his reasoning of anything so much as of the danger of making a premature experiment under such sanguine and unreflecting guidance. But, however, it appears further on, that no alternative is left to this country but to submit to the loss of the colonies, who will sever themselves from the mother country without the sanction of the Home Government, if that is withheld much longer. The doctor declares that the discovery of the gold regions has virtually done the business already; and he hints darkly at symptoms of insurrection ready to burst forth into open rebellion should the rights he claims for the colonists be denied or much longer delayed. We can see no cause for seconding these alarms; the doctor's fears, or it may be his hopes, have magnified events, and led him to the expression of a false prophecy. That these colonies, as well as others, have long been grievously misgoverned we are perfectly aware; but the career of misgovernment, we trust, is drawing to a close under the policy of the new Administration. As to the advantages anticipated from the proposed independence of Australia, there is no reason upon earth why those who are to reap them should wait for that event—and judging from the thousands continually swarming to that favoured region, this opinion at least does not want countenance.

The "Historical Statement" is a new and enlarged edition of a work which has been some years before the public, and which contains something like a history of the colony from the first discovery of New Holland, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, down to last midsummer. The first volume is divided into a series of records of the transactions as well of the people as their rulers, under the reigns of the several governors, from Governor Phillip down to Governor Fitzroy, which latter gentleman, especially, is not bound in gratitude to compliment Mr. Lang upon his labours. The materials for this history have been industriously collated, and judiciously made use of, and no circumstance of importance affecting the colony has been omitted. It is to be regretted, however, that so much space, or indeed any space at all, has been devoted to the perpetuation of

paltry and scandalous matters, for the gratification of mere personal resentments. The republication, too, of the doctor's libel upon Mr. Icely, for which he was fined and imprisoned in Australia, appears to us anything but prudent—seeing that from the writer's own statement the publication was clearly unjustifiable in the first instance. From the many interesting particulars in the early history of the colony we extract the following account of the last days of poor Muir, who, as every one knows, was transported in 1793, by an illegal sentence of the Scottish court, for attempting to procure a reform in Parliament:—

His case having excited a deep interest in America, the *Otter*, an American vessel bound for the north-west coast of that continent, was hired by certain gentlemen in Philadelphia or New York to touch at Port Jackson, for the express purpose of carrying him off from the colony. The plan proved successful; and, on effecting his escape, Mr. Muir left a letter to the Governor, stating that he did not intend to infringe the laws of his country by returning to Great Britain, but that he would endeavour to reach America, where he would practise as a barrister till the expiration of his sentence should allow of his returning to Scotland. The *Otter* was unfortunately wrecked on the west coast of America, to the northward of California; but Mr. Muir was fortunate enough, after suffering much hardship and privation, in travelling along the coast, to reach the city of Mexico, from whence he obtained a passage to Europe in a Spanish frigate. The frigate was fallen in with, however, by a British man of war, off Cadiz; and in the action that ensued and that issued in the capture of the frigate, Mr. Muir was dangerously wounded, part of his brain being actually shot away. In this condition, and when lying apparently dead on the deck of the frigate, he was accidentally recognised by a Scotch officer, who had previously known him, from a small pocket bible which had been given him by his mother, and which he held in his hand with the grasp of death. The officer humanely concealed the circumstance, but had him conveyed to an hospital on the Spanish coast, where every attention was paid him, and where he recovered sufficiently to enable him to proceed to Paris, on the invitation of the French Government, where he was treated with the most marked attention. He died, however, shortly after—I believe in consequence of his wound.

The second volume of the Historical Statement comprises the geography and physical characteristics of the country, its natural and agricultural productions, its population, its means of irrigation, its gold fields, and their social, moral, and political results—the prospects the country holds out to emigrants—the moral and religious condition of the inhabitants—the state of education—and the probable future of the colony. Upon all these topics the Doctor is well informed, and writes agreeably. He visits the diggings, graphically describes their labours, and reports the sermons which he preached to the diggers; and he supplies a vast deal of information calculated to be useful to intending emigrants. His hopes of success in the future appear, however, to be all bound up with his own plan for the immediate severance and independence of his adopted country. If this be refused, insurrection and bloodshed, according to him, will speedily obtain it by force.

For (says he) with the large and somewhat questionable addition that will ere long be made to our colonial population—Chartists in tens of thousands, from Birmingham and elsewhere; French adventurers fresh fron the Barricades of Paris (!) with some *Albert ouvrier*, at their head, and sympathizers in whole troops from California, with their bowie-knives and revolvers all ready—it will be comparatively easy, in the event of any such collision with the imbecile authorities of the Colony, as may occur at any moment, for a few able and determined men to bring the whole existing system of colonial usurpation and misgovernment to a sudden close. In that event, there are certain Acts of Parliament—including the so-called Constitutional Act of 1850, and Earl Grey's Squatting Act of 1846, with the Orders in Council, with which the latter Act was supplemented in 1847—of which the colonists will in all likelihood make a public bonfire in the midst of their capital: and, as the hated Documents—the badges of an ignominious bondage—crumple up and are annihilated in the flames, they will rend the welkin with their loud huzzas for the freedom and independence of Australia.

These volumes are characterized throughout by that acrid style of eloquence peculiar to the author, who appears never to be satisfied, unless he has everything his own way. He has laboured hard and suffered much, according to his own report, in the cause of Australia; but it is evident that his labours might have been much more efficient and his sufferings infinitely less, had he united the *suaviter in modo*, of which he appears to possess not an atom, with the *fortiter in re*. In that case his works need not have been overloaded with so much apologetic and egotistic matter, without which they would be all the more agreeable to the reader.

Claverston. A Tale. Showing how there was a living Skeleton in James Nicol's House; how it haunted him; and how it was laid. By Chas. Mitchell Charles. London: Saunders and Otley. 1853.

There is no living English author, whatever his reputation, who need be ashamed of having written such a work as this. Not that it is by any means a finished production; it was probably never intended as such; but as a sketch, it is original and masterly in design, and in execution shows the vigour of a youthful artist confident in his powers and possessing powers worthy of his confidence. The "Skeleton in the house" is the remorseful consciousness of a deep and deadly crime committed in an hour of sore temptation—the fatal remembrance of which blasts the entire life of the perpetrator, and blights for a time the cherished hopes of his only son. The spectre is laid by the kindly hand of a love more than sisterly, pointing the sufferer to a Divine promise. The iniquities of the father are not visited upon the child, and he finds peace and happiness, where others find it, in the path of duty and the reciprocations of an honourable affection. The story, which we need not repeat, is told in a manner exceedingly natural, occasionally humorous, and with a quiet sort of vivacity, characteristic of the writer. He touches incidentally upon various subjects, handling some with a cool kind of satire suggestive of a capability that way which it might not be desirable to provoke—and others with a discriminating judgment whose verdict there is no gainsaying. We shall give an example of both.

The following is a neat thrust at a well-known congregation of boobies and their leader:

"Have you ever thought," said De Laming, "what organs would be necessary for the digestion of that nutriment; I mean, air? The creature subsisting on it can never, for instance, experience the delightful sensation of Hunger. He must always be full, you know; for where air is not, there is a vacuum, and if he were not full he would collapse—wouldn't he?" . . . "I can't answer," I said; "I never thought of the matter. But I have often wondered what sort of mental digestive organs those people have who feed their minds upon air; spiritual chameleons, you may call them. I was lately at a church-chapel near Rathbone-place, which was filled with such. The minister *puffs* himself to no end—the merest windbag on the town; and his crowded audience suck in his wind as fast as they can get supplied with it. Can you explain that? Can any human mind live on wind, and such wind as his?"

"I know the congregation you refer to," said Emma. "But surely you would not consider their minds as living at all. They only make believe to do it, just as their perfumed preacher makes believe to think. The whole thing is a sham."

The next extract on the Copyright question is worthy the attention of literary men.

"What do you think," said Emma, "of this international copyright so much clamoured for between England and America?"

"Of course I'm for protecting our own authors," he answered.

"Should you not put it the other way," exclaimed James Nicol, from the other end of the room, . . . "and give American authors protection?"

"What's that?" cried De Laming. "Protect Americans and not ourselves?"

"Hout, mon," said Mc Gregor, "ye'll just go on wi' yere freedoms and sacrifices to foreigners till ye've naething left ye to protect. What for Americans, and no us?"

"I would have both protected," he answered. "But instead of agitating to get protection for ourselves—I mean as a motive—I would rather put it the other way, and give them protection. Our authors care more for the English public than for any other, and if American writers were protected, their works would not crowd our book-marts at absurdly cheap prices, or receive the preference from publishers because the authors are not to be paid,—to the partial exclusion of English books. The same principle would doubtless operate beyond the Atlantic now that there are some authors in America; but I say our real interests tell us to protect Americans here whether they reciprocate or not. Put us on equal terms with American writers, and we don't much fear competition with them as regards our own public."

Few persons, we imagine, who have had anything to do with literature as a profession, will deny the practical value of the above suggestion. Since the advent of Uncle Tom, whose universal circulation must have diverted some tens of thousands of pounds from the pockets of English authors, everything American, no matter how good or how rubbishy, is caught up and published, because Uncle Tom has brought fifty new publishers into the market, not a tithe of whom ever intend to pay a penny for copyright.

We must make room for another brief extract, which will introduce the heroine of the story to the reader in her intellectual stature.

She had read much, and, far better, thought much. Her mind had turned the produce of other minds to its own uses; a reader's true business. It is not by cramming that we get understanding. And she did not adopt teaching because it was orthodox, or because it was approved; she criticised everything in the true sense of the word. She judged her authors, re-creating their thoughts. Nothing really lives but what first dies; the truths which are sown "bare grain," die in the soul, before they spring up into glorious harvest. And all sorts of authors had contributed their seeds to her fertile mind.

We spoke of this Roman non-catholicism, and she expressed what had often occurred to me during the late excitement about the assumed ecclesiastical titles.

"It seems to me very humiliating," she said, "that after these last centuries of comparative intellectual independence, we are forced to bring out the very same weapons which our ancesters wielded against the king of darkness! A severe wound to intellectual pride, I think—it shows, I mean, that intellectual superiority does not necessarily imply spiritual superiority. What an anomaly, that this Roman machinery for destroying freedom should find free men to assist its efforts!"

"We here in London are living," said James Nicol, "in the very heart of the civilised and intellectual world. We are like engineers in a locomotive; but we have been so absorbed with our engine, that we have forgotten to notice that the *train* is left behind. It is indeed humiliating to see those antiquated delusions obtaining here again, especially when we find them in almost the same clothing as of old. But, if we had taken a little care with the couplers and the side-chains,—seen that the train was *fastened* to us, and the people speeding forward as quickly as ourselves, Rome would have been 'no-where,' in sporting phrase, long since. But a dray will beat an express if the engine has left it. Look at the ignorant herd that have run for refuge to Joe Smith. The fault is ours—who have neglected to educate the masses—who understand engine-driving, and only drive ourselves."

We may contrast this intellectual portrait of a young lady with a sketch in "body colours" of an old one.

Mrs. De Laming was very ancient and very stout. . . . . Her face testified to apoplexy; her dumpy arms, and hands, and neck, were all unanimously prophetic of apoplexy. Unless drowned, or run over, or cut off in some other unnatural way, this would terminate her career. I saw it at a glance. Her body was too big for her skin; her hand when I shook it felt stiff and lumpy, as though a tight cord round her arm kept the blood in it. It would have been a relief to have bled her. She wore those wiry old grey curls at the sides of her forehead, which adorn none but the very oldest-fashioned of women now. I knew them to be false. She had a blue paper box for them, long, and like a coffin. I knew all about them as well as if she had plucked off her dark cap, and showed me the machinery, or ordered the blue paper box to be brought down stairs.

The faults in this most interesting story are chiefly those of hastiness as well in the formation of the plot, as in the execution; but they are not many, or very great. There are a few characters and incidents too which have not much, if anything, to do with the progress of the drama; still they are not in the way, and though they might be spared we should not ourselves vote for their banishment. We know not whether "Claverston" will be extensively read; but we may safely predicate that those who read it once will be very likely to read it twice.

The Fine Arts, their Nature and Relations. By M. GUIZOT. Translated, with the assistance of the Author, by GEORGE GROVE. With Illustrations Drawn on Wood by George Scharf, jun. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1853.

A WORK upon the subject of art by such a writer

as M. Guizot, may be looked upon as a novelty in literature; it does not, however, broach any novel views, nor does it enter very deeply into the matter, the writer being neither a connoisseur, in the usual sense of the term, nor much of an enthusiast in the cause of art. He is simply a man of genius fully susceptible of all such impressions as genius in any walk is sure to make upon kindred minds, and alive to the influences of beauty and truth wherever found, and whether expressed to the eye or suggested to the intellect. This volume consists principally of a series of "Descriptive Criticisms of Pictures of the Italian and French Schools." These criticisms are very brief, and some of them strike us, upon comparing them with our recollections of the pictures of which they treat, as being remarkably just and correct as far as they go; but they do not go far enough, and sometimes remind one unpleasantly of George Robins and his catalogues *raisonnées*, both in the unqualified praise they bestow and the summary manner in which it is served up. This objection, however, is not to be applied to more than a few; much valuable and interesting matter will be found, bearing upon the biography of many of the great painters and upon the histories of their most remarkable productions; and much of the feeling which the contemplation of their works never fails to impart to the educated spectator, will be derived to the reader from the perusal of M. Guizot's remarks. In appreciating the merit of these, he will be assisted, in some degree, by the clever illustrations in outline, in a bistre tint, most of which are beautifully drawn, and which add greatly to the utility of the work. We might reasonably demur to the extravagant commendation of Lesueur, who is deserving of no such praise as the author has bestowed; he might fairly rank as the Benjamin West of France, but need not make his appearance at a tribunal where the works of great artists are to be judged.

M. Guizot's criticisms are prefaced by a discourse on painting, sculpture, and engraving, their relations and differences. This, though exceedingly brief, is by far the most valuable part of the work, and may be read with advantage by artists of all grades, young and old. After adverting to the idle but violent disputes which, in the Middle Ages, distracted professors and students, in respect of which was the nobler art, painting or sculpture, he proceeds to show where lie the true power and scope of each; and, without pretending to establish their respective claims to pre-eminence, he defines clearly and justly their relative capabilities. He shows the effect of the study of the sculptures of Michael Angelo and others, upon the productions of the Florentine school, and deprecates the practice of drawing too much from the antique, as tending to confound the principles of the two arts, which are, in all respects, separate and distinct. He appears, however, to attach too much importance to the effect of a school of sculpture upon young painters, in supposing that it will incapacitate them from giving relief to their figures, and lead to an imperfect knowledge of perspective; with neither of which departments of a painter's art, we imagine, will a practical painter allow that the study of the antique has anything particular to do. The few paragraphs on the subject of engraving are to the purpose; we extract one, which we commend to the perusal of all engaged in translating the works of the great masters, ancient or modern, into simple black and white, and which we should like to see attended to more than is the custom.

> Lastly, the engraver must especially endeavour to become thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar manner in which each painter lays on and distributes his colour, since on this will depend the particular character of each of his works; every one knows that the nature of the lights and shadows of a picture is entirely changed by the colour being more or less thickly laid on, or by a greater or less degree of energy in the handling. Poussin must not be engraved in the same style as Caravaggio; and had these masters even painted the same subject, after the same design, with the composition and expressions identical, engravings of the two pictures ought to present very noticeable differences.

This work is handsomely got up in a sort of semi-mediæval style, boldly printed in old-fashioned type, and smacking of antiquity in the aspect of its substantial binding.

A Life of Wellington for Boys. By WALTER K. KELLY. Illustrated by JOHN ABSOLON. London: Addey and Co., Old Bond-street. 1853.

THE story of Wellington's life is such an extraordinary romance in itself, that the more plainly and succinctly it is told, the less smoke, as Mr. Kelly observes, is scattered about it, the more marvellous and striking is the recital. We have here a history of the acts of the deceased hero, drawn up for the express perusal of boys, with whom action is every thing, and who naturally care more for what a great warrior does than for what all the world besides chooses to say about his doings. Mr. Kelly's narrative is not a mere abbreviation of another man's detailed history; but an admirable and well-considered biography, carefully compiled from the best and most authentic sources. The tale of war is told, as it ought to be told to youthful ears—without any harrowing details of bloodshed and misery, on the one hand, or false pictures of military glory on the other. Courage, honour, generosity, and high principle, these are what the story is designed to inculcate: and there are few boys but will be the better for reading it.

A Treatise on the Proper Condition for all Horses. By HARRY HIEOVER. London: T. C. Newby, Welbeck-street. 1852.

WE have had but small experience in horses, for which we are thankful, and cannot pretend to judge critically of Harry's ideas of condition; but his work is readable and amusing even for a true keeper at home, who neither races, hunts, drives nor rides a hack. We derive from it the conviction that horseflesh is a great mystery, which even Harry himself has not quite solved, however near he may have arrived to the solution. He treats

of the race-horse, the hunter, the ladies' horse, the hack, the carriage-horse, and the cart-horse; and parties interested in the management and condition of either, will find in his book some maxims worth attending to, the result, no doubt, of a pretty extensive stable experience. The book is illustrated with a brace of portraits, "Fit to look at," and "Fit to go," representing the same horse in different circumstances.

Rambles in an Old City; comprising Antiquarian, Historical, Biographical, and Political Associations. By S. S. MADDERS. London: T. C. Newby, Welbeck-street. 1853.

THIS work is agreeably written, and contains a store of curious matters pleasant to read; but we fear that it hardly answers to its title, the rambles of the authoress consisting much more of researches among the old records, than of personal visits to the streets, lanes, by-ways, and outskirts of the good old city of Norwich. It is probable that to the citizens themselves this may appear a recommendation rather than a defect; but to a stranger it must be tantalizing to find that having read this volume through, he has little, if any, more definite notion of Norwich than he had before he opened it. The chapters on the Cathedral, the Castle, the Market-place, and the Guildhall, naturally lead us to expect something like pen-and-ink pictures of the several subjects; but from each and all the lady flies off at a tangent, pleasantly enough to be sure, and alights upon some old legend, historical event, or vanished superstition, not always too evidently connected with the subject supposed to be under hand. Norwich is rich in worthies ecclesiastical, literary, and artistic, and to some of these the authoress has done justice; but we miss from the list the great landscape-painter, Crome, who is as worthy to be remembered as any one of them, and whose reputation is worth that of fifty bishops, erudite and excellent though they be. Hook, the father of the comical Theodore, was a Norwich man; and we are told that, in the course of his life, he composed two thousand four hundred songs, (where are they all?) one hundred and forty complete works or operas, and one oratorio, besides odes and emblems! Dr. Crotch was *the* great musical celebrity of Norwich: he was the son of a carpenter, and was a prodigy who played his first tune at the age of two years and three weeks. His life and works are well known; he died in 1847, at his son's house in Taunton, where he spent the last years of his life. These details we gather from Mrs. Madders' book, and they are given, be it noticed, under the head of "Conventual Remains;" from which the reader may perceive, that our authoress asserts her privilege, and talks of what she likes when and wherever she chooses. Still she gossips to some purpose or other amidst all her discursions, and one is content to follow her to the end of the book, which finishes in burying Joseph John Gurney, and leaves the old city in a cloud almost as dense as that which overshadows it in the first chapter.

The Charm. A Book for Boys and Girls. Illustrated with more than One Hundred Engravings. London: Addey and Co., Old Bond-street. 1853.

A REALLY charming book crowded with capital pictures and funny and entertaining stories, interspersed with useful lessons in geography, elementary science, and natural history. This work is issued in numbers, and forms a child's periodical, replete with all that can interest and amuse a child's fancy, and yet serving, at the same time, as a vehicle for solid instruction. It is to improve the mind and educate the eye rather than to pamper the stomach; and we recommend parents to indulge their children by the gift of such books as this, in preference to seating them on the confectioner's counter, with the affectionate design of destroying their digestion. They will find the "Charm" much more wholesome than jam as a diet, and the relish for it, in time, much more natural and durable.

The Peak and the Plain: Scenes in Woodland, Field, and Mountain. By SPENCER T. HALL, the Sherwood Forester. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1853.

IF we were disposed to institute a comparison between the various works descriptive of local scenery, and its magical and elevating influence upon the mind and feelings, which have been at various times offered to our notice, perhaps we might rank this fascinating volume as the very first of them all. The Forester is a true son of the forest and the field, the hedge-rows and green lanes, the rocky peak and the barren moor; and he is never so happy or so eloquent, or so much himself, as when the deep shadow of the woods is upon him, or the voice of the torrent is sounding in his ears, or the wild winds scatter the dun clouds around him as he stands upon the rugged crag of some lofty Tor, with the broad lands of Old England spotted with her busy towns, her peaceful hamlets, her lone farm-steads, her baronial halls, and her humble cottages, mapped out at his feet. All these are a part of himself, and the best part—they have entered into his soul, and made it what it is, tender and loving, and truthful, and sensitive as the aspen leaf to the gentlest breath of heaven. He is one of nature's freemasons, and knows all her secret signs—one of her high priests who is at home in her innermost shrines, where he pays his vows and calls upon his fellows to pay theirs. He is her poet and sings her praises—and her champion, too, who vindicates her right. He will not crush the life out of an old legend for the sake of showing his learning—though he has it to show—any more than he would wound a brother with the shafts of his wit, for the sake of showing that. He loves all things—the loveliest most, and paints them in beautiful pictures, fit to be hung up in the galleries of memory. We feel strongly tempted to extract some of these word-limnings, and are only deterred from doing so by the conviction that we should do them an injury by detaching them from the position they occupy in the book. The volume consists of a number of brief sketches,

drawn faithfully from the life—treating of a great variety of subjects, which may all be comprised under the head of "Landscapes with figures," and interspersed with many admirable poems, not a few of which are already familiar to us. The lover of nature will be glad of the Forester's guidance over Peak and Plain, and will rejoice with him to

> Move along the shades
> In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
> Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold. By Mons. Chevalier. Translated by D. F. Campbell, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

One would imagine that nothing could be plainer than the truth of the commercial axiom, that when a commodity is abundant it must necessarily be cheap, whatever be the nature of that commodity, and its real or conventional value. There can be no natural law which exempts any one thing from the operation of this rule; nor is it to be expected that gold, because it happens to be the standard of value in this country, shall not, like other things, suffer depreciation when the market is overgorged with it. This, at any rate, is the common sense view of the question, and though a great deal of ingenious argument has been adduced, to prove that the apprehensions to which such a view naturally gives rise are unfounded or premature, yet that portion of the public whose property is money in some shape or other, and therefore gold, are far from being at ease on the matter. Mr. Campbell, after a prolonged and careful investigation on the subject, has come to the conclusion that the supplies of gold now pouring into Europe must at an early period occasion an immense rise in the price of all commodities, which is tantamount to an immense depreciation in the value of gold. This is the conclusion enounced by M. Chevalier in a work as yet unpublished, a portion of which Mr. Campbell, having had it placed at his disposal, translated in support of his own views, and for the benefit of the public. We believe that so far both he and M. Chevalier are right; but in pursuing the argument of the French writer to its logical conclusions, Mr. Campbell may not be so correct. It is his opinion, for instance, that since all persons whose capital is money, will, through the influx of gold, be in the condition of the dealer who keeps on hand a stock of some commodity which is constantly deteriorating, they will, to compensate themselves, find it necessary to exact a higher rate of interest; and he expresses his conviction that the rate of interest in this country is far more likely to advance than recede. Now, considering that, fast as the gold comes into this country, it does not in any great degree come into circulation, but goes mostly into the cellars of the Bank, increasing the store of capital which will have to compete for employment, and must come into use upon easy terms, or not at all; we do not see, however necessary it may be for capitalists to exact a higher rate of interest, that they are likely to get it. On the other hand, it is likely that the rate of interest will not recede much; while money is abundant it will rarely rise very high—but since with plenteous capital there is generally commercial activity, the spirit of speculation will prevent its falling very low.

Mr. Campbell has executed his translation extremely well. We have not room even for an analysis of M. Chevalier's argument; but we extract one passage of pertinent value for the sake of our readers, most of whom will be interested in its contents.

> The aim of the Bank of England at present, and of the holders of the precious metals at all times, is to put into circulation the gold or silver in their coffers; but the coin which circulates in a country has natural limits, provided the metal or metals of which it is composed remain unchanged in value. The metallic circulation, practically, bears a certain proportion to the mass of business transacted. All beyond that is redundant, and the current of business throws it back into its natural reservoirs, which in our days are the public banks. A fall in the value of the precious metals is the only means by which the augmented mass of them can remain permanently in circulation. *And this problem is now about to be solved before our eyes.* Suppose the mass of business transactions to be twenty milliards, and the coin required therefore to be only one-tenth of that sum, any greater quantity of coin you may put into circulation will not possess in relation to the mass of exchangeable commodities, a higher value than that now possessed by the two milliards of coin. In vain will you add one half to the circulation, and increase it from two to three milliards, that is to say, if the coin be silver, from nine million kilogrammes to thirteen and a half million kilogrammes; your thirteen and a half million kilogrammes will only command in commodities of every kind the same quantity as was formerly exchanged for nine million kilogrammes. Let us imagine, for example, that some morning every housewife on her way to market at Paris, were to find in her purse three instead of the two five-franc pieces with which she had supplied herself for the morning's purchases, and that she proceeded to market resolved to spend the whole; that all of them acted in this respect alike, *and that they found at the market only the usual supply of vegetables and other provisions*; her three pieces would go no farther than the two would have gone; she would be obliged to pay for everything one half more than usual, and after having laid out the entire fifteen francs, she would return home with precisely the same quantity of provisions as if no addition had been made to her purse. This familiar illustration conveys a tolerably correct idea of the effect produced when fresh and copious supplies of the precious metal augment the quantity of coin in circulation.

The Sexuality of Nature. An Essay, proposing to show that Sex and the Marriage Union are universal principles—fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology and Psychology. By L. H. Grindon. London: Pitman. Manchester: Fletcher and Tubbs. 1853.

This is a very clever and still more fanciful treatise upon a subject on which ingenious and imaginative minds, from the days of Homer to our own, have occasionally delighted to disport themselves. Perhaps Mr. Grindon is the first philosopher who has published the banns of marriage between the universal "dualism that bisects Nature," and brought all matter organic and inorganic, and all spirit too, into the charmed circle of holy matrimony. According to him, not only have plants their loves, as Darwin teaches, but

ores, and earths, alkalines and oxides are wedded in affectionate embrace, and are only to be divorced with difficulty by the tormenting processes of analytical chemistry—their ecclesiastical court. Oxygen is a terrible polygamist, whose concubines are legion, and whose offspring everywhere is Heat. Light is another, and his offspring is Colour, whose mother is matter. Old ocean, again, is the father of all production and the husband of mother earth. Further, the Divine nature is itself dual: in the language of the old Greek hymn—

Ζεὺς ἄρσην γένετο. Ζεὺς ἄμβροτος ἔπλετο νύμφη,

being a union or marriage of perfect wisdom and perfect goodness. Setting out with these fine and truth-fraught fancies, our author discourses pleasantly and learnedly on the human character, the soul, the body, language, music, ideas, beauty and morals. On the subject of language he says:—

> The sexual character of *words* is one of the most beautiful and recondite subjects of philosophy. It is foretold even in their *elements*. The hard sturdy consonants are masculine; the delicate musical vowels are feminine. As man needs woman's aid to fulfil his noble nature, so does the consonant need the auxiliary vowel in order to be uttered; and as the woman without man is destitute of her stay and strength, so is the unmarried vowel rarely more than a thoughtless interjection. . . . . As with the near equality in *numbers* of men and women, so again, when properly discriminated, with the numbers of each class or sex of sounds. . . . . A philosophic analysis of all the sounds which have been ascertained to occur in human speech shows that there are about twenty-four vowel sounds, and twenty-four consonants; the English language using eighteen of the former and twenty-one of the latter. Certainly, the intermediate *shades* of sound are countless, but the types or distinct forms do not exceed the number above stated. . . . . On the proportions in which vowels and consonants enter into words depends much of the euphony of languages. . . . . The most impressive languages in point of sound, will probably always be found, on a phonetic analysis of their elementary composition, to be those wherein the two ingredients are nicely balanced.

We add a passage on Ideas:—

> All our *ideas* come of marriages; ideas being the fruit of the communion of the soul, through the media of the senses, with the forms and the phenomena of the external world. Ideas are not the *result* of thought, but its *subject-matter;* for there can be no thought without the antecedent acquisition of ideas whereon the thinking powers can employ themselves. Ideas are the property of the intellect, as feelings or emotions are of the affections. Hence their very name, which is founded on the correspondence of the intellect with the eye; just as it is with the *ear*, that the affections are in chief correspondence, so beautifully verified by music. Literally, an "idea" is "something seen," and its primitive, physical, sense, which is the key to all subsequent ones, denoted the exterior configuration of things, as viewed by the bodily sight. Well-known and striking illustrations of this primitive sense, are Pindar's *ἰδέα τε καλὸν* "beautiful in shape," Aristophanes' *ἀθάναταις ἰδέαις* "immortal forms," and the phrase in St. Matthew's Gospel, *ἦν δὲ ἡ ἰδέα αὐτοῦ ὡς ἀστραπὴ*, "his countenance was like lightning." Similar uses of it are not unfrequent in the English literature of the 16th century.

In the present utilitarian age it is doubtful whether the "Sexuality of Nature" will become extensively popular, since the use of the study is not very clearly made out, even by the author himself—but we can promise the reader who shall give it his attention, matter for pleasant and profitable reflection.

The Plaint of Freedom. 1852.

Such is the title of a work in small quarto, and bound in cream-coloured vellum, which, without the name of either author or publisher, has found its way to our desk. It is dedicated to the memory of Milton, whose voice the author, sitting in the shadow of his sepulchre, aspires to echo.

> Methought thy very clay
> Might tune the thinnest pipe of grass,
> To tell the free winds as they pass,
> How England lets thy grave decay.
>
> How o'er it things abhorr'd of light
> Crawl hideously, and worms obscene;
> And daily trampings of the mean
> Would hide the epitaph of might—
>
> Thy prophet mantle who may wear?
> Yet from thy car of splendour throw
> One spark on me: my song shall flow
> Volcano-voiced, for all to hear.

It must be confessed that the plaint which follows, if not actually uttered with the voice of a volcano, and though not tinged with any excess of loyalty, is to a rather startling effect. Freedom, intent upon stirring up Old England to do something—though what she is to do is not very plain—makes this bold demand:

> What waitest thou? Till Cossack feet
> Spur thy slow courage; till the war—
> Our sires had led to Trafalgar—
> Back desperately from street to street?
>
> Till London croucheth to its doom;
> When strangers stepping through our walls,
> Chant French Te Deums in Saint Paul's,
> And pile their arms on Nelson's tomb?
>
> What sloth of heart, or brain, or limb,
> What count of fears, what doubt of right,
> Hath hid thy spirit in this night,
> Whose clouds thy starriest honours dim?
>
> Can Wickcliffe's heirs permit the Pope?
> May Cromwell's lieges court the Tsar?
> Or Alfred's lineage shrink from war,
> With shameful peace for only hope?
>
> And yet thy sword, a liar's tongue,
> Thy highest faith some trick of trade,—
> What marvel England's name is made
> A synonym for coward wrong?
>
> The land that boldly judged a king,
> And slew the traitor for his crimes,
> Now stoopeth to the poorest mimes
> Of Tyranny—an abject thing.
>
> No wonder that thou dar'st not pile
> My beacon fire: 'twould light the world
> To see the hydra-slavery curled
> In thine own heart, unhappy Isle!
>
> The town is thick with loathsome graves;
> Yon fence that girds a thousand fields,
> Shuts out the serfs—their harvest yields
> No harvest unto landless slaves.
>
> The weaver starveth at his loom;
> The reaper faints for lack of bread;
> While age may nowhere lay its head;
> Decrepit childhood hath no bloom.

O, English girl, unsexed with toil!
O, English matron, gaunt and wild,
That starest on thy strangled child,—
And there is none to loose the coil!

And O, thou son and sire of woes,
Whose steps are shadowed by despair,—
Thou palsied beggar, trampled where
Our Hampden grappled with his foes!

The circled honour and the place
Of genius stolen by the mean:
What poor weak parody of a Queen
Insults the Elizabethan race!

A peerage—traffic's motley throng!
A Church,—where prelates build their styes!
And courts of law,—where Jefferies
Remains a precedent for wrong!

And in the halls where Vane was heard
Some rascal shopman (!) drunken-brave,
Babbling of State, while fool and knave
Applaud a lie in every word!

A people: thousands crowd the streets,
Exclaiming—Freedom! let thy grace
Be given us in the market-place,
Where slave his fellow coward meets!

So realms are colonized with thieves,
Despite the moss-grown hearths at home;
And starved men through the bleak world
roam,
That native fields may fatten beeves.

We did not imagine Freedom was such a virago as to talk thus wildly. After more to the same purpose, she invokes "the ghosts of buried days," by way of imparting a little life to the dead present—and gives us a series of metrical ovations to all the old British worthies from Caractacus to Tom Paine (!) Of these, the following are the best:—

SIR JOHN ELIOT.

As one who climbs from stair to stair—
For narrow is the way and steep—
Until he heads the topmost keep,
And plants his victor standard there,—

So boldness steps from age to age—
Built Titan-like, hill crowning hill—
And stands, and with o'ertowering will,
Throws into heaven a champion's gage.

So clomb the dawn ere day began:
So Eliot reacheth to his tower,
Proclaiming thence with herald power
The coming monarchy of man.

Brave prisoner—Quail, thou crowned lie!
Before that proudly wasted face;
The firm lips asking but one grace—
"A little air for strength to die."

VANE—SYDNEY—RUSSELL.

The fire is out: Vane's life-blood poured
Upon the scattered altar-stones:
And ribalds desecrate the bones
Of men whom courage had adored.

And on the martyr's bloody sod
Shame's revellers foot the embers out,—
Save where, escaped the darkening rout,
Two souls flash upwards unto God:

A Russell pleading for the right
Of battle with tyrannic laws;
A Sydney for the "good old cause"
Republican.—And all is night.

A night to make the brave despair:
For Circe's bastard hath regained
His wand; and England sits enchained
Plague-smitten, stark, with horrent hair.

We know nothing of the author of these lines, but it needs no conjuror to guess that he is a young hand who has yet his craft to learn and his judgment to enlighten. Power of a certain sort he possesses, and dreams possibly that he is wielding a two-handed sword with the vigour of a Baresark against established iniquities—never suspecting that it is nothing but a large barn flail he is flourishing so valiantly about his head, and that of the hard knocks he deals the greatest part will fall to his own share.

The Future; or things coming on the Earth. In Letters to a Friend. By JOSHUA ELISHA FREEMAN. London: Ward and Co. 1853.

MR. FREEMAN looks for an individual antichrist, and recognises indications of his speedy approach; he foresees his destruction too by an overwhelming demonstration of physical force exerted by the Divine Vengeance. Babylon the Great—whether ancient Babylon restored, or Constantinople, or London, or Papal Rome, the author is by no means certain—is to be destroyed with him; and then comes a new earth—an earth without a curse, and a millennium of universal peace. He may be quite right, for aught we know; we do not undertake to pronounce a verdict.

Father Reeves, the Methodist Class Leader. By EDWARD CORDEROY. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

THIS is an unpretending memoir of a very remarkable man, who, born in an humble rank, devoted the whole leisure of a long life,—leisure saved from the intervals of hard labour—to the good of his fellow creatures. He did, from religious conviction, what no man urged by a less powerful motive is ever found to do; he literally gave up himself for the benefit of others; he never earned more than forty shillings a week, and often not twenty, yet he gave up a shilling a day in order to make time to visit and console the poor of the populous district of Lambeth. Of these visits he made some 13,000 in the course of twenty-six years, and he carried them on to the last week of his life. There is a grandeur in the spectacle which such a career presents not to be met with in any other, be it what it may; and we are glad that this little memorial of the good man's life has been so worthily written; it may serve to teach the world a lesson of goodness which it is generally slow to learn. Poor Father Reeves, it appears, was killed in the streets by an over-driven ox, so that he was in some sort a Smithfield martyr. In strict justice the Corporation of London ought to meet all such casualties in their own persons. "We could have better spared *an alderman*."

A Children's Summer. Eleven Etchings on Steel, by E. V. B. Illustrated in Prose and Rhyme, by M. L. B. and W. M. C. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond Street. 1853.

THESE etchings are finished productions of very extraordinary merit and beauty. They consist of a series of simple compositions in which children,

from two or three to six years of age are admirably grouped together in the enjoyment of such pleasures as a summer's day ramble affords. They are drawn with singular boldness and at the same time with a delicacy and feeling rarely equalled. Perhaps the most excellent group of all is the young haymakers, which in the hands of such an artist as Collins would make a noble picture. "Homeward Bound" again is another charming subject for the canvas—and so is the "Flower Garden;" the artist who has designed these may win a brilliant reputation whenever he shall choose to clothe his ideas in colour. It is hardly fair to expect that the literature of this book should be on a level with its unrivalled pictures. It is not, however, unworthy of them, as the following extract will suffice to show:—

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Two children wander, hand in hand entwined,
On scented turf, and where the laughing flowers
Dye with rich sunset hues the beds and bowers,
And touch with perfume every loitering wind.
O ye! to whom the elements are kind!
Fair boy! whom graceful fancies fairer make,
Fair girl! whom never earnest smiles forsake;
What happier, holier lovers can we find?
Pause in your play, and be eternal now!
Still mix your hair where golden sunlight gleams
O'er peach-like cheeks, amid the lustrous glow
Of eyes like two blue heavens in sleepy streams!
We gaze; the earlier Eden blooms below,
The loves of angels are no longer dreams.

Sunday and the Sabbath: or the Reasons for identifying the Lord's Day of the Apostles with the Sabbath of Moses. By W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1853.

THIS little work presents a candid, impartial, and fairly-reasoned argument on the subject of the Sabbath question which is just now so much a matter of debate. The author shows that the Mosaic Sabbath was a day of rest only, and not of religious worship, and that its violation consisted not in neglecting the duties of the synagogue, but in the performing of any kind of work. He shows, what is plainly undeniable, that Christ never abrogated this Sabbath, but on the contrary honoured and observed it. With regard to the practice of the early Christians he adduces evidence to prove that those of them who were Jews observed the Mosaic Sabbath in the same way that Christ had done; that the Gentile Christians observed no day of rest whatever, and that Christians of all kinds kept the first day of the week as a *prayer-day* devoted to worship, and that they did this with the sanction of the apostles and probably with that of Christ himself; and that it was not until the church was recognised by the state, that a certain degree of abstinence from work was rendered compulsory by the imperial edict of Constantine—sabbatizing being regarded up to that time as a peculiarly Jewish custom. Admitting these things, he yet affirms that the law of the Sabbath has not ceased because the institutes of Moses have been suspended and because the first Gentile disciples, being many of them slaves subject to heathen masters, could not sabbatize. On the contrary the obligation of its observance is binding as ever, and must remain so so long as Christian worship is a duty. We must refer the reader to the work itself for the weighty reasons by which these conclusions are enforced, as it would be foreign to our general purpose to cite them here; if he be at all interested in the question, he may reap some satisfaction upon finding it here treated in an original vein, and in a truly catholic spirit. Some of the writer's remarks, in the concluding part of his work, on the subject of opening the Crystal Palace and Grounds on the Sunday afternoon, may be read with advantage just now by all parties concerned.

Essays on Political Economy. By the late M. FREDERIC BASTIAT, Member of the Institute of France, London: W. and F. G. Cash, 5, Bishopsgate Without. 1853.

OF all foreign writers on Political Economy, M. Bastiat was the most intelligible, clear, and practical. It is to the efforts of his pen and to the sound economic philosophy which by his simple mode of treatment he rendered familiar to his countrymen, that France in a great measure owes her delivery from protectionist fallacies and socialist delusions. He stripped the absurdities of Proudhon, Louis Blanc, and the political mystics of a prior generation of the sophistry which disguised them, and laid their foul and disgusting enormities bare to the common-sense of the common people. He reduced the true principles of law and government to the comprehension of the day labourer, and showed how little of legislative interference was necessary to ensure the prosperity of the common interest. His works are looked upon as a kind of class-book by English commercialists,—and they ought to be attentively studied by all who would learn the true function of government in regard to commerce. The volume before us contains the five well-known and admirable essays: Capital and Interest—That which is Seen and That which is not Seen—Government—What is money—The Law. We commend their perusal, and their possession, to our readers, feeling well assured that no man will regret their purchase, or fail to recur to them frequently with both pleasure and profit.

The Ghost of Junius. By FRANCIS AYERST. London: Thomas Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. 1853.

WE have here a rather remarkable pamphlet upon a subject which has puzzled the literati of three-quarters of a century. Mr. Ayerst attempts to show that the authorship of the celebrated letters of Junius is deducible from a single letter written by Lieut. Gen. Sir Robert Rich, Bart., and addressed to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Barrington, in 1775-6. The strength of his argument lies in a supposed similarity of style and certain peculiarities of phraseology and of irony observable in the compositions of the Baronet and of Junius. It appears to us that the author makes out no very strong case; there are some points of similarity—points too not easily to be paralleled in the

works of other writers—yet after having read the passages carefully, as they are here arranged in columns, it is very difficult to imagine that Rich *was* Junius. But we leave the verdict to the public.

Wellington: A Lecture, by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

THERE has been no memorial of the great Duke, among the almost countless number which have issued from the press, so well adapted for the perusal of young men entering into life as this small and unpretending volume. Brief as it is, it is a noble biography, not a record of the outer life and acts—but of the inner life and spirit of the true hero whose loss we mourn. There are a hundred "lives" of Wellington yet to come, and many a bulky tome, big with his deeds of arms and his wisdom in council, has yet to be written; but the future biographer will not add much if anything to the mental stature of the man, as he stands here in the true dignity and grandeur of his moral nature. We are struck as we read this masterly delineation of a great and simple mind, with the thought—How few are the men who have figured in the fiery history of warfare whose motives would bear the test here applied to Wellington? Having named Washington and Fairfax, and a few other noble names, the list is complete. Dr. Cumming has recognised the true nobility of his hero, and exhibited him in a light in which his example may be most extensively useful. Wellington was the prophet of duty, and pointed the way, more than any other man, to solid renown through the arduous path of difficulty and discouragement. His example will not be lost—"though dead he yet speaketh" and shall speak to generations yet to come of the virtue of self-reliance and the heroism that dwells in persevering fortitude.

A Scheme of Direct Taxation for 1853. By JELINGER SYMONS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Parker and Son, 445, West Strand. 1853.

THIS is an extremely well-written and well-reasoned pamphlet upon a subject of great and increasing interest, and is worthy of a much more extensive consideration than we have at present space to allot to it. That our whole system of taxation requires complete revision and re-formation, men of all parties in politics are more or less disposed to allow. Mr. Symons has made himself master of the topic, and in this essay has struck out some original views well deserving of serious attention on the part of the legislature; he has further exposed some remarkable fallacies in the published opinions of the greatest economists of the day—fallacies startling from their evident puerility, combined with the fact of their being embraced and promulgated by men who have taken the first rank as political philosophers. We must endeavour, as briefly as possible, to afford the reader some idea of the contents of this pamphlet. Starting with a glance at the Budget of 1852, Mr. Symons recapitulates some well-known truths in reference to increase of revenue from decreased taxes; he then shows the practical folly of customs and excise duties, and exposes the viciousness of the arguments by which they are sought to be maintained. Under the head of "Direct Taxes" he shows the operation which these would necessarily have were all indirect taxes abolished. For very good and sufficient reasons which he gathers from a consideration of the self-equalizing incidence of taxes, he would tax all incomes above £50 and except those below it; because there would be great difficulty in ascertaining their amount and collecting the tax. He would also exempt the wages of labour on the same ground—not that he deems that labour should be exempt from tax; the poor is bound to pay his share as well as the rich; and by the lowering of wages which would follow upon the transference of the taxes to the non-labouring classes, he would pay it. Thus

> the poor will not benefit at all at the expense of the rich, but both classes, and all classes will, as they have all along done, *share the burden*, with this single difference—that by removing the imposition of taxes from consumption to income and property, and thus relinquishing indirect for direct taxation, a material saving will be effected in the cost of collection and in the amount required. That manifold hindrances to industrial enterprises, alike vexatious and costly, arising from the multitude of petty imposts, will be removed, greatly to the benefit of commerce; while the abolition of all customs and excise duties will alone give effect to the principle of unrestricted competition and free trade, and make an admitted theory a practical reality.

On the fallacy of discriminating rates of income-tax the author remarks, that to levy a less rate on income from trades and professions than on those from property, is to create a distinction without a difference; for if the latter be more favoured they will be less paid; and the burden will be as long in the one case as it was broad in the other. In the words of Col. Thompson, "if temporary incomes are taxed temporarily, and permanent incomes permanently, that is exactly the fair thing."

> It is the great merit of the present system that all incomes are treated, classed, and taxed alike; whether they be perpetual or temporary, and whether produced by capital or not of capital. And this system ought not to be altered, for it cannot be improved. Some actuaries, and others who are afflicted with a mania for arithmetical casuistries, and the *apices juris* of the subject, set up a distinction between incomes derived from fixed capital, such as the Funds, for example, and from circulating capital, or such as is employed in production. But they are for all the purposes and equities of taxation similar. True it is, that part of the income derived from the latter consists in the capital newly produced; but what of that? It still constitutes part of income; for it is part of the profit arising from the productive employment of capital: the original amount of the capital so employed being left untaxed and undiminished. True it is, that the process is easy of capitalizing incomes, and taxing £1000 per annum from the Funds, if in perpetuity, as £25,000, and of a life-interest in them of £1000 per annum at £14,753, and a professional income of £1000 as an annuitant also. But where is the justice of this proceeding? it is plain that the *income* in any of these cases survives from possessor to possessor, just as much where he has a temporary individual interest as where he has it in fee. It represents so much of the annual wealth of the country, receiving the same protection from the state, and surely chargeable with the same obligations. Why is one £1000 then to be charged less than another £1000? These

varying scales are based on different prospective values of incomes. But nothing prospective should enter into the case. The tax is levied on a present income for a present benefit. Why, then, is not one possessor for the time being to pay the same tax for the same year's income as another? If there be a lower tax on life-incomes in the Funds than on incomes in perpetuity, it is manifest that one part of the permanent income of the fixed capital of the country is to pay less than another; so that there would, as between the state and the tax, be a perpetual inequality upon the same income from the same capital, enjoying the same security! Again we ask, Why?

The plan proposed by our author is to abolish Customs and Excise duties, leaving all other sources of revenue untouched, and to levy a tax upon all incomes above fifty pounds, of nine per cent. in the first instance, to be diminished as the revenue would permit. He calculates that a really free and unrestricted trade would result in a few years in an immensely increased production; and that the tax would then be reducible perhaps one-half. He estimates the taxable income of the country at only £405,000,000, which would yield, at 1s.9d. in the pound, £35,437,500. For the rest of his scheme, which is simple and intelligible enough, we must refer the reader to his pamphlet.

Under the head of "General Principles," the author sums up the advantages to the country derivable from the adoption of his plan. Having first shown that its execution is perfectly practicable, he adverts to the augmentation of income that may be looked for when "six millions are deducted from the gross amount of taxes," 'when six times that sum are shifted from the elements of production and the necessaries of life, and when commerce and manufactures are freed from the fetters of the excise; and he foretels the decrease of the national expenditure from the same causes. Among the more immediate benefits to accrue to the public, he reckons as one of the chief the abolition of the enormous frauds perpetrated on the revenue and on consumers by the producers and sellers of commodities; and he estimates that in lieu of the 1s. 9d. required to raise the revenue now got by the State from excise and customs, the tax-payer at the present moment really pays from half-a-crown to three shillings in the pound, in consequence of the dishonesty of the dealers. He illustrates this by reference to soap, which is surreptitiously or fraudulently manufactured to a large extent, and which cannot in this country be made of a quality fitted to compete with that of the foreigner, owing to the destructive interference of the excise-officer at every stage of the process; and by reference to tea, which the Government taxes from two to three hundred per cent. with the effect of crippling our home trade, and dwarfing our foreign commerce. It is supposed that China would take almost as many goods as Lancashire could manufacture, if they had the means of paying for them; and we prevent their doing so by a heavy tax upon the only means they have. And not only that, but we establish a handsome premium upon fraud and adulteration, and invite the peculator to poison the public with drugs and sloe-leaves, and pay him so liberally for doing it, that more tea, so called, is actually manufactured in this country and consumed as such, than the whole amount imported from China. There is another advantage of this gentleman's scheme, and that is, "that it affords the easiest possible mode of adjusting the revenue to the expenditure, year by year, without the ordinary parade and detail of fresh budgets." The following are the writer's concluding remarks:

Direct taxation is alone worthy of a great country, and commensurate with the aroused interest, awakened intelligence, and excited expectation of the people. It may be that this, and perchance another Cabinet, may wreck themselves on the shoals of that peddling pitiful system of small changes, which has rendered our finance a curse, and our budgets absurdities. But this practice of short-comings—this lingering love for obsolete dogmas and costly customs, must sooner or later give place to the behests of a wiser age, and the requirements of a growing commerce.

We ask for a system of national revenue, that shall cease to vex trade, cripple industry, and fetter the instruments of wealth—a system which shall take no more taxes from the people than the revenue requires, and whilst it secures the legitimate expenditure of the state, neither cramps the energy nor injures the health of the people.

The country is sick of petty changes; and of professions of great principles followed by little doings. If our Ministry is to be a Government, it must renounce the tactics of its predecessors, and adapt our fiscal policy to the permanent interests of the empire.

In a postscript, written after his pamphlet was in type, Mr. Symons comments upon some palpable blunders in the logic of Mr. Farr and Mr. Neison, in a manner which may probably prove edifying to those gentlemen, and to all other sticklers for a discriminating tax on incomes.

Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. of Austria. An Essay on the Political and Religious State of Germany after the Reformation. By Professor L. Ranke. Translated by Lady Duff Gordon. (Travellers' Library.) Longman and Co. 1853.

This is a brief, but able and eloquent review of the internal policy and religious dissensions of Germany from the time of the Religious Peace to the eve of the Thirty Years' War. Its perusal affords but a melancholy spectacle of vacillating patriotism and rampant bigotry; and we learn from it that the Fatherland owed the thrice ten years of misery and desolation which followed to the intestine divisions and rabid obstinacy of the numerous parties of the Protestants. The same wretched and dogmatic intolerance which urged the Christlike Melancthon to covet a refuge in the grave "ab immanibus et implacabilibus odiis theologorum," ruined the Protestant cause in Germany—made her quail before the Ottoman foe, whom she ought to have rolled back to the shores of the Bosphorus—and finally caused the restoration of the Catholic supremacy—all of which might have been prevented had a more accommodating spirit animated the children of the Reformation. This translation, by Lady Gordon, is well executed, and may be read with advantage in connection with Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War."

Wonder Castle, A Structure of Seven Stories. By A. F. Frere. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

These seven amusing stories make a charming companion for the winter's fire-side. Six of them are tales of pure imagination, exceedingly well told and recounting many droll and marvellous things. The remaining one, which we like best, and which is entitled "The Search after Ugliness," is the autobiography of an excellent fellow, who has the misfortune to possess a visage the very model of that of the gentleman one sometimes encounters in a table-spoon; and who, being in want of a wife, sets out in his travels in search of a corresponding physiognomy. How he is driven forth from home by the jokes and jibes of his relations—how he takes service and labours hard to obtain the hand of an unknown She, who turns out pretty instead of ugly, and so defeats his purpose—how he wanders further in search of his idol, and how he eventually finds her, and returns home happy and triumphant, the reader can learn by consulting the volume, which is got up in beautiful style, and adorned with a most whimsical coloured frontispiece from a design by Wehnert.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

The Working-Man's Way in the World; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. London: W. and F. G. Cash, 5, Bishopsgate Without. 1853.

Last Glimpses of Convocation, shewing the Latest Incidents and Results of Synodical Action in the Church of England. By Arthur J. Joyce. London: T. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. 1853.

New Nursery Songs for all Good Children. By Mrs. Follen. Illustrated with above Fifty Pictures. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

The Sadducees of Science. By Walter M'Gilvray, D.D. Paisley: R. Stewart. Glasgow: Bryce and M'Phun. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: R. Theobald. 1853.

The Right of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, to confer Degrees, Vindicated. By One of the Professors. Aberdeen: L. Smith. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

Household Stories, collected by the Brothers Grim. Newly Translated. With Two Hundred and Forty Illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. In two volumes. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment. By Mary Carpenter. London: W. and F. G. Cash, 5, Bishopsgate Without. 1853.

Elijah, the Tishbite. Translated from the German of the Rev. F. W. Krummacher, D.D. London: Aylott and Jones, 8, Paternoster-row.

Memoir of a Metaphysician. By Francis Drake, Esq. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

National Life Assurance Society.—The twenty-third annual meeting of the members of the National Life Assurance Society was held at their office, No. 2, King William-street, London, on Monday, the 31st January last, when the report of the auditors and the general statement of the accounts, for the past year, were submitted and adopted. The business of the year 1852, as shown by this statement, has enabled the directors to make an abatement of thirty-eight per cent. on all premiums on policies of members who, having made five entire annual payments, are thereby entitled to participate in the profits for the current year. The amount returned to the members in the reduction of their premiums since the year 1835, when the first division of profits was made, is £180,260, exclusive of the amount to be allowed in the present year, which will give about £10,000 to the members, in addition to the above sum. The losses by death in 1852 have been very considerably under the amount that was expected, only eleven policies having ceased from this cause, assuring the sum of £14,300. The entire amount paid in claims to the representatives of deceased assurers, since 1830, being £257,794. The directors retiring from office by rotation, were unanimously re-elected, and Mr. Richard Vaughan Davis was also unanimously re-elected an auditor of the society. A vote of thanks to the chairman and directors for their able management of the affairs of the society was passed, and the meeting separated.

National Assurance Company of Ireland.—At the half-yearly stated general assembly of the Company, held at their office, 3, College-green, to receive the report of the Directors for the past half-year; the secretary read a statement of accounts, of which the subjoined is an abstract:—

	£.	s.	d.
Income for half-year, December 31, 1852	17,639	3	9
Expenditure	14,610	11	5
Gain on half-year	3,028	12	4
	£17,639	3	9

	£.	s.	d.
Floating capital, 30th June, 1852	9,607	5	4
Deduct 24th Dividend	6,000	0	0
	3,607	5	4
Add profit to this half-year	3,028	12	4
Floating capital, 31st December, 1852	6,635	17	8

Balance, December 31, 1852.

Dr.	£.	s.	d.
In Bank of Ireland	7,202	9	5
Bank and Government Stock	95,364	13	7
Annuities purchased	10,669	0	0
Lent on mortgage and other securities	184,381	3	1
House, furniture, outstanding policies, stamps on hands, &c.	8,251	8	7
	305,868	14	8

Cr.	£.	s.	d.
Paid-up capital	100,000	0	0
Duty payable to Stamp-office	1,649	6	10
Life reserved fund	164,872	17	5
Annuities granted	27,072	2	9
Dividends unpaid	1,588	10	0
Loan account	4,050	0	0
	299,232	17	0
Balance of profit and loss, June, 1852 . . £3,607 5 4			
Gain this half-year . 3,028 12 4	6,635	17	8
	305,868	14	8

The adoption of the Report was moved and seconded, and passed unanimously.

Reliance Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The half-yearly general meeting of the members of this Society was

held on Tuesday, the 25th day of January last, the same being also a special general meeting to declare profits for the third period of division. The Secretary read a report, of which the following are a few of the items: "At the first allocation of profits, in the year 1847, the principles upon which the valuation of assets and liabilities was computed, and methods adopted for equitable distribution of the realised surplus, were fully explained. To these principles the Directors propose strictly to adhere; they have borne the test of experience, and are now very generally acknowledged to be sound and just. The mortality for the period which has elapsed since the last allocation, has been in the ratio of only 60 per cent. of the estimated risk. Taken from the commencement of the Society's business, the sum paid on policies which have become claims, has been less than one-half of the amount of the aggregate of the yearly estimates. The balance sheet of the transactions of the three years under review, shows the full value of the Society's liabilities, upon the several branches of assurance undertaken, to be £123,411 10*s.* 4*d.*, while the present value of annual premiums, chargeable in respect of the same, is estimated at £124,006 17*s.* 3*d.* Deducting from this last amount, however, the value of the margin or surplus beyond the mathematical risk, the balance on the side of liability amounts to £28,806 6*s.* 8*d.*, which is amply provided for by the cash and invested funds of the Society. The balance of the "general assurance fund" is £10,030 0*s.* 10*d.* From this amount it is proposed to set apart, as before, £4,000, on account of the average of deaths having been less than, with reference to the tables of mortality in use by the Society, might have been expected. According to the provisions of the Society's deed, one-third of the clear surplus remainder has to be retained as a rest until the next triennial division; the sum, therefore, remaining for allocation among the members is £4,020 0*s.* 6*d.*, which will enable the meeting to declare a bonus equivalent to a return of 75 per cent. of the office margin above described, upon every policy entitled to participate in profits at this period; being the same proportional return which was afforded on the two previous occasions. Resolutions in accordance with the Report were passed unanimously.

Provident Clerks' Assurance and Benevolent Association. — BENEFIT DEPARTMENT. — The twelfth annual general meeting of the assurance or benefit department of this association was held on Monday evening, the 17th January, at the London Tavern. The Secretary read the report of the Directors, of which the following is an abstract: "The Board of Management, in submitting to the members the twelfth annual report of the association, have much satisfaction in calling their attention to the following details, which show its increasing prosperity. The number of policies issued during the past year is 429, for £81,950; 7 annuities, £149 16*s.* 8*d.*, which is an increase of 41 policies, for £9,075, on the business of 1851; 28 proposals, for £8,450, have been declined; 54 proposals for £12,550 have been deferred, withdrawn, or require further explanation—making the total number of proposals to the association 518, for £102,950. The annual premiums payable on the policies in existence, together with the dividends and interest on the invested capital, amount to £17,150. The amount of claims arising from 15 deaths during the year is £3,225, which is less both in number and amount than during the previous year, notwithstanding the large increase of members. This rate of mortality, which is considerably under the usual average, shows the great care and skill of the medical officers of the association. After payment of the claims from deaths, a further sum of £10,067 10*s.* has been laid out in augmentation of the invested capital of the association, viz., £3,117 10*s.* in the purchase of £3,000 3¼ per cent. stock; £6,600 advanced on mortgage; and £350 lent to members on the security of their policies of assurance—making the total amount standing in the names of the Trustees, £47,070, viz., £35,500 3¼ per cent. stock, and £11,570 on mortgage and other securities. The balance-sheet for the past year has been duly audited and approved by the Trustees. The Actuary of the Association and Mr. Griffith Davies are engaged in a valuation of the assets and liabilities of the Company, with a view to a distribution of the profits. All persons assured on or before the 31st December, 1849, on a participating scale, are entitled to share in the division of profits. Notice will be given by the Board to those interested when the Actuary's report is received, which may be expected in April next. A deputation from the Board of Management attended a public meeting at Birmingham on the 14th April last, which was supported by the members and friends of the association, and by some of the leading firms of that important town, and a fair increase of business has resulted therefrom. During the past year the attention of Parliament has again been directed to the present position of the laws regulating Friendly Societies, and it was referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons to examine into and report on the subject. Your Board have devoted much time and attention to a question which must necessarily be of great importance to this association amongst many others. Your Chairman was examined as a witness before the Select Committee. No action of the Legislature has yet taken place, but the Committee has presented a report, and as it had been alleged that the operations of this and four other associations similarly enrolled had been contrary to law, your Board are happy to be able to state that the Committee has reported 'that it does not appear to your Committee that these five societies have been acting contrary to law.' As your Board have always acted under the best legal advice, they never entertained the least doubt of the perfect legality of the operations of the association; but it is satisfactory to have their belief thus confirmed by the report of the Select Committee. It is gratifying also to your Board to add the following further paragraph from the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, viz.:—'These five societies have beyond question conduced in a very material degree to extend downwards in the scale of society a knowledge of the principles of mutual assurance, and a disposition to embrace the advantage of it.'" After the Report had been adopted, thanks were voted to the Trustees, the Treasurer, the Auditors, and the Chairman: and the proceedings terminated.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1853.

CHARACTER AND MODIFICATIONS OF SLAVERY.

We saw, passing through a street of Manchester, a waggon, or what is technically called a "lurry," laden, to the height of the warehouse first-floor window, with bags tight crammed full of the fleecy cotton wool; the white fibrous mass bursting out of its coarse integument, as it had burst out of the green pod, in the sun-heated and steaming savannahs of Georgia. It was a common thing to our eyes, but it made us imagine a far-off scene. In several groups, scattered over the plain where the cotton bushes grow, were some three score of negroes, listlessly pacing from one of the planted rows to another, picking the fruit which is to undergo a wondrous transformation. It is not the destiny of the cotton, that we are interested to pursue, but of the human lives among which that simple-looking substance, in its intended experience, passes to and fro. It will come back to the dusky negroes, the fabric of the blue shirts and the light trousers which Uncle Tom is wearing, and of the gaudy printed calico, which Dinah puts on for Sunday's finery: but who are the artificers that shall manipulate the material, and how is *their* condition different from that of the American field labourer? We have them and their work here. A spacious quadrangular paved court, in the suburb of Ancoats or, we might say, beneath the smoky cloud that overhangs Stockport, is enclosed by vast piles of a grimy brick building; the walls eight stories in height, and perforated with several hundred windows, regular and multitudinous as honeycomb cells. Out of a column, as tall as the London Monument, pours a flaunting banner of smoke. A dull muffled noise, as of incessant beating under ground, keeps the air and the earth in continual vibration; above and around us, there is a strange inexplicable hissing; but we see nothing stir in the vacant yard, and the neighbouring streets are deserted. We enter the building, and ascend, on a moveable piece of the floor which is carried up by an invisible power, to the loftier apartments. We are assailed by the shrill metallic whirring of an army of spindles. Many thousand of these, arrayed in close battalia upon their orderly frames, and screaming in the dizzy rapidity of their revolutions, are twining and twisting, and passing to one another, that same fleecy fibre, which the languid negroes plucked in America, now assuming toughness and incredible extension in the grasp of these little mechanical slaves, which cannot rest a moment. Human labourers are here,—three or four hundred, perhaps,—to guide and to control the machinery, which is doing all their work. This girl, who steps between the frames, and easily arranges the action of the spindles, with a slight touch of her finger, is an overseer of so many servants; and they obey her more implicitly, than ever did a negro gang obey the orders of their ferocious master. In an English factory, the human toiler is emancipated; gigantic limbs and tiny fingers of iron, which the breath of steam impels, are reduced to slavery, and he is set over them. To watch and to control that huge brute force, in its delicate operations, requires, in him, the diligence and the attention, which a slave cannot bestow. He must be a rationally responsible, and, in some degree, a trusted servant. Who could leave a brutish and unreflecting savage, imbecile from habitual degradation, in charge of an engine which, if he delay ten minutes the supply of water to its boiler, may shatter the great edifice and hurl its inmates to destruction? The quiet overlooker passes along, and sees the persons subject to his supervision, each attending the returning movement of the mechanism, and each unremitting in the task. Not a thread is broken; not an eye is averted, nor a finger absent from the wonted place, when its intervention is needed. But no violent gestures or loud menace of a driver enforce this work. There is no motive, to oblige these men and women to go on, except the agreement each one has fully contracted, and the expectation of a certain recompense on pay-day. They work, not under a blind compulsion like that of physical mechanism,—not by force of an unreasoning habit, as the horse obeys the bridle,—not because they absolutely *must*, but because they choose, and because they ought. "Man must not *must*," said a wise friend of man; and by this distinction, recognising his prerogative of optional conduct, we allow the essential freedom of humanity.

The comparison of these different classes of workers, (a reflection that has occurred to many of us, since the recent extraordinary appeal against American slavery,) may lead us to inquire, *what is it*, in which this peculiar hardship consists, that stirs our indignation with the name of slavery? What is *this*, more than other instances of "man's inhumanity to man,"—why is it deemed an oppression more iniquitous than robbery and assault, a suffering worse than torture? The apologists of it in America retort upon its English censors, with descriptions, in the present day scandalously false,—if they were sadly true in former years,—of wearing toil for insufficient food, endured by many workpeople in this country. Admitting such facts to be,—admitting that, in particular cases, avaricious tyranny, abusing an accidental advantage, may have imposed upon its hired labourers a more heavy amount of suffering, toil far more excessive, besides the miseries of inadequate subsistence, most wretched in contrast with the animal comfort of the slaves on a well-managed estate,—we still are conscious of another element, in this comparison, which such a view does not include. Excessive labour, however severe and protracted, is not slavery; nakedness and starvation do not make a slave. All these evils a free man, occasionally, may be liable to endure; nay, if a violent hand has perpetrated upon him the outrage of the lash, he is not reduced to slavery by its casual infliction. The essential evil of slavery is, the formal deprivation of that privilege of voluntary action, which is the birthright of manhood. The wrong is this,—that a man is claimed as a tool, belonging to some other, without his own consent and voluntary submission. Other servants, it may be, are at the disposal of their lords, in a manner that, practically, not less nullifies the discretionary operation of the individual. The soldier is an instrument, implicitly available for the despotic purpose of his sovereign; but the service he renders was of his own adoption; not how, but *whom*, he should obey for life. The slave is one who, without his own option ever being taken, is condemned to perpetual dependence upon some one whom he has *not* chosen; some one, whose ownership of him is the decree of a conventional arrangement, to which he was never a party. The feeling himself in this anomalous and inhuman situation,—the knowledge, from the consciousness of his own personality, that such a predetermined bondage is morally invalid,—constitute the keenest point of his suffering, the sense of injustice, and of his own impotence against it. If the slave, through his ignorant insensibility not perceiving the wrong, escape this intolerable sentiment of unavailing indignation,—then, it is evident that he sustains, unknowingly, the more serious injury of being mentally degraded. Either, his oppressors have obscured and blunted in him the feelings of a man, or they torment him continually by the systematic denial of his manhood. This evil is a most real one, much exceeding the extremes of bodily anguish; and, assuming the mass of those subject to it are indifferent to the deprivation of natural right, so much the greater is the mischief and the wrong. "He that is robbed, not knowing he is robbed," is nevertheless defrauded; and the more, if the robber have secured him in ignorance.

We shall not countenance the fallacious ideas of personal liberty, which represent the natural man, as quite independent of the will of his fellows. The fond reveries of a Rousseau, the unphilosophical notion of an isolated human being, unconnected by social ties anterior to a "compact,"—the poetical images of an aboriginal freedom,

> When wild in woods the noble savage ran,—

have no relation to anything which ever existed, or could exist, in this actual world. Compromise is the common rule of human life. The noble savage, unless he were associated with other men by mutual obligations of service, must have died by the wilder beasts, or by famine and the inclement weather. Travellers in no region of the globe, so far as we are aware, ever discovered any tribe of uncivilised men who were not kept together by some government requiring a public self-surrender; and the relations of master and servant have existed, wherever men have worked to live. There is no possible independence, except in a conditional, modified, and *voluntary* servitude; a state of absolute freedom is beyond the reach of wealth to purchase, or of rank to command. Even supremacy over others imposes a reciprocal obligation, which,—though it be only the despot's office of signing his edicts and death-warrants,—is, certainly, a task which is externally prescribed to him, and is, to that small extent, an infringement of his individual liberty. But, we do not mean, that the ordinary compromises of freedom are different only in degree from the state of slavery; there is an essential distinction. That kind of personal dependence and of servitude, (for we take the latter word most generally, as signifying every constrained action,) which is proper to a particular office or condition, once freely adopted or ever dismissible at the pleasure of the holder, differs entirely with that other servitude, which has been imposed on a person without his own voluntary submission, and the direction and circumstances of which he is never allowed to alter. That lad with the ribands in his hat, to whom the magistrate has just read the Articles of War, is now, and perhaps during his life will be, as much the property, for practical use, of the masters who have purchased him, as any Cuban negro is the property of Senhor Maria de Valdes; but then he has sold *himself*, and he feels not only "every inch a man," but an added inch or two as he goes to the standard. Tom Brassey, one of Vulcan's journeymen, whom we saw busy among the red terrors of liquid metal, knows very well that he must not leave the job unfinished which his employer set him to do; and that if he refuse to work out the term of his present hiring, the magistrate may punish him by committal to prison; but he knows, there was a fair bargain between himself and Vulcan & Co., six days' work for so many shillings on the Saturday; and he feels himself as good a freeman as my Lord Derby.

These persons have *chosen* their service, and so, they preserve the dignity of man; they were not born, like the cattle in a stall, to belong to a particular master, as the child is born to its parents. In the natural relations of the family, as in the physical and moral relations of men to the universe, there is involved a fore-ordained attachment, a dependence made delightful by affection. But, in our social relations, we are not so bound to another, not of necessity obliged to this or that person; although a general obligation to do some service, for the behoof of some or other person, may be among the needs of our human life, we are to select the employment, which is the rational service of willing freemen.

But we think, further, there is a difference in kind between one state of servile dependence and another. The condition of the American negroes, who are the mere cattle of their owner, having no legal rights or recognised claim against him, liable to be disposed of in separate parcels at his convenience, to be kept or parted with at his sole will, is an altogether different state from that of any hereditary bondsmen, who are recognised by the laws of the country as parties competent to a responsible transaction, or entitled to sue for a personal claim. Wherever the servitude is, in any certain degree, limited or modified by some legal definition of its extent, the foundation of a constitutional existence has been allowed to the bondsman; his condition is no longer the abject prostration of utter slavery, but a state of protected *serfdom*. If we suppose the negro to be secured in the possession of any established *rights*, such as the legal right not to be separated from his family without his own consent, we suppose an immense improvement in his favour, beyond the enhancement of his domestic happiness; for he gains a part of his manhood,—the practical ability of asserting a certain personal claim. His state of life becomes a new and higher one. If we go a step farther, and conceive the law regulating his hours of daily labour, and giving him the spare time as his own, not by the favour of a master, but of right, he is advanced so much the nearer to the state of the freeman. If we consider him entitled, before the law, to acquire and retain property, to keep in his own pocket the few dollars he got by the sale of his garden herbs, then he becomes an acknowledged shareholder in the commonwealth. Let us now regard a condition of servitude, which, however it may be far removed from civil freedom, differs quite as materially from the state of immediate personal slavery. We mean that of permanent attachment to the soil of an estate, with the perpetual obligation of cultivating it for the owner's benefit, consequently, without the liberty of industry or of change of residence; but this connection involving reciprocally a title to perpetual maintenance on the same land. This is the condition of *villeinage;* and it is not, of necessity, incompatible with a considerable progress in the use and enjoyment of social privileges. It is, properly, a transition state, through which a servile class might become educated,—by the gradual adaptation of the terms of their service, according to their acquiring habits of intelligent self-control,—until they should qualify themselves, by using that permission to extra labour for their own profit, which must be at some period guaranteed them, to redeem their dependence on the state, commuting the compulsory labour into a rent for their allotted portion of the land, paid in labour it may be, as well as in produce or in money.

A practical application of these remarks will be sought, in the present temper of the public mind —Our testimony, among the very first, was yielded to that touching truth of feeling, which has gained, for an unpretending literary work, a marvellous and unexampled popularity. The flame of compassionate sentiment, all but universal among us, which has cheered the past winter, is not merely a triumphant effect of imaginative art, but a symptom of moral health, and in itself a good. We felt enhanced respect for the might of popular sympathies,—a deeper faith in the common impulses of humanity,—in having watched the rising of that full tide of unaffected emotion, which has touched the majority of our nation, from the humblest to the highest ranks, with generous anger and unselfish pity. The authority of this *consensus omnium bonorum*, this concentration of right-minded thought, bears in the sublimity of its aspect an indisputable warrant. Slavery, as a system, lies under the damning sentence of an European public opinion. But, the execution of that great change, which Providence and humanity declare inevitable, belongs to those, who cannot reverse the decree, but may plead for a gradual and facilitated mode of accomplishing it, in consideration of the stupendous difficulties of their social problem,—the most awful problem which ever statesmanship endeavoured to solve. They have to cure the aversion of race, and to soothe the animosities of opinion, to conciliate the feud of forty years, rectify the anomalies of a sacred Constitution, reassure the proprietors of enormous interests, reduce a proud aristocracy and elevate a degraded nation of foreign Helots,—and all this, while distracted with the growing terror of a domestic calamity, which appears daily more imminent, the measure of which is utter ruin. We have not found, in modern history, any more frightful situation, than that of the southern states of the American Union; because nowhere, the ruling classes,—not the court and seigneurs of France before the bloody Revolution,—have been so unmindful of their position and their duty. They have negotiated a compromise, ceding nothing to humanity, but something to local jealousies, and they vainly call it "a final settlement." They delay to consider any plan for the ultimate adjustment of the laws of servitude. They have insulted the earnest convictions of New England, imposing upon the citizens of Boston, inheritors of a stern Puritan resolution, as well as upon the serious men of Pennsylvania, the extradition of hunted fugitives. It is not for *us* to say, whither such conduct is tending. The newspaper laid before us, this very day,—no enthusiastic rhapsodist, but the wary

Times,—has an article beginning,—"The slave institutions of the United States seem tending with marked fatality to some violent result;" and ending,—"It seems impossible to anticipate that peace can be long preserved." Other pens than ours, commenting on the recent events, have written the words of "civil war," which must involve the horrors of a servile insurrection.

Our own countrymen have a special right to utter this warning. We do not only refer to the noble example of colonial emancipation. It is not only, that for the single sake of human right, Britain has, after sacrificing first a lucrative trade, which at one period employed two hundred British vessels, lavished immense treasure for the ransom of captive Africans, endured the disaffection of an influential class, and alone incurs a large expenditure of naval force and English valour, to shame and to compel her insincere allies to relinquish an avowed iniquity. This would give us a claim, before all the world, to testify against slavery; but, as regards the southern states of America, we have another more express. Consuming, with a comparatively small deduction for the manufactures of other people, the staple produce of their soil, England is a partner, not indeed in the guilt of their slavery, but in the vast peril of its continuance. Remembering the severe distress, which an apprehended scarcity in the production of cotton, the variation of a few farthings in its price per pound, have caused, some years ago, in the factory districts, we do not exaggerate in the assertion, that any *sudden* violent convulsion of the agricultural system of America, an insurrection of the labourers, with a general destruction of the capital invested in cotton-growing,—and what less may be dreaded, if the planters will follow the course of headlong obstinacy,—must affect this country with a calamity only second to that ruin, which the southern members of the Union may experience. The northern counties of England are, in fact, even more deeply interested in this matter, than are the northern states of America. We have had opportunities of observing, how seriously the more prudent and well-informed of the Lancashire manufacturers are impressed with this consideration. In every association for the security of their commercial welfare, the topic chiefly concerned is, the urgency of having another resource, than America, for the supply of that "raw material" for which they now depend, almost entirely, on the production of the slave states. For this object, the cause of an anxiety which is not the less real, though it is not ostentatiously professed, the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester has employed a special commissioner to investigate the capabilities of cotton culture in India; Parliament is repeatedly urged to promote it; public and private agencies, in several parts of Hindostan, the West Indies, Port Natal, Egypt, the western coast of Africa, and New South Wales, are kept in frequent activity. The hazard of *a cotton famine* cannot be regarded without dismay, even in the existing prosperity; the gigantic increase of the manufacturing capital -d population, which is the daily wonder even of those who live amidst it, is an augmentation of the mass of human interests which are at stake, and is, to the thoughtful, a greater reason of care.

Such a calamity, the measure of which, if it were more than very temporary, no arithmetic may compute,—involving not a check only to the growing wealth and power of Britain, but the blighting, it might be, of the fairest and most vigorous plant of industrial civilization, that has bloomed since the republics of Italy and the free German cities,—such is the risk of any fierce general outbreak of the virulent malady, which festers in the social body of America. The only safety for the slave states, the most obvious and immediate security for us, lies in a relaxation of the evil system. Let us remind the transatlantic supporters of it, that if they can ignore the future retribution,—which is coming, we do not say, as sure as fate, but as sure as the Nemesis of divine equity,—they cannot disguise the unhappy effect, which at present it operates on their affairs and their very life. In some parts of the slaveholding country, a stationary if not a retrograde condition of the white inhabitants, the slothful degradation of the lower, the enervating luxury and insolence of the higher classes, the dissolute and vagrant spirits, itching for lawless prey, who eagerly conspire for piratical invasion of a neighbouring territory,—these are the fatal fruits of such a wicked tree; these are the preparation of a destiny, such as overtook the oppressions of the ancient world. The acquisition of more space, the spreading of the infection of slave institutions over all the central part of their Continent, cannot defer, cannot but aggravate the fury of the crisis.

We are not among those who insist on the unconditional and immediate abolition of slavery. We disbelieve, truly, the fear which is pretended by some, that such a measure would occasion the black population to retaliate with licentious violence on their former rulers. The atrocities of St. Domingo, in 1791, although a miserable sequel of the declaration of equal liberties by the French Convention, must be ascribed to very different causes, than the announcement of intended emancipation. It was a very distinct class, the free mulatto people, ambitious of acquiring political privileges, who excited a servile horde more than elsewhere debased and exasperated, to massacre a set of unrelenting oppressors, more than usually cruel, cowardly, and despicable. It was the fatal suspense, delay, contention of the emancipating act,—the vacillations of the Convention at Paris, which repealed the declaration of freedom in September, having passed it in May,—the imbecility with arrogance of the planters, the vexatious and desperate conflict of authorities, between the colonial and the National legislatures,—which contributed fire to consume the rich crops and villas of Haiti, with rage to pour out on its dark soil the blood of the proud and the delicate, this uncertainty and contest of authorities,—we repeat the phrase, for it is the most perilous circumstance of a revolution. We would fain never witness it, in the American Union. No

part of the recent controversies, on the subject of slavery, has escaped our notice; no various expression of sentiment, from the indignant unhesitating zeal of the instant Abolitionist, through the sceptical tolerance of unmoral philosophies, the bigoted and almost blasphemous assumption of the few that profess to vindicate the *principle* of slavery, to the very easy charity of "A Carolinian," who puts faith in the "great virtues on both sides, generated by its peculiar relation;" and so down to the mere business-like reckoner of the material profits of the system, and the ludicrous complaints of a British military officer, in one of our magazines, that, since the enfranchisement of the Demerara negroes, he cannot hire a fellow to carry his carpet-bag from the quay to an hotel at Georgetown! Having read carefully most of what has been written, now the discussion is abated, we may say, that a conviction is confirmed, which had been formed years ago, upon an anxious study of the debates of the American Congress. We deprecate, for the sake, not of the Union—a worthless one, if the principles of social and moral life are to be still radically discordant—but for the sake of mankind, that the bosom impregnated with the future destiny of our race may be spared an intestine war—we deprecate every menace, every intimation, of an interference, in spite of the constitution and terms of that Union, to force upon the southern States the alteration of their internal institutions. At the same time, we desire, by the sympathy of England, by the intellectual *prestige* of European leadership in public opinion—which Americans submit to, more than they like to avow—by the faithful testimony and exhortation of the Christian church—by the frank out-speaking of those who care for liberty, conscience, and truth, here and there and everywhere—to get up such a force of appeal, in every direction except that of actual *political* attempts to infringe the fundamental compact of the legal Union, as may induce, persuade, warn, shame, implore the southern States to make the changes, in what method and degree it shall seem good unto them, which other States of the Union have already made, and Britain has made, with a real generosity, so happily. We do not undertake to recommend either total abolition or an apprenticeship like that which, in our own West Indies did *not* work very beneficially, when the planters, having no *life*-interest in their bondsmen, but still without adequate restraints on their caprice, sought only to get as much as possible out of the negro, during the term of years remaining: while the negro, impatient for the expected release, was less amenable to discipline than ever. The pretence, that emancipation in Tennessee and Alabama would throw the land out of cultivation, we admit no more, than this same fallacy in regard to the West Indies; where, in five years of their competition with Brazilian sugar, since 1846, there has been an increased production in Guiana, Trinidad, and Barbadoes, and although in Jamaica, a decline of 7000 tons, in the West India Colonies together, a gross yearly augmentation to the amount of 20,000 tons. We know the culture of tropical produce is subject to peculiar exigencies, requiring the speedy command of a numerous labour force, in planting, weeding, and cutting the sugar-canes, at the moment of favourable weather; and that if the negro cannot be induced, after a shower of rain, to leave his own provision-garden or his lounge, and hire himself for a few days of field-work, the crop will be smothered irretrievably by the rank weeds. But the Jamaica planters have been embarrassed, not by these natural difficulties alone. They were a class of absentee cultivators—not merely absentee landlords, but employing distant agents to manage the work of agriculture, which more than other work requires "the master's eye." Their property was encumbered with onerous debt; the management of each estate was usually hampered with a needless crowd of agents, overseers, and clerks; maintaining a multitude of non-effective labourers, who must be fed by the owner, not only in the seasons they were useless, but in the time of life they were unable to work. Facts and figures are before us, proving out of the balance-sheets of several estates, that the assertion of a Speaker of the Antigua House of Assembly is correct:—"All things considered, free-labour is the cheapest." We shall not trouble our readers with these statistics. But, in quitting the West Indies, (although we might have pointed to the happy triumph of the memorable 1st of August, 1838, when eight hundred thousand African bondsmen, at once declared unconditionally free, began the course of independent life, and within two short years of peace, there were seven thousand freeholders dwelling in the simple cottages their hands had built upon the land their earnings had bought,* —such a refutation of that calumny against our kind, that slaves would reward liberation with plunder and massacre!) but in passing to the case of the cotton-planters of the United States, let us observe in this connection, that *they* cannot plead these peculiar disadvantages, to which the proprietors of the West Indies are said to have been subject: *they* are not absentee owners of heavily mortgaged estates; nor are they likely to encounter, in the growth of cotton, any material degree of foreign competition; for many years to come they may reckon upon the secure enjoyment (if only they could secure the supply) of the English market. They cannot, therefore, with any plausibility appeal to the alleged difficulties of the Jamaica planters, as an excuse for refusing the modification of the slavery system of the States. Opportunity is most favourable to such experiment. It will not always be granted.

It has been said, we disapprove any notion of the Federal Government interfering with States which constitutionally stand independent, although

*See the speeches of Lord Stanley,—why did the friends of the Derby Government forget, of late, to remind us of these bright and really praiseworthy passages of his career?—in 1842, for confirmation of these facts. We are told, from other sources, of the touching names these poor simple folk gave to their garden cottages: "Jane's Delight," "Happy Home," "Comfort Castle," "Save Rent," "Liberty Content," "A Little of My Own."

united. Congress, we think, has wisely resolved to prohibit the discussion of any proposal, in the federal assemblies, for the abolition of slavery. It is the State Legislatures, sovereign government of internal affairs, with whom the legal power and the moral responsibility resides. Indirectly, we know Congress could do much, to discourage slavery and check its extension; which Congress has meanly declined to do. The Compromise, which dishonoured the two illustrious names of Clay and Webster, (men whose eminent services shall be remembered, as well as their faults, now they are both in the grave,) was a deliberate falsification of the principle of the American republic. If its federal constitution forbade any encroachment on slavery, its spirit of freedom forbade any *concession* to it. But, if Congress can do little, what cannot the State legislatures do? The answer we have always been ready with is given in the *Westminster Review*, by one whom we know to be a candid advocate of human right,—"The slaveholders could, if they thought proper, merge slavery into an intermediary serfdom. They might strive to copy, consciously and by enactments, the course which history shows to have been unconsciously and instinctively followed in Europe. In order to secure the cultivation of the plantation, the slaves might, at first, give all their labour for food, raiment, and lodging; and then, give so many days' work in payment of rent; and then, money wages. The money rent might be gradually increased, until the serfs had become freemen, and obtained full possession of themselves."

Something like this proposal, we have been long convinced, is the only peaceable solution of the problem. We have expended no small attention, in verifying this conclusion. One reflection is obvious,—that by the process of gradual emancipation, or rather, let us call it enfranchisement, which is only the more advanced stage, *we*, the Saxons or the Franks of modern Europe, have passed into freedom. We have gone far, since the sixth century, when, as Gregory of Tours records, the poor subjected themselves to slavery, that they might get a little food; since, in the dreary famines of the ninth and eleventh, when human flesh was sold for meat in the markets of France and Germany, much was sold alive by the desperate souls who famished in it; since a Saxon lady, at the period of the Conquest, manumitted some slaves, "whose heads she had taken for their meat in the evil days," to quote her own words. We should like, if space allowed here such an inquiry, to indicate the gradations of this mighty change; from the times of the imperial despotism, when the lands of Europe, except in the farms occupied by free *coloni*, were cultivated by many millions of abject slaves, half the population in the condition of chattels,—through the barbarian conquests, when this condition was superseded by a modified servitude, till, in the age of Charlemagne, the agriculturist was a sort of farmer in bondage to the estate, who either divided with the proprietor, on the *metayer* system, the produce of the soil, or gave certain services to the lord,—until the tenant became himself a proprietor, in his way, liable to seignorial dues, to arbitrary and onerous exactions, not enjoying his proper liberty of person, indeed, but having a fair prospect of enfranchisement. If we could dwell on this, we might compare the suggestions above made, with the remarks of Mr. Hallam on the interesting statements of M. Guerard, editor of the Cartulary of Chartres; who speaks of a great revolution in French society, which had been consummated long before the period of that document, the second half of the eleventh century; by which, after the territorial appropriation on the feudal system, which issued from the confusion of anarchy, it came to be as he describes:—

"Il fut aussi difficile de deposséder un serf de son manse, qu'un seigneur de son benefice. Dès ce moment, la servitude fut transformée en servage; le serf ayant retiré sa personne et son champ des mains de son maitre, dut à celui-ci non plus son corps ni son bien, mais seulement une partie de son travail et de ses revenus. Dès ce moment, il a cessé de servir; il n'est plus en realité qu'un tributaire."

Another word or two, to the American slaveholders. The character and circumstances of their system, with their singular political position, isolate them in the world. They have no accomplices in the retention of slavery, except the corrupted and effete governments of Spanish and Portugese America, which they persecute with the assaults of republican propagandism. The nineteenth century disowns them; nor does antiquity, truly understood, countenance their policy. Their pulpit apologists, who traitorously prostitute the Christian sanctions, have cited the example of an Isaac, and institutions of the Hebrew commonwealth. But the bondage of a patriarchal family, in the simplicity of the infant world, was alleviated by the free plain manners, without conventional hauteur. Jacob, after seven years of service, was an equal match for Laban's daughter. A friend, who is a learned Israelite, tells us it is the opinion of Talmudical commentators, that in the event of a master dying intestate,—like poor St. Clare at New Orleans,—the female slaves were, by the Jewish law, at once liberated, to prevent their falling into the hands of a Jewish Legree. In the rude customs of an early age that of slavery was prompted by mercy; the prisoners captive in war, spared the point of the spear, ended their lives in the tribe of their conquerors. This condition, the servitude of δμωες, was reserved for the ruined citizens of Troy. In the domestic life of heroic ages, exhibited in scenes of both the Homeric poems, is preserved, to mitigate the rough barbaric usages, a certain ease in the presence of inferiors, a generous frankness of intercourse. In the Rome of Coriolanus, there was a common supper for the household, though while the master presided at the upper table, like our Saxon Cedric on his dais, the servants with the children sat on the *subsellia* below. Our transatlantic cousins are addicted to classical precedents, and name upstart villages after the towns of Hellas and Latium. They

have shown us a lovely image,—not in ebony but in marble,—of the slave-maiden, shrinking in modest fear, with a chain on her soft rounded arm. The slaveholding republicans of later Greece were also not insensible to this woe,—if artistically, not really, presented. While the kidnapping traffic on Thracian shores went on,—while a thousand slaves were hired out by the orator Nicias, for toil in the silver mines, and his great rival computed the value of skilful artizans, of whom *he* was proprietor,—the liberal Athenians could weep over the despair of Hecuba, among the victors' tents, *νυν ὁμοδουλον, προσθε δ'ανασσην*; they could bewail in theatres the enforced dishonour of Andromache, or sympathise with the lamentation of the virgin daughter of Priam:—

> I, to be sold to any man for silver,
> May fall unto a coarse and cruel lord.
> And *I*, who once was sister of my Hector,
> And of my other noble ones, *I* made
> The drudge of such an one, to grind the meal,
> To press the curds, and clean the master's house?
> My bed of marriage, which the sons of kings
> Were scarcely worthy of, to be bestowed
> By force, on any knave bought for the household?
> No! rather let me sever the free light
> From these poor eyes, and give myself to death!

Fictitious suffering is a pleasure to sympathy. But, if in classical instances we may show the realities of slavery,—evils to both the tyrannical and servile classes, which though displayed in poetry are not the less real,—we would point to the demoralisation of gorged and intoxicated Rome. We would call out of the comedies of Plautus those rascal servants, in whom there *can* be no honest fidelity, because they have the cleverness to see, how in their service they are defrauded of themselves. We would interrogate that sullen desperado, who is past effect of threatening, for he *knows* that his death will some day be "on the cross, where his father and his kindred were put." The catalogue of tortures, the rack, the gallows, the *furca*, chain, and branding-iron, the like of which a slave is made with shocking levity to enumerate, are the necessary furniture of slavery; the padlock affixed to the jaws of West Indian negroes, to prevent their sucking the sugar canes, had its prototype in the broad wheel around a man's neck, while kneading the dough, to hinder him from eating, as in the jest of Aristophanes. But if we would know the hideous result of systematic inhumanity, reacting on the social life, let us consult that austere satirist, who, in his own bad time, pronounced the city of Regulus an abode fit only for liars; the luxurious lady Juvenal mentions, who may have been the mistress, in her town and country establishments, of not fewer than four thousand human creatures, according to contemporary memoirs, is "such a very superior person," that having insisted on her husband ordering to death the victim of her peevish caprice, when he demurs to take the life of the man she answers,—"Do you call a *slave* a man?" We would introduce, as congenial acquaintance, Marie St. Clare to that other Roman matron, who, being out of temper, sends out for the professional floggers,—*sunt quæ tortoribus annua præstent*,—that she may superintend the whipping of her naked handmaids, meanwhile painting her face, receiving a morning call, inspecting a new dress, or reading the newspaper. What may not American slavery do, if it last long enough, in the development of a national character?

But we find one or two things, to be excepted. In the milder community of Athens, a slave might indite his master for aggravated assault; and many freemen were capitally punished, for injuries to slaves. By the constitutional law of Georgia, there is no punishment for one causing the death of a slave, "should it happen by accident while giving him moderate correction." An ill-treated slave might seek refuge in the heathen temples of Theseus, or of the Eumenides, until transferred to another owner. In Mahomedan Turkey, when a slave had cause to complain of ill-usage, he himself had the right to go into the market, and declare his wish to be sold. In the Spanish colony of Porto Rico, the master is obliged to sell a slave, when it is proved to the satisfaction of the syndic, that he treats him badly. Protestant Christian, democratic America, you have much to learn! The slave at Memphis on the Mississippi, who cut off his right hand to be revenged on the owner, because his wife had been sold to the embraces of a rich voluptuary, is a witness against *you*, and not against the Gentiles.

We leave this grievous subject, with only another reference, to the peril that has been mentioned of *insurrection*. What it is that means, history will show. A certain island in the Ægean sea was anciently infamous for the slave-trade and slave-breeding business, which Maryland and Virginia chiefly pursue. There was a revolt in Chios, as in Hayti; and a brave Toussaint l'Ouverture, whose Greek name was Drimacos. The attempt was tolerably successful, for the time, and another may be more so, at another time. There was a servile rebellion in Sicily, led by a ferocious enthusiast, who mustered sixty thousand exasperated savage men. With fire and murder they desolated the Sicilian plains.

We have enough pity for the slaves. But for their owners, we have more pity, mingled with horror, as for some unholy victim bound for an avenging doom. But there is yet time. May God send them both a peaceful and safe deliverance!

NORMAN HAMILTON.

(Concluded from page 141.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FLIGHT.

It may readily be supposed that in the circumstances of the fugitives many words were not exchanged; but as it became evident that the coach was fairly beyond the suburbs, there remained no urgent necessity for any continued embargo on conversation; and accordingly the friends began to congratulate Hamilton on his escape.

"Norman, dear Norman," said Henry, eagerly clasping his hand, "we will ship you off at Queen's Ferry; and if you go abroad for a few years, we may negotiate for your pardon."

Norman sighed deeply, but did not answer.

"You seem very cold, Norman," continued his anxious brother; "cheer up, my dear fellow. You'll require all your energy to complete the escape."

Norman again sighed, and deeper than before; and immediately after, he was felt to sink down in his seat. Arnold, who happened to be sitting next him, caught him in his arms, and found that he was helpless as a child.

"Hamilton! speak, what is the matter?"

"I am dying," was his feeble reply. "The shot has taken effect."

The friends were in a state of distraction. It was still far from day-light, and the rain, long suspended, was now falling in torrents. A dying man in a dark carriage, and no help at hand,—the misery was well nigh insupportable. The coachman was ordered to drive to the nearest house; but as every jolt of the vehicle caused a fresh pang to the wounded man, the very attempt to obtain aid was only aggravating his sufferings. After a weary half-hour, the coachman descried a cottage on the road-side, the inmates of which permitted the wretched fugitive to take shelter under their roof; and also communicated the welcome intelligence, that a surgeon resided in the immediate vicinity. Before the arrival of this gentleman, the patient had become worse; and, on the wound being examined, no hope of recovery was held out. The ball had penetrated into a vital region, and it was evident that the acute suffering under which he laboured, would soon be at an end.

"God bless you all. Love to Flor——" The death-rattle choked him ere he could finish the sentence; and the short, eventful, sorrowful, sad career of Norman Hamilton was over at last. The wicked now ceased from troubling him, and his weary soul was at rest.

The friends hung over the inanimate remains, not venturing to give verbal expression to the heavy, stunning grief that overwhelmed them; and even the medical attendant, accustomed as he was to mortality in all its forms, could not but sympathize in a sorrow that seemed so genuine and unaffected.

"Has this been a duel, gentlemen?" inquired the doctor. "If it has, as you can no longer be of any assistance to your friend, I would recommend that you should think of your own escape."

Arnold, deeming concealment useless, briefly explained the case. The doctor then advised that they should communicate with the magistrates, who, on satisfying themselves that the prisoner was really dead, would probably be induced to give up the body, with a view to private burial. This suggestion was cordially responded to, and it was arranged that while Arnold and Henry should acquaint Florence with the dismal tidings of the death of Norman, Cook should proceed to the authorities and apprise them of the fate of their prisoner. The doctor hinted that Cook should deliver his message as from him (the medical attendant), and not acknowledge himself as one of the parties who personally had been privy to the escape; but Cook, who still had a morbid hankering after defiance of the law, stoutly resisted all idea of subterfuge, and declared that although he would not implicate any of the rest, he would most unquestionably make no attempt to conceal his own share in the transaction. Arnold and Henry well knew his opinions on such points, and did not venture to dissuade from this course, although aware that it exposed Cook to no little risk of legal vengeance. The corpse was then left in charge of the physician, and the three allies returned to town, to fulfil their respective missions.

A new disaster was communicated to them on their arrival at the rendezvous, which was Arnold's lodgings. Smallbairn and Florence were both in the vicinity of the jail when the escape was made, and they also had a conveyance which, for greater safety, had been drawn up in a remote street. They hovered about the gate after Arnold and Cook obtained admission; but taking alarm at the appearance of the town-guard, the two had run off in separate directions. Missing Florence, Smallbairn cautiously returned, and finding a female lying on the street groaning, whom he supposed to be the young lady, he had lifted her up and caused her to be driven home to Mrs. Porter's.

"She is badly hurt," said the schoolmaster; "but I merely handed her in, and did not stop, as according to our arrangement, I came here to arrange as to further procedure."

"Norman dead and my cousin dying!" exclaimed Henry; "this is too much for mortal endurance!"

The agitated youth hurried home by himself, to ascertain the extent of the superadded calamity, while Arnold remained to give an account of Norman's end to the gentle-hearted schoolmaster; and also to receive a report from Cook,

as to the result of his interview with the civic dignitaries.

Henry soon returned with the intelligence that the wounded female was not Florence Hamilton, but poor Maggie Buchanan. The ill-fated girl had followed her father up to Edinburgh, and had narrowly watched the whole proceedings; and on observing that the town guard's-man was about to make a bayonet thrust at Norman, she generously interposed her own person and received the blow. The wound was a very serious one, and slender hopes were entertained of her recovery. Florence had returned home on foot alone, and was tending the wounded girl when Henry communicated to her the sad story of Norman's end; and he now returned at the express request of Florence, who was apprehensive lest any indignity should be offered to the body of her hapless cousin. Cook alone could communicate information on this point, and his return was anxiously looked for; but he did not make his appearance till past mid-day.

The patriot was chafed, as usually was the case, when he came into contact with the powers that were.

"Here's a pretty kettle o' fish," said he, as he seated himself in a state of extreme exhaustion; "twa or three days ago they would hae the bluid o' this young lad, reason or nane, and noo they'll no have him dead or alive, and say he has been very ill-used, and that they are sorry he is dead."

"What is the cause of this sudden change?" inquired Arnold.

"Why, ye see," replied the man of leather, "whaun rogues cast oot, honest men get their ain. There's a black-leg fellow, frae London, that ca's himsel' a Kornel, has peached on that seceder rascal, Reid, i' the Canongate, who has been dealing in note-forging for mair than a twal'-month,—I aye thocht Reid wasna the clean potato, and so it turns oot—the lang-faced villain, think o' him speakin' to the like o' me, about what he ca'ad my iniquity. Weel then, the constables set off in full bang to tak Theodore, but on going to his shop they fund that the bird had flown—he had drawn his siller oot o' the bank, and left naething but the wind o' his heels behind him. Even his very wife kens naething about him—or, at least, she says she does na ken; but there's nae believing thae anabaptist characters."

"Yet, how does this affect our poor friend, Hamilton?" inquired Arnold.

"Patience, patience," rejoined the irritated patriot; "I declare ye have as little patience as the dominie here. (Poor Smallbairn had not uttered a syllable, but Mr. Cook, being in a combative mood, that was enough.) Weel, then, hear ye this, and let me speak without interruption. Reid could not be found—and the haill town are after him; and as a reward of a hundred pounds has been offered for him, doubtless, he'll be nickit in due time. It never rains, however, but it pours — nae sooner had Sharpnose rubbed his hands at thocht o' catching Reid, than in comes the auld hag whose son maks the notes, and she peaches on the fellow that calls himsel' the Kornel, and sae laying ae thing wi' another, Sharpnose has as much evidence as will mak baith Reid and the London sprig swing to some purpose. Weel, they had the trap ready for the Kornel, and I, mysel, was to be ane o' the witnesses, for I doggit him ae nicht at the biddin' o' this same auld limmer, who deserves strappin' as weel as ony o' them; but ye ken rats sometimes will no go in to a trap, although there's toasted cheese in't; and sae the Kornel, who was to come back again and gie evidence against Reid, has never made his appearance, and as he seems to hae got an inkling o' what way the bowls are running, he's ta'en leg-bail neist, and sheriffs' officers are after him as well as his victim."

"But what about poor Hamilton's body?" persevered Arnold.

"There's it again—I was jist comin' to that very point, when ye maun interrupt me. Baith the Kornel and the hag woman, said that Hamilton was a complete victim, and merely dragged in to let the Kornel get off when he was in custody here some months ago, although he was then dressed so differently from what he now is, that even Sharpnose did na ken him. Weel, the bailies and provost and a' the rest, are sorry about Hamilton, and say noo that if he had been alive he would hae been reprieved, and that it's a great pity that he has been shot."

"And the body?"

"Ye can do wi' it what ye list. Before I could get a word o' them, they had heard that a man who had been fired at was lying dead in a house on the Queensferry-road, and they sent oot the governor of the jail and their ain doctor to identify him, and they are noo satisfied that the corpse is Mr. Hamilton's, and that he is really dead, and ye have liberty to do with it as ye have a mind."

"And the escape from prison?" queried Arnold, "are any proceedings to be instituted against those who aided in that matter?"

"None whatever—and that's the maist curious part o' the whole affair. The watchman had seen us go in, and he went to the town-guard, one of whom was to strike down the first man that came out, till other help was got. Then the jailors, wi' a view to screen themselves, swear that they were overpowered by a mob—and although I told them that four men had done the haill thing, and that I was ane o' them, they insisted down my very throat that I was speakin' for mere vainglory—and that if I really meant to be o' service to the country, I should go back to them at four o'clock to meet the old woman, who was to explain hoo my evidence wad tell against the Kornel rascal. I have a good mind not to go, jist to spite them; but it wad be a pity to let Reid off, so I dare say I'll have to go after a'."

It now seemed clear that the authorities were annoyed at the thought of their having captured and convicted an innocent person, who had so evidently been entrapped into an appearance of guilt, while the real culprits, who had all the while been within reach, had so dexterously contrived to elude detection. It was similarly evident, that the discipline of the jail had been of

the laxest description, and that any following up of the escape would result in a humiliating exposure of the inefficiency of the system, and provoke still greater public odium. It therefore only remained for the friends of Hamilton to take advantage of this singular change in the aspect of affairs, by making arrangements for the recovery and interment of his body. It was accordingly brought to Mrs. Porter's house that same evening.

The girl, Buchanan, rallied considerably by the time that the corpse was brought back, and the physician acceded, with some reluctance, to the urgent entreaty of her mother, that she should be allowed to take her home to Leith. Mrs. Porter and Florence, who bore no unkindness to the poor girl, but rather were grateful for her generous self-devotion, in risking her own life in the vain attempt to save that of their relative; were yet not unwilling that they should be relieved at such a crisis of care and attendance on a sick and apparently dying person; and they also gave their consent to her removal, provided it was the opinion of her medical attendant that it could be done with safety. Maggie was content to die in the belief that she had been the preserver of Hamilton; but it was a sad blow to her to learn that a pursuer who came up at the twelfth hour, should have first wounded her, the shield, and then, after all, slain the shielded man. She eagerly inquired for the body; and on being informed that it was in the same house with herself, and in the adjoining apartment, she expressed a desire to see it so intensely earnest, that it was not deemed proper to refuse her request. She was prepared for her removal, and in passing was carried into the presence of the unconscious corse.

It surely could not be that that shrivelled, pinched form was all that was left of the manly youth, whom but a few months before she had beheld in strength, health, and beauty? Already was he surrounded by the upholstery of death, and the winding-sheet covered all, save the pallid face, sad indeed in expression, but yet serenely sweet now that it was for ever hushed in the repose of the final sleep. The silver chord so long cruelly stretched, was at length broken; the buffetings of life's waves were no more to be endured, for the spirit had found peace on another shore. The shadow of destiny had deepened into the darkness of doom, and the end had now come.

Mrs. Porter and Florence sat by the corpse, and they rose to receive the wounded girl—the iron of distress having, very evidently, penetrated deeper into her soul, than the steel had done into the flesh.

"We have heard much of your kindness to my poor cousin, my good girl," said Florence, "and shall never forget it. If there is any particular way in which we can express our gratitude, I am sure we should be glad to do it." Tears prevented further utterance.

"Aye, leddy, you can cry; but when will tears ever again gladden the eyes of poor Maggie Buchanan? I've seen me cry for very joy; but now I cannot cry for very grief. People sleep at nicht, but when have I slept? like the good people in the Bible, my locks have been wet wi' the dews o' night, but never my eyes wi' tears. I've sat, nicht after nicht, on the cauld pavement in the High-street, an' sometimes the blast has been keen, and the rain has made me shivery; but I saw the place whaur he was confined, and wasn't that reward o't itsel? Ye have sorrow, leddy, but it's godly sorrow. I hae sorrow, but it's hellish sorrow. My father has killed Norman Hamilton."

"Oh, dinna say that, bairn," implored Mrs. Buchanan; "ye ken that he saved him again."

"Aye, but who first put his dear life in danger? No, leddy, your sorrow is no my sorrow. But what recks it? Had he lived he wad hae lived for you or some ither grand lady. A poor man's dochter, like me, durstna hae lookit at him; and yet God knows, and my heart knows, that I had rather seen him yours, than lying there in that white shroud."

She knelt down, and gently lifting the hand of the corpse, kissed it affectionately.

"In heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and he has gone there. Death levels a', leddy; and in the grave there's nae remembrance o' persons; for the rich and the poor are there at least equal."

"Now, Maggie," said the mother tenderly, "the doctor said that ye wasna to excite yoursel; for that if ye did, ye couldna get better. Come now, it's time ye were leaving the leddies."

"Yes, it's time, mother," she answered calmly; "but there's ae thing I wad like to ask, but I dinna ken how I can ask."

Sincerely pitying the poor girl, Florence hastened to assure her that her own grief was too sincere not to sympathize sincerely with the afflictions of others, and that she need have no hesitation in making any inquiry she thought proper.

"I wad like to dee," answered Maggie, "for I am heart sore and body sore, and I hae nae joys to look forward to in this life; but folk can neither live nor dee, jist as they like. God gives life, and it's him only that should tak it. I mayna live lang, but I wad like to go often and see his grave. I think the green grass will grow sweetly o'er it, and bonnie flowers will bloom upon it. Where will he be laid?"

Florence was unable to answer the question, for she was sobbing bitterly.

"We have had sae much distress," said Mrs. Porter to the mother, "and the puir lad's death has come on us so suddenly after we thocht a' things richt, that we havena had time to think about the funeral or onything else. The country doctor had got the corpse sorted before it cam here. Lackaday! lackaday! sae mony sore troubles will break my frail auld heart. The bairn that I have kept ever since he was born—to see him lyin' there in that state, it's mair than flesh and blood can weel stand."

"I'm sorry, very sorry for you, mem," replied Mrs. Buchanan.

"I dinna want to be unkind," resumed the old lady; "but ilka word that yer dochter's saying is hurting my puir lassie here; and really if ye could get her hame noo, it would be better for

hersel and for us a'. We'll send to see hoo she is in the morning."

Mrs. Buchanan needed no such hint, as the whole interview had been to her distressing in the extreme; but knowing her daughter's temperament and tendencies, she had not seen how it was possible to avoid it.

"Maggie," she whispered, "they haven't yet fixed where he is to be buried, but they'll tell you when they do. Now, come, lean upon me, and let us go hame."

"Hame!" shrieked her daughter. "Speak o' hame to me! I ken nae hame, and never will till I am in the cauld kirkyard like him."

She tossed her arms wildly in the air, and stared unconsciously on all around, and her mother perceived with inexpressible pain, that one of those states of mental excitement to which she had recently been subject was coming on. The poor maniac then rushed suddenly forward to the corpse, she clasped it in her arms, and kissed its lifeless lips, in seeming ecstasy.

"He's mine! he's mine! I've dreamed it o'er and o'er again, that he was to be mine—and now I have him—if ye bury him bury me.

Come death, pass life.

"He's dead, is he? Weel there was an angel cam to me the ither nicht, and said that he was sent down from heaven for him. Mither, they wear white in heaven; he has on white, come an' I'll get on white too, come. An' there's the moon, that aye spoke to me when I was sitting in the eerie nichts i' the open street—she's white too, come."

The mother was but too glad to get her unfortunate daughter off under any pretext, and she at once availed herself of the wayward whim which prompted the wish to depart.

Maggie Buchanan said right, that neither life nor death are in our own hands. She lived, but the lamp of reason grew dimmer, day by day, and at last it sunk in total darkness. Her parents carried into early execution their long-cherished plan of emigration, and carried their helpless child with them, but long after they had left the Kirkgate, the story of Maggie Buchanan, hovered traditionally amongst succeeding generations.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PURSUED.

"They run fast whom the devil drives." So says the proverb, and the proverb says truly—for although there have been doubts about the precise character of satanic agency, there can be no question that in their dynamics, rogues are influenced by the impellings of the evil one. Theodore Reid and the Colonel were both rogues, they both ran, and there can be little dubiety as to the origin of the motive power. They did not, however, run in couples, as may easily be conceived, when their relations to each other are taken into account—and that being the case the ungracious task devolves on us of tracking their several courses separately.

Theodore Reid saw distinctly that the meshes were drawing closer around him, and that Flint and the hag, both or either, would extort piecemeal from him all the money that they thought him possessed of, and then denounce him to justice. Theodore did not relish this system of slow torture, and he determined to make a bold stroke to avoid what he shrewdly calculated was his certain doom. Theodore's plan of escape involved two things: first, to withdraw his entire monies from the bank, and secondly, to set sail with the vessel which was to carry his herring adventure to Stettin—calculating that after arriving at the continental port, he could leisurely make his escape to America. He fixed the arrangement of the second item, in the first instance.

"Captain McKerlie," said Reid, to the commander of the brig, *Little John*, "when do you sail?"

"About high twelve at night," replied the Captain, "but as we can't have water after six we leave the harbour then—a boat comes ashore for me at twelve, as I have to wait for a passenger coming by the Glasgow night-mail, and after that we sail."

"Exactly—weel can ye keep a secret?"

"Well, I should think so."

"Your hand."

The Captain grasped Reid's fishy digits.

"Weel, sir, I want to try a spec wi cash in Stettin, but I dinna want a' the folk in Edinburgh and Leith to ken, because ye see they would raise the market. Noo if I was seen on your deck a' body would ken—I'll come down at twal and gang oot in ye'r boat."

"Very well—but you can send your luggage before six."

"Dootless," replied Theodore, drily, "but may be little o' that will serve me."

The Captain took his leave, and the merchant, delighted with the result of his arrangement of item number two, now bethought him of settling number one. He went next to the bank, where our old friend Mr. James Carmichael still officiated as head-teller—for as Copley's cheque had been countermanded before being presented for payment, the loss by that worthy had only amounted to five hundred pounds, which sum Mr. James had honourably paid, and the directors thereupon were graciously pleased to allow him to retain his office. The sharpest warnings in this world fade in process of time, and Mr. Carmichael was rapidly forgetting the dispensation that at one time had all but submerged him. He was sleek, condescendingly balmy in his affability, amblingly consequential in his walk as ever—and even at home he was beginning to tighten the strings on Kate, as in the older time. His idol Williamson of the mint could not in such a state of reaction be forgotten by any possibility—and in short and in point of fact Carmichael was now very much himself again.

"Mr. Carmichael," said Reid, with mock humility, "yill be surprised at what I'm gaun to do."

"Not in the least," replied the banker, "as my friend Williamson of the mint says, 'No man

should be surprised now-a-days at any thing he sees or hears.' "

"Weel, sir, Mr. Williamson is a very clever man, and so are you."

"The first proposition I admit, Mr. Reid, and it shows your perfect good sense; the second I cannot assent to, although I am free to confess that no man could have had so much intercourse with Williamson as it has been my honour and privilege to have had, without being a wiser and better man for that same. But what's your business, Mr. Reid, you are one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, and if I can be of any service to you, command me. If ye want a letter of introduction to Williamson, just say the word."

"It wad be great honour," replied Theodore, bending himself; "but it's no' that. It's this. The markets in the north o' England are in a kittle state, and wi' ready money there's a lot o' things that I could buy to advantage; and if ye could let me hae frae ye, a' the siller that I have in your hands, principal, aye, and interest baith, I could clear some five-and-twenty per cent."

"That's all, Mr. Reid; now mark my words, for I quote the very words of Williamson, and they are the words of wisdom. If a man deals with a constitutional bank, reads a constitutional newspaper, and belongs to a constitutional church, is he not far happier? By-the-by, Mr. Reid, I wonder that you, a man of sense, should belong to a vulgar dissenting sect."

"Weel, I've been thinking of taking seats in the parish kirk."

"My dear sir, you delight me. Now attend again. If you had dealt with a vulgar, petty bank, you might not have got your money out—that is, at least, not without some difficulty; but in an establishment of this kind, sir, orders to any amount can be cashed immediately, and without delay—on that point most emphatic—no run can injure us. But we have our rules, Mr. Reid—we have our rules—the principal you may get just now, but not the interest, because this is not the constitutional period for balancing our accounts. Of course, if you were to be leaving the bank, or leaving the country, that would be another thing."

Theodore virtuously protested that neither of these thoughts had ever entered his head; although at the precise moment those thoughts were occupying his head and none other; but as the reader may possibly have already guessed Mr. Reid's ethics were not of the purest water, and therefore we do not stop to tax him with inconsistency.

"Very well, then," resumed the man of notes, "the capital you shall have—*five thousand three hundred* pounds appear to be at your credit in our ledger."

"The exact sum," replied Mr. Reid; "was there ever a bank on the earth so accurate as yours is?"

The teller smiled benevolently.

"I suppose, if I give you the five thousand, you don't mind leaving the odd three hundred as a nest egg?"

"If you please, Mr. Carmichael, I wad like it a'."

"Ah, very well—what kind of notes?"

"A hunder in goud, and the rest in Bank o' England notes, for I doot if our Scots notes wud pass weel on the ither side o' the Tweed."

"You shall have the money as you propose," answered the banker, courteously.

The money was told down, and Reid departed, inwardly chuckling that he had got his own so easily,—although we are of opinion, that if others had received their fair and just proportion of what this good man called his "own," he would not have had such a sum lying at his credit with the banker—that sum, be it observed, by no means representing his whole property, his stock in trade being large and valuable; but Theodore saw no safe method of converting heavy goods into fine gold, and valuing his neck at a higher rate than his drysalteries, he resolved to leave them, for a time, in the hand of Providence.

Returning to his shop, he called his confidential assistant, and thus announced to him his projected departure.

"Dauvit, I hae to gang thro' to Glasgow about some cheese, see that ye look after the shop, and don't be idling your time whaun my back's about. If that auld gentleman calls, that was here about the cheese the ither day, say that I'll be back the morn, and no to tak' ony steps in that matter that he was speaking to me about, till he sees me. He was to be here at twal o'clock; but as the coach starts in a quarter o' an hour, I canna wait for him."

Theodore's last ceremony was to take farewell of his wife, and, to do him justice, this effort did cost him some few qualms of conscience. Mrs. Reid had a nature cold and selfish as his own; and she had been a congenial helpmate to him, denying herself every luxury, and, sometimes, even the necessaries of life, in order to gratify his hoarding propensities. Theodore could not be said to love anybody, but, of all the rest of the world, he had least reason to hate his wife. He had not anticipated any difficulty in parting from her; but Reid, although belonging to the lowest of the species, was still human, and, for perhaps the first time in his life, he felt something like affection stirring within him. He dared not impart his secrets to her; she knew that in his dealings he sailed close by the wind, but of positive crime, and especially such as would expose him to capital punishment, she had never entertained the slightest suspicion. Besides, if he had any intention of making her his confidant, there was no time for necessary explanations. Most anxious was he to have given her some hint about the winding-up of his affairs, and the sale of his stock, and re-union in some foreign land; but the denouncer was at his heels, nay, was at the very door, and every moment was precious.

"Nanse," said he, "I have to gang to Dumfries, about some hams, I'll no be up to my dinner the day."

"You gang frae hame!" exclaimed the asto-

nished "spouse, Nancy," "ye havena' missed ye'r dinner, or sleepit a nicht oot o' the house, for ten years."

"Aye, but I can pick up some fine bargains."

"That's different, ye'll need to get yer things ready before ye start."

"No, the coach starts in a quarter o' an hour, and I'll jist tak the great coat here. I'll seek naething else." [He had stuffed the pockets, and large and capacious they were, sometime before.]

"Whaun will ye be back?"

"The morn, or may be next day."

"That's a lang time, Theodore."

"Yes, here's half-a-crown to keep the house wi'—or na, ye can get what ye need frae Dauvit. Oh look after them, Nanse, they're a terrible careless pack whenever they ken that I'm oot o' sicht."

"Good day," said the wife, stretching forth her skinny hand, "I'll look after them."

Theodore left, but Mrs. Reid never felt more strangely in her life, and could she have lifted the curtain of futurity she would have been satisfied that she did not feel strangely without good reason. But we must follow her husband. He took the most circuitous and least frequented route to Leith, and on arriving there he made his way to Buchanan's tavern, sagaciously concluding that in the event of any alarm being given, that was the last place where he was likely to be sought. There was no one in charge of the house, save the slattern wench who has already been referred to, and Theodore ensconsed himself in a retired apartment with the intention of remaining there till dusk, when he thought he might venture out with more safety. It was a weary seat; he had turned his papers over and over again, counted and recounted his money, but the wished-for gloom of evening came on slowly. There seemed to be no west that evening, and when the sun did at last become stationary, it hovered long and tediously before it would dip beneath the horizon, and usher in reluctant night. Footsteps he heard in the next room, and he eagerly listened for any conversation that might follow.

"I thought ye had given up this howff, Binnacle," said one of the guests.

"Yes, I did, but since Buchanan has tried to make amends for his misdeeds, I have come back again—besides I want to hear how Maggie, poor thing, is keepin'; I aye had a wark wi' her."

"It's a pity that that poor fellow has been killed after a'."

"Yes," replied Binnacle, "it is—for a finer fellow never stept in shoe-leather, and I was certain frae the very first that he had naething to do wi' note-forgin'; but it's a consolation that the villains at the bottom o' the haill affair will be gotten and strapped without mercy."

"And who are the villains?"

"Have ye no heard? Reid, a psalm-singing rascal in the Canongate, is ane o' them, but the warrants are out against him, and he'll be a cleverer fellow than I take him for if he escapes."

Theodore became immediately conscious of a choking sensation which was peculiarly unpleasant, and he rang the bell.

"Lassie, what have I to pay?"

"Ten-pence."

"Ten-pence! ye'r surely demented."

"Saxpence for the porter, and four-pence for the bread and cheese," replied Mysie.

"Lord bless me! the wholesale price o' the porter is four shillings the dizzen, and I havena eaten a penny-worth o' bread and cheese. There's a saxpence to ye, and even at that price it's perfect extortion."

Mysie gallantly defended the door, and said it was more than her place was worth to admit of any reduced tariff of charge; and Theodore had, with a heavy heart, to disburse a shilling, while Mysie requested him to remain until she returned with the change. Theodore was willing to do a good deal for two-pence, but as the abigail was dilatory in returning, he deemed it prudent to sacrifice the copper rather than to run the chance of being a step nearer to justice. He slouched his hat and buttoned up his great-coat, and the dusk favouring him, he made for the beach, without being recognised apparently by any one whom he met by the way. Some friendly Memel logs were stretched on the sea-shore, and he contrived to get underneath them, and there remained till the probable time when the boat would be putting off for the brig that was lying in the roads.

If safe on board the vessel, he would bribe the captain and elude search; but if the captain should have heard of the news, as this person in Buchanan's had done, and if he were to tell the authorities about his being shipped off in a boat, he felt that the very arrangement which he had made to ensure his escape might turn out to be the identical thing that would lead to his capture. This was a terrible thought, and he lay amongst the logs and groaned in mortal agony. How heavy are the wages of sin, and how few are the hardships entailed on man when he pursues the right path compared with those dangers and terrors that haunt him after he has committed crime.

Reid crawled from his hiding place under the impression that the time was now about come when the boat should arrive. The night was dark as doom, the wind roared in hurricane strength, and the distant moaning of the sea, all conspired to impress the fugitive with fear and foreboding. He groped rather than walked towards the quay, but save the noise of the angry elements he could hear nothing. Another hour of suspense in that stormy night—conscience reproaching within, and the tempest raging without, —Reid was truly a humbled, affrighted, trembling man. The wind caused a sharp noise—the fugitive heard in it the voice of the pursuer, and in his terror he sprung forward—but what new sensation awaited him? He was in the air—and felt his breath going from him—the next minute he plunged deeply into the ground.

He had leaped over the quay; and it being low water, he was immersed up to the middle in the soft silt which formed the bottom of the harbour. He struggled to extricate himself, but the force with which he had fallen had precipitated him so deeply into the treacherous substance that extri-

cation was impossible. His very gold helped to weigh him down. The sound of the approaching tide might be heard during the intervals when the wind was not heard, and what awaited him but to be drowned by the rising waters! They would swim round and round him and rise inch by inch till they swallowed him in him in their cold embrace!

And was this to be his end! He shrieked and he screamed—he implored and he blasphemed all by turns. He offered to give his gold, his money, his all to any one who would save him, but no voice answered to his cries save the gurgling broken waves, and the harsh sounding of the tempest's roar.

Next morning, when day broke, all traces of the storm had disappeared, but one relic of the violence of the night was yet to be seen. Some mariners who had early come on shore from the brig, in order to make amends for being unable, in consequence of the storm, to land at the time appointed, were appalled by the terrible sight that greeted them on their entrance into the harbour. A human head, with dark matted hair, and look of unearthly terror, peered above the calm blue waters. What demon was it, for human look it had not, that thus scowled upon the terrified seamen? It was their expected passenger. The sullen sea had fulfilled its mission of death, and rudely as it had dashed up to the criminal, it was now flowing gently back, and slowly revealing the spectre-like form of the drowned man.

The body was extricated with difficulty amidst the gaze of hundreds of spectators, but the boldest in all the throng never to their dying hour forgot the demoniac glare of Theodore Reid's dying agony!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE END.

At the hour appointed Cook met the hag at Sharpnose's office. She was low and dispirited—her son had died that morning—her victims had escaped her snares, and with her dear passion of revenge unsatiated she was furious and ill at ease with the world and herself. She still cherished the hope that Flint would be captured, and directed that the authorities should proceed with Cook to the place where he had last been seen by the patriot, and assured them that if carefully searched the proofs of the fugitive's guilt would be clearly established. The search was made, and in a recess in a garden wall, a large paper parcel was found which contained not only the notes stolen from Carmichael, but other ill-acquired wealth, which settled all doubt as to the character of the Colonel. The notes were returned to the joyful Carmichael, but the silver goods of poor Kate had disappeared for ever. The chemistry of Theodore Reid had, as the reader knows, converted them into a solid form.

The Colonel was never found. Very probably he had gone abroad, and it is perhaps no breach of charity to suppose that he continued his evil courses to the end. Copley took leave of the world at Tyburn, and his memory has been duly embalmed among the heroes of the Newgate Calendar. The hag found an asylum in the charity workhouse, where she proved a troublesome inmate, till the arch-fiend whom she had so long and faithfully served, was pleased to receive her unto himself.

Character Cook slowly discovered that the true way to obtain distinction in this nether sphere is to make money, and after he had arrived at this conclusion he set to with tooth and nail to accumulate mammon. He succeeded, and having received lessons in moderation from Carmichael the banker, and Deacon Elliot, he in due season cast off his radicalism and became a good tory. In process of time also he appeared in the streets, adorned with a white neck-cloth, and gold watch-chain; and soon after this transformation he was appointed a member of the corrupt town-council. His republicanism was not soon forgotten, but Character snapped his fingers at all gainsayers—and as he ever retained his good-nature, society in time overlooked the change in his political creed. Good John Campbell emigrated to London, and became a popular Independent preacher; he subsequently went abroad and became a famous African missionary. His life has been written, and those who look into it will find that Norman Hamilton is not entirely the creation of a romancer's brain. Having finally lived in London, the "philanthropic ironmonger" is in reputation better known as the late minister of the Tabernacle chapel, than he is in Edinburgh, where the early portion of his most useful life was passed. If these pages should perform no other service they will at least remind his countrymen of the career of an estimable and most patriotic man.

Our first chapter began with the Honourable Jasper Hamilton, and our last must see him to his end; although, in truth, the *undertaking* of this part of our history has already been sufficiently formidable. The honourable gentleman was long in bad health, and continued very ill-natured during the whole period of his sickness. The fate of Norman he never knew, and he was equally in the dark as to the history of Henry Hamilton. He passed much of his time in a state of semi-unconsciousness, but at last, while he one day was lifted up in bed to partake of his solitary frugal meal, his face became more purple than usual, and the alarmed domestics fled in all directions for assistance. One went for the physician, and another for the minister; but both functionaries arrived too late to be of any essential assistance. The leech assumed a dubious look, and said, that medicine had long been struggling to keep in check an incurable malady—the morbid element had decidedly obtained the upper hand, and life's forces could not long maintain the unequal fight; the gout had proceeded upward and inward to the great centre of vitality, and in a brief space it must cease its functions. Death had lifted its skeleton arm, and mortal aid could not arrest its blow; there are many battles in life where love and money can assist, but when the last struggle comes, every son of Adam must fight for himself alone and unbefriended. No

earthly companionship avails in the passage through the dark valley of the shadow of dissolution. The physician summoned for the soul of the rich man was equally powerless, for the senses of the expiring Dives were one by one refusing to fulfil their offices. The kind-hearted Armstrong prayed, and prayed fervently, for the parting spirit, but the ear of him for whom he interceded was closed against external sound—other and deeper sounds may have been heard, but the utterances of earth were inaudible to *him*—yet the impassioned look, and the up-turned eye, and the clasped hands; the import of these significant gestures could not be misunderstood, and the glazing eye seemed conscious of their meaning, and the stiffening hand was perceptibly extended to the pastor, as if in token of gratitude and reconciliation. Armstrong clasped the hand with affectionate warmth, and in a few moments more, what was so lately the proud, irascible, wealthy, and Honourable Jasper Hamilton was now an inanimate clod.

An express had been dispatched to Edinburgh requesting the attendance of Florence and Henry, and also of Mr. Joseph Taylor, but they arrived too late to witness the final scene. The two cousins were still in deep mourning, for the catastrophe of Norman Hamilton had been consummated only three months before, and still fresh in their great grief, they gladly devolved all arrangements connected with the departure of their uncle, on the cautious lawyer. Smallbairn, ever observant, saw that Mr. Joseph demeaned himself very obsequiously towards the cousins, and he concluded from this circumstance, that their uncle's settlement must have been favourable towards them; for as Mr. Joseph never acted without a distinct object in view, it was difficult to reconcile his suavity with any other theory.

The old gentleman having lived unbeloved, he died unlamented: but as the wretched make-believe of this world carries its hollowness to the very mouth of the sepulchre, and would doubtless go further if it dared, a large concourse of people voluntarily attended the funeral obsequies, and assumed for the nonce cloaks as inky and faces as solemn, as if they had been mourning the departure of one of the great and good ones of the earth. Reader! how many will be truly sorry when you die? Reckon yourselves fortunate if six righteous persons regret your loss; it is assuredly greater than the average of such regrets. You may be of a different opinion, and as you can never personally test the truth or falsity of our proposition, it were needless to argue the matter; but if you are ambitious of posthumous honour, the consideration of our theory may induce you to apply more earnestly to the great business of existence—that of living well.

The last mourner had disappeared, the sexton had cast aside his spade and the rusty iron-door of the Hamilton vault had been with difficulty closed, and then Mr. Joseph Taylor beckoned on the minister, schoolmaster, and physician to follow him and Henry Hamilton into the castle. There was no necessity for the three professional gentlemen, but Mr. Joseph loved the appearance of show, and especially when he himself was to be the chief actor. Poor Florence and Mrs. Porter were also summoned to the library, for the man of law would have his form carried out. Torry broke the seals of the repositories, and Mr. Joseph, with unerring instinct and scarcely with the aid of vision, plunged his hand into a large pigeon-hole, where the huge parchment was deposited.

"I think this is the settlement of the deceased, but we shall see:" and Joseph adjusted his spectacles, to discover what he knew was already there.

"Whereas, I, the Right Honourable Jasper Hamilton, of Thornton and Thornton Castle, in the county of Mid-Lothian, being in my full and perfect senses, and being anxious for the disposal of my property, heritable and personal, bonds, bills, household furniture, and haill gear and effects, &c. &c. &c."

We shall not quote the whole testament, as we might thus be giving the benefit of Mr. Joseph's legal forms to some niggardly persons desirous of making their own wills—a most expensive luxury to their relatives, and the most fruitful source of litigation that can bless the gentlemen of the long-robe—we shall, therefore, content ourselves with stating, that the honourable gentleman had left Thornton estate and Thornton Castle to Norman Hamilton, and the residue of his property, "share and share alike," to Florence and Henry.

"Mr. Jasper," resumed the writer, "often spoke about disinheriting Mister Norman, but I gave him nae encouragement in that view; and, as his health got badly, he spak less about it: and so the upshot is, that Mr. Henry heirs the landed and house property, and, wi' Miss Florence, the half o' the moveables. There is not a bawbee o' incumbrance on the haill land: the tenants are thriving and industrious, and some of the leases are nearly out. George Tamson, at Braehead, has been sitting for half naething. I wad raise him for ane, Mister Henry; he'll stand a rise o' ten shillings the acre, and if he speaks about your biggin a new barn, if I were you, I wad tell him to look oot for a new landlord. The trees in some o' the plantations are far too thick; and, as the ships canna get frae the Baltic, on account o' the frost, timber will bring a good price in Leith, jist now. Then, there's the siller i' the bank. Miss Florence, he has been living at less than the interest, I can assure you."

"I dare say it is all right, Mr. Taylor," replied the young lady; "but I suppose it is not necessary that Mrs. Porter and I should remain longer here. I shall give directions that your comforts are duly attended to."

And with this she retired, much to the annoyance of Master Joseph, who would joyfully have treated her to an articulate statement of the items of her inheritance. The lawyer then essayed a similar infliction on Henry, but he also declined the honour; and as Torry could not suppress a rising titter, Joseph became exceedingly testy. The conference would have broken up, had not Potter, to the surprise of all, craved the favour of being allowed to put a few questions. This being

granted, the reverend gentleman proceeded to put his interrogatories.

"Am I to understand that you are now the patron of the church and parish of Groombie, Mr. Henry?"

"Clearly," interposed Taylor; "the benefice gangs wi' the land. See the Heritors o' Bullsegg *versus* the Laird of Bullsmithy; and also 'Erskine's Institutes,' section third, chapter four."

"Then I crave permission to resign that living into the hands of you, the honourable patron, provided that ye induct into the same Mr. James Smallbairn, schoolmaster of this parish. Mr. Smallbairn has been well-known to me for a series of years. He has taught the parochial school with acceptance, giving satisfaction to the parents and to the manifest improvement of the scholars. As a man he is esteemed, and as a preacher he is clear in his exposition of the truth, and warm in pressing it home to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. He is——"

"My dear sir," said Henry, interrupting the amiable Potter, who appeared to labour under the hallucination that he was writing a formal certificate for his friend, and not making a few verbal remarks in his behalf, "it is unnecessary for you to say a single word in commendation of Mr. Smallbairn. I know him well, and thoroughly appreciate his character and abilities. There is another parish of which I am patron, and the incumbent of which is older than you; keep your living, my dear Mr. Armstrong, and depend on it that your friend shall receive a benefice very soon."

"I am not free to see Mr. James Smallbairn longer without a church," persevered Armstrong.

"Well, then," said the grateful Smallbairn, "since the new laird is so kind, and since you are so anxious for my promotion, I may propose a plan which shall meet the wishes of you both. I am much attached to this place, and recent changes will bind me to it more closely still. If the people are agreeable, I shall be glad to become Mr. Armstrong's assistant and successor."

"And live in the manse wi' me?"

"If you are agreeable."

"It's a bargain," and honest Armstrong very nearly wept tears of joy.

"But always, of course, on the supposition that I receive a distinct and unequivocal call from the people," added Smallbairn, for the schoolmaster was strong in the matter of anti-patronage, and tenaciously held that the church has a jurisdiction separate from that of the civil magistrate.

"The people," echoed Taylor, "a fig for the people; what bizziness have they to interfere wi' the legal rights o' the patron. I tell you what it is, Mr. Smallbairn, if Mr. Hamilton gi'es you the presentation, and if I get it extended on a five pound stamp, (I'll charge you a trifle less than the society fees for drawing it oot,) if ane of the people says '*cheep!*' I'll let him see that it's term day wi' him. See what France has come to, wi' its nonsense about the richts o' the people. If the commonality want to choose their minister, let them pay for him. I really wonder to hear a man o' your sense, and college-bred too, sporting sic' nonsense."

"I hold by my principles, Mr. Taylor, you can hold by yours," replied the liberal preacher.

"Gentlemen," interposed the patron, "leave the matter in my hands, if you please. I respect Mr. Smallbairn's scruples, they are proper and becoming, but I am confident that from the estimation in which he is held by the whole parish, that the call will be general and the settlement harmonious."

As might have been anticipated, no difficulty was found in inducting Smallbairn into the cure of Groombie, in the mode proposed by himself; and that matter being adjusted to the satisfaction of the reader, there is only one remaining point, on which we may reasonably suppose that his curiosity remains unsatisfied, and that is, did Florence Hamilton marry Henry?

There is no doubt that Florence had secretly given her heart to Norman, although, in express terms, she had never said so, and there was much in the circumstances attending his end to induce her to forego the transference of her affections to any less-loved object. Henry knew her struggle, and he respected her none the less that she had preferred to himself, a brother to whom he personally was so much attached. Between the two surviving cousins there had ever subsisted a thorough congeniality of feeling; every nook and corner of the old castle had been familiar to them from their earliest childhood; and it seemed a matter of course, that Florence, although quite capable of setting up a separate establishment, should remain mistress at Thornton Castle; and it equally seemed a natural thing that Henry, although at liberty to marry in any one day of the calendar, yet never in imagination conceived of paying his addresses to several very eligible ladies in the neighbourhood. Henry never talked of love—not that he was not an ardent lover, but, from his knowledge of Florence's character, he knew that the wounds of the heart take longer time to heal than those of the body, and he was content to bide his time. If two parallel lines have but the slightest convergence, they will, in due season, run into each other — the convergence existing, the junction is a mere matter of space. It is the same with wedlock—two parties living in harmony with each other, and kept separate only by a remembrance of grief, will, when the wound gets cicatrised, enter into the matrimonial relation, as certainly as the stars gravitate towards the sun. If you tell me that this destroys the illusion of love—I answer that it is real, actual, current, every-day life. If you are a married man, don't pry too curiously into the list of sweethearts who dangled about your wife long before you were heard of; or if you believe that you were her first and only love, can you say, with anything like certainty, that *she was yours?* Or farther, as these are considerations, rather secret in character, and therefore incapable of tangible proof, we shall clench the matter by a reference to the conduct of widows. It is a well-known fact that many loving wives do, at the death of

their husbands, unite themselves to other helpmates. Their affection to number one (we mean of the husbands) was undoubted, and doubtless the good-man thought so himself; but when number two was assumed, love was equally tender towards him, and he, also, would be conscious of the fact—and if he quitted the world prematurely, the same pleasant result would happen in the case of number three. The human heart is a wonderful organ, and one of its marvellous properties, is its elasticity—it bends to the shower only to rise to the sunshine. Let not, therefore, Florence Hamilton be blamed, if after a voluntary oblation of two years to the memory of one to whom she had not been married, who had never asked her in marriage, to whom she had not plighted her troth—let her not, we say, be blamed, if, ultimately, she gave her hand, and such of her heart as remained, to another suitor. At all events, whether such a thing was in itself right or no, such a thing was done, as any one who consults the file of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, may satisfy himself.

"Married at Thornton Castle, by the Rev. James Smallbairn, on the 20th May, 1793, the Right Honourable the Earl of Orchardfield, K.T., to Florence only daughter of the late Honourable Thomas Hamilton of Fairhaugh."

The Earl of Orchardfield! Did she jilt Henry Hamilton her cousin after all? No. Did he jilt her? No. Did they mutually agree to differ? No.

Here is the mystery.

The Earl of Orchardfield died without male issue, and Henry Hamilton as the nearest male heir acquired the title. The new earl became a patriotic nobleman, and till his death was returned a representative Scotch Peer in Parliament, and moreover—he did not, like Character Cook, turn his back on his old principles, but steadily adhered to moderate reforming progression.

The name and story of the noble convict whose career has now been feebly traced gradually faded from the public recollection; but to the last the Earl and Countess of Orchardfield visited his lonely grave in the old picturesque churchyard of Restalrig—but in turn they too paid the debt of nature, and now, except an aged judge and a venerable citizen, perhaps none in modern Edinburgh will trace in these pages the stern destiny of Norman Hamilton.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MADE.

You wish me to tell you how, after my escape from the horrors and perils of the French Revolution of 1789,* I managed to retrieve my fortunes, and place myself once more in an independent position. Well, I will tell you the story as circumstantially as, at the present distance of time, I am able to recollect it.

Having escaped with little more than a whole skin from France at the death of Robespierre, and returned to England, I was compelled to seek employment in any occupation suited to my qualifications. A knowledge of the French and German tongues, accomplishments at that time of day not so common as they are now, simply perhaps because they were not so much wanted, procured me a respectable post in a mercantile house of some standing, for whom I did the double duty of cashier and corresponding clerk. I was hardly more than twenty at the commencement of my engagement in the spring of 1795, and I remained thus occupied for eleven years, occasionally travelling abroad for a month or two in the summer, in the execution of confidential commissions intrusted to me by my principals. I was still a young man when, in the year 1806, news arrived in England of the capture of Buenos Ayres by Sir Home Popham, who, without any authority from the British Government, (having settled the business of the Dutch bottoms under Jansens, and cabbaged the Cape of Good Hope to serve for a Tom Tiddler's ground for unfledged Governors to play the fool with,) had started across the Atlantic, picking up reinforcements by the way at St. Helena, and, dashing at the Spanish capital, had carried it by a *coup de main*.

If I were to talk for a month of nothing else, I should hardly succeed in giving you an adequate notion of the effect which the arrival of this news had upon the commercial world in England. Whether it be that there is anything talismanic in the two syllables "South Seas," I don't pretend to guess; but the fact once established that Buenos Ayres was ours, produced an infatuation comparable to nothing else of the kind which I can recall to mind. It was like a revival of the Mississippi scheme of Law, and had its effects not been confined to a certain class of the community, in all probability it would have resulted as ruinously. Merchants went mad upon the subject of the South Seas. Manufacturers were forced to work by relays day and night; and enormous consignments of anything and everything which could be produced by labour were dispatched headlong without prudence or premeditation for the mouth of the Plate. It is a fact consistent with my own knowledge, that among other things for which no reasonable being could have expected a demand, cargoes of winter clothing which would have been a godsend to an Esquimaux, and consignments of Sheffield skates, were

* See "Tait's Magazine," for April, 1852.

hurried off to a tropical climate with the view of realizing a tremendous profit by their disposal. Infatuation was the order of the day. Everybody who had the means determined on a venture, and every vessel that could be caught up, whatever her sailing qualifications or condition as to seaworthiness, was chartered and freighted with commodities of all descriptions for the South American market.

I cannot boast of having been myself free from the prevailing mania, and I invested a small sum of money in the purchase of weapons, which I thought would be at least as likely as skates or snow boots to yield a profitable return. The house which I served held aloof from these speculations for a season; but they were bitten at last, and then set about making up for lost time with a vigour very different from their usually cautious and methodical mode of doing business. One morning I was surprised, while dressing, by a citation from the principal of the firm, to wait upon him at his breakfast table. During the meal he abruptly put the question to me, "Are you disposed to go on board the *Lance* as supercargo and agent, and to sail at once?" Though not very much surprised at the question, I was rather staggered at the suddenness of the requisition. I did not however object, but begged for a day or two to prepare my outfit. A few hours was all that could be allowed. My employers knew my penchant for travelling, and had rightly calculated that I should be at their command at any moment. I was no sailor, and knew but little of the necessaries required on ship-board, but I made the best use of the little time allowed me—had all my luggage packed snug in the course of the afternoon, and that same night started in the mail for Liverpool, where the vessel lay, waiting only the arrival of the supercargo to proceed on her voyage. The *Lance* was nearly a new vessel of 500 tons burden, belonging to our house; and this would be but her third voyage. She was freighted with Manchester and woollen goods, and, besides a crew of eighteen or twenty hands, had a dozen passengers on board, most of them carrying small ventures of their own. I had been furnished with a sealed packet of instructions, and duplicates of the invoices, and these I took occasion to con over during my journey to the coast. I found myself charged with the entire responsibility of the cargo, and invested with a discretionary power as to its disposal; and from a copy of the directions forwarded to the captain of the vessel, which was enclosed, I saw that he was bound to navigate the ship to any part of the American coast that I might think proper to direct.

Upon arriving at Liverpool and making inquiries, I learned that the *Lance* had worked out of the docks, and was lying a few furlongs down the river, waiting for sailing orders. A few hours afterwards I climbed her black side, laid my credentials before the captain, who, the moment his eye had caught the signature of the firm, gave the word for weighing anchor, and then, with a tolerably fair wind, we dropped down the Mersey into St. George's Channel.

I have said I was no sailor. Two or three passages across the straits of Dover constituted the whole of my previous maritime experiences; and you need not be surprised that when a fresh breeze sprung up, as we entered the open sea, I was thrown upon my back in my berth, where I had to undergo the usual seasoning which reconciles land-lubbers to the brine. The Bay of Biscay is a very ugly cradle for a qualmish patient; and the consequence to me was, that more than a week had elapsed before I was in a condition to shew my face on deck, where I could hear, as I lay groaning in my berth, that there was no lack of merriment on board. One fine morning, however, when the sun was shining brilliantly, and the breeze had moderated a little, I managed to dress and get on deck. The sudden change of air and scene, the magnificent and, to me, novel spectacle around, and the warm welcome I received from my fellow-passengers, banished my sickness at once. For a week I had eaten next to nothing, and had loathed the sight and even the bare mention of food; but I had not been two hours on deck, before a ravenous appetite drove me to the captain's cabin, where cold fowl and ham vanished down my throat, until I was ashamed of the exhibition I was making of myself, and desisted from modesty rather than satisfaction.

I now began to look around me, and found reason to congratulate myself upon my situation. We had an able and orderly crew, a captain who was a man of very few words, but who knew his business, and a dozen passengers besides myself, nearly all of whom were young fellows of my own age, full of enjoyment and confident in the future, which no one of them doubted would crown their expectations with success. We had a two months' voyage before us yet, and we were all of one mind as to the necessity of passing the time as agreeably as possible. Drafts, chess, backgammon, and rubbers of whist, alternated with music, dramatic reading and recitations, served to pass away the long evenings; and bobbing for sharks, firing at sea-birds or floating bottles thrown overboard, athletic games on deck, or racing among the rigging, found us amusement and appetite during the day. There were some smart wits on board, and some of these originated another species of amusement, which gave rise to no small amount of mirth. This was the publication of a series of clever pasquinades, which were found every morning placarded on the mainmast, whither we were accustomed to flock as soon as we turned out, to criticise and interpret them according to our fancy, amid roars of laughter. It happened, and it is only one of the characteristics of such a mania, that several of our party, in their eagerness to secure means of transport for themselves and their goods, had neglected all attention to their outfit, and had come on board the *Lance* with no better provision for a long voyage than a traveller by rail now puts into his carpet-bag, on starting for a journey of a few days. Among the rest was a light-hearted Irishman, quite a gentleman in manners, who had actually come on board with but two shirts for his whole stock. The consequence

was, as borrowing was out of the question, that in a very short time he was literally reduced to the wash-tub; and, there being no female on board, was compelled twice a week to officiate as his own laundress. His exploits in this way were the theme of a good many of the anonymous productions which every morning appeared on the main-mast. A part of one of them, I recollect, ran thus :—

To all good people be it known,
Who sail to Buenos Ayres,
That our poor comrade, Bob Malone.
As mad as a March hare is.

For twice a week he takes a spell,
At washing his old shirt, sirs;
And though he's proud of washing well,
It's never free from dirt, sirs.

Which latter assertion, at least, was perfectly true, Bob's linen presenting anything but a Beau Brummel appearance, though he did the best he could with it. He was a fellow of infinite good temper, and not only bore all such references to his *ménage* with good humour, but actually took part in them himself. He seemed to consider that he should be robbing us of our entertainment and acting unfairly, if he got over his bi-weekly ceremony in any out-of-the-way hole or corner of the vessel; and, therefore, he regularly brought his tub upon deck, and went through the business with the utmost deliberation, in view of all on board. His chief persecutor was a young fellow of the name of Osborn, who had formerly managed a plantation in St. Vincents, and who was intending to settle again in the West Indies so soon as he should have realized the profit of his venture, from the proceeds of which he had resolved to purchase land and negroes on his own account. The rest of our adventurers were mostly clerks or managers from London houses; and all were sanguine as to the results of their speculations—each man imagining that he had outwitted his compeers by the superiority of the investment upon which he had ventured his capital.

I need not dwell upon the events of the voyage, which, though it will always remain as one of the pleasantest recollections in my own mind, presents no remarkable features. We did not forget the customary ceremonies on passing the line, when Malone had his revenge upon some of us, from the superiority of his genius in the concoction of practical jokes. The voyage was fortunate as it was agreeable. We had neither death nor sickness to deplore; which latter was a great mercy, as the captain was the only doctor on board, and his whole stock of medicine was contained in a square chest not bigger than a hat-box. With all our merriment, however, and we were in the humour to laugh at everything, we were none of us sorry when the voyage drew to a close, and a man was sent to the mast-head to look out for land. This was on the second of November. The coast was not sighted by sun-down, but we slackened sail during the night, and the next morning saw us within a few miles of the British fleet, lying off the mouth of the River Plate. While at breakfast, we were boarded by a man-of-war's boat, which brought us news that suddenly dashed all our hopes to the ground, and spread the gloom of disappointment and prospective ruin upon every countenance.

We then learned for the first time that the city of Buenos Ayres, which we had calculated upon finding in the possession of the British, had been retaken by the Spaniards—that the whole of the British forces, amounting in all to little more than 1500 in number, had been either cut to pieces, or made prisoners—and that Sir Home Popham, who had with difficulty escaped from the slaughter, and got on board the fleet, was then blockading the town, and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, with the intent of recovering his lost prize. This reverse was owing to the strategy of a French officer in the Spanish service, who taking advantage of a dense fog, had crossed the estuary from Monte Video with a force of 1000 regular troops, and by thus imparting vigour and co-operation to an insurrection within the city, had overwhelmed the English force, and dictated terms of surrender, which, however ignominious, they were in no condition to refuse.

Here was a miserable consummation to the sanguine expectations of our jovial party! I shall never forget the spectacle of long faces that arose from that cabin breakfast-table, nor the contrast they offered to the hilarious looks with which, half an hour before, we had sat down to it. A gloomy silence, now and then broken by the abrupt and passionate ejaculation of an oath, followed the departure of the man of war's boat, which carried off a couple of our ablest seamen. In the course of the day, however, we recovered some portion of our lost spirits, and nothing contributed more towards this—perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say it—than the arrival of three other vessels bound on the same errand as ourselves, whom we saw consecutively boarded by the same boat, and subjected to the same *experimentum crucis*. Companionship in misfortune doubtless lessens its severity; and we began to take a spiteful sort of pleasure in counting the multitude of victims to the same calamity which had ruined ourselves. These soon became so numerous as to convince us that even had the chances of war not shut up our market, the fury of competition arising from the abnormal glut of merchandize of all descriptions must have been nearly as fatal to our prospects. The weather was comparatively mild, and this was so far fortunate as it facilitated the means of intercommunication. We had arrived after the hurricane season, which had prevented the embarkation of our troops, and occasioned their surrender to the Spaniards. Meetings were held daily on board one or other of the vessels continually arriving, to deliberate as to the best mode of procedure in the awkward circumstances in which we stood. I cannot say that much satisfaction resulted from these councils. We came to a determination, however, to seek advice from the Commander-in-chief, and sent a deputation to him for that purpose, a proceeding, by the way, for which I did not

myself vote, not having any faith in it. The deputation returned from Maldonado, whither they had gone to seek the general, very considerably chop-fallen; they had not been honoured with an interview, but were sent back with a rather contemptuous message, verbally delivered through a subordinate, to the effect that, as the traders had come out to please themselves, they were at perfect liberty to go back if they didn't like it—he didn't send for them, and wasn't going to provide for them. Sir Home, in fact, was not in a very complaisant mood. The late failure of his attack on Monte Video, added to his summary disgrace at the capital, had spoiled his temper, which the sight of his troops cooped up in a beggarly town, all but destitute of conveniences, was not calculated to improve. He was recalled not long after, and took his passage home, where he had to face a court-martial, by whom he was severely reprimanded for his unauthorized precipitation in the whole affair.

Finding that all chance of coming to a trade with the Spaniards was hopeless, many of the vessels, after a short stay, sailed away to seek a market in other ports. My instructions, though loading me with more responsibility than I should have sought, hardly allowed of my following their example; and I wrote to my principals, stating the circumstances of the case, and demanding further directions. Before my letters could have arrived in London, I had received advices from my employers from which I learned that they were in possession of the history of events; and from which also, as they directed me to hold on, and bide my time for a market, I judged that they must be privy to a determination on the part of the government to avenge the disgrace of the British armies by the final reduction of Buenos Ayres. Though I did not much relish the prospect before me, still as several of my companions, with whom I shared my intelligence and conjectures, resolved to remain on board, and participate in our fortune, we contrived to pass the time tolerably enough. An acquaintance which I had formed on shore on one of my visits, led to a familiarity with a lieutenant in the navy, a relative of one of our firm, with whom I and my companions sometimes spent whole days on board his frigate; and as the welcome we received was reciprocated on our part on board the *Lance*, we managed to pass away the time without suffering much from *ennui*.

At the end of January, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who, after the recall of Sir Home, had arrived with a pretty strong reinforcement at Maldonado, finding no accommodation for his men in that place, commenced the storming of Monte Video. This affair, which is generally considered as a very brilliant one, I had the pleasure, if it is a pleasure, of witnessing. The cannonading endured for a whole week before a breach was effected, and would have endured perhaps for a week longer had there been powder enough to carry it on; but all that being at length well-nigh shot away, an assault was ordered, which took place an hour before dawn on the second of February. What induced our fellows to go groping in the dark in search of a breach which was barely visible in the day-light, I don't know; but to it they went pell-mell, and five hundred of them were shot down before they knew where they were going. It was not till dawn broke, and they could see their way, that they discovered the breach, through which they poured like a cataract, carrying everything before them. They suffered a heavy loss, but it was said they slew a thousand of the enemy and took double that number of prisoners. The happiest result, however, was the capture of the place itself, which was well fortified, and yielded that accommodation to the British which they so much wanted. It was taken in the very nick of time, a large force of the enemy being on the way to raise the siege.

The success of this exploit had a prodigious effect on our spirits. We now began to look upon the possession of the whole country as an event not much longer to be deferred, and our hopes brightened accordingly. All was life and gaiety as well on board as on shore, and entertainments were reciprocated with a jovial hospitality that became quite contagious. As spring drew on we began to look out for the arrival of General Craufurd, who, with reinforcements of four or five thousand men, we knew was making for the River Plate. Still, month after month rolled away, and there was no sight of the wished-for transports. In May General Whitelock arrived at Monte Video, and took the command, and then came a change in our way of life. There was an end at once to our parties, visitings, and jollifications; grim-visaged war again showed his wrinkled front, and every device that could be thought of was resorted to in order to increase the numbers and efficiency of the host which was to chaw up Buenos Ayres at a mouthful, and make us masters of the country.

One morning, I received from London a packet, enclosing final instructions as to the disposal of the cargo of the *Lance*. The firm, tired at length of waiting the uncertain issue of the war, directed me to dispose of the lading at any sacrifice, naming a minimum sum at which I might, if it suited my views, become the owner of the whole myself, and desiring me to return with a cargo of sugar as soon as conveniently practicable. From observations I had been by this time able to make, I knew well enough the actual value of the goods on the spot where they were, and I saw at once that a liberal profit must be made by selling them, even taking all disadvantages into account. I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, but sat down at once and wrote off, accepting the proposal, and enclosing my note of hand for the sum named. I had hardly time to congratulate myself upon this stroke of business, and had barely laid the foundation of a magnificent castle in the air, when, taking my morning's walk upon the deck, I saw a tall fellow uncommonly like a drill-serjeant clamber on board over the side of the vessel, followed by a file of soldiers, who ranged themselves in order, barring my passage down to the cabin. I walked up to the intruder, and, with a polite bow, requested to know the purport of his visit.

Without condescending to notice me even with a look, he bawled for the Captain of the *Lance*, and being informed that he was below, sent one of the seamen with a peremptory message for his immediate appearance. The captain, who did not choose to be at anybody's command on board his own vessel, took no notice of the request, beyond threatening the messenger with a round dozen if he dared to bring him such another. The officer, finding the captain was in no hurry to oblige him, sent another message still more insolent. Of this the sailor refused to be the bearer, and told him he had better carry it himself. The fellow, thereupon, dashed down below, and then we heard him and the captain in loud altercation for some minutes. When at length both, flushed with wrath, came upon deck, the bully condescended to explain his business, which was, to inspect the list of passengers and crew, with a view to the enrolment of *volunteers* in a new brigade which was forming, and towards which it was expected that the *Lance*, like all other vessels in the offing, should furnish a quota. I thought this was an odd way of collecting volunteers, and it is likely that I expressed as much in my countenance, for the fellow returned the look I gave him with a sneering kind of grin which promised anything but a pleasant termination to his morning call. When the list of the crew was read over, the men answered to their names, with the exception of course of the two who had been pressed on our arrival. The captain refused to read the list of passengers, and gave it to the officer, who proceeded to call over the names himself. There were six of them still remaining on board, as many having departed to pursue their fortune elsewhere; but though the brute bawled the whole dozen names twice over, not a voice was heard in acknowledgment of any one of them. Finding at length that we were not to be brow-beaten, he condescended to adopt a more considerate tone, and informed us that, as British subjects, we should be expected to co-operate with his majesty's forces in the projected attack upon the Spaniards, adding that we were at liberty to do so as volunteers, or we might enlist, receiving the usual bounty, into either of the regiments of the line.

"And just for the sake of variety, now," said Malone, adjusting the frill of his shirt, so as to conceal its ragged edges, "suppose that a gentleman, having no very violent predilection for his majesty's service, should decline to do either?"

"Then, by God," growled the ruffian, "he'd be likely to find himself in limbo before twenty-four hours were over, and strung up for a traitor by the end of the week."

"We will take time to consider of this honourable proposition on the part of his majesty," I said, "and in the mean time perhaps you will do us the favour of prosecuting your canvass elsewhere."

"Consider as much as you please," was the reply, "but you will go ashore this evening when the boats bring in the recruits. Of course you can choose whether you will go as volunteers or prisoners—that's none of my business."

With that this amiable specimen of military humanity signalled his myrmidons over the side, and relieved us of his presence. When he was gone the disagreeable singularity of our situation affected us rather less seriously than I should have anticipated. Malone was disposed to look upon the thing as rather a pleasant incident—and relished the notion of a "taste of fighting," as a kind of vivacious novelty, not at all to be objected to in itself; Osborn too would willingly have seen a little service by way of adding to his experiences of life; and the remainder of our companions, though by no means combatively inclined, evidently entertained less objection to bearing arms against the Spaniards than to the scurvy manner in which the proposition had been announced to us. For my own part, I confess that I always had a decided disrelish for fighting, under any circumstances, and I never felt less inclined to it than now that I had just completed a commercial contract, from which there was good reason to expect a fortunate issue. Had we been in a condition to sail I would not have hesitated to heave anchor and away, but, from many causes, that was not to be thought of; at a later hour in the day, too, we saw that it could not have been done, for a Bristol vessel which, having received the same civilities, hoisted all sail and bore out to sea, was suddenly brought up with a shot across her bows from the frigate, and peremptorily signalled to return to her former station.

We passed the day in a state of rather uncomfortable excitement, *considering* the matter, as the insolent bully who had broached it to us recommended, in all its bearings. We were utterly in the dark as to the intentions of the general, and our deliberations served to increase our perplexity. Dinner was scarcely over, when a man-of-war's long boat came alongside, freighted with a cargo of very moody-looking "volunteers," to the number of near thirty, some of whom, it was plain, from the effects of violence upon their persons, had been dragged *vi et armis* to take an unwilling share in the coming campaign. Our vessel was boarded by the brute of the morning, accompanied by an elderly man, of apparently the same grade. As we all, demurring to their authority, declined to notice the summons citing us to appear on deck, the two came down to the cabin, and he who was a stranger to us informed us that the boat was alongside waiting for us, and begged us to lose no time in getting on board. We expostulated, denied his authority, and threatened to complain to his superiors. He assured us, with some show of civility, that his authority was unquestionable, and trusted at the same time that our patriotic feeling would render it unnecessary to use force in putting it into execution, as he regretted to say he had unfortunately been compelled to do already in other cases. As to any complaints we might have to make, he assured us they would be considered fairly, and if well founded secure us redress. Meanwhile he must perform his duty, which was to carry us on shore, and consign us to quarters prepared for us at

Monte Video. It was in vain that we protested solemnly against the despotism which jeoparded our lives against our inclination; we might as well have preached to a windmill. The smooth-tongued slave had but one idea, and that was his duty, which he adhered to in spite of every consideration we could urge. The upshot of the dispute was, that, protesting loudly against the tyranny practised upon us, we descended unwillingly into the boat to escape the degradation of being dragged or tumbled head-foremost into it, as would have been the case had we offered resistance. The boat called upon two other vessels lying at anchor, and with still less ceremony stole "volunteers" for this new company. By this time she was pretty deeply laden, and steered for the shore, landing at Monte Video about nine o'clock.

That night, for the first time in my life, I slept in a barrack amidst every discomfort to which a peaceful man can be subjected. The next morning, the so-called volunteers were all mustered to the number of near a hundred, and subjected to a mitigated kind of drill. As for preferring complaints, or bringing the question of our forcible enlistment before any tribunal, the bare mention of such a thing met with a roar of laughter. Our infamous capture was looked upon as a capital joke, the piquancy of which was the further heightened by our manifestations of resentment. In the course of a few days all thought of obtaining redress, which would of necessity have involved our discharge, was given up, and we began to feel by degrees reconciled to our new position. It is but fair to say that we were treated with some show of consideration. The drill was light and easy—our blunders and awkwardness led to no other punishment than ridicule, in which we ourselves joined. We had no irksome duties to perform, or even rations to cook, taking our meals at a kind of ordinary prepared for us. It is true we wore the common uniform (there is mine, hanging with my musket, behind my study door),* and none of us, that I am aware, held any other rank, even nominal, than that of a private soldier; but we had plenty of leisure upon our hands, and soon, becoming habituated to the change, recovered our mirth and spirits. By the end of a fortnight we had learned enough of the military art to qualify us to be shot at, and were drafted off into different companies, some compliance being shown to our wishes in this particular by allowing the parties from different vessels still to remain together.

At the end of the month came news that General Craufurd had arrived; and the next day he landed, having brought a reinforcement of between four and five thousand men. His arrival was the signal for immediate action. The season was already too far advanced for our comfort, and sickness had begun to threaten a diminution of our strength. All was now bustle and activity; the shore presented a scene of perpetual hurry-skurry and clamour; the boats of every vessel on the coast were pressed into the service, and the sea was alive night and day with the turmoil of warlike preparation. In the midst of all this, we of the awkward squad were again assembled *en masse*, and exercised on the ramparts in firing blank cartridge and accustoming ourselves to the smell of gunpowder. I suppose I must have imbibed some of the contagion of war, for I positively enjoyed the sport, and looked forward to the assault upon the capital, which we all knew was now near and inevitable, with something like a relish. A doubt as to the final success of the British arms never crossed our minds, especially since the arrival of Craufurd, who doubled our force.

Early in June our expedition, which consisted, in all, of something short of ten thousand men, set forth. I shall not trouble you with the plagues we endured through close quarters and wretched food, or the miseries of the forced and weary marches beneath a June sun. We met but little opposition from the enemy except once, on the occasion of fording a river, where a good many of our fellows were shot down in the water; and the whole army, having suffered no great loss, came to a halt almost within shot of Buenos Ayres, whose inhabitants had not been idle, and, as we found ere long to our cost, were but too well prepared for our reception. As the city was without walls, it seemed that all we had to do was to walk in and take possession. The fifth of July was appointed for this ceremony, which most of us expected would prove a very harmless one, it being generally imagined that the sight of our imposing force would be sufficient to ensure the submission of the Spaniards. All the accounts which I have seen of this inglorious invasion dwell upon one particular fact, to which there is no doubt that the failure of the attack is to be attributed, but which the narrators, from Alison downwards, have all contrived to misrepresent. The soldiers, say the historians, were forbidden to load their pieces. So far as my experience goes, this was not the case; the pieces of the regiment into which I had the misfortune to be thrust, at least, were all loaded, as I believe were those of the other regiments; but just as we were ready to start, the corporals were ordered round to collect the flints from each man's gun; this was done, and we were thus without the means of returning the enemy's fire. Had our pieces been merely unloaded, the fact would have signified comparatively little. We were all well supplied with ammunition, and could have charged our pieces in a few seconds. As it was, no sooner had we entered the main street than we beheld the flat roofs and the open windows of the houses

* The writer of this narrative details it as he heard it from the lips of the chief actor in it several years ago. He has not intentionally fictionized any of the incidents; though, from ignorance as well of naval as of military life, he may have fallen into some unimportant errors. The principal facts related are substantially true. The uniform and musket mentioned in the text, hung in the situation described for many years. The writer has often handled them; and it was their singular apparition in the private apartment of a gentleman of good fortune and fine accomplishments, which aroused the curiosity that was gratified by the recital of the present story.

bristling with fire-arms by the thousand: the roofs were not high, and the fellows presented a fair mark, but while they poured out a continued stream of fire and shot upon us, we were prevented from returning a single bullet. They were not slow in perceiving that it was out of our power to reciprocate their compliments, which made them all the more liberal of their shot, and less cautious in the bestowal of it. Besides the bullets, which fell like rain, every now and then came a hand-grenade, from an open window, which, in bursting, killed or crippled a dozen of us; while over the heads of the musketeers on the roofs came flying a shower of heavy stones, from which, though we saw them coming, there was not room to escape. A more horrible scene it is impossible for the imagination to conceive. Pushed forward by the masses from behind, on we staggered, stumbling over corpses, or floundering among the wrecks of barricades, which those in advance had been compelled to overthrow. I saw my companions dropping around me as the bullets whistled constantly past my face, and expected every moment to find myself mortally wounded and trodden under foot by my surviving comrades. If I could have been allowed but one fair shot, and could have put it into the heart of the cowardly villain who had sent us there to be murdered like sheep for the sake of Spanish gold, I felt then that I could have died satisfied. Of my fellow passengers in the *Lance*, two perished before my eyes. Poor Malone, who was boiling with rage at being converted into a mere target, got a shot in the temples as he was imprecating curses on the scoundrel Whitelock, and fell dead in my arms. So fearful was the confusion resulting from the terrible havoc, that we scarcely advanced at the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour. For three horrible hours this infernal and unresisted slaughter continued; and when we arrived, at last, in the great open square near the water, we had left above five hundred of our brave fellows dead in the street; had four times that number wounded upon our hands, and had lost between two and three thousand prisoners, who for want of the means of resistance had surrendered to the enemy. You may imagine what a night I passed—without food, without the shelter of a roof, and suffering from a deep abrasion caused by an enormous stone which smote me on the hip.

This was the beginning and the ending of my actual warfare. After all, I was not fated to commit murder, having never fired a single shot against the enemy. The next day I was unable to walk without assistance. Osborn, who had stuck close to me during the whole campaign, got a surgeon to look at my wound and to dress it; and in the evening brought me news that the war was terminated—that General Whiteliver had swopped Monte Video, Maldonado, and everything else we had on the coast, for the prisoners he had lost the day before, and was under an obligation to get back to England as fast as possible to enjoy the laurels he had won. The same night the volunteers were informed that his majesty had no further claim upon their services, and that those who chose might embark in a schooner bound for Monte Video, from whence they might repair at once to their own vessels. Our party, now reduced to four, lost no time in getting on board, and after a voyage of three days, during which I gradually got the better of my ugly bruise, I was again on board the *Lance*, not enriched with the spoils of war, but something comforted with the conviction that the bloody game was finally played out in that quarter. The excitement I had undergone, however, had an unfavourable effect upon my constitution, and threw me into a low fever, in which I lay for several days, suffering no pain, but such an excessive degree of languor and feebleness as made me at times doubtful of the result. When I recovered, the British had withdrawn from the coast. The Spaniards, pleased with their prowess and its result, were in excellent humour, and as much disposed to trade as I could have wished them to be. I found no difficulty in disposing of my cargo as soon as I was able to attend to business; and having sold the whole at a profit of nearly ninety per cent., sailed for the West Indies on the first of August.

After our long stay at the mouth of the Plate we were all glad to get away, and enjoyed our run northward. We were bound for Trinidad, but touching at Guiana for fruit and water, I happened to hear of a small island estate which was in the market, and, together with its standing crop and working gangs of slaves, was to be sold for a consideration which appeared to me to be astonishingly low. I showed the printed announcement to Osborn, who recommended me to inspect it, at least, before leaving the neighbourhood. The island, which though it is not to be found in the map, is not a hundred miles from Paramaribo, not being far from our locality, I resolved upon paying it a visit. The upshot was that, following Osborn's advice, I purchased it, stock and crop, and slaves and all, as it stood. Finer specimens of the human being than the slaves I thus purchased I never beheld. It was impossible to see them at their work, neither sex having more than a square foot of clothing about their persons, without being struck with admiration. The forms of some of them, the females especially, were perfect, and would have furnished admirable models for the sculptor. The estate, though not large, was in tolerable condition, and the canes ready to cut, which latter circumstance was my chief inducement to purchase. Osborn, whose experience as a planter qualified him for the task, undertook to realise the sugar with the utmost possible celerity, and no sooner was the bargain concluded than he set about the work. Perhaps you are blaming me in your heart for becoming a slaveholder; but if so, it is because you are reasoning from present data to past events. This, you must recollect, was more than forty years ago, when the iniquity of slaveholding had hardly entered the imagination of the commercial man, and when the slave-trade itself had not yet been abolished by our government.

I treated my slaves well while I had them; at

any rate, I made them merry enough. By the allowance of some liberal indulgences, and not by the whip, they were urged to an extraordinary activity. We kept going night and day. The canes were cut, and the sugar and molasses manufactured from them with a rapidity which has been rarely equalled. As fast as the harvest was realised it was packed in casks and stowed on board, and the whole crop, which completed the lading of the vessel, being safe under hatches by the third week of November, we made all haste to get away before the stormy weather should catch us lingering on the coast. I made an arrangement with Osborn to remain and manage the estate for me, giving him an interest in the annual profits. He desired nothing better, and conducted the business so well, that at the end of five years, during which he transmitted me twelve per cent. upon the capital I had invested, he was in a condition to purchase it himself, according to the terms of our contract, at the price which I had paid for it.

On leaving the coast of Guiana we crowded all sail for the north, with the view of getting clear of the hurricane latitudes as speedily as possible. The *Lance* was heavily laden, but being a stout vessel and a fast sailer, and having, moreover, a crew by this time well accustomed to handle her, I had little apprehension on account of storms. Still it was with very different feelings from those with which I had embarked at Liverpool, that I now turned my face towards England. The events of the last twelve months had completely altered my position and social standing. I had left home a dependant upon the good opinion of others: I was returning to it as the possessor of a substantial fortune, and could look forward to a life of ease and enjoyment upon regaining my native country. While busy in the speculations which had led to this fortunate result, I had not had time to indulge in the reveries to which success gives birth; and even after all was prosperously concluded, and I was bounding homewards with my wealth, it was some time before I awoke to the full consciousness of my good fortune. A storm which we encountered suddenly off Guadaloupe, and which split the mainsail and sent some of our spars rattling about our ears, first brought me to the true sense of the increased value of my life. I began to grow daily and hourly more anxious about the issue of our voyage, with respect to which I could but imagine that I was far more interested than any other person on board. We carried seven passengers, three of them military men returning invalided to Europe, and the others men of business who had been dabbling with more or less success in the late speculations. My anxiety and restlessness induced me, when in the latitude of Antigua, to keep a reckoning of my own, with the assistance of one of the passengers, a man of some nautical experience. To this I was the more impelled by the unaccountable conduct of the captain, who, for some cause or other, rarely showed himself on deck after we had been a few days at sea, leaving the vessel almost entirely in charge of the mate. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed that I made the awkward discovery that the blockhead had been smitten with the charms of one of the sable Dulcineas belonging to my estate, and having fitted up a small store-room for her accommodation, had contrived to smuggle her on board, where she formed an object of sufficient attraction to wean him altogether from his duty. As you may imagine, this unwelcome discovery by no means abated my anxiety. I communicated the affair in confidence to my nautical friend; but he advised me to take no notice of it at present—but I observed that he revised the reckoning we had kept, paid more attention to it afterwards, and by acts of courtesy towards the mate, who was a pains-taking fellow and a capital seaman, secured his favour. The absence of the captain, however, operated unfavourably upon the crew. We had a great deal of new rum on board, and it was soon but too evident that the men had found some method of helping themselves to it.

One day when half the crew were more than half drunk, and quarrelsomely frolicsome, and brawling and fooling instead of attending to their duty—a stiff breeze blowing, and the prospect of a gale—I called a council of the passengers, and having stated the case as it stood, requested their advice. All that could be done was to send for the captain, and represent the matter to him. He came half intoxicated, and to our remonstrances returned no other reply than that we were a set of fools for meddling with other people's business—that he knew his duty, and should navigate his vessel in his own way. When he was gone we determined at any rate upon stopping the supply of rum, and this, aided by a hint from the mate, we succeeded in doing, having after a diligent search discovered the source from which the men supplied themselves. Things went on a little better after this for some time, though the captain having shut himself up with his inamorata, hardly showed his face for days together. We were still sailing nearly north, after a voyage of a month; but the captain, when applied to, would not alter the ship's course, and stormed and raved like a madman when either the mate or the passengers interfered. On we went day after day further north, with a drunken captain and an undisciplined crew. I had the horrors. It was plain that unless we resorted to some desperate measure, we should be carried bump ashore, or wrecked on some sand or reef in one of the dark nights which were now near sixteen hours long. I never slept for an hour together day or night. The weather was dismal with frost and fog, and the most horrible prospect was before us. At length the mate came to me with a long face, and expressed his conviction that unless we altered our course we should be on the bank of Newfoundland in twenty-four hours at the latest. I immediately broke this news to the passengers, who were but too well prepared for it. There was no time to be lost. They requested me, as agent for the owners, to arrest the captain, and give the command to the mate. I required first a requisition from them to that effect, signed by

them all. It was prepared and completed in a few minutes; then arming ourselves with pistols and cutlasses, we dragged the drunken captain forth from his den, bound him hand and foot, locked him up in spite of his oaths and resistance, and putting the ship about, steered for home with a tolerably fair wind. The men at first made a demonstration in favour of the captain, but the resolute front we showed them, and the fact, which they knew well enough, that I was owner of the cargo, prevented their having recourse to violence. I promised the mate my interest with the firm to secure him in the command he thus assumed, if he brought the vessel safely into port. He played the captain admirably, and soon by a little wholesome severity restored the discipline we had lost. The *Lance* behaved famously in the wintry gales of the Atlantic. We made the Channel the second week in January, worked up to the Downs, where we lay for ten days, and where at his own request, I put the captain ashore—and arrived at the West India Docks before the end of the month.

My employers, though they had no great reason to be satisfied with the expedition, which had proved a sorry speculation for them, congratulated me upon my good fortune, expressing unfeigned pleasure at my return. They confirmed my appointment of the mate, who subsequently made many prosperous voyages in the *Lance*. As for the captain, he brought an action against me, which so far from doing him any good, only ruined his character by publishing the circumstances of his disgrace. I gave the negro wench a trifle to clothe her decently, and procured her a place in a gentleman's family in London, where she turned out a capital cook, and lived comfortably. Now you have the history of my South Sea speculation, which though it led me through the horrors of war and tempest, made me independent of the world. All the reward I ever got for my valour under Whitelock, was that dusty old uniform which has so often excited your curiosity—and that musket which has never been fired since the inglorious 5th of July, 1807, to this hour. You see there is no flint in the lock—but if you thrust in the ramrod you will find the charge is still in the barrel.

THE STORY OF RUTH.

It may be impolitic for us to betray, with how much interest we have read this tale;* for if an interested judge be thought disqualified, how shall the literary tribunal admit an interested critic? but we scarcely mean to assume that function here; rather to state the reflections, which the purport of the book has left with us, than to assess the merits of its fabric. Only two or three peculiarities we may first remark.

The most obvious one is the appeal, not more frequent than effective, to that imaginative perception of a mysterious response, which the outward and visible universe often *seems* to render, in accord with the passion of a human heart. This ideal sympathy of nature with man, when really regarded as a *fact*, is the author of superstitious mysticism; but, employed artistically, it is a potent charm of poetry. The senses are, so variously and in such a degree, liable to be misdirected or suspended by the distracting bias of the mind, that in the character of the sensuous impressions, during any moment of excited feeling, we find the symptoms of the prevailing affection. The inventor of fictitious life uses the privilege, therefore, of surrounding his persons with that kind of scenery, by describing which he may infect the reader with a sentiment akin to what his persons are feeling. The author of "Ruth" has been very skilful in this art; nor do we remember any prose narrative, where it is more successfully, though perhaps too prodigally applied. Despite that cynical sarcasm on the "Werter epidemic of view-hunting," in uttering which Dr. Teufelsdröck forgot that he plentifully avails *himself* of natural imagery, we recognise this among the legitimate means of effect. Old Homer, no puling vapourer, sends the murmuring man to "walk reluctant along the shore of the many-murmuring sea;" and equally suited to the dreary mood of poor Ruth, going unwilling to meet her persecutor on the sands, is the "eternal moan of the waves, since the beginning of creation." It would be curious, if one could analyse the satisfaction of reading, to ascertain how much we are helped, in our sympathising with Ruth's experience, by the reflex influence of these external glimpses. In the milliner's work-room, a panel painted with flowers cherishes her fresh youth of heart, through all the dulness and drudgery. At the window, looking out on the Welsh hills, her cheerful relish of their novelty sees, in the rainy weather, the "swift fleeting showers come across the sunlight, like the rush of silvery arrows; the purple darkness on the heathery mountain side, and the pale golden gleam which succeeded." The fondness of her love is warm and close "in the green gloom of the leafy shade, at the still hour of noon." When scornfully repelled from her lover's sick chamber, listening at the door in dread to hear his breathing cease, she hears "the soft wind outside sink, with a long low distant moan, among

* "Ruth:" by the author of "Mary Barton;" three vols. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.

the windings of the hills, and lose itself there, and come no more again." Very touching,* in her unprotected desolation, is that little bird, in a nest among the ivy of the house walls, "chirping out its wakefulness before the dawn, but the mother bird spread her soft feathers, and hushed it into silence." These incidents are no mere prettiness or fanciful decoration of the story, but the very poetry of each moment. How truthful an observation of the workings of our minds it is, that in the wildest astonished despair, when the deserted girl has been running up the interminable road, pursuing her betrayer's carriage till it is out of sight, breathless falling on the ground, she notices, and ever afterwards remembers, a tiny trifle, the green beetle on the grass! The effect of this imaginative appeal to nature is the same, whether used as metaphor; when, "over the dark misty moor a little light shone,—a beacon, upon which in her dejection she fixed her eyes,—the little child that was coming to her;" or in the way of direct comparison, when the quiet of her child-bed resembles the moonlight calm of evening, the world wrapt in a white rolling mist, but "the heavens on such nights bending very near;" or when it is the actual accompaniment which nature performs to human life; as "the earth was 'hiding her guilty front with innocent snow,' when a little boy was laid by the side of the pale mother." The exquisite meaning of these, and other instances, will be appreciated by those who know her story. The use of art, as supplementary to natural suggestions, is exhibited in that sculptured face in the old church, which makes Ruth abate her own agony, by its aspect of resigned suffering.

The dramatic conduct of the tale is well sustained; not only the character of each person is consistently and roundly developed; but their mutual action upon each other educes just the probable modifications of personal character. The impulsive and cordial girl, whose jealousy of Ruth was aggravated by the unconscious serenity of its object, generously takes her part, when oppressed and unhappy. The minister, whose habits of subtle speculation have made his sensitive conscience a ground of practical feebleness, no sooner confronts the uncharitable violence of a tyrant, than his true moral courage, which doubtful delicacy had before obscured, flames up in the bold assertion of justice and mercy. His sister, whose busy forward will, never perplexed by ethical reflections, only takes counsel of the situation, and of her strong prepossessions, refuses at first to look upon the sinner; but staunchly, after a while, she helps the gentle fugitive; insists on the kind deception;—"Brother, I had as much to do with it as you had; I am certain it was quite right, and I would do the same again." *We* do not mean to blame her. The fraud on Mr. Bradshaw was not justifiable; in offering Ruth a domestic engagement, he had a special claim to know who and whence she was; but surely, in respect to the world in general, a disgraced person, striving with sincere penitence to reconstruct an honest name, is not required to publish her previous career. It is the particular trust, which ought not to have been accepted, without a frank confession of a former error.

The main artistic excellence of this novel is the unity of interest. We notice it the rather, because this merit has become rare in our popular literature. The method of piecemeal publication, in monthly parts, adopted in an evil hour by the very genius of tenderness and humour, "chief master to-day of our happy smiles and our unselfish tears," has gone near to destroy the English novel; degrading the prose epic to a series of entertaining sketches, in the necessity to provide each periodical issue with a separate chapter of excitement; so as to engage the reader, after a month's interval has cooled his sympathy with the proper interest of the tale, now with the buffoonery of a Guppy, and then with the spontaneous combustion of a gin-drinker. It is perceiving this faulty tendency, we believe, the author of "Esmond," as the result of his critical study of the older novelists, has relinquished the mode of printing in detachments. The book now before us is remarkable for harmonious consistency. During the first two volumes at least, the fate of poor Ruth is the interest ever present with us; and other occurrences only as affecting this. Latterly, the troubles of the Bradshaw family, though admirably managed on their own account, are placed more fully in relief than is requisite from their relation to the principal affair. But the events and all the experience of the story grow out of one root,—one fatal event. The personages, who are in any way prominent, are indispensable; not an extraneous crowd who encumber the stage. We can assure the sketchy and desultory writers of the day, that without such organic unity, like that of the members of a plant or animal, they will inspire a book with no characteristic life.

We began, intending not to regard the form, so much as the moral purpose of "Ruth." But we have lingered over literary considerations, delayed by a sense of the difficulty of the profounder questions it involves. The story of Ruth is the story of Margaret, and Mary, and many another betrayed and forsaken woman. The author does speak, in the language of one of her persons;—"I declare before God, that to every woman, who like Ruth has sinned, should be given a chance of self-redemption, and this, in no supercilious or contemptuous manner, but with the gentle, tender help, which Jesus gave once to Mary Magdalen." Now, there is a very wide distinction to be made. We do not say, no Christian,—but no one acquainted with the elastic capability of human nature, and the self-regulating pressure of experience, by which Time rectifies gradually much propensity to error,—may doubt the ultimate possibility of restoring any criminal. This is the lowest ground of hope for

* The chorus of birds at sunrise, which pains Ruth after this night of sorrow, reminds us of Burns;—"Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds," and yet more, of the same circumstance in Shakspere's Lucretia. Their sorrow is that which Ruth endures.

them. As for the treatment which a wise benevolence may administer, it is generally applicable, "that the women who have fallen should be numbered among those, who have broken hearts to be bound up, and not,"—no, certainly not, "cast aside as lost beyond recall." But, this girl of sixteen, who by the sweet purity of a suffering life would expiate the single error of confiding in a lover's honour, ought not to be confounded, surely, with a very different class of offenders. Agreeing that "not every woman who has fallen is depraved," unhappily we cannot deny, that some women are very depraved. The world has no right to neglect them in their depravity, for its own sake as well as for theirs; but to respect them as if ignoring their state, is not the way to cure it. We are convinced, after a long and painful study of this subject, that much is to be done, by legislation or by other agencies more adequately supported than our Female Penitentiaries are, to reclaim a large proportion even of the abandoned. Let us be far from recommending the example of some Continental cities! but while the system of the Austrian Foundling Hospitals, (where "they ask no questions" of the unblushing applicant for relief in her maternity,) has been described to us by one who, as "a looker-on in Vienna," saw there, as in the time of impudent Lucio, "corruption boil and bubble, till it o'errun the stew,"—let us remember that infanticide, the most unnatural of all crimes, is frequent in England to an extent which few are aware of, unless they follow the country coroner to each brief formality of an inquest, and compute every verdict of "found dead" upon a babe that has perished in the field. We happen to have witnessed much of this, and own it as a national abomination.

But, what has poor Ruth to do with all this vileness? Simply this,—that there is a cant, a notion or a prejudice, false as it is cruel, which, because she once did wrong, would drive her among the outcast. This pitiless severity towards feminine frailty, though it is not equally manifest in the ancient heathen world, comes not with the sanction of Christianity. We can indicate a very different origin. Lately, in commending the just esteem, with which our Teutonic forefathers regarded womanhood, we cited the Roman testimony to the chaste manners of the unconquerable fair-haired race. But the historian, angry with the luxurious profligacy of the imperial metropolis, fails to gain our approval of that ferocious custom of the barbarians, by which the unfaithful wife was scourged with ignominy through the village of her tribe. Yet is there any similarity between the guilt of her, who has infringed a lifelong solemn contract, and the folly of one who, lured by a traitor's lips, has given her implicit trust where she gave her maiden love? We do not underrate the moral mischief of that first step of error; but, that it should ever involve the total ruin of a life, is occasioned by the inconsiderate public opinion, which, by an *entire* deprival of her reputation, removes the customary barriers of her remaining virtue. See how this grievance is lamented by our kindly old Chaucer, speaking of the disgrace and abandonment of poor Creseide:—

> Yet ne'ertheless, whate'er men deem or say,
> In scornful language, of thy brutalness,
> I shall excuse, *as far forth as I may*,
> Thy womanhood, thy wisdom, and fairness;
> The which fortune hath put to such distress
> As her pleased, and nothing through the guilt
> Of thee, by wicked language to be spilt.

Allowing *something* of censure, as the case may be, we cannot allow this Teutonic rigour. Let there be no laxity of morals; may it still be said of us, what Tacitus said, "Nemo enim illic vitia ridet;" but this sentence of social damnation, worse than indiscriminate, acquitting the more guilty partner, is iniquitous, and we protest against it. Puritanism, with a servile adherence to the killing letter of the Jewish law, rejecting the merciful amendments of the new Divine authority, has made this public injustice more intolerable in Protestant countries; but has omitted redressing the balance by condemning equally the male offender. It is an evil among us, which needed, no less than slavery did in America, the pen of a gifted woman to challenge its consideration.

And, if any of the set profess to be shocked, that a lady has mooted this subject, let us intimate respectfully, that matrons and damsels of England are not without some responsibility, for the wrongs of their misled sisters. Let us quote an observation, which is not ventured by us, but by one of the clearest of our ethical writers. "Many a female, who talks in the language of abhorrence of an offending sister, and averts the eye in contumely when meeting her in the street, is perfectly willing to be the friend of the equally offending man." If this be a fact, we may spare them the essayist's comment; but he cites, by way of contrast, a statement, (we do not vouch for *this* fact,) that, "among the North American Indians, seduction is regarded as a despicable crime, and more blame is attached to the man than to the woman; hence, the offence on the part of the female is more readily forgiven and forgotten; and she finds little difficulty in forming a subsequent matrimonial alliance when deserted by her betrayer; who is generally regarded with distrust, and avoided in social intercourse." Well, even in savage life we may find instruction, as the Roman did in Germania!

This monstrous disproportion of the punishment, as visited on the two sexes, has no reasonable ground. Let us acknowledge, with our noble Milton, that unchastity is "in the man, more deflowering and dishonourable." But we dare ask any candid man who knows the world, whether chastity in manhood *is* not, in the immense majority of cases, the fruit of matured reason and established principle, controlling unworthy passions; and only in the very rarest, it can pretend to be an untouched blossom, a nursling of youthful education? If we must confess this, why regard the virtue of an erring woman as irretrievably and for ever lost? We must be permitted to say, deliberately and without offence, that in

regard to a person like her imagined in this book, whose fault was done in ignorance, weakness, and indiscretion, whose affection remained constant, her behaviour modest, her sentiment pure and her conscience, though reproving her, still in its integrity, (which is all very possible in the case of a victim of seduction,) we could ascribe the opinion, which condemned her as hopeless, to no basis but a superstitious and exaggerated estimate of physical virginity, a vague notion which is not unmingled with gross and sensual conceptions of the matter, such as deformed the mystical theology of the monkish ages.

We have spoken; distinctly and in earnest, for we know no more serious subject. We are deeply thankful for the opportunity this book has given. The novelist, who dedicates art, in sad truth, to the service of humanity, may tread the ground which fools and sophists should not be allowed to enter. Those, who have waded, in wondering perplexity, through that gorgeous luxuriance of "tropical vegetation," as some one calls the "Titan" of Jean Paul, may remember the abused simplicity of the poor credulous country girl; and that other tragedy of deceived Linda, whose dark and lofty figure we see, plunging her arms into the thornbush which she is straining to her bosom, bidding, in the solemn tones of despair, "Depart from me for ever; I am *his* widow!" For another poet witness, let us call him, who atoned for the coxcombry of flirtation, which is reprehensible in some of his works, by creating the tenderness and the anguish of Gretchen. And, let all women observe, that, if it is the scornful gibes of her female companions, by which the sore heart of the lost child was tortured, yet after all is over, in the heavenly consummation, received into the presence of the Virgin Mother, it is *there* "das Ewig-Weibliche," which "zieht uns hinan."

EDUCATIONAL REFORM IN GERMANY.

BY JOHANNES RONGE.

The Educational System of Germany, especially that of Prussia, is often praised and held up for the imitation of other countries. Great credit is no doubt due to Germany for what in the course of time she has done for popular instruction; but they who so loudly extol are either ignorant or forget that there is a great German movement for educational reformation. This agitation is no novelty of the day; the first difficulties have been conquered. This movement had for its object a radical reform; to open a new field and to raise an entirely new structure. The struggle so hopefully commenced, is in truth the struggle of a *free national school* against a despotic State. Who, knowing the success of the contest for independence waged against the churches and priestcraft in 1770, can doubt that victory will crown the effort which is made for complete emancipation?

This movement for a substantial reform of the educational system, commenced with the Religious Reformation in Germany in 1844, and the first period of its history has terminated with the suppression by the governments of the first schools, established by the free religious communities. As the character of this movement is neither accurately known nor understood in this country, the object of these remarks is to afford some clearer information on the principles and aims of the new educational reformers.

To make this explanation the clearer, it will be necessary to sketch rapidly the historical development of education in Germany.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century brought education forth from the cloister, and created lay schools. Luther, supported by the electoral prince of Saxony, founded schools for the new Protestant congregations. But as these institutions were completely under the direction and control of the clergy, no great progress in education was made in the interval from the Reformation till the creation of a national German literature, in the eighteenth century. The German literature, which grew green with Klopstock in the middle of the last century, and bloomed in mature beauty with Goethe and Schiller, was not nourished by emperors or by kings, but by the people—by the whole nation. It consequently influenced all departments of knowledge, regenerating the spiritual life of the nation, and awakening new ideas. It had influence on religion through Klopstock, on philology and history through Herder; on the whole circle of knowledge through Lessing and his followers. It at last led to a reform of education, so long fettered by the clergy.

The influence on religion was, however, slight, for the clergy were not moved to progress. But the reform of the schools was so decided, that from about the year 1770 is dated the higher cultivation of all classes of the German nation.

While the United States of America were conquering their independence, and France preparing its great Revolution, Germany took her part in progress by a new literature and philosophy, producing new ideas and a sounder knowledge.

The most important practical results were her national education. Her school-reform was the revolutionary struggle of education against church misrule and bondage to priests.

So early as the year 1766, books and journals were published advocating school-reform, and it

was proposed that the state should undertake the duty of improving the schools.

Quietly and almost secretly the way was prepared for the emancipation of the schools from the clergy.

The first person who gave a direct impulse to the movement was Basedow of Hamburg, who lived between the years 1723-90. After long meditation on the subject of school-reform, he, in 1768, published his "Proposals to the Friends of Man about Schools." Herder, Wieland, Lessing, and others, had propounded similar ideas, but Basedaw offered his plan in a more practical shape, and he found much sympathy from all classes of the people. As the national literature had grown, so was school-reform growing, from the people.

In 1771, Basedow was invited to Dessau, for the purpose of establishing a model school and seminary to train teachers for the whole of Germany. Enthusiasm for this reform grew up in all parts of the fatherland, and very soon a great number of able teachers were qualified to carry out the reformed system.

In Switzerland the genius of Pestalozzi was awakened to activity by this movement. But the most important results were exhibited in Prussia.

An independent class of teachers had taken the office of the education of youth from the hand of the clergy, without making a direct opposition to the church.

Till 1776, the school reformation was only represented by *private schools*. But in that year the electoral prince of Bavaria issued a decree for the adoption of the school reform in the archbishopric of Münster; and the other governments speedily followed his example.

In Prussia the enthusiasm for the school reform was national, and the Government at once took the superintendence of education from the hands of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant clergy. This interference by the Government caused the school reform to progress with greater energy, supported as it was by the power of the state and its greater material means.

This for the time was assuredly a great progress, for education could not have become general without the power and influence of Government, and the princes had not yet recognised in the school a mere instrument of despotism.

The existing organization of the educational system of Prussia was introduced about the year 1810. The Governments of Germany were anxious to do all they could to excite the national feelings against the oppression of Napoleon. Prussian statesmen, liberal enough in those days, carried out a complete national education. They caused schools to be built in all towns and villages, and ordered that every child, whether rich or poor, from six to fourteen years of age, should be instructed in the school; and it was declared that parents who did not send their children to school, or suffered them to neglect it, should be punished. Under this system a new generation was growing up while science and philosophy were gradually developing new ideas.

For the education of teachers institutions were formed, directed and supported by the Government. The appointment of the teachers was partly in the hands of the Government, partly of the municipalists. In the Catholic provinces of Prussia the right of nomination was divided between the Government and the bishops.

So long as there was no danger to the absolute power of the German Princes, from liberal movements of the people, the Governments did not abuse the schools. On the contrary, they rather supported the liberal principles, in opposition to the reactionary tendencies of the clergy, who endeavoured to bring the school back to their dominion, and to suppress all progress.

But from the time of the constitutional movements in Germany and France, about 1830, the princes began and have continued to use the school as an instrument of despotism, and in Prussia, since 1840, after the death of the late king, liberal schoolmasters and teachers were discouraged, and many even removed from their office. The school was now in greater danger from the political Government than even in the hands of the clergy. In escaping from Scylla it was lost in Charybdis.

"The people are getting too clever, *we must put some stop to this progress;*" this was the watchword of princes and ministers, given to all officials of the state. The clergy accepted it with delight, for they saw that this was the way to bring the people gradually back under their influence and yoke. Many Protestant clergymen who were superintendents of schools in a district, told the schoolmasters that they should not be so zealous and diligent in their office, for the people were too clever.

In the years 1841-42-43, several decrees and directions were given by the Prussian ministry, for limiting the instruction of the youth of the people, to reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion. Instruction in geography, history, natural science, was to be first neglected, and then to cease altogether.

The present king of Prussia, head of the chief Protestant country of Germany, it is well known, has long had an inclination to the Catholic church and to the institutions of the middle ages. He took therefore hostile measures against the progressive party in the Protestant church.

The Catholic hierarchy, well organized, and supported by Metternich, took advantage of this disposition of the head of the chief Protestant country of the continent, and arrogantly agitated against everything savouring of progress, and very strenuously against the Protestant Government of Prussia. In the year 1843-44, they were everywhere exclaiming, "in three years all Protestant Germany will be back to the Pope." To manifest their triumph, mocking the cultivation, the science, the great literature and philosophy, and insulting the genius of Germany, they set up a *Fetish*, or an external material object for worship—the holy coat of Christ "at Treves." The indignation of the German nation at this scandalous proceeding and outrage against reli-

gion, caused the second reformation in the year 1844.

The free or humanitarian religious congregations, formed since January 1845, commenced, side by side with the reformation of religion, a radical reform of the schools.

At the second religious reform meeting at Breslau, in January 1845, as the first representative of the new religious Reformation in the Catholic church, I pointed out the necessity of school-reform, and in all my reform-journeys through Germany I prepared the ground in the congregations, for schools independent of the absolute state. In the first synod-meeting of the congregations of Silesia, in August 1845, I induced a number of deputies, who were in favour of the plan, "to form schools in the congregations, independent of the absolute Government." As the struggles against the Roman hierarchy, and later against the intrigues of the Protestant state-church were sufficiently arduous, the reformers declared no open opposition to the government, but they quietly commenced to form independent schools, organized on the principles of the new reformation, each supported and directed by the whole congregation. Had the government clearly comprehended in the beginning, that the schools of the free religious communities formed a direct antagonism to the state, the congregations assuredly would not have been allowed to found them. But as, in the year 1770, the school commenced a struggle for emancipation from the church without noise or ostentation, so was the struggle for emancipation from the state begun quietly, and almost in secret, in the year 1845.

As the gospel of the new period of cultivation commenced, "In the beginning were deeds," the first reformers endeavoured to form schools independent of the absolute government, without making a noise about it through the press. The congregations, or rather the associations of fathers and mothers, took the school out of the hands of the government, and exercised their first divine right as parents of educating their youth.

It should be observed, that in the new humanitarian religious congregations, the independent and perfect education of youth is regarded as a *religious duty*. They proceeded to work on a ground well prepared through the instructional culture of the national system in use. Under the established state system, education was a policy, proceeding on command given by the government; under the congregational system it was regarded as a religious and moral duty, proceeding from the free convictions of the people themselves.

This is in outline the general history of the progress of national education in Germany.

The establishment of the free independent schools of the new religious community was thus the third great step in the history of German popular education. We have now to speak of the principles and constitution of the independent school. The fundamental principle of this educational system is the free development of the essence and faculties of the youth, or the development of the divine idea, living in man and mankind. The aim of the education in the free religious community is to awaken the consciousness of free dignity, the self-depending union of the individual with his nation, with mankind, and with God.

This education is in most intimate connection with the education of the family, as the parents of the children are the constant watching guardians and directors of the schools. They fix the principles on which their children shall be educated, not waiting for the orders or directions of governments, hierarchies, or priesthoods. Perhaps the most important point in the new education of Germany, is the righteous, distinctly recognised and independent participation of women in the duties of school-education; it is participation of motherly love, and recognition of women's natural and divine right. Under the state educational systems of Germany, the mother had only the right to educate her children while they were under the age of six years. Bureaucracy and hierarchy regulated the principles, and directed the education of all above that age. No citizen of the state, no mother, no father, had any voice whatever in the principles and organization of the school-education.

Who can best understand the tender duties of the loving office of education—the parents of the child or the despotised government of a state or church? As parents had no right whatever in the state schools (with few exceptions), the princes and clergy, alternately, or in league, abused education and trained up the children to their own purposes, always selfish, too often criminal.

In the commencement of the new reformation, the leaders of this movement took care, in framing the constitution of the new schools, that all parents should have the influence which was their right. Each congregation of the free religious community annually elects, by universal suffrage, men and women, a committee to direct the school, which committee must, regularly once a month, report the position and progress of the school to a general meeting of the whole congregation. The teachers have full liberty of instruction, and are limited only by the constitutional principles of the free religious community. The discipline of the school is only limited by the fundamental principles of the community, and these have been declared by the free, express, and separate assent of each congregation of the Union. The general supervision of education is intrusted to district meetings, or synods, and their executive officers, the presiding members of each district, freely elected. All the advantages which centralization offers to progress, are here given, without any of the despotism of centralization. By the free constitution of this community, these superior assemblies are real representations of the congregations, and all the resolutions they pass, must be first discussed and adopted by each congregation, before they can take effect as general laws of the community.

The free religious community is thus a religious and educational federal republic, in which

democracy is not paralysed by inconsistent and tyrannic theories of omnipotence in superior councils. The members of each congregation are, as regards the regulation of their own affairs, sovereign, and only yield to a superior general direction for the common weal, for the common defence (as was the immediate occasion of the union in the first instance), and that progress and improvement may be promoted by the suggestions of those who have better means of study and observation than can be enjoyed by the masses of men. A complete self-government by each congregation is thus in no way crippled, but rather strengthened and made more efficient by the superior suggestive directions of the free synod and councils of the new religious community.

It is understood to be the intention of the reformers, whenever the political circumstances permit, and when Germany obtains free municipal constitutions, to admit the municipalities into the direction of education.

All children between the ages of six and fourteen years, whether poor or rich, have the same instruction, and the expenses are borne by the congregation. Besides developing the faculties and cultivating the minds of the children, ample care is taken, by suitable exercises, to strengthen their bodies. This brief explanation will suffice to show that the new reform in Germany is one calculated to lead to perfect liberty and a real humanitarian educational system.

As the humanitarian religious community had given women equal rights, and a share in the duties of education, it was necessary, with the view to a higher discharge of these duties, to provide a better system of superior education for women. In Germany there were numberless superior institutions, universities, colleges, and gymnasia for the male youth, but there were none for young females. I therefore proposed and took measures for establishing good institutions for the higher education of young ladies, especially for the instruction of *Kindergärtnerinnen*, or infant governesses. In 1846, I formed the first *Frauenverein*, or ladies' union, to support and direct female schools of the congregation, endeavouring to secure an active realisation of my idea of such institutions, based on the principle of the independence of women, and equally directed by male and female members of the congregations. I desired that this should be a national work, and I endeavoured to form a national representation of education composed of able and enlightened men and women, elected by the friends of school reform throughout Germany. But I was unable to bring this congress together before I was driven into exile by the despots in 1849. I, however, succeeded, before I left Germany, in establishing a "high school" for young ladies, at Hamburg. This institution was the first created and supported, and directed by the new spirit awakened through the higher religious ideas of the Reformation, to qualify women to take an active and efficient part in the great work of humanity.

Cultivated women, prepared by more independent thought and action, during three years of life in the humanitarian religious community, and in the ladies' unions, were now qualified to assist in working out these great ideas of a new and national educational system for the female sex. This high or training-school of Hamburg, was based on the principles of the free religious community, and constituted in strict conformity with its ideas; and it was supported by all the ladies' unions of the free religious community.*

The founders of this school fixed sixteen years as the age of the young ladies admitted to this institution, for instruction and training. They were instructed not only in the various branches of scientific knowledge, but were trained to conduct the Kinder-garten, to teach young girls in the school, and prepare them for a share in the duties of the ladies' unions.

To the meetings of the leading committee the young ladies of the college sent six members, as their representatives or deputies. This committee was chosen and composed of members of the ladies' unions and professors of this high school.

We must here shortly describe the interesting institution of the children's gardens, founded by Frederick Fröbel, one of the most thoughtful of the followers of Pestalozzi. The Kinder-garten is an improved infant-school for children of from three to seven years of age, on a system which should rather be styled one of amusement than education, in the common sense of the term. Fröbel based his system on a clear perception of the free and progressive nature of man. By comparing children to young plants, he demonstrated that mental cultivation should be combined with bodily exercise. The superintendence of the Kinder-garten he confided chiefly to female hands, believing that the delicate nature of young children requires the tenderness of woman's care. For this purpose, he trained a number of young girls as teachers, and, in spite of his advanced age, he still continues to do so.

The fundamental principle of the Kinder-garten system, is the free and harmonious development of the child's natural faculties; it assists the young mind of the child in its natural disposition for development and progress. As infants of three years are unfit to learn, but as they freely develop themselves even at that age by playing, thus manifesting their natural inclination to activity, the amusements of the Kinder-garten have been regulated after the mental faculties of man, and they receive a higher importance by conferring on the child a happiness shared by numerous companions; for man can only fully form himself in community, and, through association, attain a high degree of perfection. The development by playing makes the children happy, as working is the first condition of the happiness of men; and when they are happy, they leave off those bad habits which are frequently caused by an erro-

* The ladies' union supports the children, the poor, the sick, and instructs young girls going into service. The principle is, to aid the poor to help themselves. It is held by the congregations to be a religious duty, to prevent misery as much as they can, by securing employment for the poor, and, as far as possible, to banish alms.

neous method of directing the natural inclination for activity and occupation. The practical use of such infant-schools, therefore, consists in giving full scope to this disposition, and in allowing the mental faculties a free development.

Education in these schools commences with the development of the senses, and almost with the growth of the body. The children are first taught to observe, to listen, to talk, to sing accurately, and to move with grace. A ball is employed as the first instrument of play, or a soft globe which can easily be moved about by the tiny hand of the child, and with which the imagination may readily compare different objects. To the infant imagination, now it is a bird that flies, now, the dog that runs or leaps. The ball is coloured, that the child may be at once introduced into the living garden of nature, and have the sense of colour awakened. The ball is round, and, therefore, represents the earth and heavenly bodies, to comprehend which there is an innate desire in the mind of the child. There are upwards of a hundred games with the ball, each of which is accompanied by a little song. From the soft ball the growing child proceeds to the hard ball, that he may be accustomed to use his increasing strength. From the ball, the rolling body, the progress is to the use of an angular body, the cube. The cylinder or roller is used as a connection between the two. Ball, roller, and cube, are attached to strings, and swung round in circles to show to the child the motion of bodies and the different forms during that motion, so that it may acquire a clear conception of the same, and learn to distinguish how the unit proceeds from multitude, and multiplicity from unity. The balls, rollers, and cubes, are then separated and employed for further playing, termed architectural games. They consist either in face formations or plastic forms, created by the child's own unrestricted imagination, or in imitation of objects in nature called forms of life. They are, therefore, calculated to lead to observation of outward things, and to excite comparison of form and size in various objects. The perception of mathematical forms being thus prepared by ocular demonstration, cutting and figuring, piercing and pricking card-board, platting and folding paper, and braiding thin strips of wood and plat, are next introduced as amusements. The triangle is the fundamental figure in cutting out, and is shaped according to different models.

The great variety thus produced is remarkable and beautiful. Patterns are made from coloured slips of paper, and many kinds of apparatus are designed with little streaks and vegetable productions. This occupation improves the practical disposition of children and awakens the love of the beautiful. Lastly: there are social pastimes to exercise the strength of the body, and to create in the minds of the children a consciousness that they are members of a free community. These games being copied from nature, are well adapted to awaken the sense of beauty and love, and each is accompanied by its appropriate song. The children, for instance, represent fishes and birds, and with their little hands imitate their motions.

A garden is usually attached to the school-room, children like plants, constantly requiring fresh air. There they are taught to arrange their own little flower beds, and to sow them in spring time, and they thus learn the names and growth of plants. Experience has shown that children brought up in these infant institutions, are very active and cheerful, and that they distinguish themselves on entering a school of instruction by a desire for learning, by cleverness, and by cheerfulness.

After the princes of Germany, breaking the oaths taken before God and the people, had crushed constitutional liberty, they commenced persecuting the humanitarian religious congregations.

In Austria, where the first free religious congregations were formed by me in the memorable year 1848, the religious persecutions were commenced immediately after the unfortunate surrender of Vienna in October. The Government not only prohibited the divine service, but also the institution of instruction formed by the congregation and the ladies' unions. How brutal were the persecutions may be learned from the fact, that the ministers and presiding members were imprisoned, that one of the ministers was forced into a madhouse, that some members were publicly flogged, and the children of the members were forced into the schools of the Jesuits; any Austrian soldier seen going to the chapel of the free religious congregations was punished by twenty-four lashes.

In Prussia, the chief Protestant country of the European continent, the persecutions against the reformation of the nineteenth century commenced against the general meetings, but very soon extended to the children's gardens, and the schools of the free religious communities. In the year 1851 the ministry of Prussia issued a decree, forbidding all children's gardens, formed by the free religious congregations, or by the ladies' unions. In the year 1852 the ministry ordered the suppression of the first independent school in Breslau. In Bavaria the children's gardens and the schools were also suppressed in 1851 and 1852. The puissant Prussian Government, beaten by the Austrian Jesuits, turned its valiant armies against the terrible foes sporting in the children's gardens. And this mighty Government of Prussia is called one of the "great powers of Europe!" Is there no historical pencil to hand down to posterity the heroic achievement of Frederick William of Prussia, in taking the citadels of the infant schools? But if tyrant princes have put down some of the first planted schools of a new independent national education, they have not been able or have not dared to suppress all the new schools. A few still exist in South Germany, in Hamburg, and in other parts of the Fatherland. The idea still lives in all the German nations, and it has—thanks to the tyrant despots—even through their persecutions, ripened gloriously for a beautiful harvest in the good time coming.

In Hamburg and in other large cultivated towns

of Germany, the best teachers have accepted the reform idea. If there is at present much to sadden the friends of human improvement, there is also much to excite hope that the tyranny of Princes and Jesuits is a temporary calamity; painful but useful in teaching men the power and necessity of self-dependence and united exertion for humanity and freedom.

A CHRISTMAS VACATION IN JUTLAND.

FROM THE DANISH.

CHAPTER I.

A SNOW-STORM.

In my thirtieth year I was appointed Rector (head master) of the Latin school in one of the provincial towns of Jutland. I entered upon my duties at Easter, and, nevertheless, when Christmas came round I was not yet married—nay, not even engaged. I am at a loss to account for so marvellous an occurrence, and the more so, as I not only cultivated the serious muses, but was likewise a devoted votary of their livelier sisters, Euterpe, Thalia, and Terpsichore; or, in non-mythological language, I took the part of first fiddler in all amateur concerts, and of first lover in all private theatricals; and as to the balls, it was the opinion of all the young ladies in the town, that neither the *Figaro* nor the *Molinasco* went off well if the Rector did not lead the dance.

The Christmas vacation was drawing nigh, and I was anticipating the enjoyment of a few weeks *otium*, during which I contemplated finishing off the dissertation on the "Social Pleasures of the Ancients," which I was writing for my Doctor's degree; but, most unexpectedly I was invited to take part in those of the moderns. Thammerraad Hansen* (I give him this name because it is borne by so many, and because I hate the mysterious . . . which so disagreeably interrupt the reader) from Ulvedal, whose son was one of the pupils in the school, came to fetch him home, and pressed me so warmly to accompany them, that at length I yielded, on condition of being allowed to return home whenever I desired. Fearing that time might possibly hang heavily on my hands I also provided myself with a duodecimo edition of old Gellert.

As soon as I had given my assent, the Thammerraad said, "I wonder if we could not also persuade the Conrector to be of the party?" "And all the masters, father!" added his son. The proposal was at once carried out, and as in accordance with the Thammerraad's wish, I exercised my *bona officio*, we gained the assent of all, except the master of the second form who was suffering from indisposition. But before I begin the narrative of our excursion to Ulvedal, I think I ought to give a sketch of these, my colleagues, who were all, like myself, unmarried, but had otherwise nothing in common.

The Conrector had been married; but at this time he had been during many years a childless widower, and living rather retired with an elderly sister who directed his little household. He was a man of good and sound principles, of much firmness and steadiness of will, and of a serious yet gentle turn of mind; in addition to which, he possessed eminent qualifications as a teacher and educator of youth, and was thoroughly versed in Greek and Latin, which he had expounded daily for upwards of quarter of a century. The classic authors in these two languages were his most cherished companions, and above all others he prized Horace, whom he knew by heart, and quoted on all occasions. The uniformity of his life was broken by one diversion only, and that was a game of *Toccategli* every Sunday evening, with the master of the fifth form; and even on these occasions he made use of the ancient terminology.

His adversary in the game—whom we will hereafter call Quintus—was, when I first made his acquaintance, a man of about sixty (the same age as the Conrector), tall, broad-shouldered, and of an iron constitution. In proportion to the rest of his body, his face was very large, and never betrayed the slightest sign of emotion, not even of anger. An old proverb says, "it is difficult to look further into a man than his teeth;" but into Quintus one could not even look so far; for his long upper lip formed an impenetrable curtain, which was kept firmly down, even when he was in the act of eating, and which neither smile nor laugh displaced; for he had never been seen to smile, and his laugh was but a succession of hollow sounds, which caused no variation in his countenance. Quintus was ruled by one passion only, or rather tendency, and that was a desire to accumulate money; wherefore, he never ate sufficient to satisfy his hunger, except when at a friend's table, and then indeed he made up for former privations. But if he used his jaws diligently at table, he gave them full rest on all other occasions. He never addressed any one; all his talk being limited to answers, and these were ever in the true laconic style. The school was the only place where he practised his powerful organ of speech. He was not a bad teacher, but he had a manner of his own, which he adhered to as faithfully as if it had been a ritual. He always insisted on a double translation of the books which he was reading with the pupils, the one literal, the other free; and it must be confessed that the freedom

* A title which gives a certain rank.

of the latter often degenerated into license. I thus remember hearing him one of the first days after my appointment to the school, reading a scene from Terence with the boys, in which occurs the sentence: "Ira amantium amoris est integratio." The pupil translated first thus: "The anger of lovers is the renewal of love;" but Quintus cried: "free!" The pupil began: "When sweethearts fall out—" "That is false, fellow," thundered Quintus, interrupting him, and substituting some arbitrary and outrageously burlesque version of his own. The laughter-loving boys often pretended to forget his travestie of the author they were reading, in order to make him repeat it himself; and when, on his doing so, they gave vent to their merriment, he did not take this amiss, but frequently chimed in with his hollow "Ho! ho! ho!" He would, indeed, have been a favourite with the boys, had he not been so covetous, or, as they termed it, stingy. When the pupils of his class returned to school, after the holidays, they were expected to present themselves before him; but those who came empty-handed received but a sorry welcome. "Have you brought me no message from your mother?" asked he, if the disciple said nothing to that effect. "No!" "Has she not given you some butter to bring?" "No!" "No cheese?" "No!" "Not either any chickens?" "No!" "Get along, you lazy fellow, I care not to see you before my eyes!" and thus ended the interview. His meanness was the more revolting as he even went the lengths of selling the presents which were sent to him on such occasions, never allowing himself to consume any but those which were very low in the market. His dress was in unison with his whole mode of living; his every-day costume consisted of a brownish-yellow frock-coat, ditto knee-breeches, and long stiff boots; his waistcoat was as invisible as his teeth. His black neck-tie partook somewhat of a brownish-red tint, and his wig and queue were of a yellow-red hue; for it was only powdered five times in the year, that is to say, on the great Church festivals, on which occasions, also, his old black suit got an airing.

Quartus was in almost every respect the reverse of Quintus. He was small, delicately built, and quick in all his movements, and though a man of middle age, had retained all the elegance of his youth, and also his youthful desire to please the ladies, a wish which seems, however, never to have been gratified; at least he had never succeeded so far as to induce any young lady to accompany him to the altar. In consequence of Venus having proved herself so unfavourable, he had devoted himself to the service of another divinity, who is said to have afforded consolation to many an unhappy lover and husband; but though already a votary of Bacchus, at the time I learnt to know him, he was not yet what he called a regular toper. The boys, who are always the first to discern the failings of their masters, were also the first to discover poor Quartus' frequent libations to the jolly god, for which purpose he used to invent various pretexts for leaving the school-room. Another little failing under which he laboured, was a desire to boast of his past as well as present favour with the ladies, and as this failing was well known, it will readily be conceived that he was in society frequently made the butt of ladies as well as gentlemen, the lively girls allowing themselves a little innocent flirtation with him, in order to strengthen his belief in his being irresistible.

Of Tertius I have but little to say. He was one of the million, who are wanting in such independence of character or being as is required to form a distinct individuality, and who are like certain insects, which take their colour from the objects that surround them. According to the world's judgment, he was "a good man," because he did no evil (at least in a positive sense); because he conformed himself as much as possible to every one; because he never contradicted any one; and because he was ready to do everything that others did, and did everything indifferently, or at least only pretty well. He was a mediocre teacher and a mediocre musician; he danced pretty well, and was an indifferent hand at whist. He was of my age, although his phlegmatic temperament and manners, as also his very dark hair and beard, made him appear older. And now I think the reader is pretty well acquainted with the learned company that had come to the determination of spending Christmas at Ulvedal; I, because I could not resist the hearty importunity of a sincerely hospitable man; the Conrector because he could not resist my persuasions; Quintus because he expected to enjoy good cheer at the expense of another; Quartus because he knew there would be good wine and pretty women; and Tertius, because every body else was going.

The day was drawing to its close before we started. I was seated with Thammerraad Hansen in his own sledge, which held only two persons inside, and was driven by himself, his son being seated behind. The four masters were in a sledge that followed, the driver being Mr. Hansen's coachman. The weather had been murky and still all day; but as we were leaving the town a south-east wind began to rise which disturbed the fine loose snow and whirled it like a thin volume of smoke along the top of the embankment which bordered the road; but the Thammerraad hoped nevertheless that we would reach Ulvedal without any difficulty, as the horses were swift and the road well known to him.

We drove at a furious pace, but the snow soon began to fall as well as to rise, and the wind continued to increase, and we had hardly left the town half a mile behind us, before heaven and earth seemed to meet—all was white above us and below. It was the first time in my life that I found myself in the open field in a serious snow-storm. Unacquainted with the difficulties and dangers of the position, I therefore enjoyed the tempest, as a child does the sight of a house on fire, or as Ossian's Carthon, when he tells of the destruction of his father's castle: "The volumes of smoke," he says, "delighted my eyes; I knew not why the women wept." Also my eyes were delighted with the whirling snow, which enveloped us like a dense cloud; I also knew not for

some time, why the lively Thammerraad had become so serious and so silent. Even when the evening was more advanced, and our position was by no means matter for merriment, I felt in the midst of my fears that secret, perhaps I may term it romantic delight, to which danger frequently gives rise, when it does not threaten immediate or inevitable destruction. I fancied myself at sea in a furious gale; and indeed the movements of the sledge were much like those of a ship, for one moment it dived down, and the next rose up again, like a vessel on a tempest-tossed sea, and all traces of its passage were as rapidly obliterated.

We might have been about an hour and a half on the road, and ought, consequently, to have been near our goal, as we had been driving all the while very rapidly, when the Thammerraad stopped to consult with the driver of the other sledge. On hearing his master's voice the latter drew up alongside of us, and answered in the affirmative the question as to whether we were not on the wrong tack. When his master reproached him with not having spoken before, he replied, "that he had relied upon the Thammerraad." The spot where we had halted was in lee of the wind, and in advance of us we descried through the thickly-falling snow a dark object which might be either a house or a hillock. The coachman was despatched thither to reconnoitre. We passengers were still rather unconcerned. The Conrector was the first to open the conversation, by quoting some verses from Ovid, descriptive of winter on the borders of the Black Sea; upon which Quartus observed: "that the poet could hardly have felt the cold more keenly than he did, and that a portable stove, or any other warming apparatus, would be very acceptable." His pupil at once understood his meaning, and diving down into the sledge brought forth a bottle of brandy, from which, with the exception of the Conrector, each took a draught. In the meanwhile the coachman returned with the good news that we were on the outskirts of a wood, the name of which I do not recollect, about a quarter of a mile from Ulvedal, and that he could now easily find the way home. We then put ourselves in movement again, he taking the lead.

The snow gradually ceased to fall, and the wind seemed also to have abated somewhat; for we only heard a hollow moaning in the supposed wood, and as we were at the same time perfectly sheltered by it, we felt very comfortable and rejoiced in the prospect of being ere long under a hospitable roof. However, our hope was not so soon to be fulfilled; we drove, and drove, but no Ulvedal made its appearance. After we had proceeded for upwards of half an hour along a very rough road, where we were several times in danger of upsetting, the coachman stopped his horses with the consolotary avowal, "that he did not know where we were." The adventure, the novelty of which had until then amused me, now began to look rather serious. The Thammerraad swore at his coachman, and the coachman at his horses; but the Conrector consoled us with the exclamation: "Sodales! et hac meminisse juvabit;"* and poor Quartus comforted himself with another draught from the bottle. At that moment the coachman discovered the track of a sledge in the snow. We determined to follow this, feeling sure that it would lead us to some human habitation. We drove, and drove, and the further we proceeded the more beaten became the path. We continued our way in high glee at this piece of good fortune; but, as yet we saw neither house nor village! it was most puzzling. At length, we discovered something dark in advance of us on the snow. The coachman got down to see what it was, and lo! it was one of his own horse-cloths. For upwards of an hour we had been driving round and round in our own track, and were now on the very spot where we halted the first time. The joke was becoming rather serious; the Thammerraad began to upbraid himself, to pity us and to make many apologies, while the coachman again reconnoitred. He soon returned, and gladdened our hearts with the assurance that we were not far from some dwelling-place, for he had seen a light which he felt convinced was no will-o'-the-whisp. He took his seat again, turned his horses in that direction, and the Thammerraad followed.

We now advanced along a broad and straight road in the direction of the light, which soon appeared double, and was then found to proceed from two windows. The master and his man exhausted themselves in conjectures as to what house this could be; for the road seemed bordered on both sides by a quickset hedge. In a little while we were at the door of the house, which was suddenly opened with much noise, and a gruff voice called out, "Who's there?" "Travellers who have lost their way," answered the Thammerraad. "Good gracious, Sir," was the reply, "why have you come through the garden?" "What garden?" "Why, the garden! your own garden." And we now found that we had got over the garden fence by means of the heaped-up snow, and having proceeded down a broad avenue lined by a hedge of beeches, had thus arrived outside of the garden saloon. We entered the house amid much laughing and joking, and were received by the steward—the person who had first challenged us—and by the lady of the house and her two daughters, who had prepared an excellent supper for the wayfarers. We needed no pressing to partake of it; nothing was left of a hare and a goose but the bones; and Quintus, in particular, managed to pick the breast-bone of the goose so clear, that it was declared to have a beautiful polish. As Mrs. Hansen had not been prepared for so large a company, and particularly not for a guest with such an appetite as Quintus, the larder had to give forth its cold provisions also, and not until our hungry stomachs had been appeased, did our kind hostess make inquiries as to the strange way in which we had entered the premises; but sleepiness had already so far over-

* Comrades! to remember this will please us hereafter.—*Virgil.*

powered us, that no one answered but the Conrector, who in a doleful voice exclaimed: "infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem!"* Mrs. Hansen stared, but her husband, who knew Latin, laughed and said, "In Danish this is as much as to say, we are all longing very much for our beds, but to-morrow you shall be acquainted with our adventures." On hearing this, Quintus gave forth his hollow, "ho, ho, ho," and declared the translation to be rather free but very apt; saying which he arose, and the rest of us followed his example. A quarter-of-an-hour later I was buried in eider-down and sleep.

CHAPTER II.

A BATTUE.

When I opened my eyes the next morning, the first person I saw was my lively host, who was standing at my bed-side clad in a green frock-coat bordered with fur, a fur-cap and waterproof boots, which reached above his knees. "My son has told me," he said, "that you are a keen sportsman; and I have, therefore, given orders for a *battue*. The weather is as favourable as we could desire; but the days are short, and you must, therefore, excuse my urging you to get up." "I am only afraid of disturbing the old man," I answered, in a low voice, looking towards another bed, in which the Conrector lay; but he was already awake, and drawing back the curtains of his bed, said: "Leporem venator ut alta sectetur nive—mane surgit."† The Thammerraad laughed, and having once more reminded me that time was precious, he left us to make way for the servant, who brought in tea and coffee.

Not long after, I joined the family at the breakfast-table, fully equipped for the hunt; but found none of my colleagues there except Tertius, who always acted with the majority. The rest of the guests were unknown to me: but I soon discovered that they consisted of persons of all ranks: clergymen and military-men, large landed proprietors and peasant-farmers, nay, even a parish-clerk, who, at the same time, did service as butt to the company, whose sallies, however, he occasionally returned pretty sharply. The conversation was carried on in a lively strain, until the master of the hunt entered and announced that the beaters were assembled. Just as we rose, Quintus and Quartus came in and seated themselves at the breakfast-table; the Conrector followed, but not with the same intentions. He was wrapped in his travelling pelisse, had a night-cap under his hat, and a stick in his hand. "Hey-day!" exclaimed several of us at the same moment, "whither are you bound?" "To the *battue*," he answered, striking his stick upon the floor, and with the look which he assumed in the school, when he cried, "Be off," to the boys; "it is the first time in my life, and I dare say it will be the last. Domine confrater," said he then, turning to me, "I will follow you that I may witness your wonderful feats, and will incite your courage by my words." Every one laughed, and the Thammerraad said, "Only beware that the enemy hear you not!" We then got into the sledges, and glided swiftly away to the wood where the hunt was to begin.

It was one of those winter days which, though forming a striking contrast to the smiling days of summer, possess in my opinion a solemn, and, if I may be allowed the expression, a heart-strengthening beauty. The wind having lulled later in the night, and the snow having begun to fall again, the earth, wood and field, was now clad in dazzling whiteness. The stems of some few trees and the walls of some distant farmsteads, were the only dark specks which dotted the snow carpet that spread over the wide plain, and seemed at the horizon to melt together with the heavens. The sky was cloudless and beautifully clear, but in the south-east where the orb of day was rising, glowing, vivid tints of every hue which no earthly pencil can imitate, and for which the poor human tongue has no words, were blending, shifting, following each other in constant, though almost imperceptible succession. High in the west sat the moon, with a slight incision in her pale disc, as if awaiting the coming sun to dispute with him the dominion of light. Close by twinkled the star, which accompanies the queen of night, and is the last to give way before the god of day. But when the latter arose in dazzling beauty from the white winter ocean, driving before him the glow of morning high upon the arch of heaven; when his flaming glance fell like a life-giving smile upon the pale cold earth, which now blushed like a bride at the approach of the bridegroom; when the silvery branches of the trees shone in the light of morn, and the hoar-frost glittered in the transparent atmosphere, or sparkled like diamonds on the snow-covered fields, then — but where is the mortal who can describe in words the sweetest of all joys? We have but one expression for joy and sorrow—a tear.

The sledges stopped on the confines of the wood; we alighted in silence. The Thammerraad indicated to us by signs and whispers our appointed stations, in a long, deep dell. The Conrector remained with me, but was obliged to take up his station behind the tree before which I was posted. I once more admonished him to keep quiet when he saw the game approaching, and then awaited, with my gun in readiness, the signal for the commencement of the sport.

After the lapse of about seven minutes the report of a gun was heard on the right, then one on the left, and a third in the middle, and then followed the sounds of the beaters' hunting-poles on the trunks of the trees, and the cries of the gamekeepers and wood-rangers who were in command. Soon a stately stag, with crown antlers, appeared on the brow of the opposite hill. He stood still a moment, looked back, pricked his ears, and then bounded down right towards the spot where I was posted. When he was at a distance of ten paces from me, he again stopped

* Thou biddest us, O Queen! repeat our inexpressible misery.—*Æneas's Words to Dido.*

† The huntsman, to trace the hare in the deep snow, rises early.

short and turned his head aside. I levelled my gun, drew the trigger, and he fell shot in the neck. The Conrector advanced his head from behind the tree, and asked what it was. I pointed to the stag, which was at its last gasp. "Macte virtute esto!" exclaimed my second in a voice of triumph; but I implored him to suppress his joy and his voice, and reloaded my gun.

The eminence in front of us rose in a gentle acclivity, and was only thinly studded with trees, so that I had a full view of the whole field of operations, up, as well as down the dell. It was a beautiful sight to the eyes of a sportsman to behold the game come bounding, scampering, or sneaking forward; deer, hares, and foxes, the latter looking prudently around for a secure place of passage, the former running wildly and without a plan in all directions, and in their blind terror rushing right past sportsmen, whose shot fell thick and fast, some hitting, others missing. Each time the Conrector perceived any game approaching, he whispered, "*ecce! ecce!*" to which I returned an equally low-toned, "*tace! tace!*" For some time, however, none came within reach of my shot; but a fox had been running to and fro along the brow of the hill, at length he disappeared on the other side, and the loud cries of the beaters announced that he was endeavouring to sneak through their lines. Immediately afterwards he came scampering down towards the sportsman who was posted the second from me on the right hand. He imprudently stepped forward and levelled his gun. Quick as lightning the fox turned round—the sportsman fired—and missed his aim! Reynard now proceeded in the direction of my nearest neighbour; he fired, and also missed. Secretly rejoicing at their discomfiture, I was now in great glee, expecting that my turn would come; but, unhappily, my Achates behind the tree nourished the same expectations, and gave expression to them in too loud a voice, "*Jam ad triarios venit res!*" he exclaimed, and round turned Reynard, succeeding this time in making his escape, while my two neighbours, vexed at their own want of address, stretched their necks to look after him. I also at first could not restrain an angry exclamation; but when my colleague excused himself with "Profecto! I did not expect that he would understand Latin!" my vexation gave way to a hearty laugh.

The rappel was now sounded. The sportsmen assembled round the fallen monarch of the woods, and I participated with gratified pride in their satisfaction at my lucky shot; for a stag was seldom seen in the Ulvedal hunting grounds. This fortunate occurrence made them forget my neighbours' mishaps and my colleague's blunders; and the small game was hardly noticed. The second turn was meagre; but in the third I was so fortunate as to kill three foxes, which feat won for me the laudations of the whole company, but none were so flattering to my vanity as the observation which I overheard Mr. Hansen's ranger making to some of the woodmen; "What a devilish shot that Rector is," he said, "he might at any time take service as ranger!"

The first wood had been cleared, and just as we were on the point of proceeding to another, we met the ladies of the family, with Quartus and Quintus, and—as a natural consequence—provision-basket and bottle-case. Quartus, who performed the office of cup-bearer, did it with honour to himself, not forgetting the while to moisten his own throat; but when the Thammerraad jokingly reminded him from time to time not to neglect himself, he exclaimed, most innocently, "Did I not drink?" and then with a sudden resolution he replenished and again emptied the small silver goblet. Quintus ate for two.

You who read this, my first and last love adventure, forgive me the garrulity with which I dwell on every little incident of those happy days of my youth. Each one of them has a charm in my eyes; even the most insignificant would be missed by me were it omitted in this rural winter scene, which presents itself to me on this background of the past, attracts and rivets my attention, and enlivens and refreshes my old heart, which has endured so many a bitter grief. Dear reader! I have no one else left to whom I can say, "Do you remember this, do you recollect that?" They are all gone—all those who shared with me the pleasures of that merry Christmas. I am alone in the midst of a younger generation, and therefore my thoughts dwell so often and so long with one that has passed away.

After having distributed the refreshments, our pretty purveyors returned home with lightened basket and empty bottles. The Conrector, who by this time had had quite enough of hunting, accompanied them, but we sportsmen did not wend our way homewards until the sun had completed his short career, and the first stars began to look out from the many-hued heavens.

"*Otium est pulvinar amorir,*" said the Conrector in a warning voice to the boys, when he was interpreting that part of the fourth book of the Æneid, where the poor fellow meets Dido in the grotto; and the old man then always defined *otium* as "days without care or any fixed occupation." I had now an opportunity of testing the correctness of his maxim. Hitherto I had really never had leisure to fall in love. The pretty faces among my female acquaintances had glided past me like the pictures in a magic lantern; or if by some extraordinary chance, I had fixed my eyes on some distinguished object in the great panorama of the capital, the serious muses soon recalled their obedient son to libraries and lectures, to lucubrations and lessons. To fall in love we must have *otium;* and of this there was no lack at Ulvedal, and of maidens also there was no lack, but there were so many that the one stood in the way of the other. I was like the intoxicated man who stood in the middle of the square with his latch-key in his hand, trying in vain to open the door of the houses that were eternally whirling round.

The prettiest among the young ladies at Ulvedal, were certainly the Thammarraad's two daughters, but they were equally pretty, so that when they stood side by side I knew not to which I should

give the preference, and when they were separated I always gave it to the one that was present. Now—whether it was in consequence of the balance which was thus maintained in my inclinations, or that the maidens were in reality nothing more than common-place girls, with a smooth surface but no depth below—true it is, that I could take a cup of coffee from the hand of the one, without experiencing an electric shock in my fingers, and I could jest with the other at the whist table, without making any blunders; and, moreover, after the fatigues of the day, the merriment of the evening, I slept as soundly as though there had never been such a thing as love in the world.

(To be continued.)

EARL GREY'S COLONIAL POLICY.*

SEVEN years have not yet elapsed since Lord John Russell formed the administration in which Earl Grey held the distinguished office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. In July, 1846, there was perhaps no member of either House of Parliament whose co-operation in constituting a Liberal Ministry was deemed more essential than that of Earl Grey. Indeed, so important was this considered that, only six months before, his refusal to take office along with Lord Palmerston had alone prevented Lord John Russell from forming a Government, and thus deprived him of the glory of passing the act for the repeal of the corn-laws. Nor was it without good reason that so much weight was attached to Earl Grey's adhesion. While the name which he bore was itself a recommendation to popular favour, his own previous career had not belied the assurance of public spirit and political talent which that name seemed to offer. He had served a statesman's apprenticeship. As Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and Secretary at War, he had had opportunities at the same time of acquiring official experience and of evincing administrative capacity of no common order. He had taken a distinguished part in the debates of the Lower House, and especially in supporting, through years of discouragement, that great cause of commercial freedom, which had triumphed but a few days before he became Secretary of State. He was favourably known, too, for the attention which he had given to colonial questions, and for the useful reforms which he had advocated in our system of colonial policy. High hopes were formed of his administration of the department committed to his charge; and not a few persons predicted that his success in that office would at length elevate him to the highest position which a subject can hold, and that we should again see an Earl Grey First Minister of the Crown.

How soon and how utterly those expectations were disappointed, no one will need to be reminded. Long before the Ministry of 1846 quitted office, Earl Grey had become by far the most unpopular member of it. When Lord Aberdeen formed his comprehensive Administration, the omission of Earl Grey's name from the list was regarded as simply an act of proper deference to public feeling. That name which, in July, 1846, was so essential to the completion of a Liberal Cabinet, would in December, 1852, have been the most damaging that could have been introduced into any ministerial combination. Yet most persons, if asked to state the precise causes of this extraordinary change in public opinion, would perhaps be somewhat at a loss. They would probably satisfy themselves, if not the inquirer, by observing that Earl Grey, no doubt, was an able minister, and meant well, but he seemed to have a shockingly bad temper, and managed somehow to keep the colonies constantly in hot water. It was a pity, to be sure, that his father's son should have failed so deplorably in office, but he *had* failed, and there was an end of it.

It is not surprising that Earl Grey himself should protest against such a summary decision, and should decline to submit to what he considers an unjust ostracism. He demands a regular trial, and pleads his own cause in the court of public opinion. In a series of letters, addressed nominally to Lord John Russell, but really to the political world, he undertakes to give an account of his Colonial Administration, and to show that, taken in the whole, it was beneficial to the colonies, useful to the mother country, honourable to the Government of which he was a member, and consequently creditable to himself as the minister on whom the "main responsibility" in this department properly rested. Such is the obvious, and indeed the partly avowed purpose of the work just submitted to the public. And it may be observed that there is something in this purpose itself which tends to conciliate the reader's favour for the author. When a statesman who has given his best years to his country's service, descends from the loftiest parliamentary arena, and appeals to the impartial judgment of his countrymen against the condemnation of political opponents, the very act of appeal, in acknowledging the supremacy of public opinion, awakens a favourable disposition towards the appellant. This disposition is decidedly strengthened by the general tone and spirit of the work. It bears no trace of the acrid temper, for which its author has acquired in public life so unlucky a reputation. On the contrary, the letters are written through-

* The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration. By Earl Grey. In two volumes. London: Bentley. 1853.

out with a calm seriousness, a careful avoidance of harsh expressions towards opponents, and a dignified reserve on merely personal topics, which altogether render them a most respectable exhibition of what Mr. Disraeli would doubtless call "the writer's better mind." The character of the work in this respect is very fairly displayed in the following passages of the "concluding observations," which may also serve as a specimen of the rather cumbrous, "state-paper" style in which the letters are written:

I trust, however, that the result of my review of colonial affairs will not appear, upon the whole, unsatisfactory to those who will impartially consider the subject and the difficulties with which we have had to struggle. No doubt, during the five years and a half of your government, while these affairs were under my immediate superintendence, mistakes were committed. Looking back, with the advantage of the experience we have gained, and judging of our measures by their results, I can see many things which might have been better done than they were. Knowing what the pressure of public business is in this country, the degree to which the attention of those who conduct it cannot fail to be distracted by the variety of different subjects which must, day by day, be considered and dealt with, the important decisions which must be come to with little time for deliberation, and often with a great difficulty in obtaining information; he must, indeed, be a sanguine man who can expect that any of the great departments of the State can ever be conducted without many and serious mistakes being committed; and, perhaps, there is no department of the Government where there is the same difficulty in avoiding such mistakes as in that of the colonies. * * * * *

Let me add, with regard to the results of our policy—for, after all, it must be judged by its fruits—that, taking our colonial empire as a whole, I greatly doubt whether any other period of equal length can be pointed out in our history, in which that empire has prospered so much, and has made such large strides towards future greatness, as during the years of which I have been speaking. There has certainly been no similar period during which, in spite of all the difficulties that have been encountered, the advance has been greater. The facts and statistics which I have quoted from official documents, enable me to make this assertion without fear of contradiction. With the single exception of the Cape, where we left, as we found, a distressing war going on, profound peace and internal tranquillity prevailed throughout the whole of our extensive colonial empire at the time of our quitting office. A commercial revolution, deeply affecting the interests of many of our most important colonies, has been safely passed through, not, it is true, without much distress and loss to individuals, which I deeply lament, but with great advantage to the permanent welfare of these colonies and of the mother country; and, except where our measures have been thwarted by the opposition to the new commercial policy, the difficulties inseparable from so great a change, have been nearly surmounted. Various important and difficult questions, touching both the internal government of the colonies and their relations with the mother country, have been happily settled; and in almost all the colonies a great reduction of the charges they impose on the British treasury has been effected, and principles have been established, and rules laid down, which, if they shall continue to be acted upon, must lead to still larger and early reductions of our expenditure. The burden of taxation has also been diminished, and the state of the finances at the same time improved, in the colonies where the most direct authority is exercised by the Crown. Finally, while the principle of leaving to the colonists the management of their own affairs has been carried further than at any former period, this has been accomplished without disturbing any of the ancient landmarks which define the limits of the powers vested respectively in the Crown, the Imperial Parliament, and the Colonial Legislatures. I may be deceived, but to this maintenance of the long-established boundaries of these different authorities I attach the highest importance. If, in deference to the popular doctrines of the day, an attempt had been made, or should hereafter be so, to meet the natural desire of the most advanced of our colonies to be exempted from undue interference on the part of the Imperial Government—not by a judiciously sparing exercise of what are still the acknowledged powers of the Crown and of Parliament, but by a formal surrender of the powers themselves—I entertain a strong persuasion that such concessions, far from tending to avert future difficulties and disputes between the parent state and her dependencies, would have the very opposite effect, and would be too likely to lead to frequent and dangerous contests of authority; and, ultimately, by a few short and easy steps, to the severance of the tie which unites the fairest portions of our colonial empire to the British Crown.

The concluding sentences of this extract, and especially the quiet sneer at the "popular doctrines of the day," indicate the fatal defect in Earl Grey's colonial policy, and the source of nearly all his errors. In spite of his fair professions, it is evident that he has no genuine faith in the principle of colonial self-government. It would hardly be unjust to go farther and to say, that he seems to have no great liking for representative government anywhere. He rarely fails to take advantage of any favourable opportunity which occurs for depreciating indirectly, and sometimes directly, the merits of this form of government, and for showing how much better the affairs of those colonies are managed which are under the complete control of Colonial Office functionaries. Thus, with regard to Jamaica, he observes:

This colony has for two centuries been in possession of a representative constitution, and the Assembly not only exercises the ordinary authority of a legislative body, but performs many of what are usually the functions of the Executive Government, the authority of the Crown being more restricted than elsewhere by various laws which at different times have been passed, and by usages which have grown up. But the actual condition of Jamaica, I regret to say, is far from being such as to show that the possession of the powers of self-government affords that complete security for the welfare of a community, and for the good management of its affairs, which many persons seem to suppose.

This singular passage would lead one to doubt whether Earl Grey understands the meaning of the expression, self-government. The colonists of Jamaica do not possess, and never have possessed, the power of self-government. They have, indeed, a Representative Assembly, possessing powers about on a par with those of Louis Napoleon's "Representative Body." If France is a self-governed country, then Jamaica is a self-governed colony. This Representative Assembly of Jamaica is overridden by a Council of Crown nominees, appointed for life, wholly irresponsible to the colonists, and, in fact, having functions and attributes not unlike those of Louis Napoleon's senate. Above both the Assembly and the Council is the Governor, who, like the French Emperor himself, is in no way responsible to the legislative bodies. All the executive officers—that is to say, all the Ministers of the colony—are appointed by the Crown for life, and are not responsible to the Assembly. Imagine the condition of this country, if all the secretaries of state and other office-

holders were nominated by some distant authority, were entirely irresponsible to Parliament, and had the power of preventing the enactment of any law which did not happen to suit them. Such a supposition will afford some idea of the political condition of the colonists of Jamaica. What renders the matter worse in their case is the fact that their Assembly, such as it is, is elected under a restricted franchise, which excludes the majority of the inhabitants from the right of voting. Thus, in fact, the representative body in Jamaica is little more than a planters' debating-club. If, when the slaves were emancipated, the privilege of real self-government had been bestowed upon the colonists, with such an electoral franchise as would have included the great bulk of the inhabitants, it is extremely probable that those difficulties in connection with this colony, which have caused Earl Grey and other ministers so much trouble, would not have arisen.

It is a remarkable fact that of the fifty British colonies, there are at this moment only *four* which possess the power of self-government. These four are Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island. In these colonies the government is conducted on the British system, through Parliamentary ministries. The Governor holds the position of a constitutional sovereign: he reigns, but does not govern. The real executive power in each colony is entirely in the hands of popular ministers, who only hold office so long as they retain the confidence of a majority in the local legislature. All appointments to office are made on the recommendation of this responsible ministry. In this manner the administration of local affairs is placed not only under the control but entirely in the hands of the colonists themselves. Earl Grey admits the remarkable success which has attended the working of this form of government in the three first-named colonies, though he fears that in Prince Edward's Island "the experiment has been tried somewhat prematurely, and that the population of this colony is hardly sufficient for the effective working of the machinery of a form of government better adapted to a community in a more advanced stage of social progress." He strongly deprecates the extension of this system of "Parliamentary Government" to other colonies, and makes on this point the following extraordinary observations, worthy almost of the present ruler of France, who takes a similar view of the defects of a "Parliamentary system," and is equally convinced that free institutions are unsuited to a community which has not reached "an advanced stage of social progress." The sentence here printed in italics indicates a singular state of feeling in the writer:—

The system now established in Canada is that of Parliamentary Government, that is to say, government by means of parties. This form of government is now working well in that and the neighbouring provinces, and is probably on the whole the best plan hitherto adopted of enabling a colony in an advanced stage of its social progress to exercise the privilege of self-government; it may therefore be regarded as the form which representative institutions, when they acquire their full development, are likely to take in the British colonies. *The experience, however, of our own country, in which this system of government has so long flourished, may teach us that its advantages are by no means unmixed, even in communities the best adapted to it, but that there are considerable drawbacks to the benefits we derive from it.* We know also that hitherto Parliamentary Government has not been carried into successful operation for any considerable time, in any other country in the world but our own, and that it is little more than ten years, since it was first attempted in any of our colonies, while in none of them can it be said to have been brought into full operation until far more recently. Even this short experience of its working in the colonies would seem to show that it is only suitable to a colony which is not a very small one, to a population in an advanced stage of civilization, which has had the advantage of some training by the working of a free constitution of a simpler kind, and, I should be inclined to add, in which municipal institutions exist, capable of dividing with the Legislature the very large powers which it would engross, if, in the absence of such institutions, the representatives of the people had a virtual control over the appointment of the executive officers of the government.

The nature of this "free constitution of a simpler kind," which Earl Grey would give to the colonies, is elsewhere sufficiently indicated. It would consist of a "representative legislature," similar in its character and powers to that which now exists in Jamaica, or to that which existed in Canada prior to the rebellion,—in short, as has been before observed, a sham legislature, exactly like that which is now established in France. As to allowing the colonists to choose their own executive officers, that is altogether out of the question. The Crown, or the Crown's nominee, the Governor, must appoint them all, quite uncontrolled by the local legislature. And some of the principal officers should be sent from England. Earl Grey considers that the appointment of "persons not selected from the narrow circle of their (the colonies') own inhabitants, and imbued with the peculiar feelings and opinions which are apt to prevail in such communities, but chosen from among the well-educated gentlemen of the mother-country, is calculated greatly to improve the tone of colonial society, and to prevent it from gradually degenerating from the standard of manners and acquirements to which we are accustomed at home." The instinctive, though, probably, unconscious contempt with which Earl Grey regards "such communities" as those which exist in our colonies, is curiously exhibited in the foregoing sentence, which goes far to explain his failure as a Colonial Minister. He evidently cannot bring himself to believe—what is, nevertheless the truth—that in every British colony there are "well-educated gentlemen," fully equal in ability and accomplishments to the best that can be sent from this country, and, of course, infinitely superior to the latter in that local knowledge which is so essential to the good administration of the affairs of any community.

There is one point, in connection with this subject, to which it seems right, as a test of the value of Earl Grey's authority on this subject, to direct particular attention. It has been seen that his lordship's aversion to the system of "Parliamentary

Government" for small colonies is countenanced, in his opinion, by the circumstance that this system appears to have been "somewhat prematurely tried" in Prince Edward's Island, which has a population of only about 55,000 souls. In another part of his work, he again hints his apprehension that the inhabitants of this colony have "acquired prematurely the establishment of a system of government for which they are not yet sufficiently prepared." Earl Grey alleges no facts, and no authority but his own, in support of this opinion. As it appears in his work, it is an *ipse dixit*, and nothing more. Under these circumstances, it seemed necessary to inquire how far his views were sustained by evidence. The latest and best evidence is that which is contained in the most recent "Blue Book" on the Colonies, that of 1852. In this "Blue Book" appears the last annual report of the Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, Sir Alexander Bannerman. The following is the concluding passage of this report, dated in July, 1852. It will be seen that the Lieutenant-Governor, who has watched the working of "Parliamentary Government" on the spot, has come to a conclusion directly opposite to that which is expressed by Earl Grey:—

On my assumption of the Government, in the spring of 1851, in accordance with instructions from the Colonial Minister, responsible government (for some years before eagerly sought for by the colonists) was conceded to Prince Edward's Island, and her Majesty's hereditary revenues surrendered to the colony. As was naturally to be expected, much party spirit existed before the concession was made, and it will continue to exist, in a greater or less degree, until the change of system has had a longer trial, and its opponents get more reconciled to the deprivation of that power and ascendancy in the island, to which many years' possession appeared to give them an inherent right, but which they can now only regain by obtaining the confidence of their fellow-colonists in the usual constitutional way: and, from my short experience in the island, and from all I have seen, *I am of opinion the change was not only necessary, but will prove beneficial to the colony: and that I shall next year have to give a more favourable account of its progressive improvement.*

Earl Grey is of opinion that "Parliamentary Government" was prematurely introduced into Prince Edward's Island, and that the colony was not prepared for it. Lieutenant-Governor Bannerman is of opinion that the change was "necessary," and "will be beneficial to the colony." Earl Grey had this "Blue Book" before him. He makes several references to it in his work. It is hardly possible that the important report of Sir A. Bannerman should have escaped his notice. His lordship has, of course, a right to retain his own opinion, even against the contrary opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor; but it may be questioned whether he ought not, in fairness, while speaking unfavourably of the working of this form of Government in Prince Edward's Island, to have mentioned that the testimony of the highest local authority was directly opposed to his views. At all events, the discovery of such an omission of important evidence, must certainly tend to lessen the reader's confidence in the other statements and conclusions which appear in this work.

It will surprise no one to find that Earl Grey is still an ardent advocate of the system of convict transportation. He devotes a letter of eighty-seven pages to an exposition of the nature and advantages of the system, and an account of his endeavours to improve and extend it. And he winds up his book with a "Postscript," in which he expresses the horror with which he had just learned, that the Government actually proposed to abolish the system altogether. He even throws out a dark hint that, although he is "exceedingly anxious to support the administration," it may be his "duty" to oppose it on this question. He draws a fearful picture of the evil consequences which may ensue, if the convicts are turned loose in this country: and he, therefore, thinks it decidedly better that they should be turned loose in the colonies. Whether they will be of use—like the "well-educated gentlemen," who are to be sent out as public functionaries—in "improving the tone of colonial society, and preventing it from gradually degenerating from the standard of manners and acquirements to which we are accustomed at home," his lordship does not distinctly state: but of the paramount necessity of getting them out of this country, in some way or other, he entertains no doubt whatever. Others, however, see the question in a very different light. They are of opinion that the deportation of convicts, instead of benefiting this country, has, in fact, been an injury to it, by preventing the adoption of measures which would have diminished the amount of crime. They observe that, on the Continent, directly opposite to Great Britain, there are three countries, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, not among the least considerable of European kingdoms, and densely inhabited by populations very closely resembling in character and habits the population of these islands—not one of which countries has a penal colony—but all, on the contrary, keep their convicts at home, without experiencing any of those baneful consequences which Earl Grey predicts as likely to occur in this country. On inquiring how it happens that those states have not suffered any of these injurious effects, they find that in every one of them there is a good system of national education established; that, consequently, their criminals are comparatively few in number, and easily managed in well-conducted penitentiaries, or "home colonies;" and that thus those countries are, at this moment, less troubled with released convicts than Great Britain itself, which has annually exported thousands of felons for the last half century, without apparently making any impression on the number of its "criminal class." They have come to the conclusion, therefore, that our most judicious course will be to put a stop to transportation, and to direct our efforts to the means of preventing crime and reforming criminals. As the *Times* the other day well observed,

We must so conduct our penitentiaries at home, that convicts returned upon society may be less noxious, if possible, than heretofore; and above all—and this is our truest resource—we must endeavour to lessen their numbers altogether. Perhaps the loss of remedial means may be even a gain to us, if it makes us more anxious

for prevention. Ragged schools and universal teaching—cheap bread and readier sustenance—free emigration and higher wages—must all come to our aid, and in the end we may possibly find that the great question of secondary punishments is best solved by the diminution of secondary crime.

This philosophy may be beyond the ken of Earl Grey, but it evidently is not beyond that of Lord John Russell. The noble ex-secretary will find himself, on this question, as on that of responsible government for the colonies, going counter to his former chief, to whom his vindicatory epistles are addressed. There have been strange changes of position and principles among politicians in our day; but surely the strangest and the most lamentable is that which has occurred, when a British senator, bearing the honoured name of Grey, is found inveighing against Parliamentary Government, and threatening to obstruct a Liberal Administation in one of its most salutary reforms.

A WORD OR TWO ON BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Sitting in our easy chair after dinner, having done a good forenoon's work on "new publications," our better and best-beloved half beside us, douce and demure as puss on the hassock, and making her knitting needles click with a sleepy monotony hardly to be resisted, we took up this big four pound volume,* sighing to think how easy our literary conscience must be to deal with such a Goliath ere that red-bleared sun which leared stupidly on us through the mist, should go down behind the chimney-pots on which his lower limb was resting. But needs must where the devil drives. And yet just half an hour's doze would be so pleasant, and as Kitty hints so proper too after one of her most elaborate "spreads." Stop—let me see whether we could not compromise the matter, and review this big one in a reverie. Scotland—good, not a better subject in all the world for an after-dinner dream about fairies and field sports, with the ring of burns and ballads in our ear; statistic—ahem: there's a crook in every lot: no man in his senses could voluntarily and of set purpose dream about fiars and census, unless he were a parish clergyman or own cousin to Joseph Hume. However, let me see: after all the thing is not so unlikely. Stir up the fire, Kitty, and just give me the least more room for toasting my toes, like a dear. There now.

This book seems to be simply some "dozen single gentlemen bound into one:" a combination of the new statistical account, Mc Culloch, sundry guide books, and Oliver and Boyd's Almanac. It is however a very readable volume—not sufficiently portable for the tourist nor minute enough for the economist, but for the general public more solid than the former class and less wearisome than the latter. Altogether it contains an amount of instructive and pleasant matter which ought to recommend it to a large class of readers. Like a good housewife, Mr. Dawson has spread the table with such a variety of viands that one cannot in conscience find fault with the deficiency of any particular dish. "The land of brown heath and shaggy wood" is here mirrored forth to our southern fancies so as to waken an eager longing for summer days, hob-nailed shoes, knapsacks, pocket pistols, and long vacations, when leaving the city's ceaseless din and the office, and copy, and the plaguy imp, and all anxiety behind us, we may once traverse those misty glens and great silent hills, and hear the peaseweep as she flits about the moorland, while we make ready a sure-killing fly for yon frolicsome grilse that showed his shining silver sides in the pool just under the fragrant birch that rustles its light leaves in the quiet evening wind. Hush! my dear, Mr. Dawson is not a wizard: not a bit of him: we will warrant him a good sound son of a God-fearing father; who loves "bonnie Scotland" too well to meddle with black art or grammarye. Nevertheless, he has managed with the help of certain potent charms, composed of the life-blood and brains of Wyllie, Chambers, Billings, Black, and Hugh Millar, to "cast the glamour ower me," and to send this dismal drizzling London mist to Coventry for the present; so that, whether in spirit or out of the spirit I cannot tell, only here I have been this hour past, sitting you say, my dear, and far be it from me to say you nay, by a sea-coal fire in the heart of Cockaigne; but wandering—not my mind, love, my pulse is quite calm, seventy-five to the minute precisely—yet wandering in imagination, now along "the banks and braes o' bonny Doon," by Alloa's haunted Kirk, and through that drunken town of Dumfries where Robin Burns guaged whiskey barrels to the glory of his country and the shame of his own soul—again down the Sneddon by that river of Warren's blacking the Cart, where the "puir weaver body" Tannahill, fifed and fluted his life away about the Braes o' Balquhidder, and that honest packman chield wrote his Wattie and Meg, and where Christopher himself dreamed his first dream about the Isle of Palms as he took a walk with Johnny Lockhart out to the old Manse at Inchinnan. And then I fancied I was far up the Dee at the back of Lochnagar, looking down on that wild Loch Dhu, unvisited hitherto by any cockney foot, and lying to this day unimproved and unregenerate with the

* An Abridged Statistical History of Scotland. By James H. Dawson, Esq., Edinburgh. W. H. Lizars and Co. 1853.

old curse upon it in a state of diabolical perfection and Miltonic sublimity, black, blasted, awful, like Satan's own eye sunken among shaggy and beetling rocks; and by and bye I was "within a mile o' Edinburgh toon," away wandering with Jeanie Deans by Arthur's seat, and St. Anthony's well, and Muschat's Cairn, and watching the bright sunshine as it flashed over the monumental Calton and kindled up the Bass and the May. It is quite true, Kitty, I admit it, that my head was a little jumbled, and that Mr. Dawson was to blame for it. This mixture of old ballads and new red sandstone, genealogies and geologies, grouse shootings and graywacke, calves and coal measure, kirks and criminals, et cetera, is naturally a little confusing to you, my dear, who are properly the weaker vessel. That is to say—hear me out, and smooth that very unbecoming frown which never did look natural to you, my jo, Janet, for I do believe you were born laughing or at least with that quiet matronly smile which is now "fringing the dusky clouds with gold"—well, then, as I was saying, there is something confusing in all this to you, love, just as there is to me when I see you getting up a mess of hotch-potch with those fresh green spring vegetables which look as if they were quite proud to be handled by those dainty white fingers. But when we see the fair napery and the smoking tureen, and Peggy sitting everything down with a smirk on her sunny face, for Peggy knows our taste, why, the confusion has all vanished, and one thinks only how the grace may be shortened. Now, Mr. Dawson has really composed a very savory mess —something heterogeneous we admit, nor has he been always careful to gather the freshest material. For example, that new Lancashire which has sprung up in the lower ward of Lanark within the memory of man, with all its flaming forges, and mine shafts, and clicking looms, and half savage population, and millionaires, and wants, and dangers, is not by any means so vividly depicted as it might have been. Even the wonderful progress of agriculture in the Lothians, to say nothing of other less favoured neighbourhoods, is not marked in its latest development; nor are the moral statistics of crime, drunkenness, education, and religion by any means so perfect as we could wish to see them. We do love the old motherland, with all a Scotchman's prejudice almost—we love its history so fruitful in heroism, its literature beating with so full a human heart, its hills with their hallowed traditions of Wallace-wight and covenanting elders, its consecrated nooks, all of them sacred as the Bundusian fountain, sung in many a lilting ballad, which neither patriotism nor good taste would willingly let die. But just because we do so love it, our anxiety, if not our interest, is turned mainly to those new fields of energy and enterprise where the spirit of the present age predominates, and forces on our attention the grand moral and physical problems of which it behoves alike the philosophy and philanthropy of the time to be wisely endeavouring the solution. What are the poor laws doing about Glasgow and Airdrie, and Coalbridge and Gartsherrie, and the region round about? what the church, and schools, and tippling houses, and mill masters? What comparative rate of march is there between the growth of wealth and decay of morals? Of these and such like Mr. Dawson gives us but faint intimations; and though we can enjoy an hour's dream among the misty hills, we are soon pricked to descend to the stern realities of busy life in the valley.

Altogether, however, the mess as we say, is good and palateable; indicating progress, on the whole, almost in every direction. We can see plainly that after the feverish crises it has lately come through, the land is gaining additional strength and vitality. Disruption fever purged out much of the old ecclesiastical humours, so that the fiddling and fuddling parsons of the old school are growing daily fewer, and there will be soon, we hope a plentiful lack of them, pleasant as they were on a fishing excursion, and over a tumbler of toddy on a frosty winter evening. The schoolmaster, too, begins to get more noticed, and will not, it is hoped, be permitted any more to starve, either his own body or the children's brains. The old clod-hopping farmer, ignorant of rotations, careless of green crops, despising science, and making his own manure, he, too, is nearly obsolete, and should be caught, while he may, to be a specimen in the Highland Society's Museum. The whiskey tide that once submerged the highest judges in the land, is now mainly found in the dock, and and never rises to the bench. There is one cottar's house, indeed, where fifty stood before; and we confess, it is a melancholy sight to pass through some of those green Highland glens, and see the ruined "wa's o' the auld biggar,"—the ash trees that grew round the kail-yard, and the gowan bank sloping down to the burn—a picture which hovers cloudlike and tearful amid the dreams of many a stout yeoman this day felling tall pines among the backwoods and prairie borders of Canada. But this after all is the economic law; and now there are fifty cattle browsing, where only one fed before. Looking at these things, we take heart; and with your permission, Kitty, we shall just pay another visit to Coila and Robin Burns, and hear him humming an old ballad between the stilts of his plough, while that cup of Bohea is making for thine own special comfort, and our own "night-cap" is being warmed by those ever careful hands.

THE CHURCH AND THE UNIVERSITIES OF SCOTLAND.

There is a spark kindled now in Scotland of which our neighbours on the other side of the Tweed are somewhat too negligent, seeing that their own premises are not insured against fire from that quarter. The main reason of this disregard may be traced, we dare say, to the fact that the controversy had at first a very sectarian origin, and a very narrow basis—was indeed simply a dispute between two rival kirks, which of them should play Procrustes in the old college halls, and whether some half an inch should be added to the length of that orthodox bedstead in which they meant still to stretch the learning and philosophy of the land. So long as the matter stood thus, England very properly went on with her business, having no time to spare for parting hungry dogs that were fighting after their kind over a bone in the kennel: But the colour of events has latterly changed—it is no longer a mere question of sectaries and sects, Books of Discipline and Acts of security: the tide has carried a large part of the intellect and godliness of the country away from their old moorings; and now, having fairly slipped the anchor at which they swung for a while in dubious uncertainty, they have got into the open sea, and are quite willing to be rid of Procrustes and his bed altogether. Now, this question is not provincial but imperial; and England should look to it for the prospective reform of her big nursery in Oxford.

It is true there is a very marked and considerable difference between the University systems of the two countries. In England the colleges are "louping stanes" to ecclesiastical preferment; in Scotland, a beneficed clergyman has no higher ambition than a chair in his *alma mater*. In the former, therefore, the universities are striving to obtain the patronage of the church; in the latter, the church is fain to have unlimited power over the seminaries of learning. The question of religious tests differs accordingly in the two countries just in proportion to the different relations of the educational and religious establishments. Looking to the universities as the porch of the Anglican Temple—yea, even Solomon's porch, which is called beautiful, Oxford dons and proctors have planted their 42-pounders at the entrance, and command the poor gownsman to stand and deliver his conscience into better keeping, before he can be privileged to scan a Greek chorus, or chop Aristotle's logic, or proceed to his degree. Anxious in Scotland simply to maintain a quiet comfortable preserve for her learned divines, the church there has simply provided a grand militia guage for her professional recruits, leaving happily to the students ample scope and verge enough to range undisturbed. The teacher of "the humanities," however, must stand in his stockings, a man of so many inches according to the Westminster confession—the instructor in physics must swallow the presbyterian pledge—and the professor in morals must believe in Lord Aberdeen's red-hair bill. Honest David Deans would republish his "Cry of ane Howl in the Wilderness," were any Armenian, L.L.D., poisoning the minds of youth through the medium of an algebraic formula—or any prelatic geologist unsettling the godly discipline of the kirk by a schismatic argument drawn from fossils and stones—or any latitudinarian dissenter tarnishing the fine gold by a heterodox reading of Horace or Homer. Now, it is felt that this bed is too short and the covering too narrow, so that learning is getting altogether cramped and cold by their means; and therefore Lord Advocate Moncrieff means to bring in a bill this session, we understand.

Before saying a word on Strowan Robertson's pamphlet,* we should wish it to be clearly understood what the real nature of the new movement is. All parties, we believe, are equally anxious that the universities should be untainted by schisms, heresies, and infidelities of any kind or quality. Orthodoxy is nationality in Scotland; and it would be hard to say in whose house the fire burns most strongly. The sole question among them is as to the right way of ensuring sound and good instruction of the higher class, with entire safety of Calvinistic faith in decrees, elections, irresistible graces, and final assurances. Strowan Robertson and his friends in the old kirk appealing then to the "wisdom of our fathers," and lifting up the larger and shorter catechism with proofs, summon every man aspiring to a doctorate to swear without more ado that this is verily his creed, flinging into the bargain a bundle of old acts of Parliamant and books of discipline. The other party object, that this is not fair to the scholarship of the land, because one may be perfectly competent to teach Greek, and perfectly willing to do his work in good faith, as a man of honour, without being able in conscience to stand the test of this orthodox pressure. They demand, therefore, that learning shall have the natural free play of her powers, stipulating only that if a professor shall abuse, or attempt to abuse his power by assailing the faith of the students, there shall be some court of appeal with power to strip the gown from his back. The proposal looks reasonable to reasonable men. But Strowan Robertson has reasons on the contrary; terrible bugbear reasons imported from Germany all the way, which is now, just as it used to be in old reformation times, the grand bale-fire and warning beacon held up by mother church to shew the breakers ahead. In Germany accordingly, he finds universities without tests, all of them hag-ridden by nightmares of neology, mythology, and pantheism, not surely to be tolerated in Presbyterian Scot-

* The Church and the Universities of Scotland, &c. By the Rev. Wm. Robertson, of Monzievaird and Strowan. Blackwood and Sons. 1853.

land. There is a good cry for the hunt; shout it loud and often enough, and the movement men will be at their wits' end by and bye. These last, however, are not to be frightened so; and they reply, not unfairly, that a century ago, or less, one who wanted a similar argument against tests need only have pointed to Scotch universities—to Adam Smith, to Arian Hutchison, and Socinian Simpson, and others less notable, but not less pernicious. In short, they make it appear that even if these tests were fair, they are not effectual; so that if the universities are not to be degraded into mere appendages of the established church, Lord Advocate Moncrieff should get his hands strengthened, while he seeks to clear away this useless encumbrance. Let our English M. P's. lay this to heart; it will stand them in good stead when they come to speak to Oxford.

As to Mr. Robertson's pamphlet, he appears to be much too zealous a partisan to be trusted without guidance. His argument from the case of Sir Daniel Sandford is disingenuous, his proof of Adam Smith's dealing is an arrow for the enemy's quiver; and his general reasoning is based on the false assumption, that the universities are ecclesiastical nurseries, and the professors prophets in Israel.

THE POETS AND THE PROFITS.

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous, romantic work
Is ended now and past.
Bold Sidney and his kidney——

We have not heart to proceed—the quotation, we fear, can never be finished in *these* pages: the fortunes of its author*—homilied, too, in these verses—afford too melancholy proof of the truth he illustrates, that the days of romance, and chivalry, and poetry are past—outgrown and overgrown, and never to be restored till with one consent we return to boyhood. 'Twas there in the dim copses of that Happy Valley, we lost both lyre and spurs, as individually we still lose them.

For what is the decline of chivalry, the decline of poetry, but the decline of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" to each man of us as we grow into years of discretion? What but the decline of the Punch and Judy drama? Grown men, we still peruse the legends of the thousand and one nights—still occasionally we tarry at a street-corner to bestow melancholy smiles upon belated Polichinello theatricals—still, in wet weather, give an hour's attention while Coleridge or Campbell pours along the hearth a rivulet of song. But, alas, and notwithstanding, the golden bowl is broken. What now to us is Fadladeen, and who cares for the brethren of the barber? Shemselnihar, Zenobie, Badoura, moon-eyed princesses—gorgeous in shawl and silken shintyan, lapped in softness, lost in langour and the luxury of dreams—how has their glory departed since when, at fourteen years, we rumpled brown locks in extremity of emotion over the chronicle! Gone the radiance of eastern noon that slumbered on our faces as then we read; the little tongues of flame that flicker in the coal—suggest the noise of nodding palms no more. For the bulbul no cricket suffices; and what will you have for supper that shall so truly be mutton stuffed with pistachio-nuts as that barren crust of old? Soyer, depart! Dumb! *your* mutton, stuffed with *your* pistachio-nuts! Allah and the sacred blade-bones of Mahomet!—Forbear, lessee, forbear ambrosial manager! The real drama deceased some time ago in a drab great coat, breathing its last into the pipes of Pan. Vain your stews, your pies spiritual—vain your spectacles and comedies from the French! Restore to us our brown locks and the heads that were under them, that we be men by rule and square no more, prescient of the taxe no more—and then! O Badoura peri, wind your golden scarf about our brows, poise our drowsed souls in perfumes of celestial attar, and take us within the shadow and the twilight of your dreams.

But as there is no second boyhood for Englishmen, so there can be no second boyhood for England; and as with individual youth passes away all real and full appreciation of the poetry of Mr. Lane, so, we fear, with national boyhood passed away that same open-eyed, open-eared, open-mouthed appreciation of all poetry whatever. There is a poetic feeling that knoweth not, and poetic judgment that feeleth nought; and though we may now be better critics of poetry which is not English, but Latin written by Englishmen in English like that of Pope and Dryden, and their followers (the melancholy multitude!) or acclimatised German and Italian, like almost all the poetry of later generations, there is no longer a public mind responsive to chords of verse attuned *from* English character *to* English character alone. And there are no chords of that description to respond to. Neither masters nor scholars are left in the only real school of English poetry that ever existed; though that was as distinctive in its elements, and as original in its character, as its decay is significant and complete. The ballad-minstrelsy of England was the expression of poetical feeling truly national—indigenous to the soil and springing spontaneously from it, destitute of all extrinsic cultivation, and yet greater, for what is most graceful and pure in sentiment than for the rugged and rank luxuriance proper to untrained

* Hood.

strength. It grew out of national character, as mistletoe grows on the oak-tree—green, graceful, and problematical: for how did such delicate verdure, such chaste grace, get there?* With this difference, however, that whereas the mistletoe asserts no existence but its own, and knows not the secrets of the oak, the poetry of which we are speaking asserts not itself, and tells all the secrets of the tree from which *it* grew. British idosyncrasy may be read from it—British history may be written from it. The unapproached pathos, the strong unwilling sorrow that sobs in these ballads, the grim Teutonic humour that crackles here and there in them, the swift percussion of stanza after stanza, when battle is the subject of the song—the very measure adapted to no known instrument of music so well as lusty lungs, are broadly and exclusively English, while nine-tenths of all produced from the various schools of poetical composition which have superseded it, might well be translations. The "Queen of the May" is indeed ours; but sad it is to suggest, dear Genevieve, that even *you* might possibly be an adaptation from the classics, some sweet daughter of the Gracchi in *de laine*—if you were not so German classical.

So our first love is abandoned. The English muse, large limbed, and brown eyed, and altogether beautiful,—thick crowned with leaves of oak, and smelling of the woods, found herself deserted long ago for a large importation of Chloes and Clorindas, and made a bed of leaves and died in the woods, proud and childless. Since then we have been improving on our Chloes and Clorindas, releasing them from much buckram, extricating them from much rouge and pearl-powder, by vigorous application of towelling. But the large, modest English muse, who never knew a farthingale, and seldom needed towelling—she is no more! and the loss is ours.

* War, wine, and women have engrossed almost all the poets. The greater number of the most renowned poems rhyme of these alone; and, of these, the most favoured of readers are those frenzied with the maddest aspect of the theme. The wherefore is, of course, apparent. Passion is always poetical: it creates language, and language is its most obedient servant, always *its* truly. If you wish to write a poem, with least trouble, select any passionate incident of love, any vivid incident of strife, and your poem is already half-made; and, what is even then of some importance, half praised. For every man, if he understand nothing else, understands loving and fighting; they are instinctive, varied little by education, and appeal to an average amount of savagery in men of all grades under one climate. Thus women, whose primal qualities are generally supposed to be less influenced by position or education than those of men, are superior to men in appreciation of all that belongs to love and chivalry: they *comprehend* both supremely; and with women, the better half in matrimony, the better half of the world is enlisted.

Under such halcyon auspices—with aids both subjective and objective, in the thing to be sung *of* and the thing to be sung *to*—a comparatively slender infusion of poetical genius is sufficient to render one the author of very commendable heroic or Petrarcan verses; and the deepest and purest wells of inspiration are those at which even the most brilliant composers of such verses have *not* drunk. Lord Byron is a high example of such brilliant composers; a great poet of the passions; and whose muse, when she chose to sing sweetness, chose to be as supremely sweet as though fervour were not in her nature most supreme, and inspiration flame. But a smaller amount of true creative poetic genius goes to constitute a poet Byron, than to the composition of others less brilliant or successful; while without a liberal infusion of what may be called the sublimated animal—akin to sense, which is *not* poetry, and alien from soul, which *is*—no poet Byron could be possible at all.

We recite all this in honour of British ballad-minstrelsy; and claim credit for the good authors and original minstrels, that they composed not in this way (*i.e.* in the war, women, and wine way), at a period and under circumstances, from which the existence of no other way could fairly be inferred. In ages, dark ages, of feudal insolence and feudal servitude, where the most respectable attribute of man was muscle, and animal courage compounded for the moral virtues, or went very far to do so—and beauty and the bowl, as always to the soldier, furnished the sum of incitement and reward—these ballads were made. They are, indeed, and could be little else, the chronicles of turbulent times; and were, moreover, composed by the descendants of those fierce Scalds who delighted in the banquet, in the chase, and in slaughter; whose paradise was a vinous Walhalla, and place of foemen's skulls for drinking-cups. "We hewed with the sword," sings Regnor Lodbrog, forefather of him who wrote the "Babes in the Wood"—"We hewed with the sword! we will not fail to pour plenty of ale out of skulls, and to wash our throats in Odin's-hall!"

But spite of the influence of such tradition, and the then condition of society; spite also of the very nature of their themes, our old ballads are not poems of passion: they are superior to the sublimated animal. Beautiful as they are, they depend for their greatest beauty on a refinement of feeling, and purity of sentiment, and innocence of thought, anticipatory of all that four centuries of cultivation has been found equal to educe; these excellences too, being oftenest clothed in a simple elegance of diction, which four centuries of cultivation seem not to have preserved. In a note like the present, and without quotation, it is impossible fully to recall how in these generally rugged ballads, poetry is softened in the still light of sympathy and human affection; how few heroes, in the military and Scaldic sense, are found in these ballads—how many good husbands, fathers, and brothers, who recommend themselves to us peculiarly, *as such*, in the very heat of strife; how seldom the cry of the stricken soldier is "Charge, Chester, charge!" how often some word of tenderness concerning that "lady dear, who waketh in bower for me;" how faint the blaze of glory, how bright, and warm, and all-welcoming the firelight from the hearth. The passion of love, again, is chastened with the same moral ameliorations. It is such a passion, in the ballads, as no man, at any time of life, could be *ashamed* of; a passion, or rather an absence of passion, which makes the men more manly, and the women more womanly; more honourable and more loveable both. Mr. Jamieson, who collected many British ballads, and translated some Danish ones, has noticed this. He observes that with all the Gothic nations, love was not the boisterous passion of animal appetite [the still intensity of passion] which is found to prevail in warmer latitudes, nor did it assume the visionary and fantastical form in which we find it represented in the earlier French and Provençal poetry. Our good mothers deserved something nobler and deeper than either; and certainly, like the blue-eyed, brown-eyed women, their daughters, whom we love, would "stand" neither. To conclude, the one broad, inspiring principle, running clear throughout our beautiful ballad poetry, is (O perfidious Albion!) the modest one of *fidelity*: the one ever-recurring sentiment (O morose shopkeeper!) a prolific compound of generosity, or love, best called *kindness*;—sympathy of kind, which comprehends fidelity and half the Christian virtues beside. These qualities, with earnestness and simplicity, are paramount in an eminently *natural* school of poetry, a school great in unambitious greatness, and one in which the unshackled aspirant may study with unsurpassed advantages.

And it is fair to deduce, we hold, from the loss from our poetry of English individuality and such reflections of mind and feeling as must best appeal to our poetical sympathies, if we had them, that we have also lost those poetical sympathies, or that they have at least greatly declined. We are no longer boys, and, therefore, Aladdin is no conjuror. Aladdin is no conjuror, because we are no longer boys. Rubbing that lamp of his proved, upon consideration, not calculated to be productive to *us*. Each shopkeeper of us, and the whole national Shop of shopkeepers, at about seventeen years and seventeen centuries of age, respectively, woke to the suspicion that the only lamp for us to rub with promise of profit was the shop-lamp—the lamp of commercial and scientific intelligence. And so hard has it proved to evoke, not pearls and diamonds as big as a musselman's thumb, but olives, and wine, and oil, and raiment—beef, boots, and bread-and-butter—that feeling has got merged into faculty, and faculty is at length all absorbed, and there is no time for poetry.

True, poets now and then, ignoring the facts, still indite; and we each make it a duty to become familiar with their names, and admire them very much—between the pauses of dinner and the dance; and so do our neighbours and partners—enthusiastically. We all read Shakspere in our youth; and if we have not read him since, bow nevertheless, to the opinion that he is the poet of all time. Milton, not so many have perused, even counting those who skip the dry and heavy; but we all know how much he was paid for "Paradise Lost," and think it very shameful. "Three poets in three distant," &c.—we all know *that* too, and can repeat it. So with the modern poets. They are universally known, and much admired; but read less, and bought—? If books could be read without *ever* being bought, if authors or booksellers were the "dear friends" of all the borrowers—we should say that the poets were never bought at all. "Small prophets and large returns," was first established as a great fact by Mr. Murphy, when he established his almanac;* but in the higher walks of literature the phrase is modified; it reads, "Great poets and *no* returns!" At any rate, we have no recent example of a poet relying upon a prospect of such returns: Savage was the last, and a very deplorable example. Those who have, since then, sought poetry professedly (we cannot say, as a profession) are divisible into two classes: those who were indifferent to pecuniary returns, and those who had talent to devote to other pursuits, and could depend on them. Byron and Rogers belong to the first. Of the second Southey is an instance; he laboured long and with intense industry, for reviews and in biographical book-making, before he felt his family secured from the chances of poverty. Coleridge also wrought hard in prose, and died in not too-flourishing prosperity. Moir had to stand by his surgery; and Moore, who had to be political and obtain an appointment, received a greater sum than poetry ever produced, for something that was not so much a poem as an amusing and brilliant constellation of bright and chiming words; a sweet ringing of bells, depending upon *you* to supply poetry and meaning, mainly.

* The maxim is now frequently met with, slightly altered, in trade circulars.

And here is the secret. We are willing to have our minds amused, but not enthralled or involved. If, O poet with long hair, you can divert our minds from thoughts and so give them rest and sleep,—from that law-suit or that railway business—from the mechanical difficulties of this factory, or the Saturday-night difficulties of that, from the too much work here, and the weariness of no work at all there—do so, and you shall not go unrewarded. Be a Monster, O long-haired poet. Become a General Tom Thumb. Be two feet nine inches high, eleven inches in circumference, and wear a funny cocked hat,—and you shall have shillings in unabated flow, our wives shall pat your cheeks and our daughters and sweethearts shall add kisses. And if any cracked painter of the name of Haydon, exhibiting his bores of historical pictures in the next room happen to take umbrage that not *one* shilling of the thousands pass to him, *let* him! He be shot!

So Poor Tom Hood choked up the spring of poetry that was in him (as well as he could, for it would still break out), wrote a "Lament for Chivalry," and took to "Comic Annuals" for bread. That Southey at one time also contemplated Comic Annuals, we suspect from that poem of his on the proportions of pork; and Poet Warren of the "Diary of a Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year," took the same ground in a still more bold and decided manner, when he published that capital joke the "Lily and the Bee." The generous British public, however, too often ungenerous and blind in matters pertaining to literature and the arts, misunderstood Poet Warren so egregiously that we fear the mistake was wilful. It misunderstood the poet's very intention; which was, by the publication of an extremely absurd book, to drown the carking cares of the nation in a flood of laughter. The public, it must in justice be admitted, *did* laugh; but at the wrong object: at the author. This was most unkind. After all, however, he was more fortunate than many of his compatriots;—the book *was* largely bought, by the innocent and unsuspecting, and he thus indirectly obtained the reward his superior ingenuity deserved.*

* That the authors of four-fifths of these volumes of rhyme which are in constant issue from the press, are actuated by the same motives as moved Mr. Warren to the Lily and the Bee (*i.e.* the production of amusement and laughter by the intensely absurd), we have now no doubt: There can be no reasonable objection to so innocent a means of effecting an object so laudable, and it would be unjust to ascribe to these well-intentioned men the idea of effecting anything else. We were first led to this conclusion (and it is always interesting to note the origin of great conclusions) by a story related by Sidney Smith, but of which not even that penetrating ecclesiastic divined the full and dreadful meaning. The story concerns a Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown. In the third year of the

But Poet Warren is not unequalled, great reason as he undoubtedly has for supposing so; and in presence of the production now before us, we are impelled to congratulate that gentleman on the fact that his previously-earned reputation insured for him, even more than his merits, the attention and the laughter of the world. The gain is his: let him be thankful! The author of the volume which (as orthodox reviewers) we again say "lies before us," has not the distinction of a name; and so for twelve years his efforts to benefit his species have gone unrecognised and unrewarded—if, indeed, that can properly be said to have "gone" which none but our fortunate selves seem to have met.* And yet we have truly averred that it is equal to the "Lily and the Bee" in the laughter-stirring element—in elements of mirth as boisterous as those that hurtle in the caves of Æolus; and as rich in that most welcome and marketable faculty of literature, amusement. Nay, we will even say that it is superior to Mr. Warren's admirable performance, and much more worthy of public patronage and purchase. The author has succeeded in assuming so magnificent an air of confidence combined with an appearance, marvellously life-like, of complete incapacity—he walks the world of poesy with so perfect an assumption of innocence, desperate unconscious innocence, of all and several the laws of language—that he is at once placed at the head of his insufficently valued compeers, the poets of the egregious absurd. Mr. Mahon, too, is thoroughly consistent. Many of his more successful rivals have persisted in detailing their nonsense in the most elegant or at least the most grammatical language at their command. Some have even adopted the grand Miltonic style; others the sardonic Byronical; others, again, the miserable style, after the manner of Keats. This, of course, is sheer pedantry, and a weakness Mr. Mahon has anxiously avoided. In contemplating the present work, he remembered that beauty unadorned is adorned the most by universal and unctuous acknowledgment; and rightly inferring that the beautifully ridiculous is amenable to the same rule, gives us *his* absurdity in accordance therewith. Not a rag of embellishment is here displayed; his muse disports herself in original innocence. In a conventional age like the present, this stroke of craft was not less bold than effective, not less ingenuous than ingenious; and carries out the benevolent objects of the author wonderfully. Its effects shall not be wholly left to the imagination of the reader: we will extract from the page that first presents itself. It is a wild story.

reign of his present majesty (George IV.) and in the thirtieth of his own age, Mr. Brown, then upon his travels, danced one evening at the court of Naples. His dress was a volcano silk with lava buttons. Whether (as the Neapolitan wits said) he had studied dancing under St. Vitus, or whether David, who danced in a linen vest, was his model, is not known; but Mr. Brown danced with such inconceivable alacrity and vigour, that he threw the Queen of Naples into convulsions of laughter, which terminated in miscarriage and changed the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne." And did the good-natured queen, then, suspect nothing Herodian in the dancing of Mr. Brown? Did she innocently think no guile existed beneath that dress of volcano silk with lava buttons?—no deeply conceived scheme to dance away a dynasty? With the penchant for imprisonment which characterizes the powers that be Neapolitan, we doubt whether the mask of Momus would *now* serve to disguise the political designs of any other Isaac Hawkins Brown.

* "London as it Was and as it Is. A Poem. With Miscellaneous Pieces in verse. By Anthony Mahon. London: Johnson, Paternoster Row.

> One day in May I strolled my way,
> When vernal flowers and bloom looked gay,
> And all proud nature shone most bright,
> Which shed pure essence of delight!
> I sought a perfect shady bower,
> I longed therein to spend an hour.
>
> . . . .
>
> Methought, I am retired alone,
> Where hearts are free—no sigh or moan;
> Nought here that evil can impart,
> Where nought but transports reach the heart.
> These fledged creatures wing the air,
> To vie in song's their greatest care;
> Though nought that's human here but me,
> I'll share content with all I see.
> While thus such muse absorbed my mind,
> I further on my course did wind,
> Till soon arrested by a rill,
> That made this place more pleasing still,
> I stood to view and heard a moan,
> When thinking myself quite alone;
> It drew my gaze to every side,
> And on the bank I soon espied
> A maid more lovely still than May.
>
> . . . .
>
> When I approached she rose in joy,
> And now her grief I did alloy,
> Saying, "You deceived and led me here;
> Behold my state, bedewed with tears!
> You shunn'd my sight, into this bower,
> And in quest of you I spent some hours,
> Till I at length had lost my way,
> And here in hapless plight I lay."
> From bliss this maid now caused me woe,
> Not knowing who did upbraid me so,
> Yet knew she must be in mistake;
> I never did a nymph forsake;
> Still thoughts on this had filled my mind,
> And power of speech I could not find
> To plead my cause, and so make known,
> That she mistook who caused her moan;
> But when recovered from surprise,
> Resolved to make the dame more wise,
> And said, "Dear maid, it can't be me
> You followed here or wished to see;
> I never knew you in my life,
> To be my love or yet my wife;
> So be convinced of your mistake,
> And let delusion thee forsake."
> She gazed on me, now I felt the dart,—
> Her searching looks had thrilled my heart.
>
> . . . .
>
> And so stood mute we face to face;
> She like an artist me did trace,
> Until at length she did discover,
> That I till now was not her lover.
> "O pardon, pardon, Sir!" she said,
> "For such mistake, a lonely maid;
> Young Harry, Sir, was more like you,
> Than any man I ever knew;
> In looks, attire, and every state,
> Sound of voice and all complete;
> And amidst all lovers yet was known,
> I would mistake you for my own."

The fact was, the author had a brother so much like him that they "passed for one unless to-

gether." This was Henry; he had been consigned to the tomb, in a very loving state of mind concerning "Miss Flora Dubois." Upon informing her of the facts—

"He is dead!" aloud she cried,
And to despair her mind consigned.
I strove to soothe, but all in vain,
She could not now contentment gain;
She would give no ear to soothing voice,
When lost the object of her choice;
She now distracted, I forlorn,
And sat me down with her to mourn,
Yet strove all means I could devise,
Her deep sunk spirits to arise;
But too much woe enwrapp'd her soul,
And all her senses did control;
No rallying words could touch her heart,
Where grief was locked and could not part;
What means I used grief to dispel,
Who can transcribe?—no words can tell.
We both reclining on the green,
None could behold a sadder scene;

. . . .

Whilst near the fair maid I reclined,
And wishing now I could restore
The faculties she had before;
Yet to disclose her lover's death,
I deem was wrong, and did regret;
But soon her spirits did revive,
And set my heart once more alive;
But when her eyes did light discover,
She thought I was her absent lover;
Unconscious of what I her told,
Ere she 'neath grief's effects reposed;
For her sake I deemed it better
To pass awhile for my dead brother.
And now she ceased to grieve or moan,
And took my arm to lead her home;
We for some time together walked,
And not a word now either talked;
Meantime oft lovely looks she cast,
From eyes made dim by sorrow's blast,
And then in gentle accents spoke,
Saying, "Sir, you have not silence broke
Since we departed yonder grove,
Long absence blighted all your love?"
I was devising all on our way
What to dissemble what best to say;
I thought on one thing and another,
To make her believe I was my brother;
Yet now in answer, I said, "My dear,
Do you suppose if I were near,
That I would willingly forsake you,
Not call to see, and so deceive you?
By the powers that are divine,
My will did never so incline!"

To account for the apparent parodox between his conduct and professions, the author now resorts to what we must really stigmatise as a cock and bull story about going to Spain to prove an alibi; and in a rather off-hand manner he then asks:—

"And now, my dear, will all this do
To gain forgiveness now of you?"
"The act is worthy of applause,
And yet enough to gain your cause;
To forgive you, Sir, it's now I can,
As you had saved an honest man;
Your long absence caused me grief,
As wilfully met not my belief,
Yet what had most perplexed my mind,
Was where you lived I could not find;
I doubt you gave me your address,
As where it was I could not guess;
If I had got it I would have sent,
And find it was to Spain you went."

. . . .

The above recital may seem strange,
That she cannot perceive the change;
Nor do I believe she can for life,
Unless I tell her when my wife;
So much alike were me and brother,
That we passed for one unless together!
And still as rare we were combined,
In sentiments and mutual mind;
Bore no contrast by grief or pleasure,
In heart, in toil, in ease or leisure;
Yet what had crossed our course through life,
We both oft sought to get one wife;
Her loved by me, was by my brother,
Each will alike to have no other;
Nor could I ever have resigned,
Until my brother felt inclined;
So in each dilemma, we far better,
Gave up courting both together;
Yet how to manage such an affair,
With coalitions unfit to bear,
We thought concealment the best project,
That each may love a distinct object;
And by that means my brother courted
This maid, who sought where few resorted,
And was in hapless plight repining,
When by the lonely brook reclining.

Continuing to impose upon Miss Flora Dubois for the entombed Henry, the author has no difficulty in persuading her into the matrimonial connection. But conscience, the accuser, sleeps not. Outwalking one day—

Said she, "Why don't you now repeat
Our tales of love in single state?"
Response: "My dear, it slipped my mind;
Therefore you'd better me remind."

Mrs. Mahon adopts the suggestion, and the miserable man (who besides, as he admits, "knew not one thing or the other that passed betwixt her and my brother,") seizes the opportunity to disburden his mind. Then she:

"You state and swear that it is so;
It's mighty strange, yet I don't know,
But if it's true and I am wrong,
Why did you dupe me, Sir, so long?
We are now married a year and more,
Why not you mention it before?
What caused your brother, then, to leave?"
"Twas death, my dear; he is in the grave."
"As I must believe that you are true,
And Harry is dead, to bliss adieu!"
These words set horror in my mind,
And she to grief again resigned.
Ah! had I known, would I disclose,
To blast my own and wife's repose?
'Twas fate that prompt me so to do,
It's now my lot with her to rue,
And nought in life shall now restore,
The bliss I felt with her before;
She loved my brother more than me,
It's now displayed, I plainly see,
And jealousy springs in my head,
Yet it's not right since he is dead.

Now fall the fires of retribution; how touchingly they are sung, we leave it to the reader to conceive, and hasten to the blissful *dénouement*.

These are the crosses of our lives,
We find them out in getting wives;
The most ill-suited linked together,
To banish bliss from one another;

Still I must go to bring her round
To love, in duty I am bound;
I promised so ere we were wed,
And won't transgress until I am dead;
I'll go back now to soothe my wife,—

. . . .

"My dear, why do thee languish so,
For him that's gone where we must go?
Can I be happy to supply,
The place of him fate caused to die,
And share your love that is no treasure
To the dead, yet bliss or pleasure?—
But to me with a heart not cold,
It is more treasure than pure gold;
Will you now grant it, and forget
All that you loved ere first we met,
And I'll accept the precious boon,
With gratitude for thee alone?"
She, at these words, ran to embrace me,
And now in happy life doth place me,
And my forgiveness doth implore,
With vows to love me evermore.
Happy, happy, now is my state,
With conscience free—not a cheat;
I told the truth and blessed my life,
By undeceiving to my wife,
That I am myself and not my brother,—
Loved by her who loves no other.

If then (as we have assumed), in a careful and unimaginative age, the most benevolent end of literature be laughter, how nobly Mahon has performed his mission our readers have some means of judging in the quotation above. If, as the fact is, the most *amusing* writer, no matter how extravagant, is most favoured of the public, that public may now perceive how culpably neglectful it has been of a truly great man in that line. And yet it cannot all perceive from the broken poem here reprinted, the full amount of the efforts the author has made to bring mirth to the hearts of the nation, nor the full sum of its culpability in neglecting that effort. The book must be possessed and read to know that; and there are two-hundred closely printed pages, above *seven-thousand* lines, of such excellent nonsense, as we have instanced, not one of which could be spared without a pang. Those who have never composed in verse (the minority, we are painfully aware, is small) know not, and cannot know the amount of labour involved in such a work; but added to labour, the ingenuity here displayed can only be estimated by the immense benefits it is calculated to effect. With "London as it was," &c., the "Lily and the Bee," and some other books we wish not invidiously to mention, the physician might abandon half his drugs. To the hypochondriacal, to men disunited in the bonds of marriage, for family reading during November and the rainy days throughout the year, and for exportation to the poor oppressed Blacks—we consider the book invaluable. It is bound in unmitigated green.

Another word. The public does not like to be convicted of neglect, whether it be of poets, the bequeathed daughter of heroes, or anybody. It too often, we must say, endeavours to screen itself under the shabbiest excuses; the bequeathment is not bequeathed; the daughter is not a daughter; the the hero—well, if he *was* a hero, he did not behave himself as one would wish; and so on. The poet, of course, is no poet. And we foresee that this will be said of him whom we have had the honour of rescuing from darkness and the shelves of Mr. Johnson. A certain class in society will say that the grotesque garb of folly—assumed by this clever man for the most benevolent of purposes, is his natural hide; and that he could not help it. But did any one ever make a similar charge against the genius—say of the Clown at Astley's. Does it detract from *his* comic songs that he cannot help them? And did the Clown at Astley's ever write such a volume of poems as the present?

But we are prepared to meet the slanders of that section of society—or retort on some other section, which is as nearly the same thing as possible. If the author of this volume was not actuated by great designs to stoop to play the stupid, but is "a stupid" naturally, deranged, perhaps—what has reduced him to that condition? The following passage from his preface may assist the solution of the question:—

> I have written this little Work with no other view than to divert from my mind the wearisome burden of anxiety occasioned by a protractive and expensive lawsuit commenced by me at a very early age, indeed in my boyhood, against the Bank of England, for the recovery of funded property I stood entitled to by my uncle's will. . . . . . However, I could not bring that point to issue through the conduct of some lawyers I engaged to prosecute the case, who pretended faith, but proved to be otherwise; and although I could convince the reader of the truth of this statement, and the same may be useful by promoting caution, when employing lawyers, still I must forbear, though anxious for the public good, giving the names of the lawyers I allude to, nor trouble the reader with any further comment than to acquaint him with what led my thoughts to a work of this description.

We make no comment. We abide by our original opinion. There is but one step, say the philosophers, between the sublime and the ridiculous. In this case we hold for the sublime—the sublime-ridiculous; and those who may differ from us, are directed to the above quotation, with a recommendation to ponder it. The law, be it observed, "led my thoughts to a work of this description." Upon the law be the responsibility. Upon the law, which with its absurdities and injustice, has broken many fortunes and many hearts—upon the law, in the mazes of which many an intellect has grown giddy and gone out—be the blame and punishment. To the kindred floods that surge around our Chancery courts, be added the tears of Mr. Mahon's disappointed parents—let their sighs augment the winds that already rumble in the chimneys of its chambers—and the fabric must fall. It never could survive the odium of making so enormous a victim.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

XIII. TUSCANY.

On ascending from the plains and valleys of the Roman Legations, amidst picturesque and magnificent scenery, we at length arrive at the post of Lojano. From this spot, on a ridge of the Apennines, we behold in the east a fertile and beautiful region, and, at the same time, we may enjoy a broad view of the Adriatic. On the west we look down upon the fields, vineyards, and villas of Tuscany, and over the fertile valley of the Arno, while we at the same time embrace a full view of the Mediterranean. As we descend from Pietra Mala to Maschere, the road winds through a country rich in vines and olives, and embellished with the palaces of the Florentine noblesse; until we arrive in the magnificent capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.

This State comprises almost every variety of climate and soil. Over whatever part we travel, we find that fertility is the rule, and sterility the very rare exception. The Tuscans are industrious, remarkably frugal, and temperate in eating and drinking. They are devotedly attached to their country, and they very rarely emigrate to other lands. Ever since the three Republics of Florence, Sienna, and Pisa were united under one sovereignty by the Medici, the Government has been absolute, but, generally, parental and mild.

For more than two hundred years the family of the Medici maintained the ascendant, until 1737, when they became extinct; since which period Princes of the House of Hapsburg have held sovereignty over Tuscany; with the exception of the fourteen years, while the Grand Duchy for seven years formed the Kingdom of Etruria, and for other seven, three departments of the French empire.

Tuscany is generally well-cultivated, although the *Metayer* is the prevailing system; the landlord and the farmer dividing the produce between them. The dwellings of the peasantry are also superior to most of those in Southern Italy. Robberies and other crimes have long been rare, and the administration of the laws, until lately, has been impartial and usually just.

Tuscany has also been remarkable for its local municipal governments, which, for a long period, enabled the inhabitants of towns, in a great degree, to manage their own affairs. Education being under the superintendence of the clergy, has, however, been greatly restricted with regard to the diffusion of useful knowledge; and thus the intelligence of the rural population and of the artizans and tradesmen in the towns, does not often exceed the knowledge simply of their localities and pursuits.

Those who have travelled over this beautiful State, have everywhere been delighted with the scenery, and have always admired the neat and orderly conduct of the handsome Tuscan peasantry.

The parental, though absolute, government of the country, by Austrian Dukes, has also been extolled by travellers, and held up as an example highly worthy of imitation by other Italian governments. The present Grand Duke was also esteemed as an affectionate parent, and not as the despotic ruler of his subjects.

The revolution of 1848 has changed his character, and he has become a merciless tyrant and a bigoted fanatic. Florence, Leghorn, and other Tuscan cities, have ever since been in the occupation of an Austrian army. All freedom of speech or of writing has been abolished, and an inexorable inquisition exercises its tyrannical sway. Countless executions have been perpetrated; and with respect to religious persecutions, the tyrant of Florence surpasses his brother tyrant of Naples.

The reading of the Bible is not tolerated; the punishment is imprisonment or death. The sad story of the Madiai will form an eternal, disgraceful page of Florentine history. The Grand Duke is at heart and in sentiment the same, although destitute of the abilities of the hero of Macchiavelli—of Cæsar Borgia.

Most undoubtedly those cruelties which are practised in Florence, as well as in the kingdom of Lombardo Venetia, are not only countenanced but also directed by the despotic and indiscreet Cabinet of Vienna. That the execrable despotism of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine may be maintained for some time by the force of great armies, by imprisonments, and by executions, it is not our purpose to deny; but a day of retribution will the more certainly arrive, and the consequence of arbitrary, unjust, and cruel government assuredly be the dismemberment of that empire of discordant nations, and the final destruction of the Austrian power, south of the Alps—in all probability from the western borders of Hungary to Wallachia—from the Carputians to the Danube, to Servia and Montenegro.

M.

SUN AND SHADOW.

Nearer still bend o'er me,
Nay, embrace me, I implore!
Ah, my pride is dead before me,
And its ghost has gone before.
And now leave your locks to wander
With the tresses of my hair,
And leave your soul to ponder,
How your love was left to wander
In the gloaming of despair.

Not in anger, scarce in sorrow,
For its fires are spent and past,
Glowing idly on the embers
Of consumèd life at last:
But unvexed and unrepining,
And to close the sad arrear
Of my dreaming and divining
With your presence round me shining,
I besought your presence here.

'Tis Yesterday no more,
When To-morrow is arrayed;
And the beautiful adorning
Of the everlasting morning
Stills my spirit in its shade:
A golden, slumberous shadow,
Where it slumbers unafraid.
But talk with me of yesterday,
Till all you loved is sleep:
My yesterday, 'tis present—
It is sobbing while you weep.

Till all you loved is sleep;
For 'twas not the hoarded treasure
Of a woman's trust and truth,
Stored by innocence and youth,
And bestowed in boundless measure—
But a countenance love-lighted
And accidently fair—
To this your truth was plighted,
And soon again was plighted,
To loveliness more rare.

Yet fain I would believe
That you truly loved me, still.
Oh, assure me!—re-assure me!
I believe it, and I will!

Whether fortune, fault, or folly
Loosed the floods of melancholy
It is all too late to care:
But you loved me—always, wholly—
And 'tis *not* too late to care.

Then you, too, know the story
Of a spirit poised for ever,
Sick and reeling, o'er the darkness
Of the stolid Stygian river.
And your eyes have been a-weary,
And your arms have been a-weary,
Strained through unrelenting blackness,
Stretched upon the vacance dreary.

And, indeed, I do remember,
Now that memory is to cease,
How some ghostly presence sought me,
Subtle as my soul, and brought me
Uninterpretable peace.
But, rejoicing, now I know
That, creating wings to flee
Of its own intensity,
And impelled of bitter woe—
'Twas your love, escaped and trembling,
Seeking respite in my breast—
Bringing, seeking consolation,
Refuge with my love, and rest;
And they slept and dreamed together
In the chill and harried nest.

No more! I must be still—
There are many things to ponder
In the sad and solemn umbrage
Of the Valley where I wander:
For the distant hills are golden,
In the golden Morning yonder.
And now, good night, and bless you!
Give, oh give your lips to mine,
That my latest breath caress you,
And the last of life be thine.
Quell them, dearest, these alarms—
Hold me fast, nor now forsake me,
That when angels stoop to take me,
They may take me from your arms.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

On the 18th of last month, Parliament adjourned till the 9th instant, having been in session for about five weeks since the Christmas holidays. In that period the strength and the character of the Aberdeen Administration have been tested, and with a result, on the whole, highly favourable to it in public opinion. It is true that, looking only at the amount of legislative business completed, or in hand, not much progress would seem to have been made. The Army and Navy Estimates have been passed. The Jewish Disabilities Bill and the Canada Clergy Reserves Bill have been carried through the second reading by good majorities. A rather disappointing statement on the subject of law reform has been made by the Lord Chancellor; and an account, somewhat more satisfactory of the measures to be proposed for the benefit of the mercantile marine, has been given by the President of the Board of Trade. This is nearly the sum total of ministerial performances, in the legislative line, up to the present date. The Budget, and the promised measures relative to education, to secondary punish-

ments, to land-tenure in Ireland, and to the government of India, are still to be made known.

Probably, however, as much has been done as could reasonably have been expected of any Ministry in so short a time after taking office. At all events, there is no doubt that the country is well contented with its present Government. The Administration has thus far shown itself united, firm, and popular in its tendencies. The public business, in every department, has been so successfully conducted as to leave hardly an opening for the attacks of hostile criticism. The composition of the Ministry, moreover, has the advantage of affording a very fair reflection of the actual state of the public mind. The whole nation may be said to be just now in a "Liberal-Conservative" mood, and inclined to steady, well-considered, and constitutional progress. Both Houses of Parliament, in their respective ways, exhibit a corresponding temper; and the disposition and action of the Government have hitherto been entirely in harmony with the prevailing sentiment.

But the interest of the Session has chiefly centered in the proceedings of the election committees, which have resulted not only in unseating sixteen members, but in disclosing an amount and a kind of corruption in the present constituencies startling to all but the persons practically initiated in electioneering mysteries. If a conviction of the necessity of some reform in the electoral system had not previously existed, these disclosures would certainly have awakened it. As it is, they will, probably, serve to render the reform more thorough and effectual than it would otherwise have been. It is deserving of notice that, with the single exception of Hull (where the corrupt "freemen" seem to have vitiated a large portion of the electoral body), every borough in which these illegal practices have been proved to prevail extensively enough to influence the elections has fewer than 2,000 registered electors. Cambridge and Canterbury very nearly approach this number. As it is admitted on all hands that one remedy for the evil is to be sought in an enlargement of the constituencies, the fact just noticed may, perhaps, be taken as indicating the lowest number of which a constituency should consist. With such an enlargement, with the protection of the ballot, and with stringent laws against bribery, as much will have been done to secure purity of elections as mere legal arrangements can effect. Popular education and an improved public sentiment must do the rest.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

Just as the difficulties of the Burmese war, aggravated by the ill-judged manner in which it has been conducted, were assuming a serious aspect, there has occurred an unexpected event which seems likely to remove them. One of those "revolutions of the palace," which are so common in the East, has resulted in the deposition and death of the King of Ava, and the contest of two pretenders for the possession of the vacant throne. One of the combatants seems inclined to court not merely the friendship, but the aid, of the British commander; and it is not unlikely that the result may be, the early re-establishment of peace in that quarter. It must not be forgotten, however, that such a peace will almost certainly prove, under the present system of Indian Government, to be nothing more than a temporary suspension of hostilities.

This strangely managed war, and the approach of the period when what is called the East India Company's charter will expire, have together served to awaken in this country an unusual amount of interest in the affairs of our vast Oriental Empire. Events which have occurred of late years on the Continent and in our own Colonies, have rendered the nation peculiarly sensitive on the subject of oppression exercised upon subject races by arbitrary rulers. After sympathising with the unfortunate Hungarians and Italians, and censuring the severities which have been practised in Ceylon and the Ionian Islands, it is impossible for us to remain indifferent to the fact that a population half as large as the population of Europe, and thirty times as large as that of all the British Colonies, has been committed to the charge of a Government responsible only, in the most indirect manner, to the British people. This charge, there is too much reason to fear, has not been exercised in a manner conducive to the wellfare of the population so governed. Such an apprehension is amply warranted when an experienced and conservative statesman, like Lord Ellenborough, is found replying in the House of Lords to the common assertion that the existing system of Indian Government has "worked well," in the following striking and decided terms:—

"That had been the invariable answer when its anomalies, its absurdities, its monstrosities had been objected to. It might work well for those employed in the administration; but the question was, did it work well for the people of India? Did it possess any appearance of permanence? Was it possible it could be maintained? The great benefits that had been conferred upon India in the extinction of the Mahratta authority and of the Pindarees, and the establishment of internal peace from one end of the country to another, had been conferred by our military successes; in these the civil government had no part. The courage of our troops, the enterprise of our generals, the genius which they had displayed on many occasions, had given us immortal fame as a great military power, and had given to India all the benefits in the shape of internal peace which had been extended to it. Peace alone was a great blessing, leading to prosperity. The natural state of mankind was a state of progress. There must be extraordinary, unusual circumstances, arising through the worst of all possible governments, to arrest the progress of mankind when in a state of peace. But what we were to look to was the conduct of the civil government; what did the people owe to that? He really believed, that if you were to inquire what had been the alterations in the distribution of property occasioned by the thoughtless or inconsiderate adoption of measures for the collection of the revenue and other measures requiring the instant sale of land for arrears, you would find that the alteration in the distribution of property that had been effected by us in that country was much greater than the alteration of property effected in England by the Norman conquest, and equal also, perhaps, to that effected by the many confiscations which had taken place in Ireland. *He confessed, when he marched through the upper provinces, and saw the vestiges of ancient palaces, and roads, and works, and temples, and mosques, and all the records of great government by which we have been preceded, he felt humiliated; he felt that we were*

exhibiting ourselves under circumstances of disparagement, as greatly inferior to a nobler nation to which we had succeeded. What we had now to endeavour to discover was the form of government by which a good administration might be given to India."

If any evidence were needed to confirm the correctness of this description, it would be found in the facts mentioned on the same evening (the 11th of last month) by Mr. Bright in the Lower House, and especially in the remarkable statement that during the fourteen years from 1834 to 1848 the amount expended by the Government of India in substantial improvements for the advantage of the people of that country, such as roads, bridges, canals, tanks, and other works of that nature, was only £1,400,000, being at the rate of £100,000 a year; while the papers before the house shewed that during the fourteen years in question the Indian Government had extorted the enormous sum of £316,000,000 from the population of India.

The truth is that British India has hitherto been governed not with a view to the benefit either of the Indian people or of this country, but chiefly for the advantage of the few thousand individuals who divide among themselves the largest portion of the revenues of that immense empire. This truth is now well understood, and the necessity of some change in the system is generally admitted. But no one of the many able writers and speakers who have discussed this subject, seems as yet to have come to any definite conclusion concerning the nature of the change which is desirable, or even concerning the direction in which the remedy is to be sought. An observation of Lord Ellenborough, however, affords a valuable indication, which may perhaps be usefully followed out to a practical conclusion. In commenting upon the petition of nearly thirteen hundred British and other Christian inhabitants of Bengal, who prayed for a reform in the present system of government, his lordship remarked:—

With respect to the Supreme Government of India, the petitioners observed, he thought with some reason, upon the paucity of members of the Legislative Council. They stated, "that, without questioning the fitness of any individual, they still regarded the council as very deficient, and especially as wanting in variety of composition, and as of too limited attainments and experience—deficiencies which would account in some degree for the little progress made in all great improvements, and the retrograde tendency of government." They therefore "recommended a considerable addition to the Legislative Council, and especially the addition of non-official persons from the commercial and professional classes." That the Legislative Council might advantageously be increased in number, was his own opinion. *He thought it must be of very great importance to the Government that there should exist organized bodies of the natives, to which the Government might remit any matter on which they might wish to receive their opinion.* The least satisfactory part of the business of the Government of India, was that which was connected with legislation.

The question here arises, whether the defects of the Indian Government are not due mainly to the absence of any check upon its action in the country which it rules. Can any country possibly be well governed which is not to some extent self-governed? If this question is answered in the negative, as in this country it is likely to be, we come next to the equally important query, whether it may not be possible to form, out of the many thousands of educated natives and British residents in India, constituencies large and influential enough to represent the interests and secure the confidence of the Indian people. For example, might not the elective franchise be safely given to every native and other British subject in India possessing a permanent income of £100 a year, and also to every such person (whatever his income) who can speak and write the English language intelligibly? If, on these or any other terms, electoral bodies can be constituted in the several presidencies, they might choose a certain number (say, one-half or two-thirds) of the members of the Legislative council of each presidency; and these local councils might elect the members (or a portion of the members) of the General Legislative Council of India. In this way, the desideratum mentioned by Lord Ellenborough would be supplied, and an important step would be taken towards the introduction of constitutional government into India. By this arrangement, moreover, the influence of the property and intelligence of the country would be enlisted on the side of the British connection; since the constituencies, thus emancipated and admitted to a share in the Government, would be well aware that a rupture of this connection would, inevitably, be followed by the loss of their privileges, and the restoration of the arbitrary power of the native princes.

The present Colonial Administration promises to be highly successful and popular. The prompt cessation of transportation to Australia, the proposed surrender of the Canadian Clergy Reserves to the control of the Canadian Parliament, and the completion of the Cape Constitution, in a very liberal form, afford satisfactory earnest of what may be hereafter expected from the able and benevolent nobleman now at the head of this department, supported as he is by colleagues, not less experienced and interested than himself, in Colonial affairs. If it be true, as is reported, that the purpose is entertained of establishing the complete system of Parliamentary Government, on the Canadian plan, in every Colony possessing a considerable British population, it may safely be predicted that the vexatious and injurious contests between the Home Government and the Colonists, which have caused so much annoyance and mischief of late years, will rarely, if ever, recur—seeing that, as has already proved to be the case in Canada, and the other North American Colonies, the chief source of these difficulties, will have thus been annihilated.

FOREIGN.

The history of the stupid and brutal military despotisms, which for a time oppress the nations of civilised and Christian Europe, has afforded, during the past month, no novelty requiring particular comment. There have been, of course, confiscations in Lombardy, military executions in Hungary, and prosecutions of libel writers in Germany. The political torpor in France remains

unbroken. Diplomatists, wanting work, have busied themselves with their old amusement of raising and settling difficulties in the affairs of Turkey; but it is not in that quarter that any great European movement is likely to begin.

The most interesting intelligence comes from the other side of the Atlantic, where President Pierce has inaugurated his administration with an animated address, rendered eloquent by the speaker's hearty confidence in the destinies of the expanding Union, and in the worth and future prevalence of free institutions; but defaced, unhappily, by an allusion which reminds the world that "involuntary servitude," now nearly banished from Monarchical Europe, is recognised and maintained by the Constitution of Republican America.

LITERATURE.

Household Stories, collected by the BROTHERS GRIMM. Newly translated. With two hundred and forty Illustrations, by Edwd. H. Wehnert. In two vols. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

THESE stories are the classics of German infancy and childhood, and were collected with much pains-taking labour, by the brothers Grimm, partly from old books and sheets, and partly from oral traditions handed down from generation to generation. Such a labour requires no apology. The world is full of children, and all children have a prescriptive property in these marvellous narratives. It is curious, in reading them over, to notice how much the legendary lore of one country assimilates to that of another, and to recognise in the "good old German stories" the identical plots and catastrophes, which constitute the frame-work, not only of many of the nursery tales of England and France, but even of Persia and the East. Perhaps this is one cause, among many, of the interest with which this species of literature, which matter-of-fact readers are too prone to cast aside as trifling, has been always regarded by writers whose countenance alone might be deemed sufficient to give importance to their subjects. Another cause is, without doubt, the influence, real or supposed, which the hearing or perusal of such fictions is thought to exercise upon the mind and imagination, and through them, upon the future experience and character of the children with whom they become familiar recollections. And here it might not be difficult to show that among ourselves a very ridiculous prejudice has prevailed, for some generations at least, with regard to the supposed immoral tendencies of fictions palpably absurd and grotesque—as though a child were necessarily an idiot, and could not by any manner of means fail "to interpret by the letter a story of a cock and bull." From an apprehension of the evil effects of such a literal interpretation, the nursery and the infant schoolroom have been deluged with "good-boy" stories and biographies, vast numbers of which are worse than useless, not because they contain anything bad in themselves, but because they ignore faculties which young children possess, and which might be cultivated to advantage, and appeal to faculties which have not yet had birth, and which, if they be prematurely developed, are all the less likely to attain lustihood and vigour. Hence we sometimes see metaphysicians in pinafores who grow to be blockheads before they get breeched, but rarely catch a sight of a child of parents well-to-do in the world, who is heathily ignorant of ethics and ologies, or free from the cant (at an age when it can be nothing more than cant) of the schools. For this reason, as well as others, we are glad to see the collection of stories by the Brothers Grimm, in the elegant, and, at the same time, popular form of the volumes before us. They are admirably got up in every respect, and they present to the juvenile reader—to the eye as well as the mind—such an endless variety of amusing material as will cause them to be cherished as a real treasure by all who are fortunate enough to possess them. The stories, which are exceedingly numerous, appeal to every faculty of a child's mind, but chiefly to his wonder and imagination. Some of them teem with marvellous adventures—others are purely humorous—and others again are pathetic and mysterious. Those who have read the well-known tale of "Hans in Luck," which is one of the series, and which has been translated in most of the current journals of the day, may form an adequate judgment of the longer pieces. Of the shorter ones we shall extract one or two, for the sake of affording a sample of the rest. The following is one of the few which carry a moral with them:—

THE SHREDS.

Once upon a time there was a maiden who was very pretty, but lazy and careless. When she used to spin, she was so impatient, that if there chanced to be a little knot in the thread, she snapped off a long bit with it, and threw the pieces down on the ground near her. Now she had a servant-girl who was industrious, and used to gather together the shreds of thread, clean them and weave them, till she made herself a dress with them.

And a young man had fallen in love with this lazy maiden: and their wedding-day was appointed. On the evening before, the industrious servant-girl kept dancing about in her fine dress, till the bride exclaimed—

"Ah! how the girl does jump about,
Dressed in my shreds and leavings!"

When the bridegroom heard this, he asked the bride what she meant, and she told him that the maid had worked herself a dress with the shreds of thread which she had thrown away. As soon as the bridegroom heard

this, and saw the difference between the laziness of his intended, and the industry of her servant, he gave up the mistress, and chose the maid for his wife.

The following is an exquisite idea embodied in the simplest narrative form—

THE ROSE.

There was once a poor woman who had two children, and the youngest went every day into the forest to fetch wood. Once, when it had strayed far away, looking for branches, a little, but strong and healthy, child came to it and helped it to pick up wood, and carried the bundles up to the house; but then in less than a moment he was gone. The child told its mother of this; but she would not believe it. At last the child brought home a rose, and told its mother that the beautiful child had given it, and had said that when the rose was in full bloom, then he would come again. The mother put the rose into water. One morning the child did not get out of bed, and the mother went to it and found it dead; but it lay looking quite happy and pleased, and the rose that same morning was in full bloom.

The illustrations of these volumes, which are all by Mr. Wehnert, are entitled to especial praise. The larger ones, which occupy the whole page, appear to be drawings on zinc plates, and in some instances so strongly resemble original drawings as to be hardly distinguishable from them. The major part of them have a whimsical character, and some are exceedingly ludicrous and provocative of laughter; they are all, however, artistic in the highest degree, and marked by correctness of outline, coupled with a delightful sketchiness in execution, which always constitutes the greatest charm in works of this kind. Among the smaller engravings on wood, are a number of the most characteristic oddities, combining the rich humour of Hood with the facile handling of a finished artist.

We can commend these volumes cordially to all who are in the habit of making presents to children, as a sure means of winning their good opinion. Those, too, who have not had the misfortune to outlive their childhood, may relish them, as we do, for their own sake. If it be true that "dulce est desipere in loco," it can hardly be less so, that it is desirable to renew the associations of childhood, when the opportunity of doing it is agreeably afforded us.

Memoir of a Metaphysician. By FRANCIS DRAKE, Esq. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.

WE can generally understand something of the nature of that temptation which allures a man to print a book, even to his own sorrow. There is the hope of fame, the idea of being read by students, thumbed by artisans, and talked about in drawing-rooms. There is the glory of having found a mare's-nest, or, failing all other motives, there is the simple *cacoethes scribendi* ripening into a mania for elegant type and unblotted margins; and all of these come within the range of our sympathies, as more or less natural and creditable vanities of the flesh. But this book has thrown us off the scent; and we must confess ourselves utterly at a loss to see why the author could write, or the publisher print, such a *lucus à non* as this Memoir of a Metaphysician.

Taking it for granted that Mr. Drake did not mean to perpetrate a bad joke, and hoax the credulous public by a simulated story; we have to inform our readers that his book professes to record the career, and unhappy end of a young South American bastard half-breed, intrusted to the care of our author's father, and by him, with the assistance of his two ushers, the one an apocryphal Scotch metaphysician, the other a ridiculous German phrenologist, so ill trained, physically, mentally, and morally—so miserably cooked, that not only is the crust burnt to a cinder, but every drop of sap exhausted, and what remains in the dish is but an indigestible compound of bend-leather, and oakum. This youth, Master Harold Fremdling by name, betrays a precocious affection for combining the discussion of psychology and apple dumplings, vacillates between the moods of philosophic abstraction and the tenses of roast-pork and repletion; whereupon he becomes, as may be supposed, a marvel and a mystery to his tutors and governors. The German Pfeffer feels his bumps, the canny Scot seems inclined to mesmerise him; while papa and mamma Drake, seeing his prospects of wealth, and having a daughter in the nursery, leave his mind to the philosophers, and lay their plans for his majority. In due time, our metaphysician launches into the fashionable world, because the laws won't countenance precocious marriages with guardians' daughters; and there metaphysics haunt him, it would appear, and, with their ghostly abstractions, in due time make a rip of him, a cool, calculating most deliberate rake, and finally reduce him at last to something viler than ever lotos-eating or Circe-cup opium, gin, or usquebaugh have yet been able to do for this poor human nature of ours. In the end, after a sufficient display of hinted brutality and hapless tragedy, Master Fremdling leaves to our author the bequest of a metaphysical mare's-nest, and dies as like a "Christian child" as ere a rogue in the Old Bailey, who has been converted at seven o'clock, under the skilful manipulation of a very evangelical ordinary, and hanged at eight to the general edification.

Such is the narrative. We give it simply because we fancy not many will trouble the book, or be at the expense of losing so much precious time with it as we have been. As to the so-called metaphysics of the author, it will be enough for those who know anything of the subject, that he acknowledges no *prima philosophia* except the science of phenomena; and announces it as the last will and testament of this victim of metaphysics, that matter and mind are only convenient words, and experience the only basis of real and credible philosophy. If Mr. Drake ever means to write on this subject again, we do hope his friends will give him better advice. It is just possible he may have read Mr. Louis's "Biographical History of Philosophy;" but we are much mistaken if he has ever dipped further into the matter; and we do assure him, on our credit, that until he has both read and thought a great deal more than appears

in this production, he will be more profitably employed in dealing with Mr. Fremdling's monetary legacy than with his mental bequest. The one is, at least, a positive quantity; the other is minus all probability or power: the one is a definite article, and the other is a waste of ink.

A View of the Resources of Nations. By H. Fraser, Esq. London: W. Smith, 172, Strand.

We have here one of the most extraordinary performances which have ever come beneath our notice. To give the reader an idea of this Chart of Universal History, we cannot do better than copy at full length the title which sets forth its design. This "View," then, comprehends the Area, Chief town, Population, and Religion of each country; the principal Produce and Manufactures; Description of the general Imports and Exports, of the Imports from and Exports to Great Britain and Ireland; Receipts, Expenditure, and Public Debt; Military and Maritime Countries—the Naval Forces of the present time; Late Wars, Sovereign or Supreme authority, Form of Government, Conventions, and Principal Treaties of Amity and Commerce with Great Britain, and between different Foreign States during the present century, collected from celebrated statistical writers and other authentic sources—with Historical Notes. All this mass of information is classified in twenty-one distinct columns, and any portion of it is thus rendered available to the reader without the loss of a moment of time in the search. The preparation of this work must have required an amount of industry and perseverance only to be paralleled by the paramount advantage to the public derived from its successful completion. The whole is embraced within the area of two broad sheets. No student of history—no library, institute, or literary association, should be without them.

Burning of the World, and the New Earth. Explained from Nature, and from Armorial Symbols, &c. By Robert Howard, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.S.A. London: Piper, Brothers and Co. 1853.

This is a very ominous and portentous looking volume, in a red-hot cover, figured over on both sides with cabalistic signs and strange figures, among which there is a fool's cap, a bishop's mitre, a lamb shouldering the union Jack, and "the great globe itself," with a notch as big as South America cut clean out of it. We learn from its contents that the world we live upon is to be burned and blasted, on some damp and foggy morning, into the shape of a monstrous Montgolfier balloon, with a big dish on the top of it. All this is to come to pass by means of the iron that is in the earth, which is to set fire to the stone, and both are to blow up together, like the gunpowder and the soot when Betty skys the copper. "Then," says our author—

By the uprising of impenetrable smoke, thick darkness will diffuse itself throughout the vastness of the air; the substance of the earth will be devoured by the burning of inconceivable fire; the air will be dissipated and chased away, so as to be no longer able to support the sun, moon, and stars, and they will, by their own weight, then come down upon the earth. This is signified in Scripture by "the woman clothed with the sun;" Rev. xii. 1. And in allusion also to the burning of the earth, Scripture says, "The stars shall fall from heaven." Matt. xxiv. 29.

This, of course, is indisputable, and we shall not attempt to reason against it. It must be true, for Doctor Howard, with half the alphabet tagged to the end of his name, is ready to take his oath of it. Happy Doctor! he makes his own philosophy as well as his own pills, and both, we have no doubt, are equally efficacious and wholesome. We trust he will reap the reward of his merit, and add the degree of A double S to the honours he already bears so bashfully.

Education in England. Revolutions in France. Free Trade and Colonization. By Ferdinand Gasc, M.A. London: Trelawney Saunders, 6, Charing Cross. 1852.

These are three pithily written pamphlets (two of which have appeared before) upon subjects with which the writer appears to be well acquainted. They will be found to contain many valuable truths occasionally enunciated in an original manner. The essay on Revolutions in France is somewhat rambling and unconnected, but contains facts and reflections which are worthy of attention. This book is evidently the work of a foreigner unaccustomed to express himself in English; but he has mastered the chief difficulties of our language, and if he will study short periods and confine himself to words which *are* to be found in the dictionary, he may become ere long a popular writer.

Memoirs of a Maître d'Armes; or, Eighteen Months at St. Petersburg. By Alexander Dumas. Translated by the Marquis of Ormond. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

In these two numbers of the Traveller's Library, we have the most graphic, startling and interesting pictures of Life in Russia, which have ever been presented to the public. The narrator, a fencing-master, in the patronage of the Grand Duke Constantine, has the privilege of access to all ranks of society, and sketches their peculiarities with a master hand. The period of his residence in Russia extends from 1824 to 1826, and his narrative embraces events of historical importance, which being related by an eye-witness well qualified both to observe and to report, have all the freshness and vigour of life. The character of the kingly savage Constantine is sketched with astonishing force; and we should be tempted to transfer the picture to our columns were it not for the fact that this part of the work has been so often translated as to be already familiar to most of our readers. We extract the following account of the inundation of St. Petersburgh in the autumn of 1824.

About eight I was awakened by a cannon-shot. I put on a dressing gown and ran to the window. The streets gave token of great agitation among all classes. I dressed as fast as I could, and ran down.

"What was the cannon for?" asked I of a man who was carrying mattresses upstairs.

"It is the water rising, Sir," said he. . . . I ran to the door. The middle of the street was flooded, and waves, caused by carriages going along, washed over the footways. . . . . The cannon-shots now came faster and faster; and we could see the hackney carriages escaping from Admiralty Square in all directions—the drivers, who had hoped to make a good speculation, being forced to give up and escape themselves. They cried, "The water rises, the water rises!" and behind them, as if in pursuit, a high wave showed its green head above the quay, and breaking against the angle of the Issac Bridge, rolled in foam to the foot of the statue of Peter the Great. A cry of fright arose, as if the wave had been visible to the whole city. The Neva had broken over its boundaries. At the sound of the cry, the terrace of the Winter Palace was suddenly covered with uniforms. The emperor, surrounded with his staff, mounted it in order to give his orders, as the danger became momentarily more pressing. When he got up he saw that the water was half way up the walls of the fortress, and thought of the unfortunate prisoners, confined in cells looking out to the river. An order was at once given, in his name, to the owner of a boat, to go and tell the governor to remove them from their cells, and put them in safety; but the boat arrived too late. They had been forgotten in the confusion, and were dead.

We now perceived above the Palace the flag of the imperial yacht, which came to render any assistance that the emperor and his family might stand in need of. The water was now level with the parapets of the quay, and the sight of a carriage rolling over with the coachman and horse, showed that in the streets there was no longer a footing. The coachman reappeared swimming, and was taken into a balcony on the first floor. We were so taken up with the sight, that we had turned away from the river, but on looking at it again, saw two vessels in Admiralty Square. The water had risen so much as to allow them to pass over the parapets, and they had been sent by the emperor to the succour of the drowning. . . . . There were at least six feet of water in the streets. The canon had ceased to fire, so that the inundation had reached the height of the ramparts of the citadel. Portions of the ruins of houses now floated in from the suburbs, which had formed part of the wretched wooden sheds from the Neva quarter, and which had been carried away with their inhabitants. A boat passing us on the Perspective, picked up a man near us; but he was dead. . . . The water still rose with fearful rapidity. From the canals, boats got adrift and appeared in the streets. . . . . We felt the house tremble and groan, as it were, under the force of the waves which reached up to the first floor.

The emperor seemed in despair: Milarodowich, the governor, was by his side, receiving and giving orders, which were executed with wonderful zeal. The news brought was more and more disastrous. A whole regiment had sought refuge on the roof of one of the barracks. The building gave way, and the whole of the men were lost. As they told this fact to the emperor, a sentinel, carried off in his sentry box, which served as boat, passed the terrace, and seeing the emperor, stood up and presented arms. A wave overturned the frail bark. The emperor cried out for a boat to go and help him, and as the man could swim, he was able to keep himself afloat until he was picked up, and carried into the Palace.

The scene by degrees became so confused, that it was impossible to follow the details. Vessels dashed against each other, and their wreck formed a mass mingled with floating furniture, and the dead bodies of men and animals. Coffins, raised from the cemeteries, gave up their dead, as if the last judgment had come; and a cross, torn from a burying ground, floated in through a window of the Palace, and was found, a fatal omen! in the bedroom of the emperor.

The sea ran thus for twelve hours. The first floors were everywhere under water, and it reached in some parts of the town to the second, six feet above the Virgin of Peter the Great. It then began to subside; for, by God's mercy, the wind changed from the west to north, and the Neva was able to pursue its course to the sea uninterrupted. Twelve hours more, and St. Petersburg would have disappeared from the earth, like the old cities of the time of the deluge.

The death of Alexander; the coronation of Nicolas; the bloody conspiracy and massacre which signalized the accession of the new monarch—together with a visit to Moscow and a journey through the wintry wildernesses of Siberia; these are a few of the events of this remarkable narrative. They are interwoven with the details of a domestic romance of no common description, and the materials for which could be found in Russia alone—the main incidents being substantially true.

Lays of the Future. By WILLIAM LEASK. London: Partridge and Oakey, 34, Paternoster Row. 1853.

WITH the musical cadences of this writer's poetical prose fresh in our recollection, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment upon the perusal of his verse. Not that it exhibits any very great vices or even deficiencies; but that it does not come up to our idea of what the utterances of the author of such a book as "The Footsteps of the Messiah," should be, when he chooses to adopt a metrical form of expression. We should have thought his ear too well attuned to tolerate the introduction of Alexandrines in blank verse, or such apologies for rhymes as *peace* and *please*, *say* and hypocri*sy*, *way* and here*sy*, *then* and *pain*, &c., &c. These, which might be regarded as venial faults in a young writer, are serious anomalies in the production of such a man as Mr. Leask, who has gained a reputation worth preserving. The main subject of these lays is the future condition of the earth during the Millenial period—not a bad theme for poetry, whatever it may be for discussion or proof. The following are a few of the best stanzas of the best piece, which is entitled "That Day."

I see it dawning in the gorgeous east;
It beams, like angel's light on every clime;
The loftiest mountains hail it, and the least,
Catching its glories, make the scene sublime.
The storied fields of every kingdom feel
A happy morning gently o'er them steal,
And the new age begins its hallowed time.

Upon the breast of fruitful earth is spread
Teeming abundance—banish'd now the foe—
Thick clustered blessings in profusion shed,
Supplant the place of ancient tears and woe;
And summer shines serene on every land,
With love and beauty in her liberal hand,
And all the nations laugh beneath the glow.

The earth long curs'd with barrenness assumes
Such landscapes as an Eden once possessed;
The wilderness is cloth'd, the desert blooms;
The arid fields in flowery robes are dress'd;
The rugged hills that on the traveller frown'd,
Are with rich wreaths of verdant foliage crown'd,
And the wild tenants of the rock are bless'd.

The Meditations of Descartes, &c. Translated from the Latin, &c. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1853.

WE are glad to see an English version of these profound meditations. In a more metaphysical

age of English literature they were, perhaps, more generally known at once to the men of thought in their original garb, and to the general reader in the translation of Molyneux or the French of de Luynes. Latterly, however, except with a very few, the name of the author of the "Discours de la Methode" was associated merely with exploded vortices and other obsolete physical hypotheses, so that the sovereign intellect whose image so long and so generally stamped the currency of European thought, had fallen into a neglect far more unworthy than his former preëminence. We take it as an index of the revival of pure philosophy among us that this little volume has appeared in its present shape; and from what we have seen, it appears to be rendered by one who is steeped in the spirit of his great original, and able, on the whole, to give him a good introduction to English society.

The Working-Man's Way in the World, being an Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1858.

THIS narrative appeared in our pages, and has been very properly reprinted in a handsome little octavo.

One is naturally led from the title page to think of it primarily as one of the class of books which show how the current of the present age is running. Undoubtedly, the sympathies of "the reading public," from the studious philosopher and intelligent statesman, down to the boarding-school girl, and even the jaded victim of the circulating library, are turned in these days towards the mind and manner of the great democracy, misnamed the working classes. Tired of monks and nuns, and knights and ladies, and chivalries and feudalisms, and other obsolete phantoms that never were realities of any interest; wearied also of insipid Chloes and Chlorindas, novels of high life and gossip in saloons—at last the universal craving nearly coincides with the demands of philosophy, and the palled appetite of the romantic voluptuary cannot be excited or interested with anything less harrowing than the song of a shirt or the tale of a tailor. Now, this is in the right direction, although it be often pampered with spiced delicates from the stews and the sewers—thrilling horrors, sham miseries, and its own appropriate cant—recorded by lamentable philanthropists in shawl-pattern dressing-gowns who have looked in at the windows of poverty without ever having lived it. Of that kind of thing we—one of the people, familiar with "hodden grey" and hasty pudding, and worse—we are for our parts heartily sick, and confess ourselves hopeless of any good result of it whatsoever. Poetical tailors, writing crambo verses, and ascribing the abominable doggrel to an outpouring of the Holy Ghost—Cockney special judgments killing heartless parsons by means of a new cheap coat sent home from a sweater's with typhus and scarlatina in the buttonholes—chartist dragoons fraternizing in their patriotism with starving weavers, and getting whipped by the horrible oligarchy for their pains—of these, and such as these, our very soul is weary, and that just because we have not lived all our days in a drawing room and been sprinkled with rose water. The poor man will not be profited by drawing forth a sentimental interest in favour of these spasmodic and hysterical sorts of personages; but by showing how a manful, earnest, soberminded handicraftsman shall live in the honourable dignity of toilsome independence among his tools and his children as society now is.

It is for this reason that we are disposed to place a high value on "The Working-Man's Way in the World." There is an unmistakeable air of reality about it—a clear veracious manner, an observant intelligence, and a cheerful self-reliance, which make us feel that we can take the arm of our journeyman printer and go along with him in the utmost confidence. True, indeed, he is not just an ordinary journeyman printer; he has managed to pick up in boyhood "a little Latin and less Greek"—by and by he is able to speak good Parisian French, learnt among the open-mouthed children chattering in the Faubourgs—and in studious evenings he has added a sufficiency of German to read the lobgesungen and general poetry of the land. But all this he has done while doing his job of work laboriously, and with a single eye to the intelligent dignity of his life. So Franklin toiled, content if need were to finger small pica to the end of the chapter of life; so, in another sphere, the brave-hearted Hugh Millar hammered in his quarry, till he became the most eloquent geologist of his country, a man loved and honoured by all the people and by all the churches; so might our working-men labour and rise in mass to the level of higher spirits, if they would regard less agitators and social machineries, and be true to their own manhood, and the faculties that God has given them. It is on this account we like the spirit of this book. It tells us what goes on in the printing-house—its anxieties, its grievances, its perils, its unbeliefs, its readers, overseers, journeymen, and devils, literal and metaphorical: and all this it does in a clear, succinct, and veracious manner, displaying no small skill in discerning character, and a quiet shrewd humour which, if not very exciting, is not a little enjoyable. The man has an entire individuality—is a man, and by no means a stalking horse or a lay-figure. Nor shall any one read his book without feeling that a walk with this handicraftsman either among the green lanes of Devonshire or by the banks of the Wye, or through the streets of London or Paris, is a cheery, pleasant, satisfactory visit to the place under the guidance of one who knows whither he is leading you and what you ought really to see. A. F.

The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age. By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1853.

IN the form of a lecture addressed to the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Hull, Mr. Warren here gives a most eloquent and masterly resumé of the history of the latter-day progress of man in philosophy, science, and literature. Though the view which he takes of his subject is

necessarily limited, he has succeeded in rendering it remarkably striking and effective, and in the highest degree interesting to the student. The good taste which prompted him in the selection of such a subject for such an occasion, is fully equalled by the skill shown in its treatment. The work before us, while profoundly suggestive to the man of science, is well fitted for popular use, and might be largely circulated among the young men of our day with the happiest effect. We know of no book more likely to arouse the dreamer from a state of listless apathy, to present him with a vocation, and set him diligently to work at it.

The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed Metres, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, University College, London. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1853.

ALLUDING to the failures of previous translators of Horace, Mr. Newman attributes them not so much to want of talent or learning, as to their attempting to produce poems in *modern style*, through an excessive fear that a modern reader will endure nothing else. But this fear does not deter him from an attempt to render the poetry of the ancients in new metres unfamiliar to the English ear. Conceiving that every educated man, though ignorant of the dead languages, must desire to know whatever may be known in English concerning those master-minds of the ancients who have so affected the European intellect; he sets the example of rendering the old classics into English verse, unfettered by rhyme, and bearing a marked similarity to the metrical peculiarities of the original writers, in the expectation of, by this means, rendering them popular among English readers. "I bespeak," says he, "for myself a thoughtful and serious reader, anxious for instruction. I assume in him no knowledge whatever of ancient language or literature, except to have read Homer in a translation; and I endeavour to afford whatever is subsidiary to full intelligence—whatever will aid him to that close insight into men and times, which nothing but contemporary literature can give." Horace is the poet selected for this experiment, because he is the poet of whom it most concerns us to know something—because his writings bring us into contact with the Augustan age—and because he is so various in metre and subject as to afford the best chance of success. A further recommendation is hinted by the statement, that half our divines in past generations stole the substance of their sermons from the Latin lyrist; a most miserable fact, if it be one, and not at all complimentary to university training for holy orders. It appears to us, that the chance of this version of Horace, or any version of any classic effected on the same plan, becoming popular with mere English readers, is infinitesimally small. Not that we think there is any such violent prejudice against *new* metres as Mr. Newman hints at. Poe, the American poet, tried the effect of new metres with brilliant success; and Longfellow, to a less extent, has done the same. But their metres are in conformity with our old ideas of cadence and rhythm, which appears to us not to be the case with some of those of the translations in this volume; they savour too much of the Roman mechanism for English ears unaccustomed to Latin scanscion; and it is doubtful, however much they may be relished by those who are familiar with the original, whether the reader who has merely read a translation of Homer, will readily succeed in penetrating the mystery of their melody. We extract a specimen, from which our friends may judge for themselves:—

TO PYRRHA.

Who's the stripling slim with liquid scents
Drench'd, on plenteous rose, that sues thee hard
  In pleasant grot? for whom
 Tiest thou, Pyrrha, thine auburn hair

Simple in grace? How oft, alas! will he
Faith and changed gods lament, and soon
  In strange surprise behold
 Black winds sweep on a ruffled sea!

Now he joys to eye thee golden bright,
Hopes thee alway vacant, alway kind;
  Fond fool? of shifting breeze
 Thoughtless. Woe for the hearts to which

Now thou glitterest. Me the sacred wall
Shows on votive board, when high I hung
  My dripping weeds;—a gift
 Gladly paid to the sea-god's might.

In each of the above verses the ear is disagreeably surprised, after a stately walk of three lines, by a hop, step, and jump in the fourth, which pops in with as much impertinence as a bar or two of "Rory O'More" at the heels of a dead march. The contrast is too violent, and not likely to be relished by the unclassical reader.

This constitutes the only objection we have to make to the volume, which we can but regard as one calculated to be eminently useful. The arrangement of the odes, as far as it was possible, in chronological order, and the historical notices prefixed to each, and which throw much light on the events and circumstances of the age, are both advantages of some importance, and are likely to be appreciated by students. Moreover, the translation appears to be executed with admirable fidelity and discrimination; and the notes appended to each performance supply everything necessary for the full understanding of the text.

Observations on India. By a Resident there many years. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1853.

THE author of this perspicuous and outspoken narrative has travelled through most parts of British India, and made good use of his opportunities for observation. The pictures which he delineates of European life in India are, as we have good reason to know, uncommonly like nature under the circumstances which there disguise her in an artificial garb. Many interesting peculiarities in the manners and customs of the natives that appear to have been overlooked by previous writers, will be found detailed at length in this work, which affords valuable information with regard to the condition of the people under British rule. The author, while doing justice to what is praiseworthy in the administration of Indian affairs, denounces

existing abuses with an earnest frankness which is above suspicion. He looks upon Haileybury College, and its corresponding institutions, as a gigantic nuisance, and would have them abolished at once, and the government left free to choose its judicial, and other agents, wherever it might find them most capable. He would put an end to the family party system, through the prevalence of which justice is often defeated. The man that married Jenny Stiles should no longer sit in judgment upon the youth that married her younger sister; and the appeal made from the decision of a tyrannical or ignorant magistrate should no more be liable to be quashed by the father or uncle of the despot. He would have magistrates heedful of their duties, and not absent for three weeks together at a race-ball, while matters of life and death were awaiting their return to the bench. He would also diminish the influence of the ladies, and dispense with their presence on all expeditions. He tells us that—

> A ship bound for Calcutta, with part of a regiment on board, grounded out of sight of land. The officer in command of the men left directly for the shore, in a boat, taking his wife with him, that he might place her in safety. The next day he returned to look after his troops, and, as it happened that the weather remained fine all the while, he found most of them alive, though, left to themselves, they had committed great excesses; had a single man been guilty of an irregularity of this kind, he would have been brought to account, and most probably disgraced. In this case no notice was taken.

This is bad enough; but a worse consequence of female influence may be learned from the Affghan tragedy, the bloody massacres attending which were, in the estimation of our author, largely due to the absence of the officers, who, having carried their wives to the asylum of the the enemies' camp, remained there with them, leaving their regiments to perish without leadership. An amusing sample of the same kind of influence is furnished by the following record of the reign of Lord Auckland. His lordship had fixed his quarters at Simlah, not much over a thousand miles from the seat of his government, preferring that cool retreat to the sultry climate of Calcutta, doubtless for the sake of the ladies—two elderly maidens, his sisters, whom he had brought out with him.

> Handsome *aides-de-camp* were here and there and everywhere, and if plain people did not know what the duties of aides-de-camp were, and why so many of them were paid by the state, they might here learn, that their employment was to follow the ladies, and make themselves generally useful as upper footmen. What swarms of idlers, in mountebank finery does the shadow of monarchy collect around it! Pious youths were not particularly in request in Lord Auckland's house, but good-looking ones held the same premium as with his predecessor. In the court of Simlah, had Socrates himself appeared, he would have been considered as marring the brilliant assemblage by his ugly mug; and Aristides would have stood no chance for a vacant judgeship against Adonis.

In reference to the grand question on Indian affairs, viz., whether the country is to remain under the East India Company or to be transferred to the Crown—the author declares himself decidedly for the former, on the ground that, faulty as is the present system, it is infinitely preferable to a government by functionaries who would get their appointments in reward for electioneering services. Crown patronage, as all the world knows, is a species of private property generally squandered in the purchase of votes in rotten boroughs; and it can be no very wise economy to exalt to office the scoundrel who sells himself for for a bribe—though it is in admirable keeping with the government system of planting a new colony with the convict scum of the old country.

Juvenile Delinquents; their Condition and Treatment. By MARY CARPENTER. London: W. and F. G. Cash (Successors to C. Gilpin), 5, Bishopsgate-street Without. 1853.

IN the number of this magazine for last month, in a paper entitled "The Night Side of Civilization," we had occasion to refer to the evidence of Miss Carpenter, of Bristol, given before a Committee of the House of Commons on "Criminal and Destitute Juveniles." We have now the pleasure of drawing the attention of our readers to a volume by that lady upon the same subject—a work which is in all respects worthy the earnest consideration of every man who has, or has not, recognized the paramount importance of the melancholy theme of which it treats. In an able chapter introductory to a practical dealing with the whole matter, Miss Carpenter draws a parallel between the children of the rich and respectable, and those of the poor and destitute. She shows, what is undeniably true, though it has been unmercifully overlooked, that the terrors of the law—the cold rigours of the gaol, are substituted in the case of the latter for the kindly admonition and moral training which the former receive from their parents—that while these are lured to virtue by precept and example, those are driven to vice and crime by the infliction of punishments outrageously disproportioned to the offences, if viewed, as they ought to be, in connection with the moral responsibility of the delinquents. This is one source—we are not sure that it is not the chief source—of the flood of criminality that overwhelms the land; and it is against this enormous social abuse and political blunder that an amiable and accomplished lady, after a long course of unwearied experiment and personal exertion in the furtherance of a work which magistrates on the bench have been heard to proclaim utterly hopeless, directs her persevering energies. To her faith in love and in human nature there is nothing hopeless; she sees difficulties only to see through them: and points the way clearly enough to a definite success which she has been among the first to perceive and the most ardent in endeavouring to accomplish. The volume before us may be regarded as the text-book of the juvenile reformer: it is eminently practical both in matter and spirit; it shirks none of the appalling and frightful details necessary to place the subject before the reader in all its hideous and portentous reality—yet it contains nothing which might not be read aloud in the family circle—nothing which is not

calculated to attach in behalf of our fellow-creatures the best sympathies of our nature. The reader who shall thoughtfully peruse the second, third, and fourth chapters of this work, in contemplating the fearful and yet touching revelations they contain, may well stagger at the bare comprehension of the difficulties which a reforming legislature must encounter in dealing with this question. The condition of the boys, the girls, and the parents, which make up the criminal class is, morally and physically, so degraded and perverted, that the attempt at reformation does indeed appear to be hopeless; and we can scarcely wonder that many who have for a time put their shoulders to the work have finally abandoned it in despair. But Miss Carpenter does not allow of despairing; she affords us here and there a glimpse of light and a ray of encouragement as we proceed; and in spite of the dismal prospect we gather confidence as we get along. She recapitulates what has been done, in the wrong direction as well as in the right; and gathering warning from one and teaching from the other, lands us at last upon a green spot, whence we may look back across the dreary abyss through which we have been labouring, and see that the clouds are beginning to roll away, and that God's light is destined to penetrate through its darkest depths. We have no space for extracts from this volume. We might select matter of a most startling description for a dozen columns, had we room for it; confessions of infant criminals, the particulars of which outvie all that the most unscrupulous romancist ventures upon in fiction, or simple records of hapless experience more touching in their naked artlessness than the tales of tragic woe which form the poet's theme. But we must forbear, and refer the reader to the volume itself.

Readable Books. Illustrated. London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co., 148, Fleet-street.

THESE volumes form decidedly the cheapest illustrated series which have ever issued from the press. They are well printed, profusely illustrated with engravings of a superior class, and handsomely got up. The Tales of Mystery and Imagination, by Edgar Poe (second series), is an absorbing volume, which it is impossible to lay down without a thorough perusal. The Cavaliers of England comprises three capital stories exceedingly well told, and characteristic of the time. The Reveries of a Bachelor may serve to set many a bachelor a dreaming till he wakes up some fine morning transformed into a Benedict. The most remarkable of these volumes is, however, that entitled, "Wellington: the Story of his Life, his Battles, and Political career." We have here a volume of nearly three hundred pages, together with a dozen illustrations, for the cost of a single shilling. The biography is well written, containing a succinct account of every remarkable event of the life of the great hero, supplemented by a detailed narration of the funeral at St. Paul's. The readable books are deserving of their significant cognomen, being such as most men will find acceptable at a leisure moment.

The Band of Hope Review, and Sunday Scholar's Friend. London: Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster Row. 1853.

THIS is a handsome volume of a monthly serial, published at the price of a halfpenny a number. The contents are a collection of short and appropriate papers for children, well adapted to secure their attention and to cultivate a healthy moral and religious sentiment. How it comes to pass that these pages are illustrated plentifully with engravings, some of them equal to anything to be met with—that is a mystery we know nothing about.

Ten Sermons of Religion. By THEODORE PARKER. London: John Chapman, 742, Strand. 1853.

WITHOUT animadverting upon the peculiar phase of Christianity professed, or not professed, by the congregation in American Boston, of which Mr. Parker is the minister, and with which, we conceive we have nothing to do, we are bound to bear testimony to the surpassing excellence of these discourses, each and all of which we have read with unflagging interest and delight. They are characterised by a genial, fervid, and manly eloquence hardly to be paralleled in any other pulpit performances of our day, and exhibit such a profound knowledge of human nature in connection with such a kindly appreciation of its weaknesses and failings, as cannot fail to command at once the veneration and affection of the reader. There is nothing to equal the withering scorn—the blighting sarcasm—with which the preacher strips bare the loathsome shapes and seemings of hypocrisy, unless it be the "gentleness of hand" with which he would lead the wanderer to a safe path. We shall give an extract from the sermon, entitled, "Conventional and Natural Sacraments," with a wish that the admonitions it contains were less needed than they are.

> The effect of getting up a feeling of piety and stopping with that, is like the effect of reading novels and nothing else . . . . . the heart long wont to weep at the novelists' unreal woes, at sorrows in silk and fine linen, is harder than Pharaoh's when a dirty Irish girl asks for a loaf in the dear name of God, or when a sable mother begs money wherewith to save her daughter from the seraglios of New Orleans. . . . . . I do not say that novels are not good reading and profitable; they are so just so far as they stimulate the intellect, the conscience, the affections, the soul, to healthful action, and set the man to work; but just so far as they make you content with your feeling, and constrain the feeling to be nothing but feeling, they are pernicious. Such reading is mental dissipation. . . . Profligacy of the religious sentiment, voluptuousness with God, is the most dangerous of luxuries. Novel-reading, after the fashion hinted at, is highly dangerous. How many youths and maidens are seriously hurt thereby! But as far as I can judge, in all Christendom there are more that suffer from this spiritual dissoluteness. I speak less to censure than to warn. I hate to see a man uncharitable, dishonest, selfish, mean, and sly, —"for ever standing on his guard, and watching" unto fraud. I am sorry to hear of a woman given up to self-indulgence, accomplished, but without the highest grace—womanly good works—luxurious, indolent, "born to consume the corn"—that is bad enough. But when I learn that this hard man is a class-leader, and has "the gift of prayer," is a famous hand at a conference, the builder of churches, a great defender of ecclesiastical doctrines,

and devotional forms, that he cries out upon every heresy, banning men in the name of God; when I hear that this luxurious woman delights in mystic devotion, and has a wantonness of prayer—it makes me far more sad; and there is then no hope! The kidnapper at his court is a loathly thing; but the same kidnapper at his communion!—Great God! and has thy church become so low! Let us turn off our our eyes and look away.

We can commend the reader especially to the sermon, entitled, "Culture of the Religious Powers," not as to the most eloquent, but as to that which is, perhaps, most suggestive of new thoughts and feelings in reference to an old-fashioned subject.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

The History of Germany and the Austrian Empire, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss Corner. London: Thomas Dean and Son, Threadneedle-street. 1853.

Virginalia; or, Songs of My Summer Nights. A Gift of Love for the Beautiful. By T. H. Chivers, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo and Co. London: Trübner and Co., Paternoster-row.

An Easy Story Book for Little People. Solomon Lovechild's Sketches of Little Boys and Girls. London: Dean and Son, Threadneedle-street.

The Colony: A Poem. In Four Parts. London: Thos. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. 1858.

The Belfast Queen's College Calendar, for 1853.

Last Glimpses of Convocation, shewing the Latest Incidents and Results of Synodical Action in the Church of England. By Arthur J. Joyce. London: T. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street.

The Journal of Health for March, 1853. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Home Thoughts. A Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Domestic Economy. London: Kent and Co., Paternoster Row. 1853.

Money: How to Get, Save, Spend, Give, Lend, and Bequeath it: being a Practical Treatise on Business. London: Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster Row. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Mutual Life Assurance Society.—From the Report of the Directors of the above Society, for the year ending 31st Dec., 1852, we learn that the total number of proposals laid before the Board during the year was 228, for assuring the sum of £126,329. Of this amount, 174 proposals for assuring £93,681 were completed; 43 proposals for assuring £27,248 were either declined, or not proceeded with, and 11 proposals for assuring £5,400 were standing over for further consideration at the close of the year. The following statement will show the relative proportion of assurances in force at the end of 1852, as compared with the end of 1851.

	No.	Sums Assured. £	s.	d.	Premiums. £.	s.	d.
Assurances in force 31st Dec., 1851	1367	874,347	0	0	29,058	8	9
Written off in 1852	49	37,449	0	0	1,260	16	5
	1318	836,898	0	0	27,797	12	4
New Assurances in 1852	174	93,681	0	0	3,374	4	11
Additional sums assured by policies in force for increasing sums	..	449	10	0	....		
Assurances remaining in force, Dec. 31, 1852	1492	931,028	10	0	31,172	0	3

Of the policies written off, only 11 were for claims by death, assuring altogether £8,350, and which, if compared with the amount assured on the 30th June, £909,583, will be found to represent a rate of mortality of little more than 9 per 1000; 12 policies assuring £8,500, were purchased by the Society, and the remaining 26 for £20,599, were either forfeited or expired. The Directors have taken advantage of the high price of the public funds during the past year to realize a considerable portion of the Society's stock, and to invest it on mortgages of land and other available securities. After the payment of all claims and expenses, nearly £25,000 have been added to the invested capital of the Society during the past year, making the total very close upon £200,000; and if the securities were valued at the present market price, it would be considerably above that amount. The income of the Society has increased during the same period more than £3,000 per annum, and now amounts to upwards of £39,300 per annum. After a careful valuation of all the assets and liabilties of the Society, the clear divisible surplus on the 31st Dec. last, is ascertained to be £99,211 2s.

National Guardian Assurance Society.—The following is a summary of the business of this Society transacted during the year, ending Dec. 31, 1852:—

Number of proposals made to the Society from January 10 to Dec. 31, 1852 .. 488 } For the assurance of £168,227.

which have been distributed as follows:—

Polices issued	343
Proposals declined or not carried out	107
Proposals under consideration	38
	488

The annual income derivable from the policies thus issued is £2,141 1*s.* 4*d.*, which added to the premiums secured by the first year's business, after deducting all the policies which have become lapsed, shows an annual income, irrespective of fire and guarantee business, of £4,187 3*s.* 10*d.* This steady progress indicates increased attention to the very valuable principles upon which the Society is based, and warrants the belief that the National Guardian will rank amongst the most successful of modern Assurance Institutions. The advantages offered by the Society are of the most important nature, and none more so than the non-forfeiture of policies of five years' standing; thus, by a wise and equitable adjustment, providing for the possibility of the assured being unable to continue his premiums, while, again, policies can be issued as low as £20—the payments made weekly—so that the working man and artisan may enjoy the great boon of life assurance.

The Standard Life Assurance Company.—The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of this Company was held on Tuesday, the 15th of February, 1853, within their office, No. 3, George-street, Edinburgh; James Robertson, Esq., W. S., in the chair. The manager read the various statements and reports prepared for the consideration of the meeting. The following are extracts from the report made by the directors:—

"RESULTS—1852.

Number of Proposals for Assurance made to the Directors	1026
Number of Proposals for Assurance accepted	777
Other Life Transactions proposed and accepted....	45
	822

Amount of Sums proposed for Assurance during the year	£601,404	7	7
Amount of Sums for which New Policies have been issued	445,799	6	6
Corresponding Annual Premiums	15,145	15	6
Annual Income for year to 15th Nov., 1852	192,928	16	10
Amount of Claims by Death during the year	59,322	13	0

YEARLY RESULTS—1842 to 1852.

	Sums Assured.			Annual Premiums.		
1843—New Business ..	£348,135	17	1	£10,638	11	5
1844—Do. Do.	387,381	0	0	13,461	10	5
1845—Do. Do. Bon. yr	446,026	12	10	14,979	8	10
1846—Do. Do.......	368,679	7	10	12,846	4	10
1847—Do. Do.......	443,578	4	11	16,140	0	1
1848—Do. Do.......	395,864	12	5	12,200	9	5
1849—Do. Do.......	429,371	17	1	14,743	4	8
1850—Do. Do. Bon. yr	509,147	10	6	17,550	14	9
1851—Do. Do.......	467,499	8	1	15,210	2	11
1852—Do. Do.......	445,799	6	6	15,145	15	6
	£4,241,483	17	3	£142,946	2	10
Ann. Aver. for ten years	£424,148	7	8	£14,294	12	3

The following facts are worthy of being particularly noted:—

The annual average amount of new business for the last ten years has been upwards of £424,000, and for the last five years £450,000.

The Company's funds have been nearly doubled during the last six years, and quadrupled during the last eleven years.

The general results of the business, and its steady progress, are most satisfactory, and afford good grounds for congratulation; but the annual increase of transactions has become so uniform, and the results of the business from year to year so regular, that the progress of one year is almost a repetition, in degree at least, of the progress of another.

The Company have deemed it advisable to invest a portion of their funds in the purchase of land, with a view to obtaining a good and permanent rate of interest. That such a measure is a wise one, there can be no doubt. They have also relaxed some of the more stringent conditions of assurance, as no longer necessary to a Society so long established. With respect to the former of these measures, the chairman observed that he thought it his duty to refer to the investment lately made by the Company in land, and, for his own part, he was satisfied that it was a very judicious step—looking to the large and increasing funds of the Company, to the probable difficulty in continuing to secure good investments, likewise to the anticipated rise in the value of land from the great influx of gold into the country. Since the purchase was made, the directors had had every reason to be well satisfied with the transaction, as a safe and prudent investment of the funds of the Company; and he was glad to find that the meeting had so cordially given their approval of the course which the directors had adopted.

Marine Life and Casualty Mutual Assurance Society.—The following is an abridgment of the first Report of the above Society:—"Your directors submit with great satisfaction, at this the first general meeting of the society, a report of its operations, and a statement of the accounts from the period of its commencement to the 31st December last. As the objects of the society and the circumstances connected with its formation are not generally known, your directors think it desirable upon the present occasion briefly to allude to them. Hitherto mariners, as a class, have been practically excluded from the benefits of life assurance. This is partly attributable to the improvident habits generally prevalent amongst them, while the high rates required for those risks to which their calling exposes them, have discouraged the more prudent from making that provision for themselves and for their families, which it would seem especially incumbent upon that class to secure. This society has been established to remove those obstacles, and to throw open to the seafaring community advantages which the public at large have so long enjoyed. In promoting so desirable an object the most valuable assistance has been received from those companies and shipowners at whose instance, and under whose auspices, the society has been founded. Upon data supplied by them, tables of premiums have, after much care, been prepared by Mr. Ansell, the eminent actuary. The rates thus framed have the advantage of being equitably adjusted to the various descriptions of risks, and of always being charged alike under similar circumstances. Owing to the facilities thus afforded, shipowners have found comparatively little difficulty in inducing those in their service to avail themselves of the advantages offered by this society. In order that the fullest advantages of life assurance may be enjoyed by the members of the society, it has been formed on the mutual principle, whereby the whole of the profits are divisible among the assured alone. Your directors refer with great satisfaction to the accounts which have been duly audited. They have been made up to the 31st December, in compliance with the requirements of the Joint Stock Companies' Act, and, consequently, exhibit the result of the society's operations for a very few months only; but even in that short period the premiums received exceeded £3,000, and owing to the rapid increase of business during the interval which has since elapsed, they already amount to between £4,000 and £5,000."

British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company.—The following are extracts from the Sixth Annual Report of this Society. "The steady progress of the Company's business, unchecked from the outset, is shown by the following Table:—

NEW LIFE POLICIES ISSUED.

	No.	Amount.	Total Issued.	
		£		£
1st year, 1847	257	49,998	257	49,998
2nd „ 1848	311	48,039	568	98,037
3rd „ 1849	708	107,629	1,276	205,666
4th „ 1850	809	136,365	2,085	342,031
5th „ 1851	1065	211,272	3,150	553,303
6th „ 1852	1400	281,687	4,550	834,990

"The new business of the year consists of 1,400 Life Policies, assuring £281,687, the annual premiums thereon being above £9,100. Fifty-one Annuities also have been issued, of which eight have been Immediate Annuities, on which £1,380. 18*s.* 1*d.* have been received. By the last year's new business the annual revenue of the Company from premiums on life business has been increased, after deducting for lapsed policies, about £8,358, and the amount assured by the new life policies of 1852, is above 33 per cent. more than those of the year 1851. The division of profits declared at the early part of the year has given complete satisfaction, and has, doubtless, contributed to that high public favour with which the office is regarded. The members are already aware by the public papers, that in accordance with the wish of the members, expressed at a special meeting held in November, 1851, the Legislature has granted a special Act of Parliament, by which various important privileges have been conferred upon this Society. Thirty-six members have died during the year, and the sums payable for assurances and bonuses under their policies have amounted to £6,544 9*s.* 2*d.* It is satisfactory to observe, that this amount is much less than the sum provided for the current deaths by the tables. The number of life policies in force on December 31, 1852, after deducting those which had terminated by lapsing or death, was 3,955, assuring the amount of £732,605, the annual income thereon being about £32,809 13*s.* 3*d.* After payment of all expenses and claims, the Company has accumulated the sum of £45,831 12*s.* 8*d.*, the whole of which (the balance in hand of course, excepted) is invested in approved securities."

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1853.

A GLANCE AT ALLIANCES.

"*L'Empire c'est la paix.*"—The words have been often enough repeated. We trust they contain a truth. But, what if it should not be so? "Si vis pacem, para bellum," says the well-known maxim. *Si vis bellum, simula pacem,* may perhaps be found to be also worthy of registration. At all events, considering what is said to be the deep-seated desire of the veritable Frenchman, viz., to revenge the disasters of the first Empire, and to reverse the treaties of '15; considering the temptation to the indulgence of that desire supplied by the revival of the Empire under a Buonaparte, as well as the necessity in which the present chief of France may ere long find himself to provide occupation for the bellicose spirit of his people, there can scarcely be anything inopportune in looking at European eventualities, and contemplating alliances, which, perhaps, as worthy Sir Thomas Browne says of the Song of the Sirens, are "not beyond the reach of happy conjecture." Neither is there any reason for checking speculation, on the ground of audacity or idle tampering with probabilities, since what speculation need be daunted, after the series of marvellous surprises inaugurated in February, 1848? Within the period of four years, calculation has been baffled, experience turned to foolishness; unexpectedness been the rule for events—not the exception.

That Napoleon III. will, like Napoleon I., brave all Europe, we do not believe. That he will seek to place any member of his family upon foreign thrones—to instal them in Spain, Naples, Holland, or to revive the kingdom of Westphalia; no, for such attempts we hold him to be too sage. But there are other objects, not of mere personal or family, but of national ambition, and the chief of these we take to be the recovery of the "natural boundaries," as they are called—for "natural" better read "necessary"—without which France will never, in our opinion, rest satisfied.

The resumption of the Rhenish Provinces of Prussia and Bavaria, as well as of the kingdom of Belgium, of every rood of territory, indeed, that lies between actual France and the line of the Rhine; this, we say, is the great and (to adopt their own term) the *natural* aim of French ambition, the natural tendency of French aggrandizement: as natural, and as infallible as has become the tendency of Russia towards aggrandizement on the side of the Ottoman Empire. It seems to *us*, that it is only a question of time, *when* they shall attempt it. The idea has never entirely left them. "J'aurais reconquis nos frontières naturelles," says Chateaubriand, speaking of his own policy, as Minister of the Restoration, at the time of French intervention in Spain, "Ma guerre d'Espagne," as he modestly calls it. Even in the reign of the "pacific" Louis Philippe, the idea pierces through—pierces through the policy of Mons. Thiers, in 1840. And it was in that reign that Mons. Victor Hugo* coolly proposed a cession by Prussia of her provinces on the left bank, in exchange for kingdoms and principalities on the other side—in securing which France, of course, was to aid her. What, then, more natural, more consequent, than that with a Buonapartean Empire, this tendency should be still more *prononcée?* When could such an opportunity *appear* to present itself, if not under the rule of him who declared before the peers of Louis Philippe, that the Emperor, his uncle, had preferred abdicating to accepting the restricted frontiers, &c.?" And I, he added, "Je n'ai pas respiré un jour dans l'oubli de tels renseignements."

Yes; the name and the notion are necessarily associated: the former prompts to the execution of the latter. We do not assert that war is instantly imminent; he will wait to strike the blow. But we believe that he will strike it; and that it is because they feel satisfied that he will strike it sooner or later, that the military spirits of France are patient to bide their time; letting the project be adjourned, but confiding for its eventual attempt in him to whom they have given themselves body and soul; of whose earnestness to vindicate the

* In a work, the "Conclusion" of which obtained, perhaps, too little notice from English readers—"Le Rhin." Though somewhat extravagant (as too many productions of the same genius), and overloaded with historical and antiquarian verbiage, that political treatise contained much matter for meditation—on the *fas est et ab hoste* principle, if for no other reason.

national honour (phrase of France) they can have no doubt, and of whose powers of maturing purposes, in secret, they have had memorable experience. He is not in the habit of letting the world into his confidence; he! he does not publish his ways and means in the market-place.

Such, then, being, as we doubt not but it is, the main object of French and Napoleonean ambition, it is worth while to examine by what alliances it may be attempted to effect it; for that it will be attempted singly, is a supposition which, as we have said, we cannot entertain.

Two remarkable incidents lately occurred about the same time: the visit of an Austrian Emperor to the Prussian capital, and the appearance of the *brochure* that made so much ado—"Les Limites de la France." We call the latter a remarkable circumstance; for though we are aware that the book was officially disavowed and repudiated, we guess at what value such discountenance is to be taken; and we, nevertheless, hold the sentiments of the pamphlet to express the fundamental principles of French external policy. Its appearance was a striking confirmation to us of the opinion we have long entertained, viz., that the idea of the natural frontier is never extinct in the Gallic mind.

Now, in that *brochure* (which, however, we are not going to analyse), it is distinctly declared that the how and the when of the conquest of those frontiers form the secret of the statesmen of France —"le secret des hommes d'Etat." The appearance of the pamphlet almost coincidently with the Austrian visit to Berlin, we call remarkable; for the latter circumstance is, and perhaps justly, held to be a pledge of the renewal of the Austro-Prussian alliance; the which, backed up and fortified by that of the great empire of the north, would seem to defy the success—or even the attempt—of any method of conquest that the "Secret des hommes d'Etat de la France" could possibly harbour for eventual disclosure.

In looking at this state of things, and at the principal European powers, whose interests would be affected—favourably or the reverse—by an augmentation of territory to France—(it is, indeed, difficult to name a state in Europe whom the increase of French power would not in some degree influence)—we are naturally led to ask, by what means, by what alliances, or what transaction, could such augmentation be brought about?

Waiving politeness, we will begin with ourselves. That England sincerely desires peace there can be no doubt for a moment. That the alliance—or, at least, the *entente cordiale*, between herself and her neighbour *outre-manche* preserves, in the main, the peace of Europe, it is not necessary to go back to the days of the Regency of Orleans to prove. The history of many years preceding '48 is there to attest—that a good understanding between the two great powers of the West, serves as a check upon any undue projects of two at least of the three great Northern Powers, cannot be questioned. But it is only on condition of abnegation, on the part of France, of its lust of conquest, that such alliance, or such amicable relations can subsist. Abstinence from territorial aggrandizement is the basis of those friendly relations—the guarantee for their continuance. Any attempt at the "natural boundaries," a step into the Rhenish Provinces, a foot planted on the soil of Belgium, and all is over with the *entente cordiale*. The influence and the interests of England are too deeply concerned in the matter. There needs no dwelling upon this. It is sufficient to remind our islanders of the phrase of one who knew something of the value of positions—"Avec Anvers," said the first French Emperor, "je tiens un pistolet chargé sur le cœur de l'Angleterre."

British alliance, therefore, is altogether out of the question with the view of regaining the desired frontiers. Whatever may be the *secret des hommes d'Etat de la France* for the acquisition of the coveted territories, we will venture to affirm that the co-operation, or even the consent, of this country forms no part of it. For we defy the ingenuity of any Drouyn de Lhuys, or of the most active, plotting, resourceful, wonder-working Persigny, to devise any compensation that should buy off the opposition of England to those projects. There is no imaginable sop of sufficient magnitude or lusciousness to stop the mouth of the British lion (not only our old Protectionist friend—but the real roarer), on such an occasion.

But, as we cannot entertain the idea that the projects in question would be attempted in the face of the other Great Powers, and as the concurrence of Great Britain is not to be thought of, to what means can French statesmen or French emperors have recourse for the execution of the ambitious design? Will they repeat the old game of the earlier Revolution—arouse, or abet the spirit of nationality in Italy, and so paralyse, or at least occupy, Austria in that quarter? But they garrisoned Rome in the interest of reaction. Will they promote a new outbreak in Hungary? But they refused the chief of the late insurrection a passage through France. Will they call upon Poland, who, as Beranger sings—

"tant de fois a pour eux combattu,"

to rise against her partitionists? Poland, the cajoled of Buonaparte, the abandoned of Louis Philippe! We doubt the response to the call. Will they strengthen themselves with Spain?* and hold out to that *creditable* kingdom the conquest of the co-peninsular country, which, says the author of "Les Limites," is to Spain what Belgium is to France? A frail reed this, and one which a blast of the breath of Britain would bend and sweep away.

But a good deal of this would be very like parts of the old story of the great war. And then, in the phrase of one of their own imperial scribes, after the *Coup d'Etat* of December: "*tout serait*

* A striking expression appeared lately in the *Journal des Débats*. "La France," said Mons. St. Mark Girardin, whose signature was affixed to the article, "n'est faible en Europe que lorsqu'elle a l'Espagne pour ennemie." And, coincidence-striking as the expression itself, this appeared the same day that the *Patrie* announced the project of Louis Napoleon's marriage.

à recommencer." That is to say, that the forces of the great monarchies of Europe, brought to united action by common danger, would probably have to be again directed against France. We question if it is in the *secret des hommes d'état* of that nation to draw on such an eventuality.

No! the chances for France of executing her schemes of territorial extension are, and are only, as we believe, in a division of the formidable triple alliance that stands in front of her—call it a coalition, if you will; but a *defensive* one. The present attitude of those three great Continental Powers, seems to forbid aggression upon any one of them without having to do with all three. But the duration of alliances depends upon many circumstances subject to change. The death of a sovereign or of a minister, a different temperament, a different view of interests, a fresh personality, in fact, or a new passion, a cross, or a caprice, may bring an alteration. The history of the last century affords examples enough of these girations. The demise of Prince Schwartzenberg the other day offers, there can be no doubt, an instance in point.

A possible alliance, then, for France—a speculative one, if the term suit better—is the question to be affronted. Among the constituents of the triple alliance, which, according to our judgment, she must divide, before she can hope to possess herself of the coveted limits, we will commence with the nearest—with the guard at her gate. What, if she could bribe the sentinel set to watch her? To convert the natural enemy into the ally would be a dexterous stroke of policy, no doubt. By the natural enemy of France, on the Continent, we mean Prussia—the enemy by *position*: and the word "natural," has at all events as much meaning here, as when applied to French frontiers. We call Prussia the natural enemy of France—since the treaties of 14-15, she has become so. For the territorial arrangements of that day transferred in a great measure the rivalry and antagonism with France from Hapsburg to Hohenzollern. Austria, no longer the head of a German empire, nor caring to resume her Belgic provinces—the two points upon which she came, mediately, or immediately, in contact with France—was left with a diminished concern in the defence of that frontier she had signed away from the empire at Luneville, and with her interest mainly concentrated on the conservation of those augmented Italian possessions, for which she cheerfully parted with the more remote plains of Brabant and Flanders. The broad shield of Brandenburg was now thrown over those fair lands, where the mitres of ecclesiastical electors had before yielded a weak and an uncertain protection. A new, and assuredly not a less, formidable opponent was confronted with French ambition on that side; and Prussian interest, and Prussian military honour, were at once involved in the defense of the *rive gauche*. And a masterpiece of policy this was considered. Chateaubriand exclaims against Talleyrand for being duped to support Saxony against Prussia, at the Congress, instead of consenting to the total absorption of the former state by the latter, and thus, probably, causing the left bank of the Rhine to fall to the lot of a power less capable of maintaining the fair domains. "*Chef-d'œuvre*," says Victor Hugo, speaking of this Rhenish dotation of Prussia, and which he calls the work of Anglo-Russian policy, "*chef-d'œuvre de haine, de ruse, de discorde, et de calamité; mais chef-d'œuvre*."* To obtain, therefore, the cession of that splendid investiture, a sufficient bribe must of course be offered. For the loss of the provinces on this side the Rhine, the annexation of other territories presenting an equivalent, "and something more," might be held out to Prussia. Hanover, and Saxony, and Brunswick, and Oldenburg, and Hesse-Electoral, and eke of Ducal a moiety; not to mention Mecklenburgs twain, nor Nassau perched expressly to be pounced upon, nor the little labyrinth of Thuringian States, grouped in admired disorder—there is compensation in abundance, it is only *l'embarras du choix*. In fact, Prussia might be bid to carve out what she liked north of the Maine. Even the ancient and steadfast friend of France, Denmark, might be thrown overboard, and Holstein delivered up to swell the sovereignty of the Hohenzollerns. And if the struggle for this transference of dominion could be confined to Prussia, backed by France, on the one hand, and all the German powers together, with gallant little Denmark on the other, the result would, we fear, be scarcely doubtful. But so audacious an attempt would inevitably bring into the field England, Russia, and Austria, in alliance together. We cannot believe that the Muscovite would, by temptations in another quarter, be induced to join the Franco-Prussian league. It rather appears to us that the apprehension of Prussian aggrandisement, away from or on the other side of the Rhine, bringing with it a tendency and an impulse towards greater consolidation on the Russian frontier, and the view of a possible future reclamation of the German provinces of the Russian empire—Livonia, Courland, would tend to throw the weight of that power into the other scale. The meditated consolidation of Russian sway beyond the Danube, might be meditated in vain—the maintenance of the conquest be regarded as insecure, if the erection of a really formidable power on the flank of the Russian Empire were the price to be paid for it. Let us not suppose that the idea of three great empires—a French to the Rhine, a Prussian to be extended over Germany, and a Muscovite to reach from the Neva to the Dardanelles, would caress the fancy of the Czars. The division, the piece-mealing of Germany, is the strength of Russia. In any important augmentation of Prussian dominion, that condi-

* One cannot but admire the coolness with which our lively neighbours speaks of the *property* of the *rive gauche*. "Donner," says the author, just quoted, "la rive gauche à l'Allemagne, c'était une idée. L'avoir donnée à la Prusse c'est un chef-d'œuvre." Why "*donner* à l'Allemagne," and not "*rendre?*" It had belonged to France, forsooth! Since when, we pray you? Or are we to consecrate as a maxim the converse of the proposition Proudhon—"la proprieté, c'est le vol?"

tion of Germany would run a too serious risk of ultimate disappearance, to be gratifying to the politicians of St. Petersburgh. Against any such contingency as the unity or the consolidation of a German nation, the Slavonic element, that formidable weapon in the hands of Russia, would have to be put in motion. A war of races—that war so often described by speculative politicians, would then be the practical policy of that power. What would become of Austria in the crush, it is scarcely worth while to enquire. For, indeed, the alliance of that empire with Great Britain and Russia, though in such circumstances as we are contemplating, Austria would certainly join those powers, both from a sense of danger to itself, and from its natural jealousy of Prussia; the alliance, we say, of Austria would not be of so much account as some, from traditional associations, might be disposed to consider it. And if the success of Russia against a thorough Prusso-Gallic alliance depended (as it seems to us it would depend) upon the impulsion to be communicated to the great Slavonic family, it is difficult to see in what respect Austria, whose chief population is of that race, would be ultimately a gainer by that alliance—into which, however, in all probability, its jealousy of Prussia, if nothing else, would have driven it.

Such, then, we hold to be the *riposte*, the counter-combination to a Franco-Prussian compact —the alliance of Great Britain and Russia, and the junction of Austria and the secondary Kingdoms of Germany to that alliance. In the event of success attending the Borusso-Gallic arms, then the partial subjugation of transrhenane Germany to the Prussian Crown, or (supposing France to be willing to go to the greatest lengths for its ally), the entire subjugation; and in that case a prospective war of races. In the event of failure, the abasement of the counterpoise to Austrian supremacy in Germany, but the renewed and confirmed pressure and preponderance of Russian influence in that great country. No attractive picture this, it should seem. Would Prussia purchase the French alliance at the price of the equivocal permanent advantages, and the not uncertain risks, near and remote? We shall have another word to say upon this point before we have done.

From the incidental glance we have given at the probable conduct, and probable accidents of Austria under the circumstances of an alliance between Prussia and France, we may take occasion to consider another possible combination—the alliance of Austria herself with the latter power. We may imagine the revival of ideas supposed to have been those of the late Austrian Minister, Schwartzenberg, whose policy seemed to propose to itself these two ends, the abasement of the Prussian monarchy, and the emancipation of his own country from the galling patronage and protection of the great Autocrat of the north. To realize these views a French alliance alone could serve as a foundation. Let us see upon what terms such an alliance could be effected.

There is a *mémoire* addressed by Chateaubriand, during his embassy at Rome, to M. de la Fenonnays, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, in France. In that document, the vain—but with all his egotism, and all his little foibles, let us add with pleasure, the illustrious Viscount, discussing the affairs of the East, at that moment the question occupying the great European cabinets, emits an opinion, in our judgment, too absolute. "L'Angleterre et l'Autriche," he says, "ont des intérêts communs; elles sont naturellement alliées pour leurs politique extérieure, quelles que soient d'ailleurs les différentes formes de leur gouvernements, et les maximes opposées de leur politique intérieure." As regards the Turkish Empire, this dictum may have some foundation; but, when he proceeds, as he does, to say, that neither Austria, nor England would ever consent to the resumption by France of the left bank of the Rhine, we must be allowed to think that the else-sagacious politician is forgetting the altered state of things, and looking at the actual territorial arrangements too much from the point of view of another century—from the times of the Holy Roman Empire and of Austrian domination in Flanders. We have said that by the Treaties of '14-15, the ancient antagonism of France and Austria was considerably attenuated. Instead of existing in full vigour upon many points, it was confined, in any striking degree, to one. The German frontier and the Belgic barrier concerned Austria but indirectly and secondarily since then—Italy was left as the theatre for future strife between the two powers—as, indeed, it had been of old; but now left almost singly as the field of rivalry, and certainly with immense preponderance in favour of Austrian ascendancy. Nay, more; by the necessitated antagonism of France and Prussia, induced by that *chef-d'œuvre* of Russo-Britannic policy of which our friend Hugo speaks, an indirect means was prospectively afforded to Austria of embarrassing, perhaps of humbling her great German rival—means which would probably be duly appreciated whenever a favourable opportunity should coincide with a violent access of jealousy; whenever a statesman of the *genus* Schwartzenberg should arise to inspire the policy of the Hapsburgs. Any deduction from Prussian sovereignty, any humiliation of Prussian power and influence, would be a welcome contingency, provided it could be effected with concomitant security to the Austrian dominions out of Germany. Nothing could be more flattering to those who have not even yet abandoned the associations, or forgotten the traditions of the old Imperial German Crown. Let French co-operation, open or underhand, or French sanction, or even French neutrality in Italian questions be secured to Austria, and it may well be questioned whether her *German* patriotism would go the length of maintaining by arms the German dominions of the House of Brandenburg. A French garrison in Rome, for instance, whilst apparently disputing Austrian influence in the Italian peninsula, might, we shrewdly suspect, be really playing into her hands—whilst ostensibly curbing the excesses of the revolutionary spirit, it might, in reality, be suppressing the outbreak of a fresh national movement.

By the change of conditions we have alluded to, as operated by the Treaties of '15, the "natural" alliance for England has passed to other hands. For a long while the "Emperor" and the British Sovereign were reciprocally indebted for assistance in the work of restraining the ambition of France. But the growth of another monarchy in Germany diminished the need of such assistance to one of the parties interested: and, perhaps, the future substitution for the Austrian alliance to this country of that of a rising military power, was not unforeseen by the genius that inspired the councils of Britain during the Seven Years' War. At all events, the altered relations of the House of Hapsburg to Germany, by the cessation of the latter as an Empire, and still more the separation of the Flanders from the Austrian monarchy, rendered the perils against which the alliance of that House with England had subsisted, less common to both of the parties, and consequently reduced the need of their common action. And so, we repeat, after the settlement of 1815, whatever may be thought of the "old," there was comparatively little left of the "natural"—or "necessary"—between us and our Imperial ally of the Danube. The latter epithets became due, and were virtually transferred to him who guarded the Rhine, and propped the Netherlands. And what in the last century was called the "*un*natural alliance" between the Courts Schœnbrunn and Versailles, no longer, in our opinion, would wear so strange a character; especially now (though we do not wish here to enter upon questions of government), especially, we say, since the installation in France of a *régime*, certainly not calculated to excite much alarm to the statesmen of Vienna on the score of liberalism. We assert, then, that an Austro-Franc alliance would not, as the territorial constitution of Europe stands by the Peace of 1815, be so unnatural a conjunction as formerly. For, it appears to us, that in the degree in which the former Power has lost its common interest with England (by cessation of its contact with Western Europe through the Belgic provinces); and in the degree in which it has lost its great interest in the integrality of German territory, in the same degree it has been drawn to France. For, if Italy still remains as a field for rivalry, Italy is a matter of less concern to French ambition than the Belgic provinces and the Rhenish frontier; and of these, the former is of no concern to Austria, and the latter, if lost to Germany—in whose entirety Austria has now a *diminished* interest—would be lost to a rival of the House of Hapsburg. And if, as is to be presumed, the weight and influence of that House would be increased proportionately to the loss sustained by its rival of Brandenburg, is it—we repeat the question — to be believed that the *German* would so preponderate over the Austrian patriotism in the councils of Vienna, as to induce that power to aid in maintaining its rival in possession of a German territory with a population of upwards of two millions?

It is true, that a different view may be, and according to the resent appearances *is* taken, of Austrian interests—viz., that a close defensive alliance between Austria and Prussia, supported by their gigantic neighbour of the north, would ensure the *status quo* of their respective possessions; and that the weight of entire Germany would thus be thrown against France, whether an attack from that nation should come on the side of the Rhine or of the Alps. It is, however, the possible disruption of existing alliances that we are considering.

And here, we may remark, that of the so-called Five Great Powers of Europe, two are maintained in that position by something else than their own inherent resources. The two military monarchies of Central Europe are, we hesitate not to affirm, respectively insufficient to themselves for the purposes of protection. Of the other three the reverse is the case. That the vast Empire of Russia suffices to itself in this respect, it needs but the mention of 1812 to prove. That an aggression upon France — upon solid, compact, united France—could be successfully attempted by anything short of combined Europe, no one supposes. That England, with due application of her means and resources, can answer for her own protection, we have no doubt. But very different is the state of things as regards Prussia and Austria; especially the latter. Prussia, by its strange and disjointed structure, exposed to attack on its points of contact with three of the other great Continental Powers, must support itself on one or other of those powers in case of aggression from either or both of the other two; must veer in its alliances according to the quarter more immediately menaced. An hereditary antagonism lies over against it on the side of Silesia, a territorial craving on that of the Rhine, a controlling and cumbrous domination on that of the Niemen. Accordingly, its motives of *rapprochement* alternate also. Impatience of Russian ascendancy must incline it to support itself on French alliance; fear of France must drive it to seek shelter under Russia; apprehension of these two combined, must induce it to draw closer the bands of German Union with Austria; whilst, again—penalty of the partition—its share in the crime of Polish dismemberment ties its hands, and fetters the independent action of its policy in reference to its two accomplices. But with Austria the weakness of the case is still more patent. There is scarcely a province, we had almost said, of its wide-spread empire which it may not fear to see snatched away from it, not only in the event of active instigation, but even of passive encouragement, or abstinence from interference from without. Excepting trusty Tyrol and the hereditary Duchies, of the steadfast allegiance, of what part of the monarchy can the sovereigns of the Hapsburg race feel secure? Its own Lombardo-Venetian—nay, half the Italian peninsula—is ready, from day to day, to burst into a blaze. Spontaneously, it may burst out at any moment, and in the face of all the engines arrayed to quench the conflagration. The shadow of a shade of encouragement from without, and all that stirred in '48 and '49 would be in motion again in an instant—only with more en-

venomed hostility and desire of vengeance deepened by intermediate suffering.

In Hungary is everlasting danger: for of the two principal elements, there, in presence of each other, the ascendancy of the Slavonic race ensures the discontent, and, when occasion serves, the revolt of the Magyar: the ascendancy of the latter, the disaffection of the former. The one, without the crushing weight of Russia thrown into the scale against it, has already shown itself capable of perilling the throne of Hapsburg-Lorraine: the other might substitute the ties of kindred for those of loyalty, and seek a refuge or a redress in the great family of which it is, ethnologically, a member. Then, again, the sentiment of Slavonic nationality in the enormous majority of that race in Bohemia; and which certainly would not indispose it to follow the fortunes of its once sister-kingdom—and add still, Galicia and its Poles; and the materials for dismemberment of the Austrian monarchy must be visible to the merest observer—the almost universal, and almost daily peril of that curiously constructed and unnatural empire. With all this, and with all its antecedents, so pregnant, as they have been, with imminent catastrophe, "cette vieille maison d'Autriche," as was said by one who himself dealt it a few rude blows, "ne meurt jamais."

The indication we have thus given of its internal dangers sufficiently establishes the need to Austria of support from without. A moral support, a material forbearance, are the very last it can require; for its own safety, from the Powers interested respectively in the different parts of its monarchy—interested respectively, and interested according to circumstances, in the conservation or dismemberment of those parts. It is the strange property of the Austrian Empire that any of its allies may almost as easily or naturally become its enemies; any of its enemies its allies. Great Britain, France, Russia, Prussia, Turkey—even Bavaria—may, according to changing accidents, be ranged with it, or against it. If it be said, that all the other principal Powers are subject to a change of alliance, and that their mutual attraction or repulsion must depend upon events, and upon the general state of the Balance of Power, we grant it. But still, we assert that of no European power does this mutability form the differential character as so markedly of Austria: not even in the case of Prussia, who can, at all events, count upon a certain fund of nationality, upon a certain radical sentiment—a more definite and determinate rallying-point for uniting a people. If, then, such is the state of Austria, for and by reason of its internal constitution; if, in fact, it is insufficient to defend itself against itself, what must be its single inefficiency against aggression from another power?—and, further still, what must it be for the purposes of ambition, conquest, and aggrandizement? Self-preservation (and that, with difficulty) would seem to be of necessity its sole business. The policy of Metternich through so long a series of years—the policy of propping up and conserving the *status quo*—would appear to be *the* one obligatory on the statesmen of that ever periclitating Monarchy. *Après moi le déluge*, the well-known expression of the policy of that veteran of imperial councils, haply contained to his mind as much of foreboding as of *insouciance*. And something very like a deluge did break in upon the imperial edifice, and swept him from the spot *before* his time for disappearance in the course of nature. But lo, another minister arose, who seemed to meditate something more than preservation; who with two rebellions only just quelled (and one of them by foreign assistance) in the dominions of his master, seemed to aspire to further domination and extension; plotted aggression in the midst of defence; and was strongly suspected of leaning to a new alliance, by whose aid he might at once triumph over rival pretensions in Germany, and shake off the onerous obligations he writhed under on the side of Russia. There is no saying to what the arrogant and reckless ambition of a Schwartzenberg might have conducted the projects of Austria. A minister, confident as he was in a policy of audacity and overbearing, confident in the support of Southern Germany at least, seeking the alliance of France—as a guarantee for the immobility of Italy—might, in his impatience of instability, apprehensive of the dangers of inaction, launch into plans of aggrandizement, and desperately emperil the existence of the Monarchy in attempts to restore its ancient grandeur. We witnessed a specimen of his grandiose ideas in the attempt to annex Hungary to the German Confederation. It is true, that this proposal met with opposition from France, amongst others: but had that audacious minister lived, or should another such arise, and should the circumstances of the moment favour a *rapprochement* to France, might not that project be revived, and the consent of France be purchased by the—as far as Austria is concerned—permitted annexation by the former of the coveted provinces of the left bank? *That* is the condition which must and would be stipulated for by France in consideration of any aid to Austrian ambition, and of connivance at Austrian supremacy in Italy.

Let us suppose a change in Austrian counsels—a return to the ideas of Prince Schwartzenberg, and those pushed to attempts of enormous magnitude in an alliance with France. Seconded by that ally, the designs of Austria might stretch beyond an augmentation of its own influence and superiority in Germany—might be carried to the length of a partial dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, to the definitive exclusion of Russia in the spoil. Price of the Rhenish Provinces, to be detached from Germany, the possession of Bosnia and Servia might be revindicated;* Albania appropriated; and thus a formidable barrier raised to Russian entrance to the Mediterranean, whether by the Bosphorus or by the Adriatic. Nay, the attempt might be made, however late in the day,

* They were in part ceded to the Emperor Charles VI. by the Peace of Passarowitz, and held by him for about twenty years.

and therefore difficult,* to possess itself of Moldavia and Wallachia, and thus withdraw those Principalities from Russian patronage. What, if a minister should spring up in Vienna who should opine that there would be as much for Austria to gain by holding Italy with the connivance of France and aggrandizing itself to the detriment of Russian influence, whilst at the same time the possessions of its German rival should suffer diminution—as much, we say, to gain by this, as by holding Italy *against* France by the support of Russia, but itself undergoing the patronage and feeling the weight of the latter Power; whose ambitious designs upon the Ottoman Empire, moreover, it would be forbidden to thwart; whilst at the same time the rival of the House of Hapsburg, in Germany, should at least maintain its position of equality, and be still, as now, disposed and capable to dispute supremacy in every question of German interest? It is not, we conceive, beyond possibility that a statesman of Austria should entertain such views as these; and though, as far as the retention of the Austro-Italian possessions is concerned, we should not be disposed to regard such views as very long-sighted, seeing that the other objects of the two allies being answered, viz., the annexation of Rhenish and Danubian provinces respectively, Italy would necessarily become again the theatre for their contending interests; still an open contest with its mighty neighbour, a contest aided by France, and undertaken in the hope of definitively arresting the march of Muscovite progress on the Danube, and of liberating Austrian rulers from their state of dependence, and two-thirds of the Austrian monarchy from its constant exposure to the intrigues of the great head of the Slaves—a contest, with these objects, and by these means, might, we repeat, to a daring and ambitious politician, present at least so much attraction as a contest with France for Italy, only to be hopefully maintained by the aid of that very power whose patronage alone, if nothing else, would be impairing the *prestige* of the monarchy on another side. Nay, it might be preferred even to a common action with that power in attempts upon the integrality of the Turkish empire, and to a scheme of co-partition in which we must be permitted to doubt whether the Lion's share would be the Austrian portion.

And here it may be thought that we have improperly taken exception at the assertion of Chateaubriand, that "l'Angleterre et l'Autriche ont des intérêts communs;" and that by an alliance between France and Austria this country would be placed in a difficulty, by finding itself hostile to the projects of the former upon the *cisrhenane provinces;* while disposed, as regards its anti-Russian movement, to those of the latter. A distinction, however, must be carefully noted. It is true that neither England nor Austria particularly desires to see the Russian eagle swoop upon the minarets of the Bosphorus. It is true that the two have a common interest in barring the road to Constantinople before those hordes, who are ever ready to march to that magnificent conquest. But between the protection of Turkey from Russian aggression and the appropriation of any of its provinces by another neighbour, there is a very intelligible difference; and, although, under certain circumstances, Great Britain might be disposed to regard with favour the territorial interposition of another power between the Muscovite and the Mussulman on the Danube, we question very much the promotion of British interests by a further extension of Austrian territory along the eastern coast of the Adriatic.

But, after all, the alliance we have spoken of—that of France and Austria—would not alarm us above measure, however ambitious its views. For, in truth, we believe that it would be more specious than formidable. Sufficient means of resistance, we venture to think, would be at the disposal of the parties threatened. Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia are not states to be overridden in a campaign, nor are their means of action upon the European system so weak or so limited as to be paralysed or exhausted by the combined efforts of the other two "great powers." There would still be more than one *côté foible* in an Austro-Franc combination. In Italy, always open along its extensive coast to the action of England, a patriotism might be aroused, or rather might be seconded, which, even despite the union of ancient adversaries for the oppression of that country, might embarrass, at any rate, and haply, adequately occupy the occupiers. The spirit that breathed in the strenuous resistance of Rome to the French besiegers, is not, we imagine, so utterly extinct. The least reverse to the allied arms of France and Austria, and many a mute Ciceroacchio would speak out, many an embryo Garibaldi burst into life and action. The contest would be one of fearful odds against Italian patriotism, no doubt; but the hatred inciting to the contest would be intense: for, let not the French flatter themselves that in any other character than that of liberators they are welcome to the Italians. Italy has now imbibed another spirit than that of the days when a substitution of one foreign domination for another was all it looked for, or a partnership of oppression the only refuge from a single tyranny. Then, again, those states of Germany upon whose blind adhesion Austria would conceive she could count, might, whatever their jealousy of Prussian influence and soreness at Prussian pretensions, not exactly throw themselves under the chariot-wheels of Hapsburg. Bavaria, for instance (who, moreover, would have to be compensated for the cession to France of the Rhenish Palatinate*) might fancy, we suspect, that its better game were to

* Late, indeed, and difficult indeed! It is astonishing the opportunities that Austria has lost, the chances she has thrown away, the openings she has wilfully shut her eyes against. Some of these were ably glanced at by the author of the "Future of Austria," a few years ago—Baron Adrian, the Envoy in London, of the short-lived *Reichsverweser*.

* This, too, would be a curious question incidentally, and which we beg to recommend to amateurs of political map-making

play off the two great houses against each other, and thus maintain to itself an importance, which the decided ascendancy of either of them would immediately efface.

Poland, too, which at a former day might have been an engine turned against the Russian by both Austria and France,* would now rather serve against them both. And that, first by reason of its hatred to the Germans, and to Austria in particular, and, secondly, by reason of its resentment, desertion, and cajollery at the hands of France. There are two effects of the great crime of the last century—the partition of Poland—that can scarcely escape the notice of any observer. One, that the influence of Russia overshadows Germany; the other, that the participation in the crime, and, of course, the desire to preserve its own portion, hinders either of the German despoilers from attempting to re-erect a state which would be now so serviceable as a shield to both of them. These effects might have been prevented in 1814-15; but the opportunity passed away. And it is singular that Austria, who then manifested some desire in that direction, and who, originally was the least criminal of the three, should now be, as she undoubtedly is, the most detested by the Polish race. The arms of that race would be more willingly turned against Hapsburg at the bidding of Romanzou, than against the latter at the tardy and suspicious summons of the former, even though repeated by the voice and supported by the sword of France. We may deplore such a consummation, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that the absorption of all the partitions into the Muscovite empire is a more probable consummation for the gallant and unfortunate Polish nation, than either the separate retention of their shares by its partitionists, or the recovery of its entire independence.

With these remarks, which, however, do not exhaust the topic, on the chief attackable points in an alliance of France with Austria, we dismiss the consideration of such a contingency, without serious apprehension at the danger should it ever arise.

A more alarming combination, far more than either of those we have touched upon, would be that division of the triple alliance of the north which remains to be spoken of—a division which should separate Russia from its two German allies, and attach it to France. Such an occurrence may seem—may be—remote: present appearances may not be in its favour. But, as we observed in the outset, our times have afforded sufficient instances of unexpectedness realised; history furnishes examples enough of extraordinary combinations and alliances, eccentric from their orbit, to warrant speculation upon a possible state of things not in correspondence with the actual. There is, however, nothing so very novel in the idea of an alliance between France and Russia. We know that the *fact* existed under Napoleon; and we know how the union came to be dissolved. The danger with which such a conjunction threatened Europe was then counteracted by the inordinate ambition of one of the parties—ambition, which, menacing a greater danger, roused a more extensive resistance, and ultimately converted the accomplice into an enemy. A Russian alliance was the *rève* of politicians devoted to the elder Bourbons; and the Orleans, with all the parade of the *entente cordiale*, would, we doubt not, have sacrificed it at any moment for the friendship of the Czar. Under the restoration, a writer we have more than once alluded to did not hesitate to declare that all the interests of France point to an alliance with Russia, as the preferable one among the great powers; and although this opinion was given while treating the question in agitation in 1828, similar reasons may still be urged, while the relative territorial condition of the powers remains the same—so long as the same temptations to alteration and aggrandizement exist; so long, in fact, as the "natural limits" are unattained, and the Ottoman Empire undismembered. We do not think that certain changes which have taken place since that opinion was advanced by M. de Chateaubriand, the foundation of the kingdoms of Greece and Belgium (no, nor even the establishment of French sovereignty in Algeria), are calculated to lessen the possibility, or invalidate in the eyes of French or Russian politicians the advantages to both of such an alliance. Let us try to examine, then, the grounds of this conjectural conjunction; its inducements to the supposed contracting parties, and what it would have to encounter at the hands of other European governments.

A half-grave, half-facetious friend of ours, a gentleman past the meridian of ordinary human life, who pursues politics with an appetite for the tremendous, something akin to that of the individual who followed the representation of Van Amburg, in expectation of the hour when the lions would devour their master; this "old and excellent" friend of ours is wont to express his desire that his days may be prolonged until the taking of Constantinople (he does not say by whom) and the break up of the Ottoman Empire. "I should like," he says, "to see the great *débâcle* that will then take place." Great *débâcle*, indeed! for the day of the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire must, will assuredly, be the day for a general shock of clashing interests: the day for the disappearance of the great landmarks of treaties, to be followed by a new configuration of kingdoms.

Without so keen a relish for the gigantic-terrible as our worthy acquaintance just alluded to, we confess that we should be disposed to desire for ourselves survivance of that tremendous epoch to come. Shall we speak the truth, and avow that we are heartily sick of that ever-reopening "Eastern Question?" Frankly; we should like to see it "settled," before the dark day come to us. It may be, that the time of its "settlement" is yet distant; it may be that it is near. The

* By *both*, we say: for the secret alliance of Great Britain, France and Austria, in February, 1815, had in contemplation the *restriction*, at all events, of Alexander's exorbitant pretensions upon Poland—*another* opportunity lost to Austria. But this time, it is true, it was the landing of Napoleon that stopped the proceedings.

dissolution of the Turkish Empire has seemed so often on the point of taking place, and the event has so often disappointed the gapers, that some may look upon the Sublime Porte as a fixture irremovable. The Russians have so frequently been *going to go* to Constantinople, that when the hour arrives, the alarm may again appear a false one. So many an expedient has tinkered up the infirmities, and propped the tottering fabric of Mussulman rule, that the *status quo* may seem to some to be *the* "settlement," after all. We cannot think so. For what, in good sooth, is the meaning of the assertion over and over again repeated, that the maintenance of the Empire of the Sultans in its integrality, is necessary to the Balance of Power? It means nothing but this: that everybody is not ready for its partition. All the parties interested are not agreed upon the distribution of the spoils. Let some political enchanter, some diplomatic *Deus ex machina*, operate such agreement, and we shall hear no more of the indispensibility of the Turks to the peace of the European world. It is not, we apprehend, any sentimental weakness for the Koran, a sympathy with seraglios, a penchant for polygamy, or for bowstrings, a taste for turbans or horsetails, that lurks behind the councils of cabinets, and that will retard the downfall of the Mahommedan abomination.

But whatever causes may have hitherto averted the evil day of the successors of Mahomet II., however the mutual jealousies of European governments may combine to prolong the existence of Turkey, we, for our part, see in that very circumstance an earnest of its eventual destruction. The dismemberment of Turkey appears to us one of those events, of which, like many an one in private life, men disguise to themselves the realization, because they fear it. They feel that it must arrive, and therefore veil it to their eyes. They even affect at times a sort of incredulity; just as men, for the most part, unwillingly contemplate that "necessary evil," which "will come when it will come."

We may be charged with political fatalism; but, nevertheless, *this* is our conviction—that there are certain eventualities, the constant and deep-rooted apprehension of which is a very guarantee for their fulfilment; and foremost of these we rank the dismemberment of the Empire of the Ottomans.

The dismemberment of Turkey! Event easily foreseen in the main; but difficult, indeed, of arrangement in its details. Well may European statesmen shrink from contemplating it closely. There go too many words to that bargain to have it concluded out of hand. The assignment of Moldavia and Wallachia is obvious enough: that of Servia and Bosnia might not present great obstacles. But who is to push his frontier to the Balkan? Is any to do so—and go no further? Who is to have Egypt, and Tunis, and Tripoli? Who Candia, *la reine de l'Archipel?* Who the great prize of the lottery, the "gemini janua vasta maris?" And what is to be done for the *Lieux Saints*, a source of moral influence in the East not likely to be overlooked?

Now, to the question of that dismemberment, partial or entire, we hold the question of the Rhenish frontier to be closely and necessarily attached. The *limites naturelles* are the prime price that could purchase the consent of France to any appropriation by other powers, of the provinces of European Turkey. We do not say they are the only price, but the chief, the sine quâ non. To those who might suggest Egypt as an adequate bait for French ambition, we would recall the fact that the treaties of Leoben and Campo Formio preceded the expedition of General Buonaparte to that country.* And had not Mons. Thiers' pugnacious propensities shrunk before the union of the parties to the Treaty of July, 1840, there cannot be much doubt but that, though the Turco-Egyptian affair would have been the occasion of the rupture, the blow would have been struck by France on the Rhine. This was felt in Germany, as we all remember; and the song, which on steamboats and in *schnellposts*, in *salles à manger* and *stabes*, in drawing-rooms and drinking-boats, has belaboured our ears ever since—*sie sollen ihn nicht haben*—dates from that critical juncture.

We may confidently, then, assert, that the first stipulation on the part of France for an alliance with Russia, would be an extension of its own European territory to the north and east. And the demands of the former would probably, and naturally enough, be regulated by the latitude to be allowed to the latter. For instance, for the annexation by the Czars of the Danubian principalities, Belgium might content our meek and modest neighbours of the Seine; for a further extension of Russian rule—say, to the Balkan—the Bavarian Palatinate, and the Prussian Rhenish province south and east of the Moselle might be accepted as an additional instalment; for the occupation of Constantinople by the Muscovite, the remaining territory (Prussian and Dutch) on this side the Rhine. And this, *at the least*.

For, we may ask, would even the entire possession of the left bank satisfy France for the acquisition to Russia of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles? The acquisition of Constantinople by the successor of Catherine! Why, the *other* Napoleon would not listen to the thing for a moment, even when his sway was not bounded by the *limites naturelles*. In vain the "Greek of the Lower Empire" tried to persuade him that Constantinople would only be a provincial town of the vast dominion, whose capital was St. Petersburgh. It was of "no use" Alexander's, "knocking at that door." The exclamation of the French Emperor shows in what light *he* regarded the possession of the famous city. "Constantinople!" he replied, to the desire of the Russian, "jamais! c'est l'empire du monde!"†

* It is true that the Congress of Rastadt sat during the expedition to Egypt. But the cession of the *rive gauche* had been already agreed to, and that congress was, mainly, to discuss the terms of compensation to Austria and other German Powers.

† "L'influence sur la Méditerranée dépend de l'influence sur la Porte; je ne l'aurai, cette influence, qu'en de-

Supposing, however, that in addition to the Rhenish boundary line, an alliance of Russia with France should consent to assign Egypt to the latter, as a share of Ottoman spoil. But to this assignment there are two drawbacks: one on the side of France, the other, of Russia. In the first place, the *consent* of Russia might not be held equivalent by France to the *acquisition* made by the former Power; for the difficulties attending the conquest of Egypt would not only be far greater for France than those attending the conquest of Belgium and the Rhenish boundary, but also far greater than would attach to the conquest of Constantinople by Russia. The Dardanelles are of easier reach to the Muscovite, than is the Delta to the Gaul. Russian Czars might, with comparative ease, march to St. Sophia any day in the week; French Emperors would find (as French captains have found before them), certain monsters on the watery way that lies between them and Alexandria. In the next place, the drawback to Russian advantage in this conceded partition to France, would be the closer approach of a Catholic Power in the East, and the struggle to come hereafter, when, as would indubitably happen, the Greek and Romish interests should come into collision in Palestine and its "Holy Places."

It has been supposed by some, that France would consent to the fall of European Turkey into Russia, or Russian and Austrian hands, upon condition of the re-establishment of Polish independence. Possibly; but would the chief party to the alliance on the other side consent to the stipulation? Certainly not; for to admit the restoration of Poland would be to allow a wedge to be driven into its bulky empire: would render for ever insecure its new acquisitions. It is thought by others, that Tunis and Tripoli would serve the purpose of France. But though the conquest of them would be attended with less difficulty than that of Egypt, their acquisition by France would be, in the eyes of others, only a step to future attempts upon the latter country.

Menacing, then, as would be for the general equilibrium the junction of French and Russian arms, we may question whether that alliance could be formed with *full* satisfaction to the pretensions of both the contracting parties. For, to balance Constantinople—the great object of the one—the other would insist on the Rhine *at the least;** and in that relative appreciation would, perhaps, lie the difficulty.

But, be the compact concluded with or without reference to Egypt, what, in either case, would be the conduct of the other Powers? The attitude of Great Britain is clear enough. Such an alliance could encounter, on her part, nothing but opposition, and that of the most strenuous kind. We can scarcely imagine anything more perilous to her influence and interests. Her two great European rivals leagued together, and with what objects? We have already expressed our conviction that an attempt on Belgium or the Rhine would be the signal for a rupture between France and this country. But, to see our supremacy in the Mediterranean and the Levant doubly menaced, the road to our Indian empire threatened with obstruction by the old hereditary foe! No efforts of which this mighty nation is capable would be spared to avert the accomplishment of such objects as those. But Great Britain alone—we cannot, and must not, disguise it from ourselves—with all her great and varied resources, though the vigour of a Chatham or a Palmerston should direct her energies, could scarcely hope for mastery in the unequal strife. Upon whom then could she count? And of the allies upon whom she might possibly count, what would be the weight and value? We confess we should not look without uneasiness at the prospect. Of states of inferior consideration, the profit to be drawn in this contest, would be small, or the application doubtful. Spain, for instance, listless, apathetic, and powerless for any external effort. Even if she should not regard with favour, or, at all events, with indifference, the struggle for sway in the Mediterranean, the erst victor of Lepanto would be without ability to influence the destinies of the midland sea. To rouse to any effectual effort the languid energies of Islamism, would be—apart from a certain awkwardness attaching to an *anti-christian* patronage—a hard, and probably a vain endeavour. Upon the resistance to incorporation with France, likely to be opposed by Belgium, we rely with childlike confidence and simplicity.* How deeply the sentiment of a distinct nationality has penetrated that recent kingdom remains yet to be put to the test. Of course its resistance to annexation must depend, in a degree, upon the support it should receive from its natural protectors. Then again, for Holland; the course to be taken by that country, menaced as it would be with the immediate and not over tranquillising vicinity of France, would undoubtedly be regulated upon the course pursued by Prussia. Should the latter consent to any *transaction*, the former would scarcely stand

venant le voisin de l'Empire turc," was the opinion he stated in a subsequent interview with an Austrian negociator, Mons. de Bubna.

"La Russie, maitresse du Bosphore, de Constantinople, et de la Grèce, c'était la monarchie universelle de l'Europe, de l'Asie, et de la Méditerranée."—*Lamartine, Restauration.* But it is scarcely necessary to heap up testimonies to the importance of yonder positions.

* "*Au moins*," said the claimant of the *rive gauche*, in the "Limites de la France." *Au moins*, without specifying the supplementary desiderata.

* We have under our eyes the Brussels edition of a pamphlet of the day, when the Turco-Greek question was yet undecided. The *brochure* is by a certain "General Bacon de Richemont, Deputé de l'Allier," who tells us in a preface, that the English "Times" had called him an "old fool." And, àpropos to the author's assertion, that Belgium waited only for a bold step on the part of France in order to throw itself into her arms, the Belgian editor thinks proper to subjoin a note, denouncing the assertion, and appealing against it, both to citizens and soldiers, both of whom are, he says, "inviolably attached to the independence of our happy country, and to the dynasty of Nassau." This was in the year——1829! It is a sensible proverb that says, "il ne faut jurer de rien."

forth as the single Continental champion of Western Europe against French encroachment. Even the encouragement which England is disposed to afford to Italian freedom must depend, in some measure, upon the side to be taken by Austria in the great array of European combatants.

As regards the two great Powers, Austria and Prussia, the line the former might adopt is not after all, we think, of such a very vast importance. Its accession to the Russo-Franc alliance would bring no well-wieldable strength with it; and would scarcely be worth their purchase by a conceded share of the spoil, from which its opposition—unless, indeed, conjointly with Prussia and the rest of Germany—would avail little to debar them. To Austria herself, such adhesion would only bring a temporary security, or a temporary enjoyment, at the best, of the portion of plunder accorded to her. For the radical disorders of that monarchy would not be remedied by any such permissive aggrandization; and the arm of its huge neighbour, ever suspended over it, would only be strengthened for a future blow. On the other hand, neither, we say, would the opposition of Austria to the Franco-Russ designs, be of very great service or account. For that Power, once embarrassed in a war on either side, Italy and Hungary are there ever ready to start away from its grasp. If, indeed, a cordial and thorough union of the German element in its States with that of Prussia, and with the other members of the great Teutonic family, could really take place; if (leaving Italy beside the question) a German union for a truly German object—viz., defence against the two other great races threatening Germany on either side—if this could be counted on, then, it is true, a compact mass might be opposed to the two-fold enemy, and a bold front presented both to Gallic and Muscovite ambition. If any danger could bring to united action the some forty millions that Germany, in her dreams of national unity, loves to number, one would think the threatening aspect of an alliance between the two mighty states which enclose it on either hand would be that peril. But this, we fear, is scarcely to be looked for. Old ambitions, traditional jealousies reviving aspirations, would too probably, as too often before, be at their evil work; and short-sighted views of individual interest would create division where union alone could hope for ultimate safety to all parties. It is under such influences that we hold the accession of Austria to a Russo-Franc alliance a more probable contingency than a counter-movement on its part.

But Prussia? In the *Mémoire* of Chateaubriand from which we have cited a passage, it is said that an additional recommendation of an alliance between France and Russia is, that it would be an easy matter to induce Prussia to join it by the offer of certain advantages. This, of course, can only mean the offer of indemnification in Germany at the expense of the smaller States, and to the detriment of Austria.* We have already touched that point while speaking of a conjectural alliance between France and Prussia alone. And if the facility of acquisition would now be increased to Prussia by having the Czar for ally instead of opponent, the difficulty of hereafter preserving its acquisitions would be increased also by the enormous and disproportionate aggrandizement of that ally. And to all other considerations may be added this; that, as the *future* of Prussia would then consist more than ever in taking the lead (as then it would inevitably be at the head) of the German people, it would be questionable how—and we should like to know *quo ore?*—that Power which had bartered away to the stranger some couple of million of German race and tongue, on the West, and which had resigned, for personal objects, the Rhine, the pride of the nation, could pretend to rally round itself that race for resistance to the Slavonic north and east. We doubt, too, considerably, whatever unpopularity and disfavour Austria should labour under in Germany, whether Prussia would rise in Teutonic estimation, or conciliate Teutonic sympathies towards its views of supremacy, by accepting German spoils and German principalities, at the price of German cessions and German national honour.

We must take leave to insist upon this point; for Prussia is essentially a German power. She is a German power, or she is nothing. Her history (since she had a history of any importance) is full of this *fact*—with a single exception—and that exception " not only a crime but " (as time tends more and more to prove) " a blunder;" also, the ambition of the Hohenzollerns cannot rightly be said to stray out of Germany. The rising greatness of the royal house, its recent history, its future—all associate it intimately and indivertibly with the German " Fatherland." This cannot be predicated so strictly and simply of the great rival house. Throughout many centuries there have been alliances, pretensions, interests, other than German, which, even when the Austrian wore the Imperial Crown of the country, have, more or less, influenced his policy. Dashes of foreign colour are seen ever and anon in his historical pictures. That Austria should not aid in maintaining the entirety of German territory, that it should let " the left bank" be lopped off from the mass, would be neither unintelligible, nor very surprising, nor perhaps unvenial; but that Prussia should consent to sign away any acre of German soil from Germany, to cut off an arm of the great body, suppress a power of the machine that should be made to work its greatness, *this* would be both unintelligible and astonishing as to its permanent interests, and unpardonable to its patriotism and its honour.

No! the honour, the pride, and the interest of the House of Brandenburg alike demand from it a firm maintenance of the inalienability of German

* Be it observed, that something more than an equivalent of territory and population must be given to bribe Prussia. A mere equivalent, even though bringing to Prussia greater compactness than it now presents, would not be sufficient to abase Austria in the scale of German power, and to compensate (if indeed anything *could* compensate) for the loss of the *prestige* of German patriotism.

soil. Let it beware of offending its own fortune, marring its destinies; beware of alienating the national German sentiment by a too exclusive pursuit of personal objects. Let it take heed lest it incur such a denunciation as that so justly launched against certain "new-born kings," who owed their royalty and their aggrandization to the stranger.

> Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame
> To that Bavarian who did first advance
> His banner in accursed league with France—
> *First open traitor to a sacred name.*

Whatever, then, might be the attitude of Austria with reference to a Gallo-Muscovite alliance, the *rôle* of Prussia is pointed out to her both by honour and by interest; by principle and by calculation. Should the voice for opposition to a French and Russian combination prevail in the court of Schœnbrunn, then the efforts of united Germany, at any rate (for we will not take into account any other element of the Austrian monarchy) would, we should hope, tell for something in balancing the contest. But let Prussia guard against the temptation, suggested by hereditary rivalry, to take the side opposed to the one of Austrian choice. It could not join a French and Russian alliance, without the sacrifice of its possessions on the *rive gauche,* while what it might gain in immediate compensation on the *rive droite* of Rhine *or* of Elbe, would be lost in moral power, lost in the appreciation of that Germany to the supremacy of which it aspires. The *prestige* of the House of Brandenburg would be ruined with the German nation—that *prestige* which has suffered so much already, by the feeble will and unstable policy of '48, and the two following years. For as to Prussian ascendancy in Germany, let not—we must again urge the point—the House of Hohenzollern flatter itself that it is to assist it to found a new empire in its dynasty, that France and Russia would lend their hands. If ever that House is to be the head of Germany, it is by the German nation itself that it must attain that elevation; and the sacrifice of German provinces would be, we humbly opine, a dubious prelude to success in such an ambition.*

But if Austria should accede to the alliance of Russia and France, the duty is still more imperative on Prussia to guard the German soil from violation, and the interest clearer still. All that Hapsburg would lose in national consideration, and in hold on the German people, its rival would gain.

Prussia, then—to place once for all, finally, the situation in its proper light—Prussia, we maintain, has a grand, a paramount interest in preserving to itself and to Germany the provinces west of the Rhine. It has, therefore, an interest in keeping France within her assigned limits—we mean of course with reference to that river; for we have not thought it worth while to allude to Alpine limits, and Savoy is an insignificant item in the great European account. It must, consequently, have an interest in the defence of Belgium, the conquest of which country by French arms could only lead to, and facilitate aggression upon the Prussian cisrhenane territories. But if the most favourable means for France to attempt these objects be —as no incompetent judges have advanced—an alliance with Russia, to that alliance Prussia must find herself opposed; and to the views of both parties to that compact Great Britain is opposed also. By interest, therefore, by position, by principle, Prussia is, obviously and obligatory, the ally of this country. It may, we conceive, be regarded as the necessary, the natural, the morally certain alliance for England; whilst on the other hand we can only look on Austria as the conditional, the accidental, the problematical.

And thus we close our remarks upon the counter-contingencies to that third phase of the conjectural division of the Triple (erst "Holy") Alliance—the junction of the arms of France and Russia.

While we are writing, the affair of Montenegro appears to assume rather grave proportions. Austria is massing troops upon the Turkish frontier; and certain articles, evidently officially inspired, have been given to the world in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that would be very menacing, indeed, could we take them quite *au serieux.* In one, the downfall of the Ottoman Empire is spoken of as on the point of arriving. "The apple," it is said, "threatens to fall from the tree—the apple of discord for all that has any pretensions to power in Europe." In another, the European portion of that Empire is assigned to its two great neighbours, and a line deliberately drawn from Widden to Salonica, from Salonica to Cape Linguette (below Durazzo), and the included territory coolly claimed for addition to the Illyriac provinces of the sovereignty of Hapsburg. Prussia, and the some-time Zollverein, are invited to welcome this solution, as offering prospective commercial advantages innumerable. And the organs of the cabinet of Vienna take care to assure us that there is a perfect understanding between France and Austria, as well as between the latter and Russia.

We will here take leave to remark that there is no power whose conduct has rendered so difficult the "settlement" of the Turkish Question, as that of this very Austria; none, that is so answerable to Europe for the dangers to which the Ottoman dominions are exposed from Russian ambition. Had Austria, with provident magnanimity, renounced her Italian ambition; had she, instead of seeking to perpetuate an odious domination in that peninsula, boldly advanced her pretensions to guard the line of the Danube; manfully interposed in the principalities, and anticipated the

* It has been well remarked by a writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" that "Dés le jour où la Prusse, infidéle à toute son histoire, n'est plus l'état libéral de l'Allemagne, et le gardien de certains principes, dès ce jour, l'Autriche reprend ses anciens droits; la souveraineté appartient à la monarchie des Hapsbourg." Let the hint be taken, but with larger application than the Frenchman, perhaps, intended; for we can hardly suppose that he would consent to recommend among the "certains principes," that of fidelity to its trust as guard of the German frontier.

game of Russia; had she adopted a liberal system, and patronized the free and enlightened tendencies which she has uniformly opposed; she might have taken up a position which would at once have extended her own dominions, in compensation for renunciations in Italy, and reassured Europe with regard to the fate of Constantinople. Yes; *reassured Europe*, we say; for even though her protection of the Sultan should have been purchased by the cession of some of his Danubian provinces, Austria, as the possessor of those provinces, would have been less alarming to the general fears than the other mighty neighbour is now. But now, Austria can no longer play that part—the day is gone by. She may affect to be a protectress of Turkey; but the internal weaknesses of her own Empire are too great to render her protection of any real value. It is a pretension without power. She can now only offer a feeble resistance to the designs of the Czars, *or* co-operate with them in an illusory participation of plunder, merely serving as a tool to be thrown aside, when its uses are done. She may be admitted by the Muscovite to a share in the spoil for the nonce—only to be stripped of it when the gain of her giant accomplice shall be well established and assured. Her airs of protection, as her threats, are now singly, of little moment; and the statesmen of the Divan must, indeed, possess but an antiquated acquaintance with European affairs, if they do not know the peril to Austria of an *aggressive* war.

With all her bravado, therefore, addressed to other Continental Powers, and with all her assurance, with all this blunderbuss and thunder, we can change nothing of our opinion—to wit, that Austria, insufficient for self-defence, will not dare to take the initiative in a war of aggression. The recent matter at Milan—mere *échauffourée* as it was, and speedily repressed—may serve as a warning to her not to be bold over much. As to cajoling Prussia into an acquiescence in Austrian aggrandizement, without an equivalent to itself *somewhere;* the idea is absurd. With Russia, she may concoct her schemes of partition; but if unconsented to by France—opposed as they would undoubtedly be by England—we do not fear their realisation. If, on the other hand, France should be a consenting party, we know at what price, *at the least* to existing territorial arrangements, such consent would have to be purchased; and, in that hypothesis, the case occurs which we have last contemplated in our consideration of conjectural alliances.

With the inscrutable will of him who sits upon the throne of France, we will answer for no surprises. He who but yesterday shot a dart at the "antique et illustre maison d'Autriche," may draw the sword on its side to-morrow. Conspicuous among the favoured guests at the Court of the Tuileries are, if we are not mistaken, Lord Cowley and the Count de Hatzfeld—a circumstance which in no degree confirms our confidence in the stability of its friendly relations with the countries those plenipotentiaries represent.

[The above article, written, as our readers will have perceived, while the Montenegrine matter was still pending, reached us too late for publication in our last number. But neither the "success," as for the moment it is considered, of the Austrian stroke at Constantinople, nor the other events which have intermediately occurred, seem to us any reason for altering the opinions expressed, or for modifying the principles applied in this review of the "Great Powers."]

A CHRISTMAS VACATION IN JUTLAND.

FROM THE DANISH.

(Continued from page 230.)

CHAPTER III.

AN UNQUIET NIGHT.

Though so well inclined for a long night's rest, I was not allowed more than three hours' sleep, when I was awakened by a loud noise outside our door, and by the sound of merry voices laughing and talking, while others were calling to order, and recommending silence. At length, the door opened, and a servant-maid entered with a light in her hand, and several travelling cloaks thrown over her arm. She was followed by four gentlemen, loaded with cloaks, pillows, sofa-cushions, bolsters, &c., with which, I concluded, a bed was to be made on the floor for the merry party who had just arrived, and did not wish the family to be disturbed. "Who sleeps here?" whispered one of them to the servant, while they traversed the room on tiptoe. "The two head masters," she answered, opening a door in the arras, which led to another room. "Oh! I thought I perceived an odour of Latin!" said another, and the whole party proceeded into the next room. The servant returned immediately, leaving the gentlemen to their own devices.

I then prepared again for sleep, but in vain; my neighbours' spirits were too high. First, they made a tremendous racket by pulling each other out of their boots, in the course of which process, now one and then another plumped down on the floor, amidst the laughter of the others; and when at last they got to bed, they commenced a scuffle for pillows and coverlets, that ended in a general bombardment with bolsters, which, often missing their aim, hit with a tremendous bang against the wooden partition which separated me from them. At length, peace was concluded, and I was on the

point of dropping asleep, when I was again roused by the shrill crowing of a cock in the corridor into which my room opened. A suppressed laughter in the next room led me to conjecture who it was that had introduced this living alarum into the house. But this was not all; chanticleer had just commenced a second *fanfare*, when he was interrupted by a sound of a very different nature, and which seemed to alarm him even more than me, for he sent forth a shrill scream. It sounded as if several well-shod horses were galloping to and fro in the corridor. It was too bad. The Conrector, who, until then had been sleeping soundly after the unwonted exertions of the day, now awoke, and raising himself on his elbow, listened and muttered to himself, "*lemures nocturnaque spectra!*" I gave no answer, and the noise having ceased, a deep silence ensued, which was, however, soon broken by one of my frolicsome neighbours, who, in a hollow, lugubrious voice, declaimed; "Und immer weiter, hop, hop, hop, geht's fort im donnernden galop."* He had proceeded so far, when the door to the corridor was burst open, and at it appeared a dwarf, with a long white beard. I felt somewhat disconcerted, and the Conrector, it appears, equally so. "Are you asleep," he whispered. I answered "No;" but at that instant the mystery was solved; the mannikin raised his voice, and was discovered to be a goat. As I afterwards learnt, the animal was a pet in the family, and allowed the free range of the place, and had probably introduced himself unperceived into the house, along with the strangers who arrived in the night. Provoked at having been startled by so ridiculous a cause, I jumped out of bed, and seizing the fellow by the horns, dragged him to the door of the next room, opened it, and shoved him in to my neighbours, to whose machinations I thought I was indebted for his visit. Having shut the door upon the goat, I went up to the Conrector, gave a whispered report of all that had taken place while he was asleep, and then slipped into bed again, hoping that I should at length be able to enjoy some repose.

But I had only made bad worse; instead of pelting each other with soft cushions and bolsters, my neighbours now made use of "Billy," as a missile, shoving him from the one side of the room to the other, to their own great amusement, but to the great discomfiture of the long-bearded gentleman, whose pitiful bleatings blended with the laughter chorus of his tormentors. But even the best fun will at length pall; so after some time, one of the young men proposed that they should fling a cloak to Billy, and invite him to take his rest upon it. As thereafter everything became quiet, I concluded he had accepted the invitation.

"Tandem!" I sighed, and settled myself comfortably on my pillow; but sleep would no more come at my bidding. I had been tossing and turning about half an hour, when I heard a deep sigh from the other bed. I turned my eyes in that direction, and as the moon was by this time high in the heavens, and her beams were streaming in through the window, I beheld the Conrector sitting up in bed, with his face buried in his hands.

"Are you ill?" I inquired.

"Oh no! it is only old memories that are troubling me." After a pause, he resumed in Latin, which language he spoke as fluently as Danish: "Dear friend, you know that I am a widower and childless; but did you ever hear how I became so?"

"No!"

"Will you hear my sad history?"

"Yes, if it be not ripping up old wounds," I answered.

"Oh!" said he, "the wounds in my heart will never heal in this world—they cannot and they ought not—they are to me, as it were, an assurance from God, that I shall once be reunited with those for whom I yearn. . . . . After I had taken my degree in Copenhagen, I visited the universities of northern Germany. In Kiel I saw her who afterwards became my wife. We learnt to love each other, and when, in the ensuing year, I had obtained the appointment which I now hold, I returned to Kiel and married her." Here he paused, pressed the sheet to his eyes, and then continued: "Five years we lived together, my friend! during these five years we never spoke one unkind word to each other. Do you remember the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs? Such a woman as is there described was she. Yes; 'She did me good and not evil all the days of her life!'" Here he sank back on the pillow and wept, but not long; he again raised himself, and said: "My father-in-law was a merchant—a most kind-hearted man, sickly, and of weak constitution. After the lapse of those five happy years, we received a letter from his wife, telling us that his end was approaching, and that he had but one wish, and that was once more to see his daughter, his only child. They had a son, but he died a short time before the father. She insisted on going, and no doubt she was right. But I could not accompany her further than Colding. There we parted. There I saw her the last time; but not only her. Our only child, a sweet little cherub, four years old, we had taken with us, never intending, however, that she should proceed further than Colding. But when she and the mother were to part, their grief was excessive, and it ended in their both going, and I returned alone to our home. Dear friend, do you know what it is to live in suspense? if not, you do not know how interminable time can seem. The day after my return home, I hastened to the post-office, for I calculated that I might have a letter from her from Flensborg; but I found none. This did not, however, make me uneasy, as I felt sure that the next post would bring me one. The post-day came, but no letter. I had flown to the post-office, I crept back. I felt the days now begin to lengthen and the nights likewise. Hope and fear, faith and doubt, alternately took possession of my mind; I conceived and rejected one possibility after another. Another post-day came, and still no letter. Now the minutes were to me like

* From Bürger's Leonore.

hours, and the hours like days. I knew no peace. I wandered through the house as if in search of something, yet I knew not what. I looked at the sun, it seemed not to move; I looked at the clock, and had it not been for the ticking of the pendulum, I would have thought that that also had stopped. At one moment I threw myself upon my bed, but the next I was again walking hurriedly to and fro, as if I could thereby make time move quicker. A month had passed, and it seemed to me as if a year had gone by since I parted from my wife and child. I could bear the suspense no longer. I set out and travelled day and night. I arrived in Colding, and knew not how I got there. I reached Haderslev. The innkeeper, who knew me, as I had often before passed through the place, asked me if I was going to fetch my wife home, and told me, that when she arrived there, on her way to Kiel, she had learnt that there was a vessel in the harbour just about to leave for that place, and as this would make her journey less expensive and quicker, she had taken her passage in it, and had left the port with a fair wind. On hearing this, a cold shudder ran through me, and I could hardly collect myself sufficiently to bespeak post-horses. I reached Kiel and my father-in-law's house—he was a corpse, his wife was very ill, and my wife had not been heard of." The old man stopped, but a deep sigh told me the rest of his tale.

"Merciful father!" said I, "the ship must have been wrecked."

"Without doubt," he answered, in a tone of calm resignation; "the captain of the vessel had his home in Kiel; the innkeeper at Haderslev had mentioned his name; I recollected it, and made inquires at his house. His widow was already wearing mourning for him. Another shipper had brought the intelligence that the schooner had capsized in a gale, and that everybody on board had perished."

Saying these words, the old man again laid himself back on his pillow, and folded his hands on his breast.

The sad tale had made a deep impression upon me, and in imagination I now pictured to myself the various distressing scenes he had mentioned, from the comfortless home of the widowed husband, to the house of death in Kiel, and to the tempest-tossed vessel, where the despairing mother, clasping her child to her bosom, implored mercy from heaven, until the rising waters drowned her voice, and, at last, closed above them both. Overcome by painful emotion, I was on the point of getting out of bed to dispel these dark imaginings, when on looking over at my companion, I saw that he was asleep. "Thanks to our Father in Heaven!" I sighed with a relieved heart, "who sends comfort and consolation even to those who are most sorely grieved. He lets the healing hand of time pass over all; it levels, obliterates, and covers over the memories of the past."

At length I fell into a sweet slumber, and when I awoke again, although the melancholy narrative at once recurred to my mind, it was as if it were a long time since I had heard it; and my spirits having recovered their accustomed buoyancy, I got up, and wrote a few remarks on the pleasures of the chase among the ancients.

I had just finished, when the servant came in to announce that breakfast was ready. I went down, and joined the family, and one after another, the other guests did the same. As usual, the first questions addressed to us, were as to how we had spent the night, and I gave a full account of the adventures I had experienced, inquiring at the same time who were my frolicsome neighbours. No one, however, could answer my questions, except by conjectures, for the new-comers had not yet made their appearance, and the names they had mentioned to the servant in the night, were evidently fictitious, and dictated by the spirit of fun. While the conjectures were still going on, three of the party entered. On seeing the foremost, the Thammerraad sprang towards him with an exclamation of pleasure, saying, "I guessed as much!" but, at the same moment, he and all the rest of us burst into uncontrollable laughter, for leaning with his one foreleg on the arm of the new-comer, and tripping daintily along on his hind legs, was the goat, with the parish-clerk's wig and hat upon his head. "I have the honour of presenting to you," said the jocose guest, "my *contubernalius*, the reverend Mr. Billy Goat, privileged sleep-disturber at Ulvedal, likewise vice-gardener of the same place, and assistant to the parish-clerk of Ulstrup, *cum spe successus*."

What a blessed gift is that merry cheerfulness of heart, which, like an electric shock, communicates itself to all who behold it, and even forces the sorrowful to laugh with the tears still in their eyes; which enables the possessor to see the bright side of all things, to seize hold of every fleeting joy, to be witty without sarcasm, and to jest with others without giving offence. The gentleman who was so warmly greeted by the Thammerraad; and who was the Herredsfoged* of the surrounding district, possessed this happy gift in a high degree, and was, therefore, rightfully considered the soul of all social meetings. Indeed, his coming seemed to infuse new life into our party; and though I did not know him before, I felt now as if he had hitherto been missed. His two companions were amiable young men, gifted with some of his wit, and with an equal share of good humour.

When the laughing and joking had somewhat subsided, we remembered that a fourth guest had arrived with them in the night. The three gentlemen, however, knew nothing more of him than that he was a merchant, and that his name was Anderson. They had met him at the inn, at Veile; and as he had at once proved himself to be a very agreeable and cultivated man, they had not hesitated to offer him a seat in their carriage, as he was going in the same direction as they. While we were speaking of him he entered the room, and having begged to be introduced to host and hostess, he advanced towards them with the ease and grace of a man of the world, and said, "If apologies could in any way justify my intrusion,

* Magistrate.

or if I thought such would be required, I would be ready to proffer them; but your light-hearted friends have promised to plead my cause." . . . . Here he was interrupted by the hearty welcome of our amiable host and hostess, and before he was introduced to the rest of us, he continued: "I am a merchant—in my younger days I was a sailor—I have come from the Cape on a visit to my native country, from which I have been absent two and twenty years; but, above all, to see my only brother, with whom I have had no communication during the whole of this time. He lives in the neighbouring town of———and is Conrector . . . . ." Here all eyes were turned towards my old colleague, who sat pale and trembling, without the power to rise from his chair, and hardly able to pronounce the words—"Christian! is it you?" The brothers fell into each other's arms.

The surprise of my excellent friend was the greater and the more joyous, because, for many years, he had believed his brother to be dead, as, since his first voyage to China, nothing had been heard of him, except that he had remained in Batavia, which was known to be a very unhealthy place. His continued silence had been caused, it seems, first by the thoughtlessness of youth, and afterwards by the determination not to let his friends know anything about him until he had become a rich man, which was now the case.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTESS.

The Herredsfoged was an excellent performer on the violin, and hoping to find some occasion for using it, he had brought a whole box full of music with him. Among the company there were six other persons who played divers instruments; but, unfortunately, of instruments there were none in the house, except an old flute belonging to the master. But measures were soon taken to repair the deficiency; a carriage was forthwith despatched to the town to fetch the leader of the town band and his whole store of instruments.

In the meanwhile we did not suffer from ennui. After a most hearty breakfast, during which the clerk and his horned substitute furnished abundant matter for merriment, the Herredsfoged took up his instrument and played a waltz, which soon set the greater number of us whirling round the room; and, as there were not ladies enough for us all, the gentlemen were obliged to dance together. The two re-united brothers sat by each other's side, as smiling lookers-on. They scarcely ever let go each other's hand, the eldest in particular. The Conrector was, I think, some sixteen years his brother's senior—watching the other as if he were afraid of losing him again, or, according to the Herredsfoged, as a bridegroom watches his bride. If the Merchant were one moment out of his sight, he directly asked in a tone of anxiety, "Where is Christian?"—"Have you seen Christian?"—and he sought until he found him.

One amusement succeeded another; the light-hearted magistrate was the promoter of all; he was so irresistibly comical as even to make Quintus show his teeth. The day had sped before we were aware of it, and the evening likewise. Even the ladies had been so completely carried away by the joyous whirl, that not before it was time to go to bed did they remember that room was wanting for one. Offers were made to sleep on chairs, but these our hostess would not listen to. At length one of her daughters whispered something to her. The mother shook her head, and answered in a low tone, which prevented my hearing more than the words: "Trouble her so late at night" . . . .

"After all, it is not necessary," said the Thammerraad; "there is a bed in the black room; my master-key will open the door, and to-morrow we may make the necessary apologies."

"The black room," exclaimed both the daughters with looks of astonishment; "who does papa think he will get to sleep in that room?"

"Why, the clerk, for instance;" answered the father, with a smile.

"May the cats scratch me, if I do," replied the clerk, with the utmost energy; "I would rather go home at once."

This excited the curiosity of all those who, like myself, were staying at the house for the first time.

"What is the matter with the black room?" asked several voices at once.

"Nothing, but that it is haunted," answered the Thammerraad, in a mocking tone. "It is said that a young lady, who, in bygone times, brought dishonour on her family, was walled up there. Well, the matter must be arranged in some way or other—will you draw lots, gentlemen? or if no one dares to venture alone, you might be two, I volunteer my company."

"On no account," we all exclaimed; "we cannot allow you to be turned out of your own bed!"

"No, no, we will draw lots," said the Herredsfoged; "but whoever is designated by fate, must encounter the adventure alone!"

We drew, and the lot fell upon me. I received the congratulations of the company, with the exception of the clerk, who exclaimed with a most portentous countenance: "May the cats scratch me, but I wouldn't change with him, if I could get the whole of Ulvedal by it."

The room which was in such evil repute was situated in a distant wing of the house, and in order to get to it, I was obliged to traverse long galleries flagged with stones, and sometimes to descend one flight of steps, and then again to mount another. The servant who had accompanied me with a lantern, lighted a candle and then withdrew, casting a rapid and shy glance at one of the corners of the room. The name of *black-room* given to this apartment, was no misnomer, for ceiling and walls were painted in such dark colours, that the whole bore a most sombre aspect, and the hangings of the huge old-fashioned bedstead were of the same dusky hue. Before getting into the latter, I made a tour of observation round the room, candle in hand. When I approached the corner towards which the servant had glanced with such a suspicious look, I be-

held a picture, which I at once connected in my mind with the tradition to which my host had alluded. It represented a young and lovely woman, with downcast eyes, and over whose countenance was spread a deadly pallor; her form was wrapped in the sable drapery of a nun, and in her folded hands she held a crucifix and a rosary. This picture was placed close up to the angle of the wall, and on the other side stood the portrait of a man, who was appropriately called "the red man;" for not only his hair and his beard, but his whole dress, even to his shoes, with long upturned points, were of the same hue. His eyes were fixed on the maiden's face with a dark and ferocious expression, and I afterwards learnt that he was the father of the hapless girl, and that it was his lips that had condemned her to the dreadful death which was to be the punishment of her fault.

Until this night I had never been able to comprehend how it was that those who did not believe in ghosts, nevertheless, felt afraid of them. But now, on finding that a certain dread had really taken possession of me, in consequence of what I had heard, it became clear to me, that this awe has its roots in our spiritual nature, that it is, as it were, a rent in death's dark veil, through which the soul catches a glimpse of immortality. And since then the fear of ghosts has never been to me a subject of ridicule; but I have, on the contrary, looked upon it as a holy, though vague, revelation of the world of spirits. I tried in vain to sleep. My eyes often closed, but opened again to glance at the mysterious corner where the moon-beams fell upon that deadly pale face. At length I thought I heard low tones like those of a musical instrument proceeding from the corner. I held back my breath—but all was still again. In a little while the tones again struck my ear. I raised my head from the pillow—it was no self-deception; but they were so low and so distant, that it was impossible to discern whether they were emitted by an instrument or by a human voice. A slight shiver passed over me. Was it a spirit song, coming from within the wall?—the death-hymn of the wretched girl? The tones continued. My nerves quivered, my heart beat violently, my breath came thick and fast. I sat up in the bed, and bent my eyes intently on the portrait, dreading and expecting every instant to see something as mysterious as what I now heard. The head of the portrait moved, it was raised—bent down again—seemed to expand—then again to diminish—my terror increased. My reasoning powers had not, however, entirely left me, and I was soon able to judge that these fancied movements were the effects of the light as the moon disappeared or came forth again from behind a cloud. Another interval of deep silence ensued.

I began to breathe more freely, to be able to collect my thoughts, and to reflect, and I took a courageous resolution: got out of bed, and throwing some covering over me, went to the window, where the sight of the calm bright moon soon exercised a tranquillising effect on my agitated nerves; yet my eyes would still turn from its mild disc to glance at the haunted corner. But what was next to be done: Was I to remain standing here until morning? or—I peeped out of the window: it was far from the ground; I was in the second or third story. Should I return by the same dark way I had come? wake every one in the house, and expose myself to their laughter and contempt? From this state of uncertainty I was relieved by the mysterious tones which again struck on my ear, but which I now perceived did not come from the corner, as I before supposed, but from the opposite side of the room. I ventured to go thither and put my ear to the wall. I now distinguished the soft tones of a female voice. I recovered my self-possession, but my surprise increased: Who could it be that was singing so late at night? I made my watch repeat, it was half-past twelve—just the hour when spirits are most abroad! I leaned against the wall—it gave way, and a door in the arras opened slowly into a very large room. At the other end of it I perceived a stream of light on the floor. From that side the tones came—now they were hushed; but immediately after I heard the voices of two persons in conversation. Irresistible curiosity took possession of me. I walked stealthily across the room in the hope of discovering which of the ladies of our party had come so unexpectedly into my neighbourhood; I put my eye to the keyhole, through which the light was streaming, and great was my consternation, for before me sat the original of the picture, in the same sable dress, and with the same deadly pallor spread over her lovely countenance. Her side-face was turned towards me, and before her lay a paper on which she seemed to be drawing. Another lady was seated at the same table, but with her back towards me, so that I could only see the back of her head and the beautiful outlines of the upper part of her figure, as she sat between me and the light. She leaned forward to look at her companion's drawing. I felt as if I were nailed to the spot.

"You have been successful with that flower," she said, in French, and with the purest accent.

"Is it the heartsease, you mean?" replied the other, in the same language; "it is the flower I love best, Alice!" She sighed deeply, looked at the flower with a tender smile, and let the pencil rest in her hand. The lady whose back was turned to me sighed also, drew back her head and resumed her needle-work, as I could perceive by the movement of her arms. After a pause, during which she made a few strokes with her pencil, the other said, slowly and sadly: "It is the last flower of the year." And with a look of compassion as it were, at the flower, she sang, in the same soft and melting tones which had before so startled me, an elegy expressing the regrets of a heart whose summer had fled without fulfilling the promises of its spring.

When the song was ended, she leaned back in her chair, folded her hands, and tears rolled slowly down her pale cheeks. Her companion now thrust aside the needle-work with which she was occupied, seized her hand, pressed it to her bosom, and sang

in a louder and stronger voice, and in quicker time, a little French song, composed as if in answer to the other, and breathing a spirit of hope and joy. But, before she got to the end, the songstress' voice failed her, and, bursting into tears, she threw herself on her knees before her friend, embraced her and laid her cheek on her arm. The other, who seemed the elder, laid her hand, as if in the act of giving a blessing, on the young girl's head. A strange feeling of melancholy sympathy made the tears start to my eyes also, though the cause of their grief was as little known to me as were their persons. At this moment the wainscot against which I was leaning creaked. The elder lady turned round abruptly, and as I feared that they might take it into their heads to look into the room to ascertain the cause of this discord, I returned to my own black room quicker than I had left it, and got into bed again; but now my curiosity kept me as wide awake as fear had done before. Who in the world could these ladies be? Strangers to the family with whom I was staying! and not the slightest allusion had been made to their presence in the house! At length I became so confused by these vain guessings and questionings, that I almost began to think that I had been witness to a scene in spirit-land, and that the two mysterious beings I had beheld belonged in truth to a bygone century. The resemblance of the one to the portrait of the lady of the legend—her uncommon costume—the foreign language in which she spoke, but which was formerly in general use among the nobility—every thing was in accordance with the legend.

At length I feel asleep, and slept until the first dawn of morning. I lost no time in dressing, and hurried down to the room in which the family usually assembled.

"How did you sleep? Did you see anything?" sounded from all sides; and it was long before I could put the question I was so anxious to have answered.

"Does any one sleep in that wing of the house? Who lives there? Who are those ladies?"

The Thammerraad laughed.

"Did you visit ladies, or did they visit you?"

I then narrated my adventure. The greater number of the persons present laughed heartily, and our host exclaimed—

"Our Rector has been endeavouring to take the Countess by surprise."

"What Countess?" asked I, with astonishment.

"Why Countess R——, who has hired the apartments opposite. Her ancestors owned this place for I don't know how many hundred years; but her father sold it, and the land with it."

"But, who is Alice?" continued I.

"Hem! that question is not so easily answered," was the reply. "She is Alice, or Else, as some here call her, and is a kind of companion to the Countess, and came with her from abroad."

Now I knew so much; but it was only sufficient to heighten my curiosity the more. A Countess and her French companion do not in ordinary cases excite this feeling; but *these*, so highly cultivated—as they appeared to me in the few moments that I observed them—so accomplished, so full of feeling, and yet living in such seclusion; keeping to themselves, burying within their own bosoms their, no doubt, interesting secret! I went on asking questions, and by degrees obtained the following unsatisfactory explanations, which were communicated to me with the same indifference with which people who have always lived in the midst of beautiful scenery answer the questions of a stranger about different points in the landscape that attract his attention.

The Countess might be between thirty and forty years of age; had spent the greater part of her life with relatives in the South of France, and had only been at Ulvedal a little more than four years. She lived very retired, never received strangers, and never went out except to go to church regularly on the first Sunday in every three months. Alice and herself took tea with the Thammerraad's family, after having formally announced themselves; and the Countess invariably invited them to take tea with her the following evening. These meetings were not particularly amusing to either of the parties, as the Countess spoke Danish very imperfectly and with difficulty. She did a great deal of good in a quiet way, and every new year supplied two poor children with clothes, and distributed food and other things among the poor at Christmas time. The parish clerk praised her, for she gave him an offering of two silver dollars, on every festival. With Alice he was still better pleased, as she stood sponsor to many children, though only to those of the poor, on which occasions she always gave him a Rig Daler. Otherwise both the ladies were somewhat stiff and reserved in manner, which the Thammerraad charitably attributed to their want of familiarity with the Danish language.

Having learnt all these particulars, I asked the Thammerraad to send his servant to request the Countess' permission for me to present my respects to her, and to thank her in person for the night's lodging she had afforded me. He acquiesced, telling me, however, at the same time that my request would not be granted. Indeed the servant soon returned with the answer, that the Countess begged to be excused seeing me, as she was not well, but hoped that I would continue to make use of the room."

"There, did I not say so;" exclaimed my merry host, with a hearty laugh at my discomfiture. "And now let us have a game at *l'hombre*."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO LOSE A COLONY.

Shall a British colony be abandoned? This, it is said, is a question which will shortly be brought under the consideration of Parliament—perhaps in the form of a money-vote for compensating the settlers in the surrendered colony, perhaps in some other shape. As it is a question in the decision of which the British people are certainly a good deal interested, it is but proper that they should be prepared to form an opinion on the subject. The colony which is to be given up, is as large as England. It has a fertile soil, a temperate and healthy climate. The population is estimated at a hundred thousand souls. About fifteen thousand are colonists of European descent; the remainder are barbarous or semi-civilized natives. The colonists already occupy more than two thousand farms, which are either under cultivation, or are stocked with cattle and sheep. Several of these farms have changed hands during the past year at prices exceeding £2,000. The settlers last year purchased British goods of the value of nearly £100,000; and, besides other exports, they sent to this country 500,000 lbs. of fine wool. The settlement comprises half-a-dozen thriving towns, the largest of which has already about a thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. Such is the colony which, strange as it may appear, has caused so much annoyance and perplexity to three successive administrations that, with one consent, they have determined to get rid of it as soon as possible, even at the cost of a good round sum to the British treasury. Before referring to the supposed grounds of this decision, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the colony's antecedents, and of its present political condition.

The Orange River Territory, or, as it is sometimes styled, the Orange Sovereignty, is situated in the interior of South Africa, between the Cape Colony and Natal. Its boundaries are well defined. Two rivers and a mountain-chain completely encompass it. On the south, the great Orange River separates it from the Cape Colony. On the west and north, the "Vaal" or Yellow River, the chief tributary of the Orange, divides it from the country of the half-civilized and pacific Griquas, and from the independent community of the emigrant Boers. On the east, the lofty ridge of the Drakenberg Mountains, the Andes of Africa, parts it from Kaffraria and Natal. The territory included within these limits, is supposed to comprise an area of about fifty thousand square miles. Its latitude is that of Northern Chili and of Moreton Bay; or, in the northern hemisphere, the latitude of Oude and Delhi, of Egypt, of Florida, Texas, and Lower California. But the Orange Sovereignty has, for inhabitants of European extraction, one advantage over all these countries. Being elevated more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, it enjoys the temperate and bracing climate of countries distant ten degrees further from the equator—the climate of Greece and of Northern Italy. In winter, snow-falls are frequent, though seldom heavy; and the smaller streams are sometimes thinly sheeted with ice. Those English fruits and garden vegetables, for which the climate of Natal is too sultry, thrive luxuriantly in the Orange River Territory. "In the eastern part of it," we are told by a recent visitor, "wheat of the finest description, maize, and millet, can be raised to almost any amount. The water capabilities are so great that water-mills can be erected on almost every farm; on some, indeed, as many as ten or twelve could be erected. In the lower, or pastoral country, unlike most of the sheep-farms in the Cape Colony, almost every farm has water sufficient to enable the proprietor to have an orchard and vegetable garden, and in many instances they raise sufficient wheat for their own consumption." As a wool-growing country, there is reason to believe that the Orange River Territory has natural advantages over all other British colonies, those of Australia not excepted, in its abundant and nutritious herbage, its good supply of water, and the low winter temperature, which increases the length of staple of the fleece. Many of the settlers already possess large flocks of sheep; and fifteen hundred bales of wool were last year sent out of the colony. This year, it is supposed, the export will be doubled. Cattle and horses are numerous, and thrive well. The markets of the Cape Colony, even as far west as Cape Town, a distance of eight hundred miles, are supplied with cattle from the farms of the Orange Territory.

The capital of the colony, which enjoys the poetical name of Bloemfontein, or "Flower Fountain," is situated near the Modder River, about a hundred miles north of the Cape Colony. "Four years ago," according to the authority already quoted—a writer in the "Cape Directory for 1853,"—"there was scarcely a tenement here; the town now numbers upwards of two hundred houses, many of them fine buildings; a Dutch church, erected at a cost of upwards of £1,500; a large Episcopal church, now in course of erection; a Roman Catholic and a Wesleyan chapel; and a Government school-house. It also boasts of a weekly newspaper, and delights in a club-house and theatre." A file of this newspaper, *The Friend of the Sovereignty and Bloemfontein Gazette*, is now before us. It is printed in English and Dutch, and is, we observe, in the third year of its existence. Its well-filled advertising columns, and the numerous letters from correspondents, give an impression of business activity, and public spirit, very favourable to the young community of which it is the "organ." Another town, which seems likely to rival Bloemfontein, is Harrismith, situated near the Drakenberg mountains, on the road to Natal. "This town," observes the writer in the "Directory," "which, little more than a year

ago, had but *one* house, the residence of the Civil Commissioner, now boasts of upwards of forty, many of them fine buildings. The district in which it is situated is the largest, best watered, and must, ultimately, if the country thrive at all, become the most important district of the Sovereignty, being adapted for agriculture to any extent, without requiring irrigation." Another district, that of Smithfield, is described as "a very rich district. Farms in it have been sold at very high prices, £1,500 not being at all uncommon. There are several very enterprising inhabitants, who are most laudably exerting themselves in establishing agricultural and other societies." In the town "there are several good stores, at which British merchandise of every description is to be obtained."

After perusing these details, the reader will probably feel inclined to ask why such a promising colony is to be abandoned. The reason may be given in a few words,—*Because it has not an elective legislature.* Since it became a British dependency, the eighty or ninety thousand natives who inhabit the eastern portion of it, have, on two or three occasions, given the authorities some trouble. Of actual fighting there has not yet been much; but our Government dreads, and with reason, a new series of Kaffir wars in that region. These wars, of course, would be very expensive, if British troops are to be employed in them at the expense of the Imperial treasury. There are two methods by which such a mischievous result may be avoided. The one is by giving to the colonists a free Parliament, and leaving them to govern and defend themselves; the other is, by withdrawing altogether from the province, and surrendering it to the natives and to any individuals who may choose to establish an independent community in it. Our Government is said to have chosen the latter course.

But why, it may be asked, is not the other method adopted? Why should not the colonists, if they are desirous of it, be allowed the common privilege of managing their own affairs, and of making their own terms with the native tribes? Not being in the secrets of the Cabinet, we can only answer this question by asking another. Why was not a representative government established in the Cape Colony itself, when it became a British dependency? In the year 1674, the Dutch settlement of the New Netherlands was ceded to Great Britain. Before ten years had elapsed, viz., in 1683, a free constitution was granted to that colony. This "charter of liberties," then bestowed upon New York, is thus quoted by Bancroft:—"Supreme legislative power," such was its declaration, "shall for ever be and reside in the Governor, Council, and people, met in General Assembly. Every freeholder and freeman shall vote for representation without restraint. No freeman shall suffer but by judgment of his peers; and all trials shall be by a jury of twelve men. No tax shall be assessed, on any pretence whatever, but by the consent of the Assembly. No seaman or soldier shall be quartered on the inhabitants against their will. No martial law shall exist. No person, professing faith in God by Jesus Christ, shall at any time be any ways disquieted or questioned for any difference of opinion." Whatever may now be thought of the last clause, it was, for that day, a remarkably tolerant provision. The whole constitution, thus established in the reign of Charles II., was one that even at this time would be esteemed liberal. The concession of this charter was productive of the happiest consequences. There was in the province of New York a most formidable body of Indians, the well-known confederacy of the Six Nations, renowned throughout North America for their savage prowess and their devastating conquests. The New York Government, guided by the local knowledge and natural caution of the popular representatives, whose villages were to be preserved from the horrors of barbarian warfare, managed to keep always on good terms with the native confederacy. All disputes that arose were settled in amicable conferences. No war between the colonists and the Six Nations took place while New York remained a British dependency—that is, for a whole century; and to this day the remnants of those tribes exist on the lands which have been specially reserved for them in the now populous "Empire State." Had the same judiciously liberal policy been pursued towards the Cape Colony, when it was ceded to the British crown, in the year 1815, there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that similar good results would have ensued. Collisions with the Kaffirs would either have been avoided altogether, or would have been brought to a summary close after a brief and sharp contest, like the Indian wars in which some of the former British colonies in America were occasionally involved. Under the actual system, there have been, since the British Government took possession of the Cape, no less than five Kaffir wars, three of which have been of a protracted and desperate character.

The reason why a free constitution was granted to a colony in the seventeenth century so much more readily than in later times, is evident enough. At the former period, there was no "Colonial Office," no ministerial department specially charged with the management of colonial business. British ministers in those troublous times had enough to do in attending to home affairs, and were glad to be relieved of the labour and annoyance of looking after the concerns of the colonies. They willingly shifted what they regarded as a burden to the shoulders of the colonists, who still more gladly received it as the most precious of boons. In our day, unfortunately for the colonies, we have a Colonial Minister, with a large staff of under-secretaries and clerks. These gentlemen, with a natural confidence in their own powers, have the notion that they understand the management of colonial affairs much better than the colonists themselves. They have consequently avoided and discouraged as much as possible the concession of free institutions to the colonies; and when they have been compelled in any case to grant a representative assembly to a colony, they have taken care to re-

tain the appointment of all the executive officers in their own hands (or in the hands of their nominee, the governor), and to render these officers irresponsible to the colonists, and accountable only to the Home Government; thus retaining for the Colonial Office the power of interfering continually, and to an undefined extent, in the local government of the colonies. There is some reason for hoping that under the present Administration a better policy in this respect will be pursued. We are now speaking of the system which has prevailed from the separation of the American Colonies down to the commencement of the present year.

Bloody and desperate wars with the native tribes have not been the only evil fruits of the modern colonial system. Another result has been extreme discontent in all the colonies, sometimes breaking out into open rebellion. The existence of such a state of feeling is not at all surprising. Not only have the colonists been misgoverned, but they have been constantly maligned and misrepresented. The Colonial Office had to account to the British Parliament and people for its systematic refusal of the privilege of self-government to the colonists. This could only be done by representing the colonists as either too ignorant or too depraved to be trusted with the management of their own affairs. Such have been the grounds on which every demand for more liberal institutions, whether urged from Canada, from the West Indies, from Australia, or from the Cape, have been, down to a late period, steadily rejected—with what results the public are tolerably well aware. The Cape colonists, and especially the Dutch portion of them, have had perhaps, in this respect, the hardest measure of all. They have, till very lately, been constantly described by the authorities in our Colonial Office, and their underlings in the colony, as a brutally degraded and ferocious race of men, cruel towards the natives and disaffected to the British Government. The very name by which they are commonly known has been so employed as to confirm the impression made by these representations. The English term *boor*, which conveys a very unfavourable idea, has been generally used as convertible with the Dutch word *boer*, which has the same pronunciation, and, no doubt, the same origin. But in Dutch the word means simply a landed proprietor who farms his own land. It is the German *bauer*, which is commonly translated "peasant." The Dutch term would be more properly rendered by the good old English word, *yeoman*. The "Dutch boors" are the landed proprietors or yeomanry of South Africa. Some of them are men of great wealth, of good education, and polished manners. The majority, of course, are of a lower grade; but the extreme grossness and ignorance which some writers have ascribed to them, and which the designation of *boor* seems to imply, are only to be found, as in America, among the rude frontiersmen in the outlying settlements.

In their treatment of the aborigines, the Dutch settlers will compare favourably with the colonists of other nations. The North American Indians, and the Australian natives, are fast disappearing before the progress of colonization. The Hottentots of the Cape, once regarded as the feeblest and most barbarous of humankind, are now a numerous and partially civilized people. They owe, no doubt, their emancipation to British philanthropy, and much of their improvement to the missionaries. But had the Cape been originally settled by British colonists, there may be some question whether the philanthropists and missionaries of our day would have found many of these poor savages in existence to profit by their benevolent exertions.

The state of feeling which led to what is known as the "great emigration" of the Dutch farmers from the Cape Colony, in the year 1836, is sufficiently shown in the following passage, extracted from a work of Captain (afterwards Sir James) Alexander, who travelled through the western part of the colony in that year:—"We read in the papers," said a Dutch farmer to him, "that in Europe we are considered as tigers, and that we destroy the coloured people without mercy; look round and say if you see anything of this. We are vexed and annoyed at the opinion which is entertained of us; and no allowance is made for us, for being reluctant to lose two slaves out of three—for we are only paid for one out of three; thus a farmer who gave a few years ago £800 for a few slaves to cultivate his ground, now receives only £300 for them. Our countrymen, too, on the eastern frontier, have been ruined by the Kaffirs, and have not recovered their property. We hear of the great fertility of the land beyond the north-eastern limit, and we wish to try and find out a new country for ourselves."

It happened that at that time two of the finest and most fertile regions in South Africa—that which is now the colony of Natal, and that which constitutes the Orange River Territory—had been in great part depopulated by the internecine wars of the native tribes. The former possessors had either been extirpated, or had been carried into captivity and incorporated with the conquering hordes. The vacant lands lay open to the first comers. Captain (afterwards Sir W. C.) Harris, who travelled through the Orange River district in the years 1836-37, describes it as "a trackless desert," "a howling wilderness," "a land in which, although thinly populated by skulking broods of Bushmen, and by the starving remnants of nomadic pastoral tribes, which have been broken up by war and violence, no man permanently dwelt, *neither was the soil any man's property;* a land in which, for hundreds of miles, the eye was not greeted by the smallest trace of human industry, or by any vestige of human habitation—the wild and interminable expanse ever presenting the same appearance, *that of one vast uninhabited solitude.*" Such was the state, sixteen years ago, of the region now occupied by the flourishing colony, whose present condition has just been described.

The emigration which took place in the year 1836, was on a scale which might almost be called national. It was estimated at the time that

about twenty thousand persons then crossed the northern frontier of the Cape Colony, to seek a "new country" in the vast and fertile wilderness which stretched out before them for hundreds of miles towards the north and east. About half the emigrants remained in the interior; the other half crossed the Drakenberg range, and settled in Natal, where they established an independent republic. In the year 1842, the British Government determined to take possession of this settlement. The emigrants resisted; but after some sharp fighting, they were forced to capitulate. Natal became a British colony. A promise was at the same time made to the settlers, that representative institutions of a very liberal character should be granted to them, in lieu of the "Volksraad," or popular council, which had previously managed the affairs of the young commonwealth. Had this promise been kept, the emigrants would undoubtedly have remained in Natal, which would by this time have become a prosperous and valuable colony. The evil influences in the Colonial Office prevented this happy consummation. The promise was broken. To this day, representative institutions have not been introduced into Natal. The government of the country was committed to nominee functionaries, having no interest in its welfare, and wholly irresponsible to the colonists. The defensive organization by which the settlers had protected themselves against the attacks of the border tribes was broken up. The tenure of their lands was interfered with, in the most arbitrary and vexatious manner. As they had fled from the Cape Colony to escape these annoyances, they now fled from Natal, and recommenced their wanderings in the wilderness. Of the two thousand Dutch families whom our troops found in Natal in 1842, not five hundred remain at the present day. The place of the fugitives has been partially filled up by emigrants from England and the Cape Colony; but the sturdy South African farmers, who formed the strength of the settlement, have been lost to it for ever.

They recrossed the Drakenberg range, and joining the emigrants who had remained in the interior, spread themselves over a vast region, extending from the Orange River to the Southern Tropic, and even beyond it. The country over which their settlements were scattered was as large as the Austrian empire. The number of the settlers, greatly increased by accessions from the colony, was supposed to be about forty thousand souls. Hardly had they established themselves in their new asylum, when the indefatigable Colonial Office was again on their track. In 1845, Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Cape Governor, placed a military officer, with the title of British Resident, and a small garrison, at Bloemfontein, with orders to keep the peace between the emigrants and the natives. This was a virtual extension of the royal authority over that region. In February, 1848, Sir Harry Smith, the newly-appointed Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner in South Africa, issued a Proclamation declaring the whole country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers subject to the British Crown. This act, after due consideration, was formally sanctioned by the Home Government. In March, 1851, letters patent, under the Great Seal of the Empire, constituted the new province "a distinct and separate Government," under the title of the Orange River Territory. Of the Dutch settlers in this territory, the major part remained on their farms, relying upon the promise of Sir Harry Smith that the privilege of sharing in the government of the colony should be conceded to them. A number, however, fled to the northward, and took up their abode in the extensive and fertile country beyond the Vaal River, where already several thousands of the refugees from Natal had settled. A few months later, a body of these fugitives, about a thousand in number, under their leader, Andries Pretorius, made a sudden irruption into the new colony, with the intention of expelling the British authorities and recovering the territory. They were defeated by Sir Harry Smith, after a well-fought action, and have not since attempted to disturb the peace of the province.

A noble opportunity now offered itself for redeeming past errors, and initiating a wise, just, and liberal policy in the government of the ten or twelve thousand emigrants who had thus, once more, been brought within the limits of British jurisdiction. Had an elective legislature been established, or had the management of their own affairs been committed, in a great measure, to the colonists of the Orange Sovereignty, it is highly probable that peace would have been maintained in that territory; and it is nearly certain that no troubles would have ensued which could have caused any uneasiness in this country. Such a legislature might have been formed without difficulty. Among the Dutch emigrants were many men of good abilities, and sufficiently well educated for the transaction of the public business of their community. Many English settlers, moreover, speedily established themselves in the colony, some as farmers, but the greater number as traders and professional men. The inhabitants of the towns are now chiefly persons of British descent. They have fraternized very amicably with the Dutch inhabitants, and have united with them in repeatedly soliciting the introduction of free institutions.

It was Sir Harry Smith's intention to comply with this demand. By his order, the draft of a Constitution was prepared, giving to the colonists of the Sovereignty the right of electing eight out of the twelve members who, with the British Resident, were to form the legislature of the colony. This concession would, doubtless, for a time, have contented the colonists, and led to results highly beneficial to the province. Once more, however, the malign influences of the "Office" interposed. The liberal draft was cancelled; and a so-called "Legislative Council" for the Orange River Territory was established, to consist of thirteen members, *all nominated and removable by the Home Government*. Not one political franchise of any description was conceded to

the inhabitants. A purely arbitrary government, with a military officer at the head of it, was established over fifteen thousand Dutch and English colonists, who were quite as capable of managing their own affairs as the householders of any borough in Great Britain. It is a remarkable fact that although this system of government was established with Earl Grey's full cognizance and sanction, he had, in an official despatch, which was published (and probably written) for the edification of Parliament, distinctly enjoined the directly opposite course. In this despatch, dated June 21, 1848, after referring to Sir Harry Smith's declaration of the royal supremacy in the new province, and the proposed erection of a government in it distinct from that of the Cape Colony, the Colonial Minister proceeded to prescribe the proper character of this local government in the following terms:—

The tendency of these measures, if duly executed, will be *to give somewhat more regularity and greater strength to that rude system of government which has grown up of itself among these people from the necessity of their position*, and to provide them the assistance which they really require, for the purpose, chiefly, of settling their disputes among themselves by the interposition of an authority to which all the different races of men whom circumstances have brought into such singular relations with each other, look up with respect. *But it is essential that the management of their own concerns, with the duty of providing for their own defence, and for the payment of the expense of that system of government which is established among them, should be thrown entirely on the emigrant Boors, and on the native tribes among whom they are settled.*

The manner in which "the management of their own concerns" was thrown upon the settlers was, as we have already intimated, by setting over them an irresponsible Council of Colonial-office nominees, under the presidency of a major in the British army! We have now to relate how this arbitrary government produced, as its inevitable consequences, discontent among the settlers and quarrels with the native tribes—how on two occasions it brought a British force into needless and disastrous collision with barbarian hordes—and how it has finally led the Imperial Government, in perplexity and disgust, to decide upon putting an end to this state of things, *not* by the simple, rational, and feasible process of conceding to the colonists the management of their own affairs, but by the unwise and wasteful policy of abandoning, at a heavy cost, a most valuable and promising colony.

LEAVES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE FLYING HORSE.

A TALE OF CASHMERE.

Canto the First.

"There's something in a flying horse!"—
WORDSWORTH.—*Prologue to Peter Bell.*

THERE is a good old custom in the kingdom of Cashmere,
With flying flags and beating drums, to welcome in the year;
To set a gallant fair afoot, with spacious booths and gay,
And keep the merry Nevrouz-time, which we call New Year's day.

Not there the Fantoccini show—the tumbler on the cord—
The wax-work van—the Acrobats—the man that eats the sword—
The beer within the drinking booth—the pork upon the pole,
To glut the cockney appetite, and vulgarize the soul.

From all the wealthy provinces, the steady craftsmen bring,
The best of all their workmanship, to set before the king;
That he may judge their diligence, as proved in every stall;
Rebuke the bad, reward the good, and crown the best of all.

With all his court and councillors, the good old monarch went,
The morning that my tale begins, through every booth and tent:
He praised each well-made implement, with "Come, that's very nice!"
And sometimes asked the use of it, and sometimes asked the price.

At length—for monarchs are but men—"Methinks a tidy spell,
A long day's work, my lords," he said; "Ho, sound the dinner bell!
A good pope's eye and cherry pie, will find more grace with me,
Than all the 'raw material' there yet remains to see."

Then straightway from a scarlet booth, there jumped an Indian man,
And boldly towards the weary prince, the noble savage ran.
"Lor, King," he said, "me here all day from six o clock till four,
In hopes to show you something, dat you nebber seen before:

Do come along—it won't be long; for if you will not wait,
To-morrow all de folks will say, de King him come too late;
Him nebber see de famous horse dat in de Indian stall:
Dis king no wise, him give no prize to what was best of all!"

"Dear me," the good old monarch said, "since you've so much to show,
And cannot wait, our spoon and plate awhile we must forego:
Lead on my friend, and we'll attend: we praise your workman zeal,
And hold the cause of Industry far dearer than our meal."

Three summersaults that Indian cut, and chuckling led the way.
His apish face had not a trace of aught save craft and clay;
The fire that shines through lips and eyes, and speaks the man within,
Had never yet been lighted in that swarthy child of sin.

"Ah, bless my soul," the good king said,
"A model I presume,
Of steeds beyond the Tigris bred?
Bedad, I'll send my groom.
'Tis very clever—nice indeed!
He looks almost alive;
Now, pray—a horse of such a breed
Do people ride or drive?
Aha! yes, thank you! bless my heart,
What a long way to send
So very large a work of art;
Good day my honest friend!"

"Stop, massa king," the Indian cried,
And flashed his coal-black eye;
"You tink my nag a straw-stuffed hide,
Like what de picanniny ride;
Dat neither kind nor sly.
Look here! I turn dis tiny peg,
And up he lift his fine fore-leg,
And swish dat silken tail!
I turn it more—he stamp and snort—
Ha! shall I ride him round the court,
And top a six-foot rail?
Not I, indeed, for what the need
To praise or puff so rare a steed?
I tell you he can fly!
Turn but dat peg completely round,
He'll dash like arrow from the ground,
And gallop in the sky!
You guide him straight with bridle-rein,
You prance on cloud, you cross the main,
You see the stars extremely plain,
Like pumpkins—only bigger.
You do much more—too fine to tell,
But dat's enough: me here to sell,
If, as I tink, you like him well,
Perhaps you'll name your figure."

"My lords—my lords!" exclaimed the king,
"Who ever saw so strange a thing,
Or dream of such a horse?
Ha, ha! when turned the tiny peg
To see him lift his fine fore-leg!
Buy him? of course—of course!
I would not for the five great zones,
The wealth of all their thousand thrones,
This masterpiece of art,
Should ever fill a gilded shrine
In other halls than these of mine,
Or glad some rival's heart!
What says my Keeper of the cash—
Himself the best of tizzies—
How much to spend would not be rash
On such a horse as this is?"

Replied the bland Exchequer lord,
"O king, give what you will;
The doubt is what you *can't* afford,
Whilst I command the till!
Bid what you please, great master mine;
No faithful liege will grudge it.
Or, if the sulky slaves repine,
Leave me to cook the budget."

"There—there!" cried the king,
"How much must he bring?
You've only to speak for the guineas to ring!"

"Go—offer your cash to the bird on the wing!"
Sneered the horse-dealing savage: "dat lark in de sky,
Would gold fetch him down to be baked in a pie?
'O tanky!' he say, and O tanky say I.
Now, hearkee to me,
Dis horse dat you see
Was made by three fellers much wiser than we:
Nine years they sat a-thinking,
With hand upon the chin,
Across the work-bench winking,
Before they did begin.
Nine years they spent a-talking
Of what their thoughts had been,
In turn their plans a-chalking
Upon the workshop screen.
Nine years they toiled a-building,
And then they came to die;
Two graves alas! were filled in
Before the Horse would fly.
But when the last lay sickly,
He kindly sent for me;
Says they, 'my lad come quickly,
He's almost up the tree!'
I went: I found him dying;
But he said, 'The work is done.
The Horse that goes a-flying
I leave to you, my son.
The secret's in a parchment scroll,
Concealed within my breeches;
One promise please:—upon your soul,
You won't for filthy riches
Resign the prize: demand no less
Of those who'll swarm to buy,
Than a respectable Princess,
Good bye, my lad—good bye!'
Now what you say? your daughter's nice;—
I'm not so nasty:—that's the price!"

You may guess that an offer so friendly and frank
Made the Court and the King look remarkably blank.
Just fancy yourself, my dear madam—do pray,
If your own model maid should composedly say,
"Please mem, might I wear your best bonnet and shawl,
To go with my cousin to-night to Vauxhall?"
If you think that your answer'd be pithy and short,
You may guess what the King said and what said the Court.

Still it seemed so absurd,
He thought, at a word,
To lose the fine Horse that could fly like a bird,
That he didn't give way
To his temper and say
Such horrid strong things as papas, in the play,
Would seem to consider gives point to their "nay."
He argued, "this lout
Knows what he's about;
There are more ways than one though to tickle a trout!
A wretch who can scarce know the clink of a ducat
Will jump at the offer of gold by the bucket;
While, as for my daughter—an impudent whim!
We'll try how diplomacy answers with him.

Your Horse, my good friend—a mere toy though it be,
I wish to possess. In selecting your fee,
I must say you'd better have left it to me.
To sneer at hard cash, man, is humbug so rank
That I doubt if you ever went over the Bank;
To ask for my daughter is still more insane:—
Why, every one knows she's peculiarly plain;
She squints with one eye,
And one shoulder's too high,
And she hops in her walk;—she's a positive Guy!
And her hairs run to seed like a crop of dry teazles,
And 'twas only last night she broke out in the measles.
Of course, if you wish me, I'm ready to bid her
Accept you at once: don't be rash, but consider!

Then forth from the ring
That surrounded the King,
The Prince heir-apparent advanced with a spring.
"Good gracious," he shouted, "to speak so of sister!
I'm sure it's a wonder your tongue doesn't blister!
This blubber-lipped rascal, this woolly-pate cur,*
To dare to come here and talk nonsense of her;
And you, at your age too, to gape at his Horse,
As if the whole thing wasn't humbug of course;
If you must be convinced it's a thundering do,
Here!—I'm in the saddle, and round goes the screw!"

For my part—who never, I'm sorry to sing,
Could pull without flinching my shower-bath string—
I candidly own that his Highness's freak
Appears, to my thinking, both wilful and weak;
And, being by nature much wiser than witty,
Regard such a simpleton simply with pity.

With a great crash of clock-work and jingle of wheels,
The savage steed instantly kicked up his heels,
Gave a stamp and a bound and a plunge and a neigh,
Sprang snorting from earth and flew soaring away!
Straight, straight through the air
He rattled full tear,
Galloping, galloping goodness knows where!
Till the Prince, whom they followed with horrified stare,
Far dwindled in distance and ether quite thin,
Looked less than a walnut—a whitebait—a pin!
And in five minutes more, so exceedingly small,
There really was nothing to look at at all!

"Yah! seize me the traitor—the fiend! he shall swing!
Odd's bomb-shells and catapults!" thundered the king.

"You gallows-faced heathen, how durst you draw nigh,
Thief—ape that you are! with a horse that could fly?
Do you see what he's done?
Flown away with my son!
That's all! O by Jove, but you'll pay for your fun!
Where is he? I ask you—you damnable black!
Is he lost? Is it likely the Horse will come back?"

"Sare, why speak to me? How you 'spect me to know
Where dis foolish young gentleman likely to go?
Me run up to stop him;—him tell me 'get out!'
Me 'spostulate; debbil! him hit me a clout.
Me no time to show him de oder peg, sare,
Dat make de fine Horse come down out of de air.
If he no find it out, him continue to fly
Till him knock a great hole in de roof of de sky!
Me s'pose dat him get in de debbil's own row—"

"Cease, Traitor!" the King said, "I solemnly vow
That if, safe and sound,
My boy isn't found,
Before the great sun has completed his round,
In twenty-four hours told off by the clock,
Our headsman shall hand you at once to the block.
Meanwhile—hollo, blacksmith! steel bracelets for one—
Beware, when to-morrow I ask for my son!"

'Twere needless to tell what a frightful to do
Upset the whole Palace; how dreadfully blue
The 'Sticks' and the 'Grooms' and the Chamberlains grew;
(As any good Stick would, of course, at the bare hint
That the Heir to the throne was no longer Apparent.)
How the king feeling anxious and wakeful—no wonder!
Lay lapping rum 'nightcaps' and roaring like thunder;
While, chained in the cellar, that Indian perfidious,
With yells made the night inconceivably hideous.
All this, which decidedly out of our line is,
We briefly pass over to follow his Highness.

Away, away, through the pathless blue,
Higher than ever the condor flew;
Over the desolate mountain-height,
Over the glacier jagged and white;
Over the deep dusk plains beneath,
Crossed by many a wandering wreath,
Without one sound or mark of man
Throughout their shadowy rounded span;
Stretching away, like a swarthy lea,
To the luminous line of the distant sea.

The very first words Prince Firouz spoke
Were "Blow me tight, but it's past a joke!
A curse I say on my folly to back
This clattering, flyaway, clockwork hack!
I can't pull him in for he's all made of tin,
And, to judge by the way the wheels jingle and spin,
He may fly for a week, and the pestilent pin
That started wont stop him; oh, murder I see
In more ways than one that it's all *up* with me!"

If ever you've seen
The 'veteran Green'
Ascend with his boat-load of cocknies, or been
Yourself on a trip to the regions serene,
Please fancy the funk of his petrified crew,
If he suddenly said, looking ruefully blue,
"We've seen the last of London Town,
For the valve's gone wrong and we can't come down:
And the thinner you grow,
The higher we go;
So where we shall stop I'm not likely to know!—"
So shall you figure the blank despair
Of poor Prince Firouz up in the air.

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* I cannot help suspecting that the villain of our story was, in reality, an African;—the authors of the Arabian Nights being quite as independent as Shakspere in their geographical notions. His character is so thoroughly that of the conventional "nigger" of fairy romance, and Africa so likely a place to pick up an Enchanted Horse, that I have had no hesitation in assigning him the usual characteristics of what I believe to have been his real breed. I shall probably be reminded that the conduct of the Horse, in taking the first opportunity of making a bolt for Bengal, is very strong evidence that he was at least acquainted with the road. But since, most assuredly, the Indian was no mild, effeminate Bengalee, I do not lay much stress upon this particular fact.

I cannot help remarking that, in my own opinion, the original story would have been better had the author not insisted upon the fact that the Horse itself was enchanted. Surely there was here no "dignus vindice nodus." Magic is well enough in its way; but, like a great many other good things, is occasionally out of place. We take much more interest in the curious quadruped if we look upon him as the triumphant result of a long life of artistic labour, than if all ingenuity be dispensed with, and all difficulties cut short, by degrading him to the level of Mother Shipton's flyaway broomstick.

Now, in cases like these—you may sneer if you please—
It's fifty times worse when you've no bread and cheese—
Not even so much as a penny French roll,
For a sort of spare link between body and soul;
And hence, as he flew
Through the fast-falling dew,
Each supperless moment more frantic he grew;
And tugged at the bridle, and strained at the screw,
And piously said all the prayers that he knew,
In hopes of inducing the horse to bring to;—
Till down sunk the sun:
I'm certain, for one,
He'd have pitched himself over as sure as a gun,
If, just at that moment, he hadn't espied
A second small handle, deep sunk in the hide.
"Thank Heaven, at last there's a chance to be tried!
I can't be worse off—that's a comfort!" he cried;
"Even if—as most likely—'tis part of the trick,
And you screw up *this* peg when you want him to kick."

No! Down at the touch
Went the steed very much
Like a crow on a fallow slow-sinking, and such
Was the giddy sensation as wheeling and wheeling
He went, that the Prince lost all thinking and feeling,
And found all his brain-work as quickly congealing
As if playing pendulum, legs to the ceiling.

Starting at last, as out of a dream,
He woke to find the clear moon shining
Full on his face:—"Well, don't it seem,"
He said, "as if I *had* been dining?
I'm in a land of chimney-cowls;
That's plain: and how they all swing whining!
And there's my Horse—by all the fates,
Insanely trying to graze off the slates!
Bah! fool that I am—I remember it all!
He's back upon earth to look out for a stall.
The stupid brute can't have the sense of a louse
To turn a chap loose on the top of a house!
I won't sleep outside! how the housemaids will roar
When they hear rat-tat-tat on their jolly trap-door!"

After infinite groping
Round roof-top and coping,
He reached a dark nook, where a ladder went sloping,
By way of a species of airy back-stair,
One couldn't for certain prognosticate where.

An endless terrace carved and laid
With snow-bright marble: not a sound,
Nor sign—save where the moonlight played
Along what seemed enchanted ground,
And on the three great windows bright,
Flung open to the sultry night.
From slowly-burning lamps within,
Creeps on the air a golden gloss,
The giddy bats fly blindly in,
Through floating trailers looped across:
And out again, on soundless wing,
They dive and flit the platform round;
But hark! whose jingling footsteps ring?
Who dares to tread enchanted ground?

"Aha!" cried the Prince,
"This is charming, but since
I'm rather too hungry the matter to mince,
I'll just beg a peep through those curtains of chintz;
The windows would hardly be open so wide,
I should think, if one wasn't expected inside.
Ha! beauty, by jingo!"—
So still she sat
Amid the grand armorial panes
Flung backward from her chair of state,
You might have deemed that from her veins
All force had ebbed, as if to rise
Resistless in those noble eyes.

Half leaning on the faultless arm,
That shone through glossy waves of hair,
She sat, the spirit of the calm,
The Queen of moonlight, gazing there:
Gazing on the grand procession,
Brightly marching east and west;
Star and plant's thick succession,
Toiling orbs that scorn at rest!

Hairbrained was the Prince and reckless,
But his face due qualms expressed,
When he saw the diamond necklace,
Throbbing on her startled breast;
And when she, with calm impatience,
Queen-like eyes upon him fixed,
Then, indeed, his young sensations
Grew at once extremely "mixed;"
Not that she looked annoyed or furious,
But much surprised and proudly curious.

"I'm the Prince of Cashmere,"

"I'm the Child* of Bengal!"

"I'm intruding, I fear."—

"Oh, dear, not at all!
But our ditches are deep and our walls are high,
And our warders are fierce and let nobody by,
And you didn't, I fancy, drop down from the sky?"

"I fancy, I did,"
Said the Prince "but pray bid
You cook to peep under his pudding-pot lid!
I swear I'm so hungry I'd feed off a horse,
Without making faces, or asking for sauce;
In fact, since I started, I've lived upon vapour,
And eaten both gloves and no end of brown paper."

"Dear me—dear me!" said the sweet princess,
"How shocking! some supper he quickly shall dress;
Your fork you shall stick in
The wing of a chicken,
And revel in salad that lobster shall thicken;
Champagne shan't be wanting to fill up a chink,
Nor punch that would make a dried crocodile wink.
So few are our visitors here in Bengal,
I'm only too pleased you came this way to call."

Delightful days! I've often thought,
When starch formalities were none;
When beauty, turning up unsought,
Blessed the glad finder idly won.
When folks had little else to do
But smoke their pipes in gardens breezy;
Till mild adventures came to woo,
And crisp the stream of "Life made easy!"
Ah, well-a-day! so, times there were
When ways were none to mend;
When oaks were tall that now are all
Transformed to good Wall's-end—
When wriggling out of old-world eggs,
Came huge land-lubber whales,
With fourscore eyes and fifty legs
And several dozen tails.
When sprawled fat spiders, yards across,
And each primæval lizard
Could grind a tough rhinoceros
Alive within his gizzard.
Till Time came by with sand and scythe,
To banish the colossal;
And pitched their naked bones to writhe
In gaunt museum-fossil.

* Pro "Infantâ," scilicet Princess,—prosodiæ gratiâ.

Long may they rest in idle truce,
Quartz-coffin'd and age-smitten,
Who'd wish to see a mammoth loose,
His best friends tossed and bitten?
But must all eras change alike,
The same coarse hand crush all?
The steel that should the elm-tree strike,
On bleeding violets fall?
And could not even time forbear
To spoil those charming days,
Whose very sunset in the air
Still gilds Arabia's lays?

Come, come, little muse! this is "nodding" indeed!
The Prince very gaily sat down to his feed;
Some dozen black eunuchs brought up every morsel in
Plates of pure gold, or still costlier porcelain;
All was delightful, and very divine
The deep-swimming goblets of ruby-bright wine.

Now, honest old wall!
I prithee tell all
That met the sweet ears of the child of Bengal;
How spoke the gay prince at the blithe *tête-à-tête*,
That grew so imprudently lengthy and late?

"Ah, royal child!—I give thee the pith,
Since life within me rallied,
(Another tumbler, hot, please, with:—
This is indeed a salad!)
Your beauty's done its work on me,
And, heaven be my witness,
Without your smiles the world would be,
(Oh, what a plate of kidneys!)
I say the world were one wide blank,
A hopeless hateful prison;
(Such stunning punch I never drank!)
My angel, won't you listen?"

Then, shifting down from love to gold,
His father's wealth he sounded;
His fame in fifty books inrolled,
His realm almost unbounded.
He talked of chested millions,
Of pearl tiaras ten,
Of crimson war-pavilions,
And endless lanes of men.
Of the vast palace-parapets
That blazed a furlong high;
The fish-pools and the fountain-jets
That sprinkled half the sky!

Well pleased the lady listened
To the sounding of such fame,
And her dark eyes brightly glistened
When the wild proposal came:
But the Horse upon the house-top
Made her start a little too;—
"For goodness' sake, sir, now stop!"
She said, "that can't be true!
What! gallop here from far Cashmere
Along the yielding sky,
And reach Bengal ere night could fall!"

"You think it's all my eye?"
The Prince cried: "Step upon the roof,
Fair Child, and you shall see;
And find in this the clearest proof
That you may trust in me.
You'll come? Brave girl, I knew it!
Yon vault is not so dark
But he'll bear you safely through it,
Till you hear the dog-star bark.
I now no longer fear him;
I can curb his clockwork flight,
And I know the way to steer him,
So mind you hold me tight!"

* * * * *

Aslant Cashmere the morning breaks and grows to sultry day;
Now from the brazen arch of noon the cruel sunbeams play;
Now, striking from the purple west, they float in painted lines;
Now, round and rayless ere he sinks, the feeble monarch shines.
All day the king had stumped about, and asked of every one,
"Pray can you tell me anything of my departed son?"
Of course his worst misgivings would nobody avow,
So all they did for answer was to shake their heads and bow.

Then mad with wrath and fear he grew, and ill with rage of mind;
"Bring forth," he said, "this Indiaman; this cunning knave unbind;
Set out the block and basket, that his head may grin to-night
Upon the steepest pinnacle that crowns our palace height!"

Out came the solemn headsman, with his heavy shouldered axe;
Out came the wretched Indian, whining, "Crikey, what a tax
To pay for bringing here a horse which, it must be allowed,
Caps all the world for workmanship!" "Speak up, sir!" bawled the crowd.

The headsman swings his hatchet
Three times aloft in air:—
To see the nigger catch it,
The people press and stare.
"Hold, hold the death-stroke—hearken!
The Prince—the Prince! hooray!"
A thousand flung caps darken
At once the face of day.
"Hooray, our fine young master,
He's here all safe and sound!
There isn't no disaster!"
Roar all the folks around.
"Hug, hug me, Royal Father!
A lady on the crupper!
She loves me too, sir—rather!
And, oh! sir, such a supper!
Such kidneys! oh! such lovely eyes,
And such a little waist!
She's here—no there, sir, in disguise,
For fear she should be chased!"

"Dear me, dear me," the monarch said, "I don't quite comprehend:
Pray where were you the livelong night?—and who's your female friend?
I don't quite see the story's point, or why she should be chased,
You skip so quick from kidneys to the lady's little waist!"

Again the frank young Prince began and told the story through,
Commencing where, aloft in air, the mad sky-charger flew.
He prosed about the charming child a little, to be sure,
And sketched, with pardonable pride, his brilliant *coup d'amour*.

"I chose not that the million
Should say," continued he,

"He came a riding pillion,
With a wife upon his knee;
And therefore I alighted
At our country palace gate,
Till, royally invited,
I bring her home in state.
Pursuit! a likely notion!
I'm not myself, sir, yet;
That nag's confounded motion
Might steadier brains upset."

"Ah, that reminds me," cried the king. "Why, bless my heart and soul,
They're nicking off the rascal's head to clap upon a pole;
He needn't die—of course not—if you're certain you're alive—
Quick! check his fate, and through the gate that hateful heathen drive!

And for a hint, six kicks imprint with care upon his stern,
That lightly of the lame-foot maid* the tingle he may learn.
Now, lovelorn son, this mercy done, we'll view your lady's charms;
Ho! turn a torch-light escort out, and drummers beat to arms!"

Danced on the drum the larum-loud, the clear-throat bugles blew,
It's ravel bright of roaring light each bursting bonfire threw;
Forth strode the milk-white elephants in hugh throne-laden pairs,
And, shuddering at their foot-fall weight, far shook the city squares.

Then down the crowded rampart-line a cheer like thunder ran,
As through the massive gateway-arch poured the long-lighted van;
As rose amid the roar of drums the stormy serenade,
And streaming down the causeway went the endless cavalcade.

The fleece-drawn mist hangs bloodshot o'er the torchman's winding line;
Like shock-hair'd goblins of the dew the palm-trees blink and shine;
Till breeze-borne floats the wedding-march, blown back in filmy strains,
From a dusk-red hazy glimmer moving o'er the moonless plains.

They tapped the Indian on the back,
"Begone, you thief," said they;
"You just make track, and don't come back,
Or else alive you'll flay!

* "Pede Pœna claudo."

So swears his Royal Highness,
And his word he's like to keep;
So don't abuse his kindness
Now he's let you off so cheap."
Uprose the kneeling victim
With a scowl of serpent-hate,
And, as if the fiend had kicked him,
Ran yelping through the gate.
You cannot think how cunning
Was that varlet's foxy soul,
Nor, if you'd seen him running,
Had you ever guessed his goal.
With horrid croaks of malice,
And thoughts too vile to tell,
He reached the country palace,
And briskly rang the bell.

"De master of de Horse am I,"
Said he, "de King's a-coming;
Look where dat heap o' torches fly,
And harkee to de drumming!
To seat upon de saddle
His lady bright and true,
Young massa bid me rattle
Like a swish-tale kangaroo.
For, says he, 'the crowd's quite fur'us
To see my Princess fair,
And I guess they'll count it cur'us
If I fetch her home by air!'
But what's the good o' talkin'
Till we catch it 'cross the hide?
Will you please to let me walk in,
Till I set the gal astride?"

Alas, too trusting beauty!
Your Prince is at the gate;
But the nigger saves his booty
And the bridegroom comes too late.
Alas, too sanguine lover,
Dismounting at the doors,
As a pheasant whirrs from cover,
Away the Indian soars!
Aloft a blazing flambeau
He waves in triumph wild;
While, in the clutch of Sambo,
Screams the poor affrighted child!
"Hoy, Massa Prince,—good bye, sare!
Dis nigger up to snuff!
You catch me? O you try, sare!
Dat just one leetle tough.
Me neber had de measles,
So your sister count for small;
I'se one of dem born weasels
You don't trap every fall!
Dis fine gal suit me better,
All royal top to toe:—
Wal—in hopes to get a letter
'Fore long, up sky we go!"

End of the First Canto.

JOE LOCKHART'S DREAMS; OR, A TALE OF THE NEUK STICK.

BY W. CARLETON, ESQ.

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

PART I.

There are certain parts of the world in which an opinion prevails that those who are born without the ordinary complement of rational faculties are placed in so peculiar a manner under the direct guidance and protection of God himself that they receive a degree of honour and reverence such as a devout Christian would pay to a saint or an apostle. In such countries the natural fool and idiot are looked upon as beings whose persons are not only privileged and sacred, but who besides are supposed to be chosen by the Creator as pure and inoffensive instruments through whom he frequently gives forth the manifestations of his will, especially as regards the future and the past. In fact they are considered as, to a certain extent, inspired, and their acts and words are supposed to imply a depth of meaning that is never attached to those of a reasonable individual. This is the case in many countries in the East as well as in the New World, and it may be fairly deemed a proof of our Oriental origin, that in some remote parts of our own land such opinions, a good deal limited and modified it is true, are found to exist.

One thing is obvious and well known with reference to this subject—which is that in all pagan nations their prophets and prophetesses were uniformly supposed to utter their oracles and responses under the influence of a divine fury which amounted to temporary insanity, and we know that the exorcists of the middle ages were similarly influenced. As it is not our intention, however, to write an essay on this particular subject, we shall dismiss it for the present, and proceed to the relation of a very singular narrative, the contents of which are perfectly true and well remembered by ourselves, as well as by many still living.

About thirty-four years ago there lived at a place called "the Widow Hill," that is to say, when correctly pronounced, "Woody" or "Wooded" Hill, three or four families named Cosgrove, Cullinan, Lockhart, and Gott. Tom Cosgrove and Jemmy Cullinan were both farmers of the more extensive and respectable class, and were consequently wealthy and independent men, considering their condition in life. Gott, who had been a serjeant-major in the army, was a pensioner, and only farmed about eight acres, if so much; he had also been originally a weaver and kept a weaving shop with half-a-dozen looms in full operation. Their farms marched each other, and perhaps it would be difficult to find a spot of greater rural beauty than the wild and sequestered little valley in which they lay. There ran parallel with, and winding according to the bendings of the upper farm, a beautiful and ancient road, which was its boundary on one side, and followed the curves of its extreme verge on that part. From this road—the sides of which on the right and left were overgrown with green short grass, and in many places spangled with wild flowers whose beauty and fragrance made a walk along it so peculiarly romantic and delightful—from this road we looked down into a sweet little vale that resembled an inverted bow, so green, so pastoral, and calm looking, that one's first natural wish would be to spend a life in a spot of such secluded beauty. Through this valley, so full of repose and solitude, wound a streamlet over a smooth sandy bottom, and in a nook, covered in summer with the golden-blossomed furze that perfumed the whole glen, it gathered itself into a clear pool, just deep enough in midsummer to wash the fleecy sheep which fed over its green pastures; for the farms we spoke of were stock farms, and their respective proprietors cultivated no more land than was barely necessary for their own support.

The distance between Cosgrove's residence and Cullinan's was about a quarter of a mile, and about three hundred yards to the left of the former place there lived another man named Lockhart, whose circumstances were quite as independent as those of his neighbours. This person's ancestors, being of Scotch descent, had been originally stern and gloomy Presbyterians, although he himself and his father adhered to the Roman Catholic religion, in consequence of his grandfather having adopted the creed of his wife who had belonged to the Catholic persuasion. This Lockhart's character was peculiar. The religious change which had taken place in his immediate family effected modifications of temper and disposition that were strikingly anomalous. He was a man of few words, and manifested in his bearing much of that shrewd but gloomy solemnity that characterized the old Covenanters of Scotland and the more rigid class of Northern Presbyterians. Upon this had been superinduced a feeble portion of that cheerfulness which usually marks the Irish temperament; but so strongly was it checked by the dark solemn spirit of his original creed, that it became a matter of some difficulty to estimate his character properly, or to determine the peculiar class of temperament to which he belonged. One vice, however, was deeply and indelibly imprinted upon his heart—to wit, an extraordinary and almost unparalleled love of money—and an indisposition to part with it, which made him rigid and penurious to the last degree.

Now, it so happened that this remarkable man had two sons—the elder of whom was named George, and the younger Joe, an idiot. George was a well-made, good-looking, cheerful young fellow, who inherited more apparently of his mother's disposition than his father's—to which

his indeed seemed a very striking and decided contrast. He was a general favourite with every one; sang a good song, made a good jest, told an excellent story, and in general was the life and soul of every rustic assembly or festive sport where he appeared. Gifted with a handsome face, buoyant spirits, and a good voice, it is no wonder that he held a high place in the estimation of the softer sex, who principally admire those fortunate young fellows who happen to be so endowed.

The second son, Joe, was, as we have said, an idiot—one, we may add, from his birth. He was rather tall, slender, and of a melancholy but plain cast of countenance. His eyes were soft and solemn, and had that mild and dreamy look that is peculiar to his class. In his case, however, it was tempered into something that was singularly sweet and affectionate, although it is true the mournful expression was ever there. Altogether it was impossible to look upon him without interest as the kind and gentle creature passed from place to place, swayed by the innocent but capricious impulses of his nature.

Poor Joe, though fond of cleanliness, was, like every one of his class, rather negligent of his dress; and for this reason—but principally because his father would not go to the expense of purchasing new dress for him—he generally wore the old man's cast-off clothes; and as the latter was rather of a large size, his garments were considerably too much of an over-fit for the son, and added a characteristic vacancy to his very shape and appearance. In this loose trim he went about from place to place, regardless of heat or cold, and as much at his ease as if he had sat in a drawing-room.

If his mind, however, were a blank, or very nearly approaching to it, so was not his heart. The poor fellow was like a child in the innocence and simplicity of his affection. In fact, his being might be said to consist principally of love. It was nearly an impossibility to provoke him to anger. He loved everything and everybody, and was equally beloved in his turn. It was a well-known fact, that neither mischievous cattle nor fierce dogs were ever known to attack him. He was wholly exempt from the enmity of man and of the inferior animals, who seemed rebuked and awed by the power of his innocence and his unprotected condition, or, perhaps, by the unseen Spirit of God that accompanied and protected him wherever he went.

If, however, there was one being beyond another whom he loved, it was his brother George; and we are sorry to say that George formed, perhaps, the only exception in life among those who loved him. From whatever cause it proceeded, the fact cannot be concealed that he did not treat the gentle and affectionate creature well. He has frequently striven to annoy and vex him, but in vain; the poor boy had ever met him with smiles; and when, on some occasions, he has gone so far as to raise his hand to him, the look of affectionate sorrow he received in return for the blows he had inflicted was enough to soften a heart of stone. And yet George, after all, was not cruel to him according to our notions of cruelty. He was the only one, indeed, from whom the other ever received a harsh word, or a blow, and even these were not very often repeated, for George was not, nor could he be, entirely destitute of affection for his gentle and defenceless brother. Poor Joe was in the habit of frequently getting copper money, in small quantities, sometimes from strangers, who took it for granted that, like most of his unhappy class, he must have been destitute and stood in need of assistance, and sometimes, besides, from many who knew him, and who availed themselves of that opportunity to put it in his power to purchase fruit and sweetmeats, and other little rarities of the kind. Sometimes these loose coppers accumulated in his pockets, until he has found himself master of a shilling or two; on which occasions his brother George usually made it a point, either to steal the money from him while asleep, or to take it by open violence—in both of which creditable acts he was not unfrequently anticipated by his father.

Tom Cosgrove, their neighbour, had two sons, also fine athletic young men, full of courage and animal spirits. He also had one daughter, by far the most beautiful peasant-girl in the whole parish. Mary Cosgrove was rather petty in size, but of almost perfect symmetry. Her luxuriant tresses were beautifully fair, her sweet oval face pale but exquisitely clear and indicative of health. Indeed it would be difficult to see anything more delicious than her small rose-bud mouth, displaying, when she smiled, a set of teeth that could not be surpassed for whiteness and regularity; whilst the light that danced in her laughing blue eyes, reflected from within the purest imaginable spirit of innocence and light-hearted mirth.

A little before the period when our narrative commences, Mary Cosgrove, in consequence of the death of an unmarried uncle who had adopted her, and with whom she had lived almost since her childhood, had returned to the house of her father, who was now preparing to emigrate to America, on the invitation of another wealthy brother, also childless, by whom he and his whole family were pressed to go and partake of his prosperity. Mary, in the meantime, had been left the sum of five hundred pounds by her uncle, and was consequently looked upon by the young men of that and the neighbouring parishes with a degree of interest proportioned to her wealth and beauty.

The next house in point of vicinity to Tom Cosgrove's, was that of Bob Gott, the pensioner. Bob was as well to do in the world as any of them, for, in point of fact, the country at that period, owing to the great circulation of money arising from war prices and a forced market, was plethoric with wealth, if we contrast its circumstances *then* with its lazar-like condition of *to-day*. Gott had no children, but his wife, a thin, keen black-eyed woman, who knew the value of a shilling, and was abundantly gifted with the use of the tongue, rendered it unnecessary for him, in consequence of her bustling and active industry, to keep more than one servant, who was a Connaught woman, by name Honor Burke, from beside the town of Ballina.

Honor was as frugal, as saving in her habits, and as active as her mistress, with whom she was a great favourite, having lived in the family for about eight years. We have said she was a Connaught woman, but we omitted to add, that although an humble servant-maid, she was possessed of a good deal of money—more indeed than any one would suppose she ever could have saved during the period of her service. As, however, Connaught servants, when they come to the north, or, as it is usually termed "down the country," sometimes adopt a method of getting together money that is well worthy of imitation, we shall briefly detail it here; regretting, at the same time, that the same method is not more generally put in practice by other servants, as well as a few occasional ones who come from the West.

The first thing they do after they have got a couple of pounds together, is to purchase a year-old calf, which is sent up to the mountain-districts to graze, where grazing is got for a mere trifle. Here it is kept upon one of those rough upland stock farms, until it becomes a springer, when it is sold, generally for a good price, and thus is a new capital created for a larger purchase, and perhaps two or three year olds are now sent by the same speculator to the same farm. In this manner, they proceed putting up money by a very simple but effectual process, until they sometimes have from fifty to a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds accumulated.

Honor Burke was known to have money, and it was felt and admitted besides that she deserved to have it, inasmuch as she seemed, by her good conduct, industry, and honesty, an admirable example to girls in her situation of life. If she had any fault at all, it was that her heart, for the last two or three years, had settled down into a strong and increasing love of money and an earnest desire to accumulate it.

In consequence of the proximity of Gott's house (where Honor lived) and Tom Cosgrove's, there was almost a daily intercourse between the families. Mary Cosgrove, since her residence at home, occasioned by her uncle's death, took a strong personal liking to Honor, and as a mark of respect for her admirable qualities and unblemished character, she treated her with uniform kindness and attention. There existed, however, in addition to the possession in common of many excellent qualities, another cause of sympathy between the two young women. Honor, not only in shape and size, but also in manner—the very colour of her hair—and what was still more extraordinary, in her features, bore a remarkable likeness to Mary Cosgrove; and if the former had had a sufficiently liberal spirit to afford herself any kind of becoming or decent dress, it would have been difficult at a distance to have distinguished them from each other. To dress well, however, was more than poor Honor, whose heart was beginning to contract and harden by the love of wealth, thought she could afford to do; and nothing could induce her to put on becoming garments at her own expense.

Until Mary Cosgrove's return from her late uncle's, George Lockhart seemed to look upon Honor with more than usual interest. She was an admirable girl, active, frugal, and industrious—highly respected for her enterprise and many virtues—and possessed, it was known, of more than a hundred pounds fortune—together with a considerable share of personal beauty. All these matters operating together, began gradually to produce their legitimate influence upon the heart of George, who considered that it might not be easy to find a more valuable wife than Honor—for, although she was a servant, it was known that her family was as respectable as his own, if not considerably more so. In a short time, it became evident that an attachment had arisen between them, and so admirably were they considered to be adapted for each other, that their marriage was looked forward to not only as a certain event, but as one that must necessarily be productive of mutual happiness and much temporal prosperity. They were already betrothed to each other—that is to say, pledged by a hand-promise, which is considered among the lower classes of the Irish as more binding than an oath itself.

In this state were matters between them for some time previous to the return of Mary Cosgrove to her father's house. Neither Honor nor Lockhart made any secret of their relative position, and ultimate prospects and intention, with the exception of the betrothment, the mention of which George always treated with a hearty laugh—a laugh, indeed, of that equivocal kind, that it seemed neither to admit nor deny it.

The truth is, Mary's arrival in the neighbourhood seemed to cause what is termed in higher circles, quite a sensation. The girl was amiable, generous, kind, and beautiful; in fact, possessed of every virtue that could adorn her humble life; and, in addition to all this, she was in possession of five-hundred pounds' dowry—a sum which, when taken in connection with her singular beauty and sweet disposition, along with large expectations from another wealthy uncle, was enough to draw lovers from every point of the compass. This money her uncle gave her with his own hands, together with an emerald-ring—a gift and keepsake from a young lady, who, having proved inconstant to him in early life, and married his rival, caused him to give up all notions of matrimony, and lead the life of a bachelor.

"I pay you this money, my dear," he said, "with my own hands, lest any thing might possibly happen to prevent you from getting it; and this ring," he added, presenting it to her—"wear it if you like—or give it away if you like—all I ask is not to prove deceitful to the man that loves you—as she did who gave it to me. And Mary, listen—never marry the man you *don't* love—nor allow any person on earth to force you into such a marriage. You are now an independent girl, so bestow upon the man you love, unless his moral character be a bad one, both yourself and the fortune that's lying there before you. Now, God bless you, and make you happy both here and hereafter—for you deserve it."

Knowing, therefore, Mary's position and pro-

spects, our readers will not be surprised that many a close siege was laid to her heart—some for the sake of her beauty, and more still for the sake of her wealth. We know not under which class, at present, to place George Lockhart, but most assuredly we are bound to state that Mary Cosgrove had not been a month in her father's family when this gay and handsome young fellow became her secret admirer, and lost no possible opportunity of attempting to win her affections. Mary felt somewhat surprised at this, and taxed him with his want of faith to Honor Burke; but his reply was very natural—he admitted that he had been rather fond of Honor Burke, but that he had never been actually in love with her, and that at all events ever since he had seen her (Mary), he could think of no other female, nor even let her out of his head, or his heart. He did not want her fortune; his father was rich, and he would inherit his farm and his wealth; he did not care then about her fortune; he loved her for her own sake and for nothing else. Mary at once told him his plea was vain; he was solemnly engaged, she said, to Honor Burke, and bound to fulfil his engagements to her. She thanked him for the opinion he expressed for her, but assured him that all importunity upon the subject would be an idle waste of time, for that he never must expect a favourable answer from her. Little confidence, she said, could be placed in a man who had already been inconstant to a virtuous and handsome girl.

Lockhart, however, by no means abandoned his suit; but as he treated Mary with great respect and natural delicacy, she felt that she could not receive these painful proposals with rudeness or insult, and, consequently, they met each other upon civil and agreeable, though not at all upon intimate, terms.

Among the others who paid their addresses to this rustic toast and beauty, was young James Cullinan, the eldest son of their neighbour, Jemmy. This fine young man and George Lockhart had, on many occasions, found themselves rivals. In leaping, foot-ball playing, throwing the stone, wrestling, &c., they were very nearly matches, whilst, at the same time, a greater number of successes gave a superiority to Cullinan. In consequence of this—although they met and spoke on decidedly friendly terms, to all appearance, at least, yet there lurked, unquestionably, that latent and jealous feeling on each side which it is never at any time difficult to kindle up into enmity. Here, then, in the affections of Mary Cosgrove, appeared another subject of rivalry, the most serious and important, beyond all parallel, that had yet arisen between them. Mary saw this feeling and strongly deprecated it, and in order, besides, to prevent disagreeable consequences between two impetuous young men, and avoid the painful risk of becoming the subject of a vulgar brawl, she endeavoured so to manage her deportment as to give neither of them, while in the presence of the other, cause for triumph—an error of judgment, on her part, which only perpetuated the ill-will between them.

In the mean time, let the matter have happened as it may, the rumour had gone abroad that James Cullinan and George Lockhart were far a-head of all competitors for Mary's hand, and the difficulty lay in determining which of them should be ultimately successful. A little time, however, soon struck the balance on that point. Mary's whole family threw themselves into Cullinan's scale, and although she herself expressed an anxiety rather to remain as she was than to marry at that present time, she felt herself completely overborne, and was obliged to hear Cullinan spoken of by every person, her own relatives included, as her future husband.

It is not to be supposed, on the other hand, that Honor Burke was an indifferent spectator to the defection of her plighted lover, or that the reports which reached her ears passed away like idle conversation. Her attachment to Lockhart possessed double strength. She loved him in the first place because she knew that his father was wealthy, and that his son would necessarily inherit all his property; and she loved him besides from a personal motive, because the young man was very handsome and amiable. Had the influence of money not taken possession of her heart she would have loved him in the first place from the tender impulses of womanly affection—but at the present stage of our narrative that was with her only a secondary element in the attachment she felt for him.

Towards Mary Cosgrove her feelings were of a different character. Without having any direct cause for personal resentment against her, she could not avoid reflecting that Mary had deprived her of the affections of the young man whom she had loved with a devotion which gratified all that was natural and kind in her heart, whilst *we* may add for her, with all besides that was, so far as regarded the spirit of the world, selfish and unwomanly there.

During the competition between the two rivals for Mary's affections, she could observe occasionally that whenever Honor and she happened to meet, the latter was in the habit of getting pale as death, and that from time to time, if she imagined that Mary did not perceive her, she turned upon her one of those brief, but fearful glances which none but a jealous and neglected woman can give or understand. She was also in the habit, at this time, of musing and walking in solitary places, with her chin upon her hand, as if she were engaged in deep thought, or in devising some secret plan or project for the recovery, perhaps, of her faithless lover's affections. What the subject of her contemplations and the cause of retiring to solitude could be, was out of the power of any person to ascertain, although, perhaps we may be enabled to guess at it before the conclusion of the narrative.

Mary saw at once, and felt, that the poor girl was suffering much, and knew that she, herself, had, without deserving it, lost favour in her sight. She resolved, therefore, to come to an early explanation with her on the subject, and to set her right, at least, so far as she herself and young Lockhart were concerned. With this object in

view she sent word to Honor that she wished to have some conversation with her upon a particular subject, and would feel obliged if she came over for a few minutes. Honor in the course of the evening came, and Mary, when they had retired to the garden, addressed her as follows:—

"I was anxious to see you, Honor, for your own sake more than for mine. I esteem you and respect your character very much, and I do think it was a very dishonourable thing in George Lockhart to desert and neglect you as he has done."

"Was this what you wanted to spake to me about, Miss Mary?" replied Honor, whilst her face got darkly pale, and her eyes shot actual fire.

"Principally;" said Mary, "but I had another thing to mention too. I am going to place great confidence in you; but first, about George Lockhart."

"Let that be *last*, if you please;" returned Honor, "George Lockhart is no more to me, now, than any other man. He's *your* favourite, Miss Mary; and I don't think it was very generous in you to encourage a young man that you knew was hand-promised to another girl."

"It was to set you right upon that very point," replied Mary, "that I sent for you. *I* never encouraged him—so far from that, Mary, George Lockhart knows that his case is hopeless with me. I told him, from the beginning, that a ring never would or could go upon him and me; and, I said, that even if there was nothing else to prevent it, his conduct to you would do it. I now tell you the same thing, in order that your mind may be easy on the subject, and that, if you indulge in any bad feeling, Honor, it may not be against me."

"Well, that's very kind of you, Miss Mary;" replied Honor, in a tone, however, which Mary did not altogether like, "but you said you had a saicret to tell me."

"So I have;" said Mary, "but the time has not yet come to tell it; when it does, Honor, I shall try your good faith; and God forgive you, if you deceive or betray me."

About this period, there returned to the neighbourhood a young man named Murray, who had been finishing, at a classical school some few miles distant, his preparatory education, as a candidate for Maynooth. He had, in fact, already passed a very gratifying and successful examination for entrance before his bishop, and was, on the evening of the conversation between Mary Cosgrove and Honor Burke, within a few days of starting for college. Murray was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, remarkable for a very manly and intelligent bearing. Between his family and Mary's there never had been any intimacy or intercourse, beyond what is known as a mere speaking acquaintanceship. "The young priest," however, was respected and admired, and very justly so, for his amiable qualities and fine person, and was consequently a very general favourite.

Every Irish reader knows, that when a candidate for the Roman Catholic Church is about to go to Maynooth, it is usual for the neighbours to call upon him, as a mark of respect, to drink a friendly glass with his family—perhaps to leave a few pounds behind them, if they think that his circumstances require it, and, at all events, to take their leave of him, and wish him success in his arduous and sacred undertaking. It is also customary in the young candidate himself, in many instances, to call upon certain more distant neighbours, and those with whom he is less intimate, in order to take his leave of them, receive their congratulations, and bid them a kind farewell. On this occasion, therefore, Murray, who was dressed in black, which set off his person well, remarkable as it was for a good deal of natural and gentlemanly ease, came a few days before his departure for college, to bid farewell, among others, to the Cosgroves. He was asked to stop for tea, an unusual treat in those days, which he did, and spent a couple of hours in very agreeable chat with the family. At parting, he shook hands with them all, and expressed his warm sense of the hospitable and respectful cordiality with which he had been treated.

At this very period, Cosgrove's family and Cullinan's looked upon the marriage of Mary and young James as an arrangement that was understood, and all but finally settled upon. It is due to Mary, however, to state here that it was one to which she had never lent her final sanction, even when it had been formally and seriously proposed to her by her own family; on the contrary, she always held herself at liberty to reject it. Young Cullinan himself she treated with kindness and good humour, but whenever he approached the subject in question, she either laughed him out of it, or became too grave to suffer it to be seriously discussed. Indeed, Cullinan himself began to fear that his progress in her affections—if he had ever made any—was advancing but slowly; and a circumstance which we will now mention, seemed to confirm him in his apprehensions. Mary, ever since her uncle's death, was in the habit of going once a fortnight, or so, to the Neuk Stick Farm—for so her uncle's place was called—for the purpose of seeing that everything was proceeding aright, and that the furniture and other chattels were kept in proper order. An old female relative and some servants were at that time taking care of the house and farm, until the crop then in the ground should be secured, and the farm disposed of—for as Tom Cosgrove had proposed to avail himself of his wealthy brother's invitation to America, he was only then waiting to secure the crop, together with the value of the holding, which, with the lease of it, had been left to him by the late proprietor. For some time past Mary, when going over in the evening to her uncle's, had permitted young Cullinan to accompany her—at all events to see her safely over a kind of simple wooden bridge, called *The Neuk Stick*. This consisted of a long round tree laid across a narrow portion of the river, which in that spot formed an angle, or Neuk, as it was termed—and on this account the bridge in question was known as The Neuk Stick.

It was considered a great privilege to be allowed the pleasure of seeing Mary over The Neuk Stick, but it was one of which Cullinan had of late

been deprived. Mary on the two recent visits to her uncle's had gone alone, nor would she permit Cullinan, under any possible pretence, to accompany her—a piece of firmness or coldness on her part which nettled him very much, and threw him into fits of despondency and depression.

The reader is already aware that Mary Cosgrove had promised to repose some peculiar confidence in Honor Burke, and it would seem that in a few days after their last interview, the secret in question, or at least a portion of it, had been communicated to her. Mary had, in fact, sent for her again, brought her out to the garden, held a long dialogue with her, and after having made presents of dress, shook hands with her, and bade her an affectionate good evening.

Honor on her way home, after dusk, met her former lover, George Lockhart, at a gate which led from a narrow lane by a pathway up to her master Gott's. Each involuntarily paused, and at length Lockhart spoke.

"Well, Honor," said he, "what's the news?"

"Nothing very pleasant for you," she replied. "A new broom, they say, sweeps clean; but for all that, Mary Cosgrove gave you the go-by—you thought you were sure of her—but you see your chance I hope."

"Fine feathers make fine birds, Honor," he replied; "and to tell you the truth she made a fool of me, or rather I made a fool of myself, like the rest of the young fellows."

"No, no, George," replied Honor, shrewdly, "that wasn't it—but five hundred was better than one—and yet may be we have more than one to the fore, and half a one to the back o' that."

"Honor," returned the other, "after all I think the best thing you and I could do is to forget and forgive. I'll forget Mary Cosgrove, and you'll forgive me."

"I may forgive *you*," she answered, "but I'll never forgive Mary Cosgrove. You loved me well until you saw her face."

"Indeed, that's true, Honor, sure enough;" said George, "but if it's any satisfaction to you to know, I can tell you that I'm indifferent enough about her now—the truth is, I could cudgel myself soundly for being such a fool as I was—and after all she is not better looking than yourself."

"I'm inclined to think, George," said Honor, "that you like money—indeed you would not be your father's son, if you didn't?"

"I don't hate it, at all events;" he replied, "but why do you ask?"

"Because I could put five hundred pounds into your hands, and nobody the wiser—if you had a heart—that is the heart of a man and not of a coward."

Lockhart started at the extraordinary import of her words, and looked upon her with astonishment and incredulity.

"Put five hundred pounds into *my* hands!" he exclaimed. "In the name of all that's wonderful, how could you bring that about?"

"I haven't time to tell you now," she replied, "but if you meet me behind the Sally Garden, about half an hour after dusk, to-morrow evening, I'll tell you that—aye, and another hundred and fifty along with all. At any rate, it's very little goodwill Mary Cosgrove deserves at *your* hands—she does nothing but make sport of you—turns you into a common laughing-stock."

"Never to my face, Honor."

"No," she replied, "I'm not saying that—she's too cunning, but behind your back she's jibing you for ever."

"But couldn't you tell me now," he inquired, "how I'm to get the money?"

"No," she replied again, "I cannot—I have some things to think over first; and besides, my mind's not made up to mention it to you at all. All that I can say now is, that it isn't by fasting, praying, or building churches, that the money's to be got—I mean the five hundred. Now, good night—you won't forget to-morrow evening? But whisht," she added, bitterly, "*don't* promise, for if you *do* you *won't* come." Having uttered these words she ran along the pathway that led to her master's house, and in a couple of minutes was engaged in preparing the supper.

That night George Lockhart's mind felt disturbed and darkened. What, he asked himself, can she mean by putting five hundred pounds into my hands? Could it be possible that she spoke of Mary Cosgrove's fortune? for that's the sum her uncle left her. Or—stay—could she mean anything dark or dangerous? It's not, she said, by fasting, praying, or building churches, that the money's to be got. That looks suspicious. Five hundred! it's a great deal of money. And she talked of another hundred and fifty—which is her own, I suppose. Well, that's more than I thought she had—six hundred and fifty! I didn't care if I had it, at all events—if I had, I wouldn't call the king my cousin. However, I can make nothing of it, so I'll go to sleep if I can."

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM OUR DIGGER.

LOG LINES FROM THE "CHALMERS."

PART I.

Departure.—Being seized like many others with a violent attack of the gold-fever, which was so prevalent at the beginning of the present year, and finding I could obtain little or no relief by staying in England, I resolved to try the effect of the homœopathic system of treatment, and administer to myself a dose of pure gold (if I could only get it) from the native diggings of Australia, in the hopes thereby of effecting a perfect cure. I, therefore, on Sunday, 1st August, 1852, embarked, at Gravesend on board, the good ship, "Chalmers," bound for Melbourne direct. This vessel was advertised as offering great advantages over other emigrant vessels, being fitted up under the superintendence, and after the plan, so successfully carried out by Mrs. Chisholm; the consequence of which was that every berth was engaged. As I passed over the gangway, the first gun was fired to give notice to those who might be ashore, of our approaching departure, and also to clear the decks of those friends who had come to bid most of us an eternal farewell. Our names from the muster-roll being called over, and duly responded to, Mrs. Chisholm mounted the poop-steps, and addressed with great fluency and eloquence a very attentive audience. The matter of her speech was almost entirely confined to the object of emigration, advice as to our conduct on board and on landing, together with our future prospects of success. The second gun was now fired, a final clearing of strangers from the decks took place, a steam tug was attached to our bows, and amid many tears and sighs, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and vigorous shouts, we glided slowly over the bosom of old Father Thames; and at the Nore, separating ourselves from our steaming friend, we spread our sails to a stiff breeze, and ere night set in, many, for the first time, began to feel that they were really on the sea, and to wish themselves back again in their snug and comfortable beds ashore.

Our Ship, Crew, and Passengers.—Shortly after leaving the Downs, we encountered very heavy weather, which fully tested the qualities of our ship, which, fortunately for us, proved to be first rate, or, as they would say, at Lloyds, A1. She was ship-rigged, built of teak, after the best models, 650 tons register, and nearly new; this being only her second voyage. Our captain was a member of the numerous family of Smiths, short, rather stout, and very sunburnt; in manner reserved, seldom speaking to any of the passengers, but constantly smoking a long clay pipe; on the whole, a good man, careful in the hour of danger, and a skillful and experienced navigator of more than thirty years' standing. First mate, a Scotchman of the McGreggor clan, short, thick-set, and very upright, round head, ripstone-pippin cheeks, separated by a broken nose, much resembling the imaginary nose on the face of a cocoa-nut, chatty and fond of spinning a long yarn to his favourites, and hearing a good joke; possessed of a mighty voice, the terror of the children; a martyr to rheumatism, and a capital specimen of a true British sailor. Second mate, young, short, strong, and rough as a young bear at play, cracked voice, good seaman, and rather a favourite with the single ladies. Doctor, young, agreeable, and married; had some experience as a ship-doctor, and attentive in all cases of real illness, a most inveterate smoker, and bound for the diggings. Crew, as a body, rather better than usual. Our passengers numbered in all 255; viz., 132 male adults, 58 female, 29 male children, 27 female, and 9 infants.

Among these were, I believe, a sample of almost every trade and profession, but tailors and linen-drapers' shopmen predominated. The former might be easily distinguished from the rest of the passengers by their bowed legs and peculiar walk; the latter by their finnikin ways, and smart dapper attire, especially on Sundays, when they came out as strong as if they intended taking a walk in Hyde Park. We had our lawyers, doctors, merchants, actors, shoemakers, tinkers, farmers, policemen, soldiers, cooks (two of Soyer's), bakers, butchers, &c., also governesses, singers, milliners, straw-bonnet-makers, housemaids, &c. Such was the floating population of the good ship "Chalmers."

Aristocracy and Democracy.—Our ship certainly possessed one great advantage over many of the vessels which leave England, and this was, instead of having three classes of passengers, she had but one, all being placed on an equal footing, and having the free range of the vessel from stem to stern. The only division was between the married and single. Strange to say, in spite of this excellent arrangement, a certain separation or classification took place, and we had not been long at sea before we had our aristocracy and democracy. This was noticed by all, and although we mixed together at mess and on deck, still there was a very perceptible division of certain parties, and it was not at all an uncommon thing to hear such expressions as the following:—"Oh! what can you expect from him, he's an aristocrat;" or "Never mind that fellow, he's only one of the democracy."—Another fact was, that the aristocracy were always to be found on the poop, while the democrats, who had an equal right to be there, rarely ventured, but kept together in midships, or, pipe-smoking, around the galley. If, by chance, a democrat had the boldness to venture on the poop, you would see him look round, seemingly uneasy, appear out of place, fidget about for a short time, and finally making a precipitate rush below, join his friends with the pipes at the galley.

Love Making.—"Love is the theme of the minstrel all over the earth."—So sayeth the song;

and most truly doth love find a home in an emigrant ship. No sooner had we got clear of the Channel and the stormy weather, than the single men, in spite of the strict printed rules and regulations, would go aft to see to the bodily comforts of the single women. Love on ship-board usually commences in the following manner. Some highly inflammable young gentleman, most likely his own master for the first time, assists some delicate, tender-hearted young lady just recovering from sea-sickness, on to the poop, and, when there, carefully places her to windward, right in the captain's privileged walk, and then, wrapping her up comfortably in a railway rug, will discourse with her upon the beauties of the ocean, with which he pretends to be familiar and to like, but inwardly detests; or reads in a soft voice some equally soft novel.

Love, now having fairly gained a footing, is not content with having attached one pair of hearts, but shoots his shafts right and left, and soon firmly establishes himself. Couples are quickly formed, who drop daily into their places on the poop and quarter-deck, to which they, and even the rest of the passengers, think they have an undoubted right. As evening advances, they walk to and fro in tender converse, and when night closes in, they take their places on the spars and long-boat. One couple claimed a right to the pig-sty, from which circumstance this sweet and favoured spot obtained the name of the "Bower of Love."

It was the duty of our doctor to collect together his charges (the single girls) at ten o'clock, and see them safe into their cabins; and well did he know, even to an inch, where to find those young ladies who consider themselves engaged; but it was a far more difficult matter to find those marked as "not wanted during the voyage;" for, like lost sheep, they strayed unprotected and uncared for, here, there, and everywhere. Question for the curious—How many marriages will take place from all this love-making afloat?

Lost and Found.—There are few places, I think, where so many things go astray, get lost, or are stolen, as on board an emigrant ship. Almost immediately after weighing anchor, our knives, forks, spoons, pannikins, &c., established the baneful habit of going a-visiting, and staying out, not only at night, but for weeks and months together. For instance, my fork had been on a visit for two whole months, when one day, like the prodigal, it thought proper to return, minus two of its prongs, proving, beyond doubt, its having been in most disreputable society, and now only returned to its lawful owner when utterly useless to the set it had joined. As for my spoons, they all left me in the Channel, and never returned; so I put it down that they ended their days disgracefully in some wash-kid, and were duly consigned to their final resting-place, Davy Jones's locker. But the worst of it was, that this rakish conduct on the part of the aforesaid knives, forks, and spoons, bred a habit of pilfering amongst their masters; thus, a knife and fork having agreed to join company and start on a visit, their master, on discovering their absence, would doubtless be seriously inconvenienced, but he will in the first place most likely put up quietly with their loss, contenting himself solely with advertising their desertion, and supplicating those who may find them to bring them back to their disconsolate owner; but this, after a time, not having the desired effect, it is ten chances to one but that he changes tactics, and slyly pounces on the first stray knife and fork which comes across his path; and henceforth, from this circumstance, a perfect system of petty larceny runs rampant throughout the ship.

Our posting-houses for lost articles, theatrical announcements, &c., were the wash-houses and galley; and numerous were the posters which daily appeared, and droll enough some of them were. Here are some specimens:—

LOST.

A red silk pocket handkerchief, having a yellow border, and green spots, all over. Any person finding the same, will greatly oblige the owner, by bringing it to cabin 14, better known as "Bank Villa." P.S.—If this handkerchief, after the above notice is, by chance, seen in the possession of any individual, the party in charge thereof, will be fully and handsomely rewarded by the rightful owner for his trouble, and the fatherly care he has taken of it.

NOTICE.

If the gentleman (?) who was seen coolly partaking this morning at his breakfast of a fat rasher of bacon, off a plate marked M. E. 17, does not immediately return the *plate* to its lawful mess, his name will be posted, and he himself be placed in considerable personal danger. N.B.—If HE IS a gentleman, he will send a rasher of his favourite bacon along with the plate.

ATTENTION.

If the gentleman who cut off the straps and buckles from a leather trunk this morning, will call on Mr. Noble, at his cabin, he can have his head well punched for his trouble.

Washing.—During the fine weather, the scene on the forecastle every morning was highly amusing, for there might be seen some twenty or thirty men rubbing and scrubbing away at shirts, trousers, handkerchiefs, socks, and such like articles of daily wear, with all the energy of professed washerwomen. Here, seated on the anchor, was one up to his very elbows in suds, sousing some half-dozen coloured shirts; there, another on his knees scrubbing with a hard brush, a dirty, very dirty pair of canvass trousers; while, hid in a corner, as if for shame, would be one of the dandies of the ship, who, not being quite up to the mark in the science of washing, would be dabbling in a shallow tin bowl, containing about half a pint of water, and a little thin bit of hard white soap, a pair of socks and a small white pocket handkerchief. Then again, what a sight did our vessel present in the afternoon! One would suppose it had been taken possession of by some vast washing company, lines of clothes were hung across in every direction, and every available spot on the standing rigging covered with day-shirts, night-shirts, both male and female, trousers, ditto, ditto, handkerchiefs, stockings, caps, gowns, &c.; these, when fully inflated by the wind, presented a most comical appearance. Woe to the unfortunate individual who, either through innocence or neglect,

attached his line of clothes to any of the running tackle, for let Jack but see it, and so surely was he to cut it down, and send it adrift on a voyage of discovery.

Manias.—In our little society we also had our manias. They began soon after we fairly got to sea, and the dire effects of sea-sickness had in some degree worn off—I think the first was a singing one. Night after night, without any preconcerted notice, all assembled at eight o'clock on the long-boat and pig-sty (a sweet place for sweet sounds), when a chairman was immediately chosen, and then, without any further ceremony, except perhaps a tap with a hammer on the gunwale of the boat, he would call upon some gentleman to oblige with a song; certainly, a Mr. Matthews would, and forthwith, "What are you going to stand, my boys?"—would be vociferated by the above-mentioned Mr. Matthews, who possessed a treble bass voice, and then a general chorus would unanimously answer "What are you going to stand?"—After the applause (which was by no means of the Opera House kind) had subsided, some thin pale-faced gentleman would warble forth "Wilt thou love me then as now?" which, in all probability, would be responded to by a shrill squeak from the pigs, ever and anon disturbed from their repose, either by the sentimental gentleman's falsetto or their pinched tails. The singing, at last, began to flag, but the grand break-up arose, I think, from lights being introduced, and the singers (at the request of the ladies, whose olfactory nerves were rather too delicate to tolerate the pigs) being desired to remove to the after-part of the vessel. Many now altogether refused to sing, and so the singing mania gradually declined. But, another soon took its place; this was the Carpentering Mania, and it started by altering all our cabin doors, which were hinged, into sliding ones—certainly a great improvement; and as this commenced just as we were getting into the warm latitudes, our amateur carpenters employed their talents (in some cases with great success) in the manufacture of small tables, chairs, and stools. Then burst forth a mighty mania for evening tea-parties on deck. The weather became cool again; tea-parties *al fresco* were on the wane, when a lady suddenly found out the means of converting bouilli meat, a much despised article, into the most savory of potted meats. Then pestles and mortars, chopping-boards, seasoning and spices, were in active demand—this was followed by every man becoming his own tinman, and a perfect din rang through the ship, as preserved meat-cans were being fashioned into every kind of domestic and culinary article, from a gigantic Dutch oven (which, by the by, was a sad failure) to a stew-pan. But the worst of all the manias, while it lasted, was the raffling mania; it broke out suddenly with a straw hat value five shillings, and died as instantaneously with a pair of pistols, value ten pounds. During the time it raged, it tainted nearly all, from stem to stern of the vessel, and articles of every description were put up, amongst which were pipes, hams, coats, tools, watches, accordians, hats, rugs, books, &c. One day, the last of its existence, when it was raging at its greatest height, chances were bought and sold, and dice rattled on every table and in every cabin, until at length all appeared perfectly surfeited. It died that very evening as suddenly as if by the stroke of some unseen headsman's axe, and was heard of no more.

Sunday.—The duties due to the Sabbath were never neglected, except in case of bad weather, and then only in a morning, when the service could not be performed on deck on account of exposure to cold and wet, nor between decks, as in the evening, owing to the preparations making by the various messes for dinner. In fine weather the morning service was hold on the quarter-deck, where seats were arranged for the congregation, which was generally numerous. The booby-hatch, covered with the ensigns, served as a pulpit, and it was the duty of our doctor to read prayers, while one of the passengers would undertake to act as clerk. The psalms and hymns were generally well sung by our principal singers, and the sermon was either preached or read by one of the passengers. A Mr. Bell was exceedingly *au fait* at extempore preaching, and gave us some most excellent lectures; he, therefore, was more frequently called upon than any of the other passengers. Our Sunday afternoons, when fine, were passed in walking the decks, reading, journal and letter writing; but no labour of any kind was allowed, neither would our captain so much as permit a newspaper or novel to be brought up on the poop. It was a day of rest and devotion, and was strictly observed as such.

Classes.—Shortly after our departure from England, several classes were formed for the instruction of the juvenile portion of our community, such as day and Sunday schools. These were quickly followed by others of a more entertaining and attractive character, in which the adults took a part, such as dancing, fencing, singing, drilling, &c. Having from my youth upwards always been a stanch devotee to the flighty muse Terpsichore, I entered into partnership with another devotee, and opened a dancing academy, free of all charge, for both juveniles and adults. The following is a copy of our circular:—

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

Royal Atlantic Dancing Academy.

Messrs. Moon and Percy beg most respectfully to inform their friends and fellow-passengers on board the good ship *Chalmers*, that they intend to open an academy for the instruction of the adult and juvenile members of the community, in the polite science of dancing, on Monday, Sept. 13th, between the hours of three and five p.m.; and, at the same hour (weather permitting), every succeeding Monday and Wednesday. For further particulars, apply at Messrs. Moon and Percy's respective cabins, Nos. 13 and 14, Larboard and Starboard-streets, single men's department.

(Signed) MOON AND PERCY.

Sept. 13, 1852.

N. B.—Dancing academy situated on the quarter-deck, between the mainmast and poop.

The result far exceeded our most ardent expectations; for, on our opening day, we had the

names of more than fifty members entered on our books, at least thirty of whom were adults. On forming our classes, we found that some had a partial knowledge of the art, and only required a little practice and instruction to make them proficient; but the mass were totally ignorant of it, and the turning in of toes and difficulty of getting them to turn out, seemed to be the great obstacle to surmount, but by degrees we succeeded, except on very rough and rolling days. The drill class was a great source of attraction, and always well attended, being admirably suited to the cold weather we fell in with after leaving the tropics. This class was under the superintendence of an old ex-guardsman, who took vast pains with his awkward-squad; and mighty indignant was he when told that the marching and counter-marching of himself and raw recruits worked the pitch out of the seams, and let the water into the cabins below, and that, therefore, he must disband his regiment; but he would'nt.

Songs Afloat.—There is one thing in particular which is sure to attract the attention of a landsman when he first sets his foot on board ship, and this is the songs sung by the seamen whilst performing their various duties. These songs, which often, as regards words, are made impromptu, are most enlivening and spirited; and a good singing crew, with a clever leader, may, in my opinion, be looked upon in the light of a blessing on board any ship. In a little schooner in which I made a voyage up the Mediterranean, we had some excellent singers; and scarcely was a rope touched, sail set, or other heavy work done, without a song: and this may, in some measure, be accounted for by the encouragement given them by our captain, who would often promise all hands a tot of rum, if they did their work in a seamanlike manner, and sang well. The good effect of this was very visible on the men, who evidently pulled the ropes more cheerfully and with double vigour. The following are specimens:—

On Hauling up Topsail Yards, after Reefing.

Polly Racket, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull),
Pawned my jacket, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull),
And sold the ticket, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull);
Ho, hawly, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull).

Rouse him up, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull),
Pull up the devil, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull);
And make him civil, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull),
Oh, hawly, hi-ho, cheerymen—(pull).

I wish I was old Stormy's son,
Hurra, and storm along:
I'd give the sailors lots of rum,
Storm along, my Stormy.
Chorus—Hurra!—hurra!—hurra!—storm along,
Storm along, my roving blades,
Storm along, my Stormy.

Dramatic Society.—Our dramatic performances were certainly the most attractive and enduring of all the amusements we had on board. They were looked forward to as grand events, and no sooner was our play-bill posted up, than it was surrounded by an eager group who forthwith discussed the merits of the piece, and probable success or failure of the various actors engaged therein. Our company consisted but of few members, but amongst them were two who had had some experience, both in England and America, as regular actors; the whole business, therefore, as to choice of pieces, cast of characters, stage management, was confided to their hands. The first thing, after having chosen and cast a piece, was to get the various parts written out, for there was rarely more than one printed copy on board; and then came the most difficult part of all, viz., the study of the parts. This chiefly arose from the constant noise made by the children and interruption in the way of chat from the adults. Our only place of refuge, therefore, and this was not always proof against assault, was the main or mizen tops, and there perched, in these lofty crow's nests, might be seen the *Hamlet*, *Gravedigger*, or *Bombastes* of some future evening. Our rehearsals were numerous and generally well attended; these were held in the women's hospital (if fortunately it was not occupied), and surely such scenes as were therein enacted were never seen before at any stage rehearsal. For example, our call-boy would be sent to tell *Hamlet* he was wanted, which call would immediatly be attended to by *Hamlet*, who would appear before us in anything but princely costume, but most likely with shirt-sleeves tucked up, and armed with a pudding nearly a yard long, and ready for the pot. He would most likely be followed by the fair *Ophelia*, smothered in flour, having been diligently engaged making rolls for the evening tea. Our rehearsal ended, all would return to our domestic duties.

At length, the all-important day would arrive, and during the afternoon the various members of our *corps dramatique* might be seen busily engaged fitting up our little theatre. Our stage was formed on the quarter deck, or between the mainmast and poop, and divided from the audience by a rope made fast to the mainstays, and which rope served also to hang our curtain. Our wings, or places of exit, were made by suspending flags on each side of the stage, and the awning, being left up, formed the roof. Our orchestra was not numerous, but very select, being composed of first and second fiddles, and a tamborine. The stage was well lighted by cabin-lamps and candles, stuck behind bouilli-tins, which served as reflectors. With regard to the arrangement of the audience, we considered that those who took poop-seats were our aristocracy; the pit, which was formed by planks placed across and resting on buckets, was occupied by our middling-class; and the shrouds, by our democracy, this being the gallery. Our green-room was the captain's cabin, and the dressing-rooms the mate's and doctor's cabins. In the dressing-rooms might be seen our various members busily engaged making-up for their parts, as you would see them at a regular theatre; there was the rouge-pot, hare's foot, burnt cork, powder-puff, and wigs; there dresses were taken off and put on, faces lined and coloured according to age and character, amid great general confusion in seeking little odds and ends, or, as they are called, properties. The property-man and stage-manager

were hard at work arranging chairs, tables, books, papers, &c., or whatever might be wanted on the stage, while at the wings, the various actors, waiting ready dressed to go on, were studying their parts or giving each other hints and instruction.

Before we draw the curtain we will explain how we manufactured our dresses, and therefore take, as examples, the principal characters engaged in "Richelieu," and "Bombastes Furioso," which we performed (with great success) on the same evening.

Richelieu.—A sailor's scarlet serge jersey, with lace ruffles; shirt, lady's chemisette, petticoat, made full out of a piece of crimson cloth; broad black belt round the waist, black trousers, and wellingtons; hair whitened with violet powder, (natural appearance red and curly,) and black velvet scull-cap.

Joseph.—Dark blue serge shirt, woman's black petticoat, black stockings and shoes, rosary and cross, cord round the waist, and black velvet scull-cap.

Louis XIII.—Kossuth hat, with plume of black feathers; wife's black velvet mantle, cut to shape; lace ruffles, cream-coloured and flowered waistcoat; blue pantaloons, converted into breeches and frilled below the knees with lace; wife's light cloth Adelaide boots, white kid gloves, sword and belt.

Bombastes.—Black cocked hat, surmounted by an enormous plume of white feathers made out of curled tissue paper; large white wig, made out of hospital tow, and having a movable pig-tail; white Joinville and frilled shirt; black frock coat, turned up at the skirts and lined with white calico; epaulets, gold lace and ruffles; ladies' gauntlet gloves, belt and sword; white moleskin breeches, made very large, and filled out behind with a feather pillow; large sea boots and spurs.

Distaffina.—Pink jacket, white worked petticoat and black silk apron, silk stockings, and green shoes with high heels—flowers in hair.

With regard to this performance, it was decidedly our best, and was listened to with great attention by a crowded audience. Our captain, who took much interest in these exhibitions, as usual, treated all those engaged therein to wine and grog.

Battle of the Pannikins.—No sooner did our pilot leave us at the Isle of Wight, than strong adverse winds set in, and on reaching the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, we encountered heavy gales and a hurricane. This, to those whose first appearance it was at sea, caused great alarm; and when, on the night of the 11th of August, all able hands were called up to work the ship and take in sail, the scene presented was both terrifying and laughable. Upon going on deck, the night appeared so dark that the masts and sails were scarcely visible, except when illumined by the lightning's flash; peal after peal of deafening thunder rolled, the rain descended in torrents, and the wind howled amid the rigging, and lashed to madness the mighty billows which upheaved our vessel in a frightful manner. Let us descend between decks; what a change! what a scene of confusion, if not fun! Pannikins, plates, pots, water-kegs, mess-kids, boots, shoes, coats, hats, beds and bedding, flying about on all sides, and making a most frightful din and clatter. All of us suffered more or less; every cabin was absolutely turned topsy-turvy. Such was the state of a few; for instance;—

No. 11.—*Single men's cabin.*—The pickles paid a visit to the plum-duff; the pepper worked its way, in a most insinuating manner, into the sugar basin; boots and shoes took refuge in the slop-pail, and a Bath-brick ran right through the looking glass.

No. 19.—*Married cabin.*—Treacle pot upset over the babies; husband pitched unceremoniously out of bed on to the floor, and half smothered in treacle. Lights brought—one baby discovered licking the other baby clean; while the wife was engaged in the pleasing operation of scraping the saccharine matter from off her better-half's back.

No. 14.—*Single men's berth.*—Top bunks overwhelmed with flour and rice, followed afterwards by a shower of pickles and treacle, which rendered the blankets very uncomfortable and sticky. Door burst in by a water keg, which finished by emptying its contents amidst the coats, trowsers, boots, &c., on the floor—occupants of berths, fore and aft, getting their backs well ground, and those athwart ship rolling about like beer-barrels.

Chalmers Lodge—Married cabin.—Everything everywhere and nowhere. Children fighting, husband crowned with a flower barrel, and wife saluted with the mustard pot.

The rebellious pannikins and pots were at last brought into subjection, and although in the gales we encountered, after crossing the Line, they tried to get up another battle, it was a miserable failure.

Births and Deaths.—We had not been on board a week before it was announced that we had another passenger added to our mess, in the shape of a plump little boy, and at the same time the bulletin stated that "mother and child were doing well."

This incident caused some chat, especially amongst the ladies; but when shortly afterwards it was publicly given out that on a certain Sunday the mother was to make her first appearance on deck, for the purpose of being churched, and also to have the little stranger christened, great, indeed, was the excitement to see these interesting ceremonies, and nearly all hands mustered on deck. After the service of the day was over, the ceremonies were performed with all due solemnity by our doctor, and the little one received the name of John Chalmers Groves. Miss Steward fulfilled the responsible part of godmother, while I stood godfather, or, as I was afterwards called, silver-spoon. At the conclusion we retired into the hospital to partake of *medical comforts.*

The remembrance of this event had scarcely begun to fade away, ere we had another birth, succeeded, alas! within a week, by the death of the mother, and three days afterwards that of the child.

These events occurred just as we were crossing the Line, and, as a matter of course, prevented the usual ceremony of shaving, which we intended should take place on a grand yet refined scale, and for which we had made great preparations.

The death of the unfortunate mother took place early on a Sunday morning, and at three o'clock, p.m., the sad and impressive ceremony of a burial

at sea took place. A tropical sun shone forth with intense brilliancy; a gentle breeze filled our sails, and lightly rippled the surface of the vast ocean, as the bell tolled to assemble all hands on deck. The body tightly packed in canvass, and placed upon a grating, covered with the union Jack, was carried by four seamen, in their best attire, and placed at the leeward gangway with the feet (to which were attached a heavy shot) towards the sea. The beautiful service of the Church was then read in a most impressive manner by our doctor, assisted by Mr. Bell, and appeared to reach the hearts of all, to judge from the tears which stood in many an eye. It was indeed a sad spectacle; for standing around the body was the bereaved husband with his six infant children, he apparently broken hearted with grief, while the poor innocents were playing with and talking about the pretty colours of the flag, which served as a pall to cover the cold body of their mother. At length, at the solemn words, "we therefore commit her body to the deep," the flag was withdrawn, and the corpse slid from the grating into its vast ocean cemetery. At this time I was clinging to the shrouds, and saw the body rapidly shoot into the water, and disappear for ever, when immediately arose a beautiful fairy-like nautilus, which spreading its gossamer and rainbow-tinted sails, glided over the spot, like the spirit of the departed, wafting its way to its far-off home. The service concluded with a most impressive and eloquent address, delivered by Mr. Bell.

Messes and Messing—In my opinion, a worse system than the present of serving out and preparing the messes, could never have been devised. It was performed after the following manner, and I think, when fully explained, will clearly speak for itself. Each mess was composed of twelve persons, and it was then generally arranged that two out of the twelve filled for one week the office of captain and mate. Now their duties were to receive the rations daily from the emigrants' steward, prepare the same for meals, attend the galley, and wash up the plates, knives, forks, tables, floor, &c. At the end of the week, their place would be filled by two others, and so on, until the whole twelve had served. Now, what is the consequence? why, in the first place the food, when prepared, was often totally unfit for consumption, the bread being as heavy as lead, and the puddings, or duff, like putty; this arose from their being made by persons who had never cooked before, most of the captains being single men. Secondly, the messes were constantly quarrelling amongst themselves, and a general break-up would ensue, which usually ended by each drawing and cooking his own rations. I can safely affirm that there was *not one perfect* mess on board the "Chalmers" for a month together. There are also other things against the system, viz., that the butter, rice, sugar, treacle, pickles, &c., have to be kept in the close, confined cabins; also the tables are in a continual state of mess, morning, noon, and night.

The plan I would adopt, is simply this—Let every emigrant pay, say *5s.* extra, towards providing two or three professed cooks to serve during the voyage, then let the messes draw their rations from the steward as heretofore, and hand those requiring to be dressed to the cooks. This arrangement would secure the proper cooking of the food, also clear cabins, and put an end to mess-quarrels, and often to fights at the galley and between decks. Our provisions were generally good both in quantity and quality, if we except the beef and biscuits which were often bad.

Committees.—We had not been long at sea, before we found it necessary to form a committee to arrange classes for giving instruction to our numerous children, and also amusements for the adults. After our first meeting, we issued the following programme, which was duly carried into effect:—

Sunday.—Church Service at 11 a.m. and 6½ p.m.
Monday.—Debating Class, 6½ p.m.
Tuesday.—Singing and Music, at 6½ p.m.
Wednesday.—Church Service and Lecture, at 6½ p.m.
Thursday.—Theatrical Performance, at 6½ p.m.
Friday.—Debating Class, or Judge and Jury, at 6½ p.m.
Saturday.—Music, Dancing, and Singing, at 6½ p.m.

These committees were of the greatest importance and utility for the well-being of all on board: and to them, in a great measure, was to be attributed the healthy state of the passengers during the hot weather. The strictest rules were enforced and exacted by the sanction of the doctor, as regards cleanliness in the cabins and between decks.

Testimonial.—Upon our nearing the shores of Australia, it was proposed and warmly seconded by the respectable portion of our passengers, that a testimonial should be presented to our good captain. A committee was, therefore, appointed, and subscriptions solicited from all. From the grumblers we met with great opposition: but in spite of all we collected a goodly sum, with which we purchased, on our arrival, an Australian gold ring and shirt studs; to which was added, a piece of pure native gold in quartz. On the day of presentation, all hands being mustered on the quarter-deck, Captain Henry Smith was called and addressed in a neat and appropriate speech by Mr. Noble, one of our committee, who also read, from a written testimonial, the names of the subscribers, and then in due form presented our brave captain with the gold ring and studs. On accepting this trifling mark of our esteem, he appeared highly delighted, and expressed his thanks in few but impressive words.

Arrival.—On the 20th November we sighted, for the first time, the Australian shores, and, in the evening the light on Cape Otway; and great indeed was the excitement. Many found their way up to the tops, who had never dared to venture there before, and telescopes were in active demand. But the great feature about this time was the sales by auction, which took place in the afternoons and evenings, on deck, the auctioneer and his clerk being seated on the long-boat. This being packing-up time, boxes were turned out, and their owners selected those things they considered use-

less to them, and put them up for sale. Others sold many of their worldly goods, being short of the needful to effect a landing on arrival. By this means was got together a most extraordinary collection of articles, which rapidly exchanged hands and fetched as high prices as they would have done in any auction-room in London. On the morning of the 21st we were becalmed off Port Philip Heads; but when the breeze set in towards evening, and we were rapidly making our way to our destination, our vessel became a regular fishing-smack, lines hanging from her in every direction, having large hooks baited with white and red rags attached to them. With these we caught an immense quantity of fish, called barraconta, about three feet long, like a mackerel in colour and a jack in shape and voraciousness. They proved to be very good eating, and were no sooner out of the water than into the pan. On the morning of the 22nd we passed through the Heads, as the two capes are called which formed the entrance to Port Philip, and here took in our pilot, who underwent a regular siege as he mounted over the gangway; and a bunch of wild flowers he brought with him was seized with as much avidity as a bag of gold would have been. The latest news of this our new world was also a source of greatest interest, and the two or three newspapers brought on board were read aloud to eager groups. Sailing up the noble port, we, at twelve o'clock, amid lusty cheers, dropped anchor off William's Town, the port of Melbourne, as I believe it is considered, and thus ended our voyage of one hundred and fourteen days from Gravesend. The above is a short but faithful sketch of life on board an emigrant ship. Of life in town, country, and at the diggings, more anon.

J. G. Moon.

CANADA, AND THE CLERGY RESERVES.

Ninety-four years ago, all the regions, including the Island of Cape Breton, New Brunswick, the territories standing west and north from the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, and south, west and north, from the Great Lakes of Canada, and with broad valleys drained by the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and other magnificent rivers, down to the Gulf of Mexico, were allowed by the other states of Christendom to be under the sovereignty of France.

In 1759-60, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, fell, after the Conquest of Louisburg, and the great victory gained by Wolfe on the heights and plains of Abraham, under the dominion of the British Empire.

The progress of Canada was first slow. Its prosperity and the increase of the population of that fertile and vast region has been during the last twenty years wonderful. A great empire has grown up on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and in the territories watered by the rivers of Canada.

A Bill has recently been passed by the House of Commons which, in its political, social and religious effects, will greatly accelerate the progress, the wealth and power of the first of British possessions.

Let us briefly review the progress of the countries which once constituted the province of New France; without including New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, all important colonies.

After the surrender of Montreal and the remaining French ports to General Amherst, in September, 1760, the Canadians capitulated on terms honourable to themselves and liberal on the part of their conquerors.

It was provided that "The free exercise of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Religion, shall subsist entire, in such manner that all the States and people of the towns and countries, places and distant posts, shall continue to assemble in the churches, and to frequent the Sacraments as heretofore, without being molested in any manner, directly or indirectly.

"These people shall be obliged by the English Government to pay to the priests the tithes and all the taxes they were used to pay under the government of His Most Christian Majesty.

"The chapter, priests, curates and missionaries, shall continue with an entire liberty their exercise and functions of their cures in the parishes of the towns and countries.

"The Grand Vicars named by the Chapter to administer to the diocese during the vacancy of the Episcopal See, shall have liberty to dwell in the towns or country parishes, as they shall think proper. They shall at all times be free to visit the different parishes of the diocese, with the ordinary ceremonies, and exercise all the jurisdiction they exercised under the French dominion.

"The Communities of Nuns shall be preserved in their Constitution and privileges. They shall continue to observe their rules. They shall be exempted from lodging any military; and it shall be forbidden to trouble them in their religious exercises, or to enter their monasteries: safe-guards shall be even given them if they desire them.

"The preceding article shall likewise be executed with regard to the Communities of Jesuits and Recollets, and of the house of the priests of Saint Sulpice, at Montreal. These last, and the Jesuits, shall preserve their right to nominate to certain curacies and missions, as heretofore.

"All the communities and all the priests shall preserve their movables, the property and revenues of the Seignories, and other estates which they possess in the Colony, of what nature soever

they may be. And the same estates shall be preserved in their privileges, rights, honours and exemptions."

The foregoing stipulations were afterwards sanctioned by the King, and, in 1774, by Parliament.

The best account we have of the state of Canada at the conquest, is a report forwarded to the Board of Trade by General Murray, the first Governor. The following condensed extracts afford a curious picture of the people and their condition.

"The towns of Quebec and Montreal contain about 14,700 inhabitants. The savages, who are called Roman Catholics, being within the limits of the province, consist of 7,400 souls, so that the whole, exclusive of the King's troops, amount to 76,275 souls, of which, in the parishes, are 19 Protestant families; the rest of that persuasion (a few half-pay officers excepted) are traders, mechanics and publicans, who reside in the lower towns of Quebec and Montreal. Most of them were followers of the army, of mean education, or soldiers disbanded at the reduction of the troops. All have their fortunes to make, and, I fear, few are solicitous about the means, when the end can be attained. I report them to be, in general, the most immoral collection of men I ever knew: of course, little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion and customs; and far less adapted to enforce those laws which are to govern them. On the other hand, the Canadians, accustomed to arbitrary and a sort of military government, are a frugal, industrious and moral race of men, whom the just and mild treatment they met with from His Majesty's military officers who ruled the country for four years, until the establishment of civil government, had greatly got the better of the natural antipathy they had to their conquerors.

"They consist of a noblesse, who are numerous, and who pique themselves much upon the antiquity of their families, their own military glory, and that of their ancestors. These noblesse are Seigneurs of the whole country, and, though not rich, are in a situation, in that plentiful part of the world, where money is scarce and luxury is still unknown, to support their dignity. Their tenants, who pay only an annual quit-rent of about a dollar for 100 acres, are at their ease, and comfortable."

The Canadian noblesse were hated, because their birth and behaviour entitled them to respect; and the peasants were abhorred, because they were saved from the oppression they were threatened with. The presentment of the Grand Jury at Quebec puts the truth of these remarks beyond doubt. The improper choice and numbers of the civil offices sent out from England, increased the inquietude of the colony. Instead of men of genius and untainted morals, the very reverse were appointed to the most important offices. The judge fixed upon to conciliate the minds of 75,600 foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain, was taken from a gaol, was entirely ignorant of civil law, and of the language of the people. The Attorney-general, with regard to the language of the people, was not better qualified. *He* was afterwards succeeded by a man of great learning and abilities, Mr. Maseres, afterwards Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer. General Murray observes: "The offices of secretary of the province, registrar, clerk of the council, commissaryof stores and provisions, provost marshall, &c., were given by patent to men of interest in England, who let them out to the best bidders; and so little did they consider the capacity of their representatives, that no one of them understood the language of the natives. As no salary was annexed to those patent places, the value of them depended upon the fees, which, by my instructions, I was ordered to establish equal to those of the richest ancient colony. This heavy tax, and the rapacity of the English lawyers, were severely felt by the poor Canadians; but they patiently submitted, and though stimulated to dispute it by some of the licentious traders from New York, they cheerfully obeyed the Stamp Act, in hopes that their good behaviour would recommend them to the favour and protection of their Sovereign."

Arbitrary domination, on the part of the British Crown, occasioned the lamentable discontent and the just complaints which prevailed in the old English colonies at the time alluded to. Instead of allowing the colonists to govern themselves, as they had previously done, Parliament then determined that they should be governed by the decisions of the British Crown, and by acts of the British Parliament. The loyalty and obedience of Her Majesty's subjects in the newly-acquired Colony of Canada were then remarkable. They offered no opposition to the taxes which had been imposed upon them by the British Parliament. They submitted to the Stamp Act, in the hope that they should be treated with clemency, and that they should have extended to them the privileges which they demanded at the capitulation of Canada.

From the period of the capitulation of Canada, to the year 1774, the colonists were, however, treated with great harshness, not only by the government, but by English adventurers, who uniformly considered the French as a conquered and an inferior race, over whom they had a right to tyrannize. To remedy these defects, at a period when the old colonies revolted, the celebrated Act, called the Quebec Act, was passed in the year 1774. This Act was denounced by Lord Chatham, in consequence of its establishing what he considered an arbitrary government in that country. He said it would involve a large province in a thousand difficulties, and in the worst of despotism, and put the whole people under arbitrary power; that it was a most cruel, oppressive and odious measure, tearing up justice and every good principle by the roots; that by abolishing the trial by jury, together with the Habeas Corpus, he supposed the framers of the bill thought that mode of proceeding most satisfactory; whilst every true Englishman was ready to lay down his life, sooner than lose those two bulwarks of his personal security and property.

The merely supposing that the Canadians would

not be able to feel the good effects of law and freedom, because they had been used to arbitrary power, was an idea as ridiculous as false. He said the bill established "a despotic government in that country, to which the royal proclamation of 1763 promised the protection of the English laws." Lord Chatham also objected to the bill, on the ground that it granted an almost unlimited extent to the boundaries of Canada; for it applied to all lands in America not comprised in any previous charter. The 14th Geo. III., commonly called the Quebec Act, placed Canada in a situation entirely different from any other British Colony. It declared all former provisions made for the province null and void. In place of a legislative assembly, the administration was to be confined to the Governor, and a council appointed by the King. It was, however, in several respects, agreeable to the French Canadians, who established French laws according to the *Coutume de Paris*, by which all civil matters were to be adjudicated. In criminal matters, the laws of England were still to be in force. The French language was also to be used in the Courts. The Catholic Church was secured in all the immunities it enjoyed under the French king, with all its former revenues. The seignorial tenures were also to remain undisturbed.

The great merit, in fact, of this Act, however, was, that it, for a time, settled the religious difficulty as affecting the Roman Catholics of Canada. At that period, the number of Protestants was insignificant, not exceeding a few hundreds. But the Act provided that the King should make provision, as he should think fit, for the Protestant Clergy. The criminal law was, at the same time, instituted, with trial by jury; but, in all civil matters, causes were decided according to the laws of Canada. A Legislative Council was appointed, but without power to impose taxes. In fact, this Act placed the whole territories comprised within its unlimited boundaries under the absolute authority of the Crown; and, in fact, its only redeeming proviso was that which related to religious freedom.

For seventeen years Canada was governed under this despotic Act; yet, during the war of American Independence, the Canadians of French origin remained faithfully attached to the Crown of England. But after the peace of 1783, which acknowledged the independence of the old provinces, as the United States of America, murmurs and discontents and the hatred of races were manifested in Canada. The English adventurers increased greatly in number, and the loyalists who had left the United States to settle in Upper Canada, looked upon the French as an inferior people, over whom they had a right to domineer. Under these circumstances, it struck Mr. Pitt that he might allay these animosities by dividing Canada into two provinces; and with this view he introduced the Act 31, Geo. III., commonly called the Constitutional Act, which divided the province of Quebec into the two provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, and gave to each a separate Legislative Government, consisting of a Governor, Council and House of Assembly. The French laws and language were still to be in full force, as established by the Quebec Act, 14 Geo. III.

By this Act, a separate Legislative Constitution was granted to each province; and both were divided into twenty-one counties. The French laws and language were still retained in the counties and Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada; and while it provided that those professing the Roman Catholic religion should maintain their clergymen by payment of tithe, it also provided for the maintenance, but not by tithe, and the support of the other religious denominations, by reserving one-seventh of the land *not comprised within the seignories*. So arbitrary an attempt to seize upon so great a proportion of the lands of the province has been attended with two consequences, first, that of preventing the improvement and cultivation of the Colony; and, in the next place, that, in proportion as the lands surrounding those reservations became settled or cultivated, those uncultivated became of high value compared with the adjacent wilderness territories, where no settlements had been formed, and the land lay waste. There is no doubt that the backward state of the countries on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence and the western banks of the Ottawa, has in a great degree arisen from those impediments to their improvement, called the Clergy Reserves, and which has ever since proved the cause of pernicious discontent and complaint, misrepresentations, and administrative difficulties.

In the Session of 1823-4, Mr. (now the Hon. Mr.) Morris, brought the case of the Scotch Clergy before the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, on the 16th Dec., when the following resolution was passed:—

"That when the Kingdoms of England and Scotland were united, the subjects of both were placed on a footing of reciprocity, and were to enjoy a full communication of every right, privilege and advantage; and that neither the church of the one nor the other thereby gained any ascendancy. On the contrary, that both were established by law as National Protestant Churches within their respective kingdoms; and, consequently, the clergy of both are equally entitled to a participation in all the advantages which have resulted, or may hereafter result, from the said Union."

In the meantime the Episcopal Clergy were by no means inactive. In 1823 the late Bishop of Quebec (Dr. Mountain) and his clergy drew up a memorial to His late Majesty, George IV., of which the following are extracts:—

"That the population, now greatly increased and embracing in its bosom many denominations of Christians, still retains its prominent feature of being attached to the Church of England, the members of which, together with the Dutch and German Lutherans, who join them in communion, comprise by far the most numerous description of Christians in Canada.

"That the very little progress made by the other denominations compared with that of the Church of England, and the very recent establishment of their scanty congregations, has generally

created in the minds of the people a veneration for it as the established form of worship—a light in which it has always been presented to the inhabitants of the Province from their earliest years.

"That when new missions are established in any quarter, not only do those persons readily join who are not yet particularly attached to any denomination, but even Presbyterians and Congregationalists attend public worship with their families, so that on many occasions the whole neighbourhood becomes united to the Church.

"That there is every reason to believe that the greater proportion of all the various denominations of Protestants may be expected to conform, so as at length to include the great mass of this population.

"In fine, there manifestly appears the fairest prospect that the Church of England, from the favourable disposition that now exists towards it, will be able to *collect within its bosom the great bulk of the inhabitants of the Province*, should no prospect of supporting their clergy be held out to the various Protestant denominations."

Never did prelate write a more blundering perversion of facts. The following is an extract from the journals of the Legislative Assembly of the 22nd of December, 1826.

"That the Imperial Legislature foresaw in 1799 (Mr. Pitt stated so in a speech), the probability of circumstances in the condition of the inhabitants of this colony which might render an alteration in the law with respect to the Clergy Reservation expedient, and wisely left the Provincial Parliament at liberty to make such changes therein as the future state of society might require.

"That the construction given to the Imperial Act which appropriates the Clergy Reserves to individuals connected with the Church of England, and the determination of the clergy of that Church to withhold from all other denominations of Protestants residing within the Province, the enjoyment of any part of the benefits arising, or which may arise from the lands so set apart, call for the immediate attention of the Provincial Legislature to a subject of such vital interest to the public in general, and that such claim by the Protestant Episcopal Church is contrary to the spirit and meaning of the 31st Geo. III., and most injurious to the interests and wishes of the Province.

"That it is the opinion of a great proportion of the people of this Province, that the clergy lands, in place of being enjoyed by the *clergy of an inconsiderable part of the population*, ought to be disposed of, and the proceeds of their sale applied to increase the provincial allowance for the support of district and common Schools and the endowment of a Provincial Seminary for learning, and in aid of erecting places of public worship for all denominations of Christians."—This resolution was passed by—Yeas, 31; Nays, 2.

It was then resolved—"That the number of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Provinces bears a very small proportion to the number of Christians, notwithstanding the pecuniary aid long and exclusively received from the benevolent society in England by the members of that Church, and their pretensions to a monopoly of the Clergy Reserves." Yeas, 30; Nays, 3.

The Archdean of York (Toronto) came to England in 1826, and obtained a Royal Charter for the university of King's College, Toronto, with an endowment of 225,000 acres of land, and £1,000 a year for sixteen years. The provisions of the Charter were so sectarian and exclusive as to be reprobated and loudly denounced by the whole Province, each year, until Royal instructions were sent out in 1835, authorising the repeal of the obnoxious and exclusive clauses in the Charter, and giving an equal right to the Charter of Scotland. The Episcopal assemblies were really the cause of the rebellion of 1837-8.

In 1840, the Act (3 and 4 Vict., c. 78), set forth that the terms "Protestant Clergy" might be construed to include other ministers than those of the Church of England; and assigned to the latter about one-half the provision for religious instruction which heretofore had been regarded as exclusively her own.

After many ineffectual attempts at a compromise, it was, in 1839, decided by the whole Provincial Legislature that the Clergy Reserve Lands should be re-invested in the Crown. This proceeding was founded on the belief that a division of the property could be made by the Imperial Parliament, with more justice than amidst the factious strife of local legislation. The Imperial Act of 1840 was passed in a great degree, but by no means completely, in accordance with the Provincial Act, and declared to be for the *final settlement of the question of the Clergy Reserves, the maintenance of religion, and the diffusion of Christian knowledge within that Province.* This could not be practically effected under an act which maintained one-seventh of the whole Province for church purposes, although all Protestants, the church of Rome too, were to share the proceeds.

In 1850, the Legislative Assembly passed resolutions, on which was founded an address to Her Majesty, praying for the application of the Clergy Reserves to secular as well as religious uses. Earl Grey, when Colonial Secretary, was prevented by the change of Ministry, which took place in February, 1852, from bringing in a bill to comply with the prayer of the Legislative Assembly in Canada.

Earl Derby, at all times the evil genius of Canada, the chief cause of the Canadian rebellion, would have, we believe, if he had remained in office another year, caused another rebellion in Canada, which would only have been terminated by the separation of that country from the British Crown.

He decided that the Canadian Legislature should not have any direction, control or right over the Clergy Reserves. Fortunately for Canada and England, his administration was as brief as it was impracticable and obnoxious: especially with regard to the Colonies. A wise Prime Minister has succeeded, and Canada will still remain a great, and powerful, and loyal part of the British Empire.

Let us briefly sketch the present state of the

Clergy Reserves of Canada. Every seventh square mile of ungranted lands in the vast territories of that Colony, is embraced in the Clergy Reserves, according to the Imperial Act of 1791. The area of the counties in that part of Canada, formerly known as Lower Canada, comprises 209,290 square miles, or 133,945,600 acres.

According to the returns of the Surveyor-general, of 28th of February, 1845, it appears that the lands surveyed and comprised within the seignories amount to 9,027,880 acres, which included 57,580 acres formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and since appropriated to the purposes of education. Besides which the Jesuits had grants of above 600,000 acres in the districts of Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, while 124,800 belonged to the charitable nunneries.

The Crown and Clergy Reserves surveyed in the townships, amounted to 8,745,889 acres. One half of this appertains to the Clergy Reserves; of the other half a great portion has been disposed of by the Crown. 3,907,000 acres had been surveyed but not granted, and 107,856,000 remained unsurveyed.

The population of Lower Canada, in 1851, amounted to 890,000, of which 665,528 were Canadians of French origin, being about eleven times the number of inhabitants at the conquest of 1759-60.

The dioceses of the Church of England in Canada are three in number, with 242 clergymen, and the number of the population who frequent their churches is computed at 268,592. The dioceses of the Church of Rome are seven in number, with 543 clergymen, and a population professing the Roman Catholic religion of 914,561. The clergy of all other denominations amount to 725, and their congregations to 661,112.

Of the monies derived from the Clergy Reserves, £10,394 5s. were appropriated in Upper Canada; and £1,786 in Lower Canada, to the Church of England; or, in all, £12,181. To the Church of Scotland in Upper Canada, £5,816 17s., and in Lower Canada, £893. Besides which, £464 was given to the United Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Upper Canada, and £639 to the Wesleyan Methodists; and to the Roman Catholics in Upper Canada, £1,369.

In Lower Canada the Roman Catholic clergy are provided for in accordance with the articles of capitulation and the constitutional Act of 1791.

The members of the Established Church of Scotland in Canada, amounted to 61,589, of the Free Presbyterian Church to 66,074, other Presbyterians to 110,020, or a total of 237,683 Presbyterians of the Scotch Church.

The Wesleyans and other Methodists amounted to 228,839; Baptists to 49,846; Lutherans, Congregationalists and other Protestants, to 73,500; Jews, 7,400; and about 75,000 whose creeds are not given; the whole population of both Canadas being 1,842,265, in 1850-1, and the immigration and natural increase since, at least, 160,000, being rather more than 2,000,000, or equal to that of the British American provinces when they declared their independence. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland contain, altogether, about 500,000 inhabitants.

The population of the British North American Colonies, unlike the inhabitants of the old countries of continental Europe, are an enterprising and an intelligent people. The inhabitants of Canada have become rich and powerful, have constructed splendid cities and great public works. They know their power. Trust them and they will have confidence in you.

All our colonial difficulties, all the evils that have distracted her Majesty's subjects in those Colonies, have been caused altogether by the undue and unnecessary interference of the mother country, in matters of local colonial government.

The local authorities of Canada are best acquainted with the wants of the country. All that the Imperial Government should require from the Colonists is allegiance to the Queen. It is not for us to pass laws to control their local affairs. What has caused the power and prosperity of the old Colonies, now the United Independent States of America? Why, that, until our unconstitutional interference and injustice, from 1763 to 1773, they had had the management of their own local affairs, and that they carried into those countries a knowledge of administrative and free government. How true and prophetic were the expressions of Lord Chatham, when in 1774 he stated, "Had the British Colonies been planted by any other kingdom than our own, the inhabitants would have carried with them the chains of slavery, and spirit of despotism; but as they are, they ought to be remembered as great instances to instruct the world what great exertions mankind will naturally make when left to the free exercise of their own powers." Afterward, this great statesman observed, "I am an old man, and would advise the noble lords in office to adopt a more generous mode of governing America; for the day is not far distant when America may vie with these kingdoms, not only in arms, but in arts also. It is an established fact that the principal towns in America are learned and polite, and understand the constitution of the Empire, as well as the noble lords who are now in office; and, consequently, they will have a watchful eye over their liberties, to prevent the least encroachment on their hereditary rights. His Majesty's American subjects who acknowledge themselves bound by the ties of allegiance have an equitable claim to the full enjoyment of the fundamental rules of the English constitution; and it is an essential and unalterable right in nature, engrafted into the British Constitution, as a fundamental law, and ever held sacred and irrevocable by the subjects within this realm—that what a man has honestly acquired, is absolutely his own; which he may freely give, but which cannot be taken from him without his consent. This, my lords, though no new doctrine, has always been my received and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it to my grave, that this country had no right under heaven to tax America."

Now, Canada is quite as powerful at the pre-

sent time, and more defensible than the thirteen old British colonies were when Lord Chatham delivered those sage observations; and any attempt of the British executive and parliament to govern that Province, without the consent of the Canadians, will be found impossible—futile.

We have, given them, by the Act of 1840, self-responsible government. It was a great healing measure. The Bill passed by the House of Commons, respecting the Clergy Reserves in the Canadian Legislature, will perfect and perpetuate the cure. Rejecting that Bill would bring on another Iliad of American woes.

Let us leave the inhabitants of the British Colonies to manage their own affairs, and they will not consider their allegiance to England either burdensome or disagreeable. They will continue bound to you by affection. They have no desire to become united with the Great American Republic; and should the time come when they will resolve to become one or more independent governments, let the separation of their union with us be in peace, love, and wisdom. Though under different governments, let all the Anglo-Americans be one great nation.

M

POEMS, BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

It is not in literature as in politics, where "the wise and prudent" ones hasten to hail the rising sun, and are glad when the knell of the old sovereign is rung out, so that they may welcome with decent joy the hopeful successor to his throne. Rather, on the contrary, Mr. Critic is so busy paying court to the reigning dynasty, that he cannot believe in the birth of another heir of glory until all the bells are ringing and the jubilant multitude waken him up from his loyal reverie, and startle him into a vain endeavour to disprove the stranger's pedigree and disavow his lofty claims. Mr. Pharisee-Critic! there is a woe also against thee—what an ancient friend of ours used to call "a good Old Testament curse," grim and pitiless, though it happens to be in this case not in the Old but the New Book. Thou art given to garnishing the sepulchres of the prophets, or at the most thou bowest down to none but acknowledged and accredited idols, "running after a multitude to do evil," or good as it may happen; but with "no eye to see, or ear to hear, or heart to understand" the right man when he comes without flourish of trumpets, in his own native simplicity, as God made him and endowed him. By such as thee, Alexander Smith may be overlooked and despised and evil spoken of—is, I dare say, at this moment poohed and pshawed and doomed to the portmanteau, with some few "odorous comparisons" and sententious advices; whereat, poor fellow! he may even now be writhing and making lamentable grimaces somewhere among the shady retreats of the "Guse Dubs" or the Molindinar-Burn. Nevertheless, Mr. Critic, and albeit there may be a grain or two of truth in what you say, still let me tell you it is better to come like a gentle gossip, and look kindly on the prophet's cradle, than to garnish the sepulchre you may have helped to hew for him.

Alexander Smith! do they call thee Alick or Sandy when thou art at home? they will twit thee, perhaps, with thy name. Who ever heard that a prophet was born in Nazareth? who ever heard of a poet among the Smith family? Never mind them, man; stick to it, as you have begun with it, bravely; and eschew y's in the middle and e's at the end, as thou wouldst shun piracy and plagiarism; and as thou shouldst have despised those mocking-bird mimicries which thou hast unhappily tried already, forgetting thou hast a true song of thine own to sing among starry nights and flowers and leafy trees. But let that pass for the present. That same patronymic will not introduce you into "good society;" but we see no reason why, in this age of pig-iron, the old race of Tubal Cain should not begin once more to handle the harp and the organ. Sparks from the anvil were always to us a cheery sight, as we gathered about the smithy door, or under the broad sycamore watched the swart sinewy Vulcan fabricating horse-shoes and hobnails, and giving forth wisdom in his own pithy way, as if he would knock it into our juvenile head with the hammer. And for thee, Alexander Smith, albeit I find not here in this book the fine contrast of glare and gloom in that old village smithy, which is still a wonder and a mystery haunting memory like a dream—and albeit thou hast not the old smith's hearty, deep-throated laugh so full of a genial, frank and manly nature—yet thou hast at least the sparks flowing thick and fast and bright in a ceaseless stream of native poetic fervour, which, if thou look well to it, shall do thee better service than merely to emit scintillations soon to be extinguished and forgotten, when the hand that called them forth is growing weak and cold.

Such, indeed, is this volume of poems. It is a rich, luscious, abundant blossom; but we have yet to wait for the fruits of which it holds out a good hope. It is a large promise to pay, and we are ready to accept the bill, believing that there are effects to realize the whole sum of our expectations. It is a bright morning spangled with countless dew-drops, and ringing with many song-birds, and we hope it will go on "shining more and more unto the perfect day." More than this it is not; and it is devoutly to be desired that Mr. Smith should himself learn and believe this; for otherwise he will surely disappoint his best friends,

* London: David Bogue, 86, Fleet-street. 1853.

and shooting fast heavenward, like a rocket, will yet get no place among the stars. There will need, we assure him, long toil, calm thought, and much practice both in the outer and inner harmonics, ere he accomplish the destiny that lies, we think, before him. Let him not be offended because we speak the truth. Were it our object to find fault, we could pick more holes in his Life-Drama than we could in ninety-and-nine out of every hundred stale and spiritless inanities that the midwives of "the Row" transfer to the undertakers of Grub Street.

Mr. Smith has started on a noble race, and he has points of unmistakable power and speed in him, though he wants something of symmetry and much training; and we speak all the more frankly because, from his own idea of the poet's function and character, he cannot but feel that he has yet much to learn and to unlearn, to do and to leave undone.

> My friend, a poet must ere long arise,
> And with a regal song sun-crown this age,
> As a saint's head is with a halo crowned;
> One who shall hallow poetry to God
> And to its own high use, for poetry is
> The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride:
> One who shall fervent grasp the sword of song
> As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,
> To find the quickest passage to the heart.
> A mighty poet, whom this age shall choose
> To be its spokesman to all coming times.
> In the ripe, full-blown season of his soul,
> He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,
> And grapple with the questions of all times
> And wring from them their meanings.

So writes Alexander Smith truly, and manfully, about the poet; but he himself will admit that this book was scarcely composed "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying," as above hath been well said already. Let him, however, bear these words in his heart; let this picture be graven in his memory; and let him sit down to his rude block, not falling down to worship the unshapen idol, but determined doggedly to chisel out the reality of this fine ideal; and in due time we hope to see him sitting high in the grand Valhalla which he is now earnestly panting to enter. Verily, Alexander Smith, thou hast limned the poet's outline greatly to our mind: a many-sided man is he, with thoughts that wander abroad over all the universe of God, and large-souled sympathies with all the brotherhood of men. Haunting the trees, and the streams, and the fountains, the brown and silent hills, the mystery-sounding shore that labours in strange inarticulate fashion to utter something which we feel to be unutterable—the poet gathers everywhere forms of beauty and spiritual harmonies, as he clasps, child-like, the fair bosom of mother Nature, drinking from her full breast and listening to her loving voice. Ranging, too, among the varied scenes of life, sitting by its firesides and watching the cheery blink of the quiet hearth as it flickers on the weary face of toil, or the matron's patient thoughtfulness, the poet seeks to transfuse himself into all other beings, and to taste the sweet and bitter of every manner of existence,—to live in other men, in other times, in all this glorious and beautiful creation, so that his heart-beat, whether calm or fevered, shall be less a thing of his own breast, and more like the general pulse in the bosom of our human nature, or as our author himself says:—

> Like God I would pervade humanity,
> From bridegroom dreaming on his marriage morn,
> To a wild wretch tied on the farthest bough
> Of oak that roars on edge of an abyss,
> The while the desperate wind with all its strength
> Strains the whole night to drive it down the gulf.
>
> I'd creep into the lost and ruin'd hearts
> Of sinful women dying in the streets.

And in short the true poet seeks to identify himself with all mankind, to visit the secret "chambers of imagery," and know what is going on in the depths of every soul, believing that everywhere he will find a point of contact, and something to be loved. Above all, whithersoever he goes or whatsoever he is doing, whether gathering pale cowslips in the springwoods, or listening to monotonous runnels bubbling among their pebbles, or whispering to the water-lilies, or whether he be giving utterance to the sorrows, and struggles, and pains, and joys, of an age that is labouring with great thoughts or striving after high achievements; in any case, and even in his most playful mood, there is a depth and solemnity in him becoming a man who feels that he is moving among the pillared stateliness, and sculptured grandeur, and lofty harmonies of a temple which God has reared for his own glorious worship, and in which the poet hath a place as one of the anointed high-priests and inspired oracles of the faith. So they judged rightly of old time, when the *Vates* was deemed a true prophet, and not merely a verse-maker, given to chiming syllables in a school-girl's album. Thus the old heathen poems of Greece caught more nobility, and grandeur, and loveliness from Zeus and Aphrodite, than ours have done from the living God himself. Nay, the Roman Jupiter Tonans did more for Virgilian mimicries, to make them great, than ever the Messiah and His mysteries have done for our English poetic literature; for, bating some few street-singing hymnsters, organ-grinding in a London fog at the maddest pitch of a cracked counter-tenor, who have howled certain polemical ballads more or less blasphemous, truly we have little or nothing to show that our poets have yet escaped from Egyptian bondage, and thick darkness, and leeks, and onions, and garlic. Of this sad lack Alexander Smith has spoken truly, when he makes demand for one who shall "hallow poetry to God;" but his "Life-Drama" has verily done nothing to fill up the chasm—has not so much as flung a stone into the abyss, to shew how deep and how hollow it is.

Still, with all the unartistic clumsiness of this unripe poem, there is one thing having some likeness of a divine truth in it. Too much there is of the spasmodic and hysterical, struggling uneasily where the ripe poet would be calm; too much there is also as if he thought that the proper

function of the *Vates* was "to draw images from every thing"; for

> Images lie thick upon his talk
> As shells on ocean sands;

a great mistake, surely, for you might as well say that "a man's chief end" was to make clothes, these images being chiefly of use as garments for his thoughts, and otherwise not better than robes upon a clothes-horse. But still the leading idea of this Life-Drama, shadows forth to us, though dimly, the transition of an earnest human soul from the cold, icy winter of human vanity that craves for idle fame, to the warmth of that genial spring-tide which love quickens in the heart, and wreaths with perennial blossoms; and so far, we hold that this is a veritable contribution to the literature of our day; the distinct utterance of a truth which it was high time for any one who had heard it "in the closet," to proclaim to the world "from the house-tops." While we are ready to admit, then, that Mr. Alexander Smith has dug from his intellectual Mount Alexander a good deal of precious metal for increase of our general circulation in the shape of very poetical similies and metaphors, as when he speaks of his life, saying that it is

> Bare, bald, and tawdry as a fingered moth;

or talks of

> Giving men glimpses so divine
> As when, upon a racking night, the wind
> Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,
> And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
> Throbbing with stars like pulses;

or when he says it were

> Better for man,
> Were he and nature more familiar friends!
> His part is worst that touches this base world.
> Altho' the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
> Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
> Is gross with sand;

still, upon the whole, this book exhibits less of poetic thought than of poetic sensibility; little "grappling with the questions of all times," though much of a keen insight into those symbols and affinities which link the world of thought with the world of matter, and which form the rich colouring of poetic language, rather than the fabric and texture of its ideas. And even in this respect we could find it in our hearts to quarrel with Mr. Smith for his too frequent habit of toying with a conceit, and his readiness to go out of the way in order to cull a chance flower and stick it in his button-hole. We could also tell him some certain things that might help him to distinguish between a true interpretation of nature and the forced and fanciful way in which he has dealt with the volume of its book; like many another preacher, wresting the letter quite away from the spirit. And truly there are many things we should like to say, and would say, if we could only have a forenoon's saunter with him, some bright sunny day, along the Trongate, or the Sauchie-hall-road; or, better far, if we could just have a moonlight stroll together where the brown gloom of the old hills lies mirrored in great shadowy masses on the quiet bosom of Loch Lomond; and, in fact, the next time we visit the precincts of St. Mungo's, the old city of the fish and the castle, where we believe our poet wons at this day, our purpose is to see the Laigh Kirk, the Saut Market, and Mr. Alexander Smith, and then and there to tell him, in the spirit of brotherly love, that he has used the sea and the stars like the minister's pair of horses, which to-day are ploughing the glebe and to-morrow are drawing his wife in an open phæton to the Laird's—that he has, in his tenth midnight-scene on London-bridge, sacrificed grossly to a sentimental Moloch, making his hero pass through unhallowed fires in most unnatural fashion and with most gratuitous pain; and, in fine, that he has, in various ways, occasioned such an overflow of our critical bile, that, but for a very wholesome and happy constitution, in the main, we should have been in as acrid and bitter a state as if we had supped last night on Welsh-rabbit, and been hag-ridden by the ghost of a Gloster-cheese. But though it is our full purpose to be sharp with Mr. Smith, and though we have a "crow to pluck with him," we would, for the present, "gently scan our brother man," and rather make welcome recognition of the light and heat of this sun, than take a curious survey of the spots by which it is tarnished.

Indeed we are not sure that we have not already catalogued the blemishes too much at large. Perhaps we have; but if so, it has been in no unkindly spirit, but simply with the purpose of couching the poet's cataract, that his vision hereafter may become more clear. If we have spit upon the ground, it was solely to anoint his eyes. It is far from our object to touch the sensitive spirit on the quick and tender part, or to pour oil of vitriol on his sores. On the contrary, though we can plainly discern that the writer of the Life-Drama has not yet shaken off the chrysalis, and is only struggling to get his wings free, that he may bask in the sunshine and flutter among the flowers; yet, from a careful and indeed curious survey of that part of him which has yet been developed, we argue decidedly that he is no death-moth, who will singe his wings at the candle flame, but rather an emperor butterfly, a joyous creature of the day and the sunshine, whom we hope to see some day fluttering around the path of life, and gladdening the hearts of men. That he will yet shake off the extreme sensuousness of his present character, and leave his Anthony and Cleopatra notions, like other Egyptian ruins, to be buried in the desert-drift and oblivion, we for our parts have no doubt at all; and unless we have greatly mistaken the springs of native power that are in him, he will leave many other things also behind, and press on towards the perfect man, striving, in a calm toiling silence for a space, to be a meet organ, at last, for the utterance of the many-voiced harmonies of this many-sided age. That he has a fine eye in his head, a painter's eye rejoicing in God's fair handiwork, who can doubt who reads these lines?—

> 'Mong the green lanes of Kent—green sunny lanes—
> Where troops of children shout, and laugh, and play,

And gather daisies, stood an antique home,
Within its orchard rich with ruddy fruits;
For the full year was laughing in its prime.
Wealth of all flowers grew in that garden green,
And the old porch with its great oaken door
Was smothered in rose bloom, while o'er the walls
The honey-suckle clung deliciously.
Before the door there lay a plot of grass
Snowed o'er with daisies—flower of all beloved,
And famousest in song; and in the midst
A carved fountain stood, dried up and broken,
On which a peacock perched and sunned itself;
Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,
Squatted upon the sward.
A row of poplars darkly rose behind,
Around whose tops, and the old fashioned vanes,
White pigeons fluttered, and o'er all was bent
The mighty sky, with sailing sunny clouds.

That is a picture not perhaps of the highest kind, not beheld with the Turner "eye of faith which seeth things that are invisible" to grosser sense; but yet full, clear and true, just such a Kentish grange, "smothered among rose-buds," as we have often seen with mingled love and envy, while drowsing a rare holiday among the hawthorn-scented lanes, or while the white cones of the chesnut-bloom were still sweetening the June air. But, why is it that our Glasgow poet has not taken us "doon the water," among the lochs and firths, and glorious island glimpses of his own lovely land? We should have expected Bute and Arran and Lomond, and the splendid day-dream which opens on the Clyde voyager, as he steams in sight of Dumbarton on a summer afternoon, to figure with more prominence on these picturesque pages. That would have been more edifying by far than the idle laudation of whiskey, "yellowed with peat-reek and mellowed with age," and drunk in a "mountain shieling," among "dark purple moors," by the "grey boulders of Rannoch," or the misty scarf of Ben-More;" of all which we are ready to avow that, greatly to the credit of the writer, he has caught no inspiration from his subject, exhilarating though it be. But, if there is any thing in which our author excels, it is in the description, direct or incidental, of dewy nights and starry heavens. There he is quite at home, though we dare say, his mother, or his landlady, may entertain a different opinion on this head, when the gentle poet knocks timidly at untimely hours, and stands on the door step, watching Orion among the chimney-pots. With the sea, also, he plays familiarly, as one that has gathered shells on the grey beach, and pulled the tangles from the rough-backed "skerry," and who is, probably, all the more fond of Father Neptune, from having mainly watched him in the moonlight evenings,

Toying with the shore his wedded bride,
When in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her;

for he has always a kindlier word for the hoary old rogue than ever any one could yet spare, who knows what it is to be dandled on his bosom at the mouth of the Solway, or about the Kyles of Bute. No, no, Mr. Smith; don't tell us about the bridegroom sea, toying in this playful and happy way; for a more deceitful sleeping-companion there never was, and when he comes to that kissing work you speak about, it is the roughest and most boorish attack ever made on maiden's lips, to say nothing of the salt, or the blue-beard character of the grim old wooer. You really must give over this way. It has not verisimilitude. It is like the notion of a girl at a watering-place, before she makes her first trip in a pleasure-yacht; and if you would be a wise interpreter of the ocean shells and surges, you must take a walk with old Homer, by the many-murmuring sea, or feel as Tennyson, when he wrote the

Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my voice could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

But we must have done, our space, though not our matter, being exhausted. We would, therefore, briefly recommend Mr. Smith to remember his own words—

Strive for the Poet's crown; but ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits.

Be in no hurry to be famous; you must first of all be great. Sit down humbly on the footstool at the knees of the great parent, and listen reverentially to what mother Nature has to sing or say—to the old ballad lore that is chiming in her memory, to the sage counsel that she mingles with her talk, to the histories and the mysteries which she will by and by reveal to thee, if thou shew thyself a good listener, and able to receive her dark sayings. If so, we shall expect to meet thee again, and would now bid thee adieu in words thou knowest well.

A star is trembling on the horizon's verge.
That star shall grow and broaden on the night,
Until it hangs divine and beautiful
In the proud zenith.
May *you* so broaden on the skies of fame.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The proceedings which have taken place in Parliament, since it re-assembled on the 4th of last month, have possessed more than usual interest. Of the subjects which have been under consideration, the most important have been the proposals of the Government relative to education and the finances. As regards the former, the expectations of the public were not very high; and the intentions of the Ministry, as announced by Lord John Russell, if they do not fall short of these anticipations, certainly do not surpass them. The principal features of the scheme (if such it may be called), are the provisions relative to education in towns, and to charitable endowments. Municipal councils are to be enabled, by a majority of two-thirds, to levy a rate in aid of education—the proceeds to be distributed, according to a fixed and uniform proportion, among schools already existing and approved by the Educational Committee of the Privy Council. The charitable endowments, which now produce an annual revenue of about £312,000, are to be rescued from mismanagement and inefficiency, and turned to better account for educational purposes, under the supervision of a Committee of the Council. Special allowances are to be made to schools in places which possess no municipal organization. The amount annually voted for education is to be increased by £100,000. The Universities are for the present left undisturbed, but with an express warning that the interference of the Government can only be averted by timely self-reformation.

These proposals, satisfactory as far as they go, are, of course, liable to the objection that they fail to supply the great want, now acknowledged and deplored by all parties, of a method by which instruction may be made to reach the children of the most necessitous and ignorant classes. The assistance rendered from the public funds is to be afforded only to those parents who are already able and willing to give some sort of education to their children. The proper answer to this objection is, that the blame of the shortcoming rests, not with the actual Administration, but with the present frame of the Government. Under a restricted franchise, the beneficial action of the State, either for educational or for any other purpose, is limited, by a kind of political necessity, to what may be termed the electoral classes of the community. The establishment of a really national system of education, is one of the results which may be expected to follow a large extension of the suffrage.

If the Government proposals with regard to education rather disappointed public expectation, the Budget has greatly exceeded it. This statesman-like and comprehensive scheme, ably and clearly developed by Mr. Gladstone, in his speech of the 18th of last month, has been received with more general approbation than usually rewards the efforts of our ministers of finance. This approval of the scheme as a whole, however, does not apply to certain details, some of which, it is to be hoped, will be amended before they pass into law. The Revenue of the financial year 1853-54, is estimated at £52,990,000; the expenditure at £52,183,000; leaving a surplus of about £800,000. This surplus it is proposed to increase by some additions to the existing taxes. One of these is the temporary extension of the income tax, at the reduced rate of 5d. in the pound, to incomes between £100 and £150, and to Ireland. The legacy duty is to be extended to all successions, real property being no longer exempted. There is to be an addition of 1s. a gallon to the duty on spirits in Scotland, and of 8d. in Ireland; and an increase is to be made in the higher grade of licences to brewers, and to dealers in tea and coffee, tobacco and soap. The total receipts from these increased taxes are expected to amount, in the year 1853-4, to £1,344,000, and in future years to a considerably larger sum. The means which the Chancellor of the Exchequer thus obtains are to be applied to the remission or reduction of some of the most objectionable of the existing imposts. The duty on soap, which now produces £1,126,000, is to be abolished altogether. The tea-duty is to be diminished, by gradual reductions, from its present amount of 2*s.* 2¼*d.* per lb., to 1*s.* per lb., in 1856. The customs' duties on twelve other articles of food, including butter, cheese, eggs, raisins and cocoa, are to be considerably lowered. There are, besides, 133 more articles, the duties on which are to be reduced, and 123 which are to be set free from duty altogether. The stamp-duty on life assurance is to be diminished from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*d.* per £100; on receipts, to 1*d.* for all amounts; on indentures of apprenticeship, where no consideration is given, to 2*s.* 6*d.*; on attorney's annual certificates, to £9 in the metropolis, and £6 in the country—and on articles of clerkship from £120 to £80. The duty on advertisements is to be reduced from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 6*d.*; and newspaper supplements, containing only advertisements, are not to be liable to the stamp duty. The duty on hackney carriages is to be reduced from 1*s.* 5*d.* to 1*s.* a day. In the assessed taxes large remissions are to be made. The duties on men-servants, and on carriages, horses and dogs, are to be considerably lowered in most cases, and in others to be simplified and equalized. The conditions of the redemption of the land-tax are to be made more favourable. By all these remissions, under the different heads of excise, customs, stamps and assessed taxes, there will be a reduction of taxation for the present year of £2,568,000, and a loss incurred by the revenue, after allowing for the additional receipts from increased consumption, of £1,656,000. The surplus of revenue remaining after these remissions will be £493,000. When all the proposed reductions, including that of tea

duty, shall have taken effect, the entire remission of taxation, under this scheme, will be not less than £5,384,000. The resources which are expected to be available for the repeal of the income-tax in 1860 (after successive reductions, in 1855 and 1857), to 6*d*. and 5*d*. in the pound, are to be derived partly from the legacy duty and the other new taxes, partly from the diminished charge of the national debt, and partly from the falling in of the long annuities, which alone will in that year effect a relief of £2,146,000.

Such is an outline of the Government plan, which in its extent, not less than in the mingled boldness and prudence of its various provisions, reminds one of Sir Robert Peel's memorable budgets. The chief merit of the scheme is that it carries out the system which that great statesman was the first, not indeed to originate, but to bring into practical operation on a large scale. On the other hand, the defects of the plan are obvious enough; not the least among them being the retention of the income tax in its unreformed state, though its inequalities are now admitted. However fair the intentions of the Ministry may be, few persons will be sanguine enough to expect that the Government of 1860 will be able to dispense with the amount of revenue afforded by this tax. The advocates of a re-adjustment of this impost may, however, be content to endure its inequalities a few years longer, in the hope that, by the year 1860, public opinion will have become sufficiently enlightened to enable the Government of that day to convert an unfair and vexatious income-tax into an equitable property-tax.

Of minor objections, one of the most reasonable is that which relates to the manner in which the duty on advertisements is to be dealt with. The tax of sixpence, which is to be retained, will be quite sufficient to prevent the cheapening of advertisements, by preserving the partial monopoly which is at present enjoyed by a few of the principal journals. The remission of the duty on supplements, a measure unobjectionable in itself, will only serve, under the circumstances, to develop and confirm this monopoly. The tax should be abolished altogether; its reduction, as now proposed, will produce few of those benefits which may reasonably be expected to accrue from its entire remission.

The intended reforms, subsequently announced by Mr. Wilson, in the methods of levying the customs' duties, constitute the proper complement of the financial reforms proposed in the budget, and will relieve the commerce of the country from many needless and injurious restrictions.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The increasing interest felt in the question of the future government of India has been considerably strengthened by the intelligence that two of the judges of the highest court of Bombay have been summarily removed from the bench, by the mere fiat of the Governor, without process of trial, and for alleged grounds which the public in India consider not to be the real causes of their dismissal. Whatever the truth of the matter may be, it is clear that, under the present system, no security for the good administration of justice can exist in India. It may, however, be questioned whether any arrangements which can be devised will afford this security, until the natives of India, or, at least, the more civilised portion of them, shall be admitted to some share in the government of their country. In a petition, signed by between six and seven thousand educated natives of Bengal, and presented to the House of Lords by the Earl of Harrowby, some suggestions are made on this point, which deserve attention. The petitioners propose that the legislative power shall be vested in a council of seventeen persons, of whom five shall be Europeans, and twelve, natives—three from each presidency. The twelve native members, they suggest, should be at first selected by the Governor-General, but with the understanding that at some future day this method of appointment is to give place to a system of popular election. Of course, Lord Ellenborough, whose opinions with regard to Indian government appear to be formed on the old maxim of paternal despotism, "Everything for the people, nothing by the people," objected strongly to these suggestions; but, some of his noble colleagues took different views on the subject; and the sagacious manufacturers and merchants of Manchester, at their recent public meeting, have sufficiently indicated their own opinions, that industry, prosperity, and contentment in India, can only spring from the self-reliant energy and intelligence, which will be developed by education and free institutions.

From an allusion in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget speech, it may be inferred that the Colonial Minister, in accordance with his well-known principles, has determined to empower the colonists of Jamaica to exercise a more complete control over their public expenditure. How systematically they are thwarted at present in this respect appears from the following intelligence from that island, which we copy from the *Times* of April 4. It must be borne in mind that the Jamaica "Council," or Upper House, is a nominated body, appointed by the Home Government, and not responsible to the Colonists:—

A bill to reduce the expenditure of the colony by £62,500, had passed the Assembly. It was fully expected that the bill would be rejected by the Council. Indeed, it was whispered in political circles, that only one member of the Council would vote in favour of it. In the event of the bill being rejected, it was supposed that the popular branch would pass a resolution refusing to raise any supplies. This would be followed by a short prorogation. On re-assembling, the same resolution, or one similar to it, would be, probably, passed. This would leave the Governor no alternative but to dissolve the Assembly, and appeal to the constituency. Should this be done, it is pretty certain that the new House will be imbued with retrenchment principles, to at least as great an extent as its predecessor.

Such is the mode in which the Government of Jamaica has hitherto been conducted. In this country, when the House of Lords opposes itself, on any important question, to the fixed determination of the people, a continued "pressure from

without" will, in time, compel it to give way; but in Jamaica, the Council, backed by the overwhelming power of the Home Government, can always resist effectually any amount of pressure. If "responsible government" shall now be established in that colony, with such an elective franchise as will enable the labouring classes to protect themselves against oppressive legislation, we shall soon cease to hear of discontent and distress in Jamaica.

FOREIGN.

The political stagnation of the Continent has only been disturbed, of late, by two changes of ministry, remarkable rather for the causes which led to them, than for their intrinsic importance. In Spain, the unpopular Ministers who have in vain endeavoured to carry out the reactionary intentions of the Court, and to reduce the Legislature to a condition similar to that of the French Empire, have been, at length, compelled to resign, and have been succeeded by a ministry of professedly moderate and conciliatory views. The event is only of importance as an evidence that even in Spain, as in other countries of Western Europe, the cause of constitutional government has not been weakened by the temporary defection of France.

In Holland, a "Papal aggression," closely resembling that which disturbed this country three years ago; in other words, the appointment of a Roman Catholic Archbishop and four suffragan Bishops, has produced a popular excitement, which has driven from power the Ministers who acquiesced in this proceeding of the Roman See. In our country, the statesmen who, three years ago, opposed the current of popular indignation, now hold the highest places in the Administration. It remains to be seen, whether the Dutch Protestants will be equally ready to forgive the Ministers whom they have now expelled from office, for the offence of religious toleration.

LITERATURE.

Cobden and his Pamphlet considered; in a Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq. M.P. By Alfred B. Richards, Esq. Second Edition. London: Bailey Brothers, Royal Exchange Buildings. 1853.

Mr. Richards has wrought himself up to a state of perfect delirium, and bidden adieu to common courtesy and decency, and, what is worse for him, to common sense as well—and all along of Richard Cobden and his pamphlet. On this subject he is insane, perfectly mad with sheer hatred, which, far from endeavouring to conceal, he boasts and parades upon all occasions. His avowed hatred is only equalled by his pomposity and pedantry. Stupidly imagining that because Mr. Cobden does not garnish his paragraphs with fag ends of Greek and scraps of Latin, he must be wanting in education, Mr. Richards takes care to show himself a man of erudition by dragging in classical quotations where they have no business, and actually pens an elaborate note to prove to the world that he knows almost as much of prosody as a boy on the lowest form at Harrow is expected to know at twelve years of age. With all his scholarship, however, he writes in an abominably stilted and inflated style—a style as remote in vigour and effect from the plain Saxon of Cobden as mere windy verbiage can well be. We do not share the whole of Mr. Cobden's opinions on the question of war and the probabilities of invasion, as our readers well know, but we would much rather endorse them *in toto* than subscribe to the rabid rant of these pages, or countenance the ungentlemanly and savage discourtesy which seems to be the chief characteristic of their author. In page 111 he gives us the old saw "*Didicisse fideliter artes,*" &c.: if there be any truth in it, Mr. Richards *ought* to be as ignorant as a blind horse. We have some faith in the adage ourselves, and are, therefore, strongly inclined to suspect that this erudite seeming is assumed for the nonce. It is possible that his furious wrath is also got up for a temporary purpose; so much the better for him if it be.

Australia Visited and Revisited. A Narrative of recent Travels and old Experiences in Victoria and New South Wales. By Samuel Mossman, and Thomas Banister. London: Addey and Co., 21, Old Bond-street. 1853.

The authors of this volume are practical men who write for a practical purpose: their object is to lay before the public a work which, while it affords to the emigrant all the information he requires, shall put the stay-at-home reader in possession of such interesting facts as most persons at the present crisis are desirous of knowing. Afraid of imparting a wrong impression of the countries they have visited, and thus occasioning mischief, they limit their narrative almost entirely to the facts of their own experience, rarely recurring to any other source. Fortunately for the reader, this experience is pretty extensive, and the narrative will be found to comprise every subject in connection with the progress of our South Australian colonies, with which he would desire to be acquainted. The relation commences with a log of the voyage out, which those about to emigrate will be glad to learn is one of the least dangerous, notwithstanding its length, that can be undertaken. The travellers arrive at Melbourne within a few weeks after the discovery of the gold diggings; they describe the excitement of

the time—the doings of the diggers—and the rush of all classes to the gold-fields; and they visit them all in succession, reporting without enthusiasm or prejudice the actual state of affairs on the spot. They journey into the interior, visiting the squatters and the sheep-farmers, and paint many striking and life-like pictures of life in the bush and the wilderness. The following sketch of a Squatter's homestead may serve as a fair sample of the style and contents of the volume:—

As we approached the homestead, we heard the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and the homely bark of the dogs, which thrilled with a pleasing sensation through our wearied frame, while our good horse pricked up his ears and sniffed the air, as if he was sure there was a feed of corn at hand. Emerging from the forest, we came suddenly upon the head-station, with its house and out-offices built upon a small hill, at the foot of which was a running stream about ten yards wide; this stream we forded, over a pebbly bed, with the horse up to his knees in water. A general whoop from all the live creation about announced our approach. Among barking dogs, crowing fowls, cackling geese, lowing cattle and neighing horses, we made our way up to the house, where we found the proprietor standing at his open door, who cordially invited us to dismount and step in, after perusing a note of introduction which we presented to him from his agents in Melbourne.

Apologising for the absence of his ostler, who had gone to the diggings, he led the way to a roughly-built but comfortable stable in the rear of the premises, where, between us, we managed to put up our tired horse snugly for the night. After this he shewed us to the strangers' bed-rooms, of which there were half-a-dozen in the house, and left us to indulge in refreshing ablutions, which, under the circumstances, was the most agreeable thing we could have. When we had finished, we were shewn into a comfortably furnished parlour, where we were introduced to our host's wife, a lady-like personage, and his family, consisting of four boys and two interesting girls, all in their teens. Besides these, there were two gentlemen from a neighbouring station, who had come a distance of ten miles to drink tea with them. Altogether, a more homely, pleasant-looking family party you would not find in the oldest farm-house in England; and nowhere but in a gentleman-farmer's homestead would you find the same elegances and comforts with which the room was furnished. Sofa, table, chairs, carpet, pianoforte, curtains decorating a French window opening upon a verandah—every thing had the semblance of wealth and taste, which you might expect in the cities, but certainly not in the bush of Australia. Our host, although more than twelve years a tenant of the bush, had not lost any of the polished manners of the gentleman; and his children, brought up under the care of an amiable and accomplished mother, presented that decorum and obedience which betoken the well-bred family. Those who have read of the barbarous state in which the American squatter lives, from whom the appellation has been derived, as he squats down upon a piece of land in the backwoods, without paying fee or license, are agreeably surprised when they witness the superior condition of the Australian squatter.

The state of society in the principal towns, at the diggings, and in the bush, is depicted in plain, homely, but vigorous colours, with such an evident and dogged adherence to the facts of the case, that no man shall read this volume half through without feeling assured that he knows something at least of Australian habits and feelings. The writers travel overland from Melbourne to Sydney, a distance of some six hundred miles, through forest and plain, ravines and rivers; they record the events of the journey, its pleasures and pains, dangers and delights. We have not space to follow them, but commend our readers to do so at their leisure. In the course of their route they came upon a shepherd, whose history may serve for a warning to many proposing to emigrate, but who had better stay at home.

In our conversation with this shepherd (say they), we were struck by his manner, which was above that of the mere labourer; and his little history, which he briefly told us, proved that we were not wrong. He said he was an artist, and had received a good education from his father, who was a man of good repute at Merton in Surrey. That a year or two before, he was tempted, by the favourable reports of Port Philip, to try his fortune there in prosecuting his profession. When he arrived, he found that his talent as an artist was of no value to him, and his small means became exhausted, when the reality of his position soon became clear. He did not blame any one but himself for the step he had taken, only that he had been mistaken as to the class of men best adapted to the exigencies of a colonial life; he had learnt a lesson, and he trusted he should profit by it. That upon the discovery of gold at Bathurst he had started from Port Philip to walk overland, and try his fortune as a gold-digger; having reached thus far, his means had failed him, and he was compelled to defer his intention until he could realize the wherewithal to make another start by acting in the capacity of a shepherd, as he was then employed. The experiences of this young man are by no means singular throughout these colonies; and there have been many hundreds with better prospects at starting compelled through necessity to labour at ordinary occupations.

The concluding chapters treat of matters which already demand serious consideration, and will not admit of being much longer shelved by the home government. The suggestions of Messrs. Mossman and Banister point to a practical remedy for existing evils—but it must come soon, if it is intended to be effective. The Australian of to-day is not the Australian even of a month ago, and it is vain to predicate what shall happen upon a soil subject to changes never before paralleled in history. The last chapter on Cautions and Suggestions should be well studied by all who think of departing for the land of Gold. This volume deserves to become, *par excellence*, the emigrant's book: it makes no pretence to literary display, but is none the less practically useful, for all that—and it is furnished with an excellent map and chart, available at all times for reference.

Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Poems. By JAMES COCHRANE. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1853.

THE author of these Sonnets seems to have had a presentiment that they are not what the public have reason to expect from him—and he is right: little thought has been bestowed on their contents, and less care on their execution; there is not one of them that would not admit of considerable improvement under his own hand—as he knows well enough, being capable of far better things. We extract one on "Railways"; there is a joke in it, but the joke is common property.

This is the age of progress: time and space
Are things that were, are numbered with the dead;
The universal cry is, "Go a-head;"

Till scarce of our youth's world is left a trace.
But are we always wise when we displace
Things old and tried, to which our hearts were wed,
And substitute the untried in their stead?
Or is our only aim to end the race?
The box-seat of the mail, and quicker rail,
For true enjoyment who would once compare you?
In that, ev'n if an accident occurs,
Why, to be sure, you're pitched off without fail,
But there you are: but on a rail, good sirs!
If there should be a blow-up, why, where are you?

The miscellaneous poems offer less scope for selection, being for the most part very trifling things and not a little disfigured by expletives lugged in to fill up the metre.

Money: how to get, save, spend, give, lend, and bequeath it: being a practical Treatise on Business, &c. By EDWIN T. FREEDLEY. London: Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster Row. 1853.

THIS volume is a neat, compact, and cheap reprint of an American work of extraordinary merit, supplemented with original chapters on the subjects of Banking and Life Assurance. The author has handled the matter throughout with the seriousness it demands, and like a thorough man of business, has entered deliberately into the investigation of every topic bearing upon the question. He is plainly a man of high principle, one in whose estimation the morality of commerce is as pure as that of the pulpit, and who would countenance no departure from rigid honour for the sake of greed however great. His book is at once intensely interesting, instructive and amusing; and we can but think that it is destined materially to check the rascal spirit which is everywhere manifesting its villanous presence in the trading operations of mankind. It will be read by all ranks and classes, and by none more advantageously than by the young who are entering upon life, who will see here the only road to honourable and permanent success, and who will act wisely in regulating their conduct by the spirit and precepts of its author.

Poems Narrative and Lyrical. By EDWIN ARNOLD, of University College. Oxford: Frances Macpherson. 1853.

OF these effusions we like the narrative better than the lyrical; but neither kind have any great claim to public admiration. The lines are harmonious and fluent, without any depth of thought or felicity of fancy, and are occasionally marred by rhymes which don't rhyme, and the stereotyped formulas of so-called poetical expression. Mr. Arnold, however, tells a tale, particularly a pathetic one, pleasantly. The "Feast of the Falcon" would bear out our assertion, and we would transfer it to our columns but for its length. The following description of Venice may serve as a specimen of the writer's vein.

As one who comes from years of weary roving
To look on her who was his early love,
And findeth for the end of all his loving
Only a green grave and a stone above—
Only her silent grave; so shall it prove
With him whose heart, full of her history,
Leadeth his feet to Venice. Grief shall move
His eyes to tears as true as tears may be
At sight of her who *reigned*, the sweetheart of the sea.

Yet she is fair—oh! very,—very fair,
The ancient beauty is not buried, yet,
But like gold gloss on a dead lady's hair,
That lingers when the eyes are still and set,
And the lips locked, winning us to forget
By little and by little all her grace,
Till we may bear to lose it:—so is met
Life and cold death on the dead city's face,
Not the sweet life itself, but the life's latest trace.

Lent Lectures: Solomon. By the REV. JOHN C. MILLER, M.A. London: T. Hatchard, Piccadilly. 1853.

THESE are five lectures on the character and career of Solomon. They are plainly written, to serve a practical purpose—to warn, to instruct, and to edify. They may be read with profit by those who are willing to be profited by the earnest admonitions of the preacher, and will find their proper place on that shelf of the family library which is devoted to books for Sunday reading. This is the greatest praise we can award them, and all, perhaps, which the author seeks. Considered as literary productions, their merit is nothing extraordinary.

Lord Byron. And, The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. (Traveller's Library). London: Longman and Co. 1853.

THE above two well-known articles, here reprinted from Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays, need no recommendation from us to secure the favour of the public. The article on Lord Byron has formed the ground-work on which most of the voluminous criticism on the life and writings of the noble poet which has since appeared has been written: and he would be a bold writer who should venture to question the fidelity of the masterly portrait Macaulay has drawn. The Essay on the Comic Dramatists is however, to our taste, far more interesting of the two, not so much on account of the dramatists themselves, to whom due measure of justice is fairly done, as from the sparkling and vigorous sketch it contains of that sturdy old English divine who was their scourge and vanquisher, Jeremy Collier. He lashed the filthy Congreve into dulness and imbecility, and brought Dryden himself to a confession of penitence; and he did more to reform the *morale* of the English stage, and to prolong its respectable existence, than any other man either of his or our own day.

Papers for the Schoolmaster, Vol. II. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Glasgow: Hamilton.

WE had occasion about a year ago to call attention to the first volume of this most useful and interesting publication. We are glad to see that the second volume is in no way inferior to the first—and we may be allowed to express a hope that the work is making its way as it deserves to do. Schoolmasters who neglect to procure it, are doing themselves an injury, and losing a means of efficient instruction, and a medium of information to

themselves, which is not to be supplied, so far as we know, from any other source. The music alone in this volume is worth its price.

Jane Seton; or, the King's Advocate. A Scottish Historical Romance. By JAMES GRANT. In two volumes. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1853.

LIKE all the productions of this author, the romance of Jane Seton is full of incident and action. The events here recorded are supposed to have taken place in the reign of James the Fifth of Scotland, and in the year 1537. The time is sufficiently far back to allow a writer scope for imagination, and that latitude which most romancers require. The light which history throws upon the social customs of a generation which has been dead and buried three hundred years, is but a dim and hazy gleam; and the world willingly allows the writer of fiction to disport himself in the comparative obscurity pretty much as he chooses, so long as he keeps within the bounds of probability, and deals fairly with the known facts of the period of which he treats. Mr. Grant has availed himself of the full liberty awarded to the members of his craft; and his book, by the generality of readers, will be relished all the better for the license he has taken. Perhaps the student of Scottish character may object to some of his delineations, as not too like; but it is not always overwise to be over-learned in such matters. We should sit down to a romance as we would to a banquet, content to enjoy the feast before us, without peering into history in the one case, any more than we would into the cookery-book in the other. Jane, the heroine of this story, is a beautiful and high-minded girl, whose family and friends are obnoxious to the monarch and the courtly party; but she is betrothed to Vipont, the most valiant knight and chief favourite of the king. Redhall, the king's advocate, who is all-powerful in Edinburgh, is, however, desperately enamoured of her, and dares and does all he can, first to obtain her hand, and, finding that hopeless, afterwards to have her burned alive for sorcery. In the pursuit of his villanous designs, he is run through the body by Vipont and stabbed in the breast by Ashkirk, Jane's brother; but he survives both wounds, and succeeds at last so far as to procure the condemnation of the poor girl, who is stripped and tortured on the rack in his presence. Her confessor, through the cardinal, obtains a pardon from the king, which pardon the wretched advocate contrives to intercept by means of one of his sanguinary myrmidons, and the doomed girl is led forth at midnight to be bound to the stake. In the meanwhile, Vipont, who had been confined in the castle on a charge trumped up to get him out of the way, escapes from prison, meets the scoundrel Redhall, and runs him through the body, *this* time making sure work of it. Then, mounting his horse, he proceeds to the place of execution, and rescuing his lady-love from the faggots, carries her off in triumph. The above is a rough outline only of the leading events. There are a variety of characters introduced, most of whom do what Mr. Falloon would call "very good business," and whose various exploits constitute the chief interest of the tale. The story is full of stirring matter from beginning to end. Battle and murder and sudden death—treachery, conspiracy, poison and the black-art, and other nice things of the sort, are the stock-materials of the drama, which is played out to the end with admirable vigour, and with a knowledge of stage-effect rarely rivalled even among melo-dramatic authors. Mr. Grant describes a battle capitally, and the more bloody and obstinate the better. Had we room we would extract the night-attack by Vipont and his band upon the Barmkyn of Cairntable. The whole scene is vividly life-like, and death-like; as we read, we see the grim warriors at their work, and when the strife is over, its details dwell upon the memory with painful distinctness. For the sake of the heroine, who bears her tribulations so well and nobly, we could wish that Vipont was more worthy of her—that he was something better than a brawling soldier, whose fool's argument is the sword's point; and it is hardly without a fear of the consequences that we see her married to him at last.

These volumes are brought out in a somewhat novel style for works of this class. They are handsomely bound in cloth, and illustrated with designs by Gilbert, admirably engraved by Dalziel.

Poems by Edward Quillinan; with a Memoir by William Johnston.——The Lusiad of Luis de Camoens. Books I. to V., translated by EDWARD QUILLINAN. With Notes by John Adamson. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1853.

THE name of Edward Quillinan, the friend and son-in-law of Wordsworth, and the first Portuguese scholar in England, is not so well known as it ought to be to the general reader; and we shall, therefore, condense briefly the leading events of his life from the Memoir prefixed to this edition of his collected works.

Edward Quillinan was born at Oporto, of Irish parents, on the 12th of August, 1791. At seven years of age he was shipped off to England, to go to school; and he never again saw his mother, who died a few years after. Arrived at Liverpool, he was forwarded into Staffordshire, to the Catholic school at Sedgley Park, where he was plagued with the ferula of one pedagogue and the fist of another—and whence, in a few years, he was removed to a Dominican school at Carshalton, under the superintendence of masters who used him well, treated him kindly, and led him a happy life. At the age of fourteen, being destined for the counting-house, he returned to Oporto. But before he had been there six months, the invasion of the French drove out all the English families, and he had to fly with his father and step-mother (his father had married again), back to England. The lady, being taken prematurely in labour, unfortunately died on the passage. In London, his father formed a military acquaintance, which led to the introduction of young Quillinan into the army, and he was gazetted, in 1808, as a cornet in the 2nd Dragoon Guards, with whom he witnessed the disasters of the Walcheren expedition.

Two years later, he purchased a lieutenancy in the 23rd Light Dragoons, and joined the regiment at Canterbury, soon after its return from the affair at Talavera. At Canterbury, he made his first essay in literature, by the publication of a satirical poem, and contributions to a periodical, called "The Whim," got up among the officers of his regiment. His satire embroiled him with his brother officers, and brought three duels upon his hands, from which he extricated himself with honour, according to the senseless notions of the time—fighting twice, and accommodating the third quarrel. He then exchanged into the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and, joining that regiment in Spain, served with it to the end of the Peninsular War. In 1816, having returned home at the Peace, he published his "Sacrifice of Isabel," a poem which was favourably received, and which he dedicated to Sir Egerton Brydges, whose friendship he had acquired, it is said, by his conduct in the matter of the duels. In 1817, he married Jemima, Sir Egerton's second daughter, and soon after joined his regiment in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where, in 1819, his eldest daughter was born. From Ireland he went to Scotland, and visited Edinburgh, it is supposed with hostile intentions towards the author of a bantering critique, which had appeared in "Blackwood," upon one of his poems. The magazine article bore the title of "Poems by a Heavy Dragoon," and it expounded with great gravity the reasons why the heavy dragoon was not likely to be a good poet—reasons connected with camp-kettles and pipe-clayed breeches, and other such like associations unpropitious to the poetic faculty; and it ridiculed severely certain passages of the soldier-poet. But our author had not been long in Edinburgh, before he found himself on terms the very reverse of hostile with the whole band of the Blackwood contributors; with the author of the offending article for his particular friend. In 1821, while quartered at Penrith, he visited Rydal, carrying an introduction from a friend to Mr. Wordsworth, for whom he had for many years nourished a decided and growing admiration. He chose not to present his introductory letter, but introduced himself, and thus originated a friendship with the great poet which lasted during the lives of both. In the same year he quitted the army, and took up his residence on the banks of the Rotha, between Ambleside and Rydal. There his second daughter was born, whom he named after the stream on the banks of which he dwelt, and who is the "Rotha" of Wordsworth's fine sonnet, commencing

"Rotha, my spiritual child! this head was grey," &c.

Shortly after the birth of her child, Mrs. Quillinan fell a victim to a sad fate. She had removed to Lancaster for medical advice; and there, her dressing-gown taking fire, she received such injuries, that after lingering a few days, she died on the 25th of May, 1822—Dora Wordsworth, the poet's sister, attending her dying bed.

After the loss of his wife, whose death he heavily deplored, Mr. Quillinan went abroad, and passed some time on the Continent. Upon his return he resided at Lee Priory, near Canterbury, which belonged to his brother-in-law, Col. Brydges Barrett, and sometimes at his house in London, until 1832—occasionally visiting the Wordsworth family in Westmoreland, or receiving them in London. From 1832 to 1834 he resided in France; he then visited his brother in Portugal, and returned to England at the end of 1835. In 1836 he took his eldest daughter with him to Portugal, and remained there a year. After his return he resided at Canterbury until 1841. On the 11th of May, 1841, nineteen years after the death of his first wife, he married Dora Wordsworth, at Bath, in the presence of her father, mother and brothers. Settling in London after a round of visiting, the pair resided there until the winter of 1843-4, when they removed to Ambleside.

In "Blackwood's Magazine" of December, 1842, appeared an article by Walter Savage Landor—an imaginary conversation between Porson and Southey, intended to reflect ridicule upon the poetry of Wordsworth. Mr. Quillinan, in return, wrote a dialogue between W. S. Landor and the Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," and appealing to the editor for fair-play, procured its immediate insertion. In this dialogue he puts into Landor's mouth all the bitter and sarcastic things he had said in his critical writings respecting eminent persons of ancient and modern times, thus causing him to appear as the very *Thersites* of literature. This was fair enough; and Mr. Landor did not condescend to avenge himself, further than by a pun on his antagonist's *Quillinanities*, for which pun, it appears he was indebted to Quillinan himself, who had fired it off in his hearing thirty years before.

The years following his second marriage, up to 1845, were the happiest of Quillinan's life. He passed them chiefly at Ambleside. At the end of this period, anxieties respecting his wife's health induced them to undertake a voyage to the South of Europe, and, accompanied by his youngest daughter, they departed in the spring for Portugal. The remedy proved effectual. Mrs. Quillinan recovered her health; and having prolonged their absence for more than a year, they returned in July, 1846, to a new residence on the banks of the Rotha. Here they both for a time became immersed in literary avocations. Mrs. Quillinan prepared her Journal, which appeared in two volumes early in the ensuing year, and he published in "Tait's Magazine" for October and November, 1846, "The Belle: Adventures at a Portuguese Watering Place." In the December number of the "Quarterly Review" of the same year, he published an elaborate criticism on the works of Gil Vicente, and the ancient Portuguese Drama—a well-digested and masterly performance.

But a terrible grief was at hand. In December, Mrs. Quillinan, while on a journey to Carlisle, caught a severe cold, which her constitution could never shake off. She had gone to reside at Rydal Mount during the absence of her parents. Her illness increasing, they were sent for, and returned

to the north; but the patient never rallied. By the end of April, the physicians announced that there was no hope of saving her life; and lingering on through much suffering for several months, she died on the 9th of July. The sorrow with which her husband lamented her loss, he never shook off during the remainder of his life. He sought distraction in literary labours, in translating the "Lusiad" of Camoens, and the "Portuguese History" of Herculano. In the August of the following year, he published in "Blackwood" an article on "Laurels and Laureates," a curious piece of research connected with English bards and their rewards. This appears to have been the last of his productions published during his life. In April, 1850, Mr. Wordsworth died. In the spring of 1851, Mr. Quillinan exposed himself to wet and cold during a fishing excursion, the consequence of which was inflammation, resulting in a decided pleurisy which resisted all remedies. He was seized with delirium on the third day, and without recovering consciousness, died on the 8th. The ruling passion swayed him to the last. His talk was of Milton, Shakspere and Wordsworth; and but an hour before he died he called for the book in which he was writing his translation of the "History of Portugal," and with pen in hand endeavoured to pursue his labours. He could not recognise his children, but he said to his attendant, "I want to finish, or it will be of no use to them," meaning his daughters.

Mr. Quillinan was professedly a Roman Catholic; but he attended the services of the Church of England, and used the prayers of that church in the morning and evening devotions of his family. His biographer suggests that whatever were his religious convictions, it may have been a point of honour with him not to make a change in profession which might wear the appearance of having been made from motives of selfish advantage. In his youth, the Romanist laboured under civil and religious disabilities because he was a Romanist—and Quillinan was just the sort of man to be deterred from separating himself openly from Romanism, for that very reason. In politics he was a Tory, but willing to allow every man the indulgence of his own views. Like most Irishmen, he was the occasional subject of restlessness and excitability; but, if we are to believe the testimony of his friend, a more generous, noble, and high-minded creature never breathed. He lies in Grasmere Churchyard, between the graves of the two he loved best.

Of Mr. Quillinan's poetical talents Mr. Johnston informs us that Wordsworth had a high opinion: the pieces in the volume, to which the memoir is prefixed, do not however fully countenance the bestowal of praise from such an authority; many of them, it is true, are mechanically perfect, and all characterised by facility of versification and elegance of diction; but they are wanting in soul and strength—the casket is elaborately wrought and polished, but the jewel within is of inadequate worth. The expression of appropriate sentiment in artistic phrase is not enough to constitute a good poem, but we have here little beyond that. The flood of verse continually pouring from the press, and into forgetfulness, bears upon its surface much that is of equal value with the productions of this amiable man. The translations are by far the best pieces, and these, perhaps, may be destined to survive when the others are no more remembered. The translation of the "Lusiad," though excellent in one sense, is defective in another. So far as we (reading the original with difficulty) can judge, it is by far the most faithful version yet published, and widely differing from the paraphrases of Strangford; but unfortunately it comes unfinished from the translator's hands, and needs much his final revision. Had he lived to complete it, in all probability it would have taken its place among the translated classics of our literature, and gained for its author a niche in the temple of fame.

The History of Germany and the Austrian Empire; from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss Corner. London: Thomas Dean and Son, Threadneedle-street. 1853.

It is a fortunate thing for the young people of the present day that ladies like Miss Corner, possessing the tact and discrimination necessary in dealing with such a ponderous and involved subject as that of German History, are found willing to devote themselves to the task of juvenile instruction. The preparation of this compact and yet comprehensive volume must have been a work of real labour. It contains all that is necessary to ground the young student in the knowledge of facts and dates, to which latter particular especial attention has been paid. The history is carried down almost to the present day, and includes a summary of the late memorable war in Hungary, with the leading events of the revolutionary movements. A compendious series of questions for examination are added at the close of the volume; the answers to which may be found on reference to figures in the text, prefixed to the paragraphs containing them. We do not see how the utility of the book could be further enhanced. The illustrations are on steel, from designs by Gilbert.

Virginalia; or, Songs of my Summer Nights. A Gift of Love for the Beautiful. By T. H. Chivers, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo and Co. London: Trübner and Co., Paternoster Row.

We shall not say a single word on the merits of this production, but allow the author to speak for himself. Hear him, ye poets of old England. Having first learnedly described the cutting of the "brilliant" from the rough diamond, he says:—

> Now you may as well tell me that a rough diamond, newly dug out of the mines of Golconda, can be made the mediator of the revelation of as much purely white light from the sun, as one that has been appointed to the office by the ingenuity of the Lapidary, as to tell me that any poem can become the mediation of the revelation of the influx of the Divine life of God into the soul, without the highest knowledge of the true art of musical language in the poet; for just as the first owes its ability to express itself crystallinely to the peculiar mode of that cutting which is best calculated, according to the

highest mathematical laws appertaining to the full development of light through a multiplication of highly-polished facets, so does a full manifestation, or Shekinization, of the passions or emotions of the soul, depend entirely upon the art displayed in its creation, according to certain musical laws by the poet. . . . . . . For as the diamond is the crystalline revelator of the acromatic white light of heaven, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine idea! There is just the difference between a pure poem and one that is not, that there is between the spiritual concretion of a diamond and the mere glaciation of water into ice. For as the irradiancy of a diamond depends upon its diaphorous translucency, so does the beauty of a poem upon its rythmical crystallization of the Divine Idea. Now in regard to the refrain of a poem, I would merely mention here, that it is not only an ornament, but an essence—a life—a vitality—an immortal soul—not a mere profane appendage, but a sacred symbolical ensignium, a crown of beauty, and a diamond of glory, &c. &c. . . . . . Thus have I moulded on the swift-circling wheel of my soul some of the manifold members of that Divine beauty which lives immortal in the shining house of life.

We shall only remark that the modesty of the above is at least equal to its philosophy. The reader is, by this time, anxious to be introduced to some of these "manifold members of divine beauty," moulded on the soul of Mr. Chivers. Here are one or two specimens, indicative, of course, "of the highest knowledge of the true art of musical language in the poet."

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped hyaline—
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber tree—
Rich, brilliant, like chrysopraz blowing—
I then brought to my Rosalie Lee—
To my lamb-like Rosalie Lee—
To my dove-like Rosalie Lee—
To my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

Scourgings would be to this fond heart of mine,
The soft caressings of impassioned pain;
Wormwood, ambrosia—death, the life divine—
If I in kingdom come, with thee could reign.

Passing over a song in whose "immortal soul" of a refrain, the word "heigh-ho" occurs no less than four-score times, we extract one stanza from the "Poet of Love."

From the inflorescence of his own high soul,
The incense of his Eden song doth rise,
Whose golden river of pure redolence doth roll,
Down the dark vistas of all time in melodies—
Echoing the islands of the sea,
Of the vast immensity,
And the loud music of the morns,
Blown through the conchimarian horns,
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic horns,
By the great Angel of Eternity,
Thundering, Come to me! come to me!

The following is from a Poem addressed to a deaf mute lady:

Two of the golden strings of thy dear harp are broken,
Leaving the harp-strings of thy spirit still complete;
Words by thy tongue have never yet been spoken,
Yet thy dear soul doth warble words most sweet,
Whereon blest spirits from their bright abode
Make music such as *please* the very ears of God.

We shall venture no verdict upon these "members of Divine Beauty." Mr. Chivers intimates that the true poet never writes for the Aristarchi of the world, unless it be to show them what blockheads they are. "How can the critic judge," he demands, "of that which belongs only to the artist?" So we shall let him have his own way, commending all who are fascinated by the examples we have given above, to rush at once to their booksellers, and secure, while they may, copies of the "Virginalia."

An Easy Story Book for Little People. Solomon Lovechild's Sketches of Little Boys and Girls. London: Dean and Son, Threadneedle-street.

These are collections of simple and pleasing tales and sketches, adapted for the perusal of young children, in whom they are likely to promote the growth of moral habits and amiable manners. They are exceedingly well and handsomely got up, and illustrated with engravings of a bold and superior class.

The Colony: A Poem. In Four Parts. London: Thomas Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. 1853.

"The Colony," is a performance of very unequal merit, containing occasionally some good and vigorous lines—and a great many with halting metres, and deficient or redundant feet. The subject is very scantily treated—the author satisfying himself merely with the inculcation of a few general principles.

Religion and Business; or Spiritual Life in one of its Secular Departments. By A. J. Morris. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster-row. 1853.

We live in an age when the whole art and mystery of doing business—the very constitution of commerce—is undergoing a radical change, a metamorphosis far more striking and complete than it seems likely to be satisfactory. The old moralities of trade are being pushed out of the way, as so much refuse stock: the ancient and neighbourly maxim, "Live and let live," is already a dead letter—and the natural law of untamed brutes, the law that the strong should prey upon the weak, which signifies, in commercial language, that the capitalist shall devour the man of small means—is taking its place. Multitudes of small traders are overthrown, and trampled out of existence, that a few great ones may thrive upon their ruin. Mediocrity feels that, as such, it has no chance, and struggles and strives, by puffing, lying and chicanery, to swell itself into notoriety, without which it dies, with a line in the Gazette for an epitaph. Worse still—the war once waged only between rival traders is now carried on against the customer. Predacity is the order of the day. Bargains are battles, in which the greatest rogue stands the best chance of coming off conqueror; and he or she who goes a shopping goes into an enemy's country, and is there considered in the light of a lawful prey. How it is all to end—to what final condition we are tending, does not at present appear very plainly; but what does appear is a vast amount of practical wickedness, which men, professing religious principles, and men of no religion at all, seem equally to practise, and at the same time to ignore its enormity. It

is, probably, to the perception of these evils, which no man can fail more or less to perceive, that this little volume on Religion and Business owes its existence. The subject is one, which, notwithstanding that it is growing daily of greater importance, is seldom treated of in the pulpit, and still more seldom by the press. This is, perhaps, owing to the fact that the precepts and monitions it suggests to most minds, are so obvious and unavoidable, that it might be supposed that any discussion of the matter must necessarily be trite and common-place. But if any one looks for the trite or common-place in these seven short discourses, he may chance to find himself agreeably disappointed. The current of the writer's thoughts does not run in the common channel, but almost invariably out of it. Originality is more natural to him than repetition; and if an old saw does escape him, as escape it must sometimes, it comes in a new garb and with a new grace. We shall extract a single passage, taken at random, feeling assured that it will justify our verdict.

It is honourable to be independent. The more there is of self in our portion, the more blessed and glorious it is. The more of our own energy and life it contains, the more precious; in a word, *the more our own it is.* For things are made ours not so much by communication to us as communication from us. In the highest sense, and for the highest uses, that is most mine, not which is most given to me, but which has received most from me. The deepest kind of possession belongs to objects not bestowed by others, but wrought out by a man's own activity. And, therefore, it is a glorious feeling which a man has, when, by his own assiduity and toil, he provides from himself for himself. He may fall short of the property of others, who have not laboured for it—he may be without their broad acres, and ample incomes, and civil honours, but if there be less for him to possess, he possesses it more. He has feelings which a "stranger" to his labours cannot "intermeddle with," a boasting which no man can stop, that he is more to himself than any other is, that what he has he has made, that he receives what he has given, reaps what he has sown. And, thus, all the enjoyments and powers of life, beyond their intrinsic value, have the sweet and noble quality of rewards. There is no disgrace in deriving riches and renown from ancestors, but there is virtue and glory in obtaining them from ourselves; and that religion which makes everything of the will and nothing of accidents, which aims ever at deepening personal interest and impressing personal responsibility, smiles ineffably upon the Christian at his work.

These are, indeed, "right words,"—and this is the sort of stuff the book is made of. We should like to see a second edition printed in minion type, and portable in an envelope—and sent, winged by a queen's head, to do business in counting-houses and behind counters, where it is prodigiously wanted just now.

The Free Church of Ancient Christendom, and its Subjugation under Constantine. By BASIL H. COOPER, B.A. London: Albert Cockshaw, 41, Ludgate-hill.

THERE is an affectation of utter historical impartiality and absolute freedom from bias of every kind, which is the surest token of a thoroughly prejudiced mind. We never take up a volume of that stamp, in which the writer has put on the judicial horse-hair and parades the spotlessness of his ermine, as if he were seated on a bench far above all human weakness, and breathing an atmosphere of calm philosophy never disturbed by human passion—a book of that kind we never read without suspicion, and never found that suspicion misapplied. Of course it would be very pleasant to get the opinion of an angel on our mundane affairs, as viewed from his peculiar sphere, where he sits on the unvexed and cloudless Olympus, watching the dark tide of time rolling and breaking along the eternal shores. How true it might be, were a matter of fair speculation; but at all events it would be a curious document, worth careful decyphering. When, however, a man writes about the things of man, the more he is striving to be really impartial, the less will be his pretensions; for he will feel at every step, that the mists he is anxious to dispel from historic men and events, may possibly wrap their skirts about his own eyes, and unconsciously bewilder his vision.

On the other hand, to trace the stream of history avowedly from the stand-point of downright partisanship, though honest enough in its way, is neither very safe nor generally very edifying. The annalist then becomes little else than a pamphleteer; and his philosophy a special pleading. This is voluntarily to disavow the judge and assume the advocate; and such a writer must be content with the support of his clients. Mr. Cooper will not blame us for identifying him with this class, as he frankly tells us that his "work makes no pretensions to rank as a Church History." At the same time, we would not be understood as throwing any slight on such contributions to ecclesiastical literature. The advocate may exhibit profound research, minute criticism, acute dialectics, and eloquent illustration; he may shed a flood of light on a point which would otherwise have attracted little observation, had not the rays been concentrated by the special bent of his mind; and he may give, for the time being, an exaggerated prominence to some constitutional principle, which, however, but for his urgency might have been suffered to fall into desuetude and neglect. On the whole, our author has acquitted himself, as a barrister, ably; perhaps, if he go on, he may some day come to the bench. If he had confined himself more to his function, more to the pleading of his cause, diverging less into the general matter of church annals, he certainly would not have injured his case, and he would have also avoided the disagreeable predicament of seeming to write a history which will certainly never be admitted into the catalogue of histories. For although this volume carries us along the dry, dusty road of schisms and heresies, down to the Council of Nice—though all the usual names, Gnostics, Docetæ, Aphytes, Œons, Callistians, Bonatists, &c., dance and flicker like marsh lights on his pages, as they used to distract our eyes on the barren paragraphs of Mosheim, when sleepily cramming for examination-day; yet we are constrained to say that the chief matter of this book, is rather the compilation of a diligent student, than the product of a broad-thinking historian; rather the creditable notes of a well-read man, than the thorough investigation of a profound inquirer.

Setting aside, therefore, any claim which may seem to be made by Mr. Cooper to the position of an original authority in ecclesiastical matters—a claim which is nowhere openly made, but which is really implied in the very size as well as in the character of his book; we must glance at its main feature, and what will form its chief excellence with one party, and its greatest blemish with another. "The Free Church of Ancient Christendom," then, is, in other words, the history of the first three centuries, according to the Anti-state-church Association, just as Milner's book is the anglican annals of the kingdom of Christ. Mr. Cooper starts with the idea that the church is, in the words of Neander, "a union of men arising from the fellowship of religious life: a union essentially independent of, and different from, all other forms of human association;" and we venture to say that no body of Christians will offer any material objection to that definition. Side by side with this, he places what is in his idea the old heathen estimate of religion as a mere tool of state-craft, wielded by the priestly and prelatic influence, and incarnate in the person of the Pontifex Maximus, in imperial days, or of the augur, in those earlier times when Cicero philosophised over the entrails of the sacred birds. And the grand heresy of the first three centuries is, according to Mr. Cooper, that fatal aberration from the path, now pursued by "Independent churches," and "voluntary associations," which ended in the final assumption of that pagan form of prelacy and erastianism, under the guidance of Victor, Tertullian and Constantine. Such is, in as clear and succinct a shape as we can give it, the great fact and philosophy of the first three centuries of our era, as laid down in the "Free Church of Ancient Christendom."

Now, apart from the general soundness of our author's principle, we think it was hardly fair to overlook the fact that there is in existence a third view of the matter, honestly held and sturdily maintained, by not a few wise and prudent ones; a view which differs equally from the *erastian* idea, and from the *voluntary* one. We use these technical names, though we should be glad to get rid of them, because they are the shortest way of expressing our meaning, and will be understood, at least by those who are likely to be interested in this work. There are people, we say then, who contend that erastianism, or state control in matters properly ecclesiastical, is not a necessary consequence of alliance with the civil powers; but is on the contrary excluded by the very idea that the church is not the servant but the ally of the state: more or less definitely, that was, in fact, the general opinion of the reformation churches everywhere, save in England; and considering the tone and temper of the present times, Mr. Cooper may be assured that his argument, however conclusive it may be, will not attract much observation in the higher walks of thought, so long as he overlooks what is now pretty generally felt to be the stronghold of our national establishments of religion. Nearly every scholar will admit that the argument against prelacy is now conclusively settled, except on the ground of a supposed expediency. Nearly every churchman will admit that the erastian theory is untenable and inconsistent with the divine idea of Christ's church. But when all that has been admitted, there will be found not a few ready to say that the Anti-state-church advocate has not proved his case. The Chevalier Bunsen will join heartily in his denunciation of Byzantinism; but there he will stop short, and begin to tell him of an ecclesiastical absorption of the nations into a grand Christian polity, where the church shall not be the tool but the mistress of the state. Perhaps our author's logic might be able to meet the case of the learned Prussian Ambassador; but how will he deal with the Free Kirk of Scotland, where every one of his positions will be sturdily maintained, except just the very one which his book was written to prove. Dr. Hook, too, and the convocationists, will hold themselves absolutely untouched by his argument,—and free to follow their own course. We do not mean to enter into the general question, a vexed and dreary one it is, ever ending in platitudes and noisy logomachies "most tolerable and not to be endured;" but we must say that however general the pernicious Byzantinism be in the practice of our times, the theory is in so little credit, that it is but fighting with shadows and beating the air, to contend against a principle which has scarcely any supporters. It may be true that the idea of the church as a union, cemented by purely religious sympathies, cannot justly be developed into an ecclesiastical institution, allied with the state, paid by the state, and yet free to maintain its proper spiritual independence. Of that we say nothing at present; except this, that it is the only feasible theory of church establishments, the only one which now holds its ground, and the only one which our author has not thought proper to mention. His book, however, is on the whole well written—will be useful; it is easily read, and not quite so ill to remember as works on church history usually are.

Old Lamps or New? A Plea for the original Editions of the Texts of Shakspere, &c. London: 90, Fleet-street. 1853.

Mr. Chas. Knight here examines, at some length, a few of the Emendations to the text of Shakspere, proposed by Mr. Collier, on the strength of his folio edition of 1632. It appears to us, that Mr. Knight takes sure ground in rejecting by far the greater number of them. The substitution of "boast" for "beast," murders the sense of the passage which it proposes to emend; and other instances quoted by Mr. Knight, are not much better. We have not seen Mr. Collier's volume, but of a pretty lengthy list of proposed emendations, which lies on our desk, we should be disposed to reject the great majority, on the principle, that to emend Shakspere, it is not absolutely necessary to knock out his brains.

History of the Anti-Corn Law League By ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, One of the Executive Council. Vol. I. London: W. and F. G. Cash, Bishopsgate-street. 1853.

ENGLISHMEN know the part which Mr. Prentice took in the formation and establishment of the League, and the good service he did as editor and manager of the *Manchester Times*, and as a clear-headed and fluent lecturer, in supporting and disseminating the principles of Free Trade. There is, perhaps, no man living better qualified to become the historian of the "Great Fact;" and those who are aware (as who is not?) of his constant and unflinching advocacy of the rights of the labourer—the right to purchase bread at its natural value, and of working for himself instead of the land-owner—rights secured to him and to all, through the successful agitation of the Anti-Corn Law League, will be glad to receive at his hands the report which he is so well fitted to render of its rise and progress—its difficulties and dangers—its dauntless courage and dogged determination—and its eventual triumphant and unparalleled success. It is curious in reading this interesting record of events, which are as yet but of yesterday, to note the marvellous ignorance of political leaders—noble lords and prime ministers—in reference to the simplest commercial propositions—and the singular effects which a little enlightenment administered in a practical way, produced upon some of them. It has often been remarked, "With how little wisdom has the world been governed!" but the exact amount of that infinitesimal quantity of common sense which was deemed necessary for a legislator, in the interest of monopoly, was never so clearly demonstrated to the public as by the straight-forward expositors of League principles. The spectacle of senatorial sagacity reduced to a nonplus by the plain logic of simple addition and subtraction, is one which ought to be preserved *in memoriam*, as a monument to posterity of the wisdom of their ancestors, and an encouragement to future reformers not to be dismayed or overwhelmed by the profundity of the advisers of the crown. This narrative commences, as it should do, *ab ovo*—with the first broad assertion of free-trade principles at the Manchester election of 1832; and the present volume recounts the operations of the League down to the close of the famine year of 1842. The details comprehend every fact of importance, and they are given in a fair and impartial spirit, and ought to offend no one. It is true that many persons, who are or were more or less celebrities in their day, figure in these chapters in a way not very much to their credit; and they may feel unwilling to appear once more upon the stage as the oracles of exploded stupidities, or the abettors of something worse: but the historian is bound to truth, and to that Mr. Prentice adheres simply—often without comment, and never with angry or recriminative expressions. We anticipate a wide circulation for these volumes, and trust that no long interval will be suffered to elapse between their several publication.

Speculation; or, the Glen Luna Family. By AMY LOTHROP.—*The Wide Wide World.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. London: Routledge and Co., Farringdon-street. 1853.

THESE are two American romances, the undoubted merits of which are already well and widely known. Their object is to delineate domestic and country life in the United States; and the various characters of either story, it is very evident, are drawn from the life, and many of them are types of a class with which American readers are familiar. From their literary excellence, these volumes have a claim to general favour: the present editions are published at a low price, and have the advantage of being clearly printed, in a small type, with what printer's call a large face, which renders them as readily readable as large-print copies.

The Scottish Review. A Quarterly Journal of Social Progress and General Literature. No. II. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

THE contents of this second number of the Scottish Review are of a varied and interesting sort. The opening paper upon Chalmers, though all too brief, is an admirable biographical sketch, reproducing the man in his sturdy and native manliness as he lived and moved among us. The article on the Delirium of Intoxication is from an able pen, and will repay the trouble of a deliberate and thoughtful perusal. There is one subject, however, all-important to Scotland (and indeed to England too), which is here treated in a fearless and outspoken manner, and which is destined, we would fain hope, to do something towards the reformation of a social evil of unappreciable magnitude. We allude, of course, to the paper entitled "Better Houses for the Working Classes," in which the detestable abominations of the bothie system are brought to light. The Glasgow League labours hard and labours well in the cause of temperance; and we are glad to see that they have the wisdom to look beneath the surface of things, and strength to strike some good home blows at the root of the deadly upas that overshadows the land. Let us hope for a repetition of these home-thrusts at vice in its hot-beds. It is *here*, in these demoralizing dens, whether of farm bothy or city cellar, that vice and wickedness of the foulest die are generated, and until these be in some measure purged and purified, it is all but hopeless to look for right views on the subject of temperance from their miserable inmates. There are six other articles in the present number, which we commend to the acceptance of our readers.

Tamerton Church-Tower, and other Poems. By COVENTRY PATMORE. London: William Pickering. 1853.

THE poems in this unpretending volume are worthy of the name. They are simple in language and construction, almost as much so as the simplest of Wordsworth's, of whose rural lyrics some of them remind us; still they are not imitations of Wordsworth or of any other poet that we are aware of. The author has been to nature

for his inspiration and his subjects, and whether he paints her inanimate forms or draws from the living model, the picture is invariably life-like and often striking. The versification, though designedly unpolished, is never defective or unmelodious, and has been well adapted, by the art which conceals art, to the various subjects. We have some recollection of having read "Tamerton Church-Tower" long ago, and we learn that it is here reprinted, with alterations, from a former edition. We are not sure, though it holds the first place in the volume, that it is the finest production; still it contains many charming passages and suggestive thoughts. Had we room we would quote "The River" entire, as a poem justifying the author's claim to favourable notice; as it is, we can but extract a few stanzas which may serve to show how forcibly the aspect of nature appeals to his imagination.

> The restless moon among the clouds
>   Is loitering slowly by;
> Now in a circle like the ring
>   About a weeping eye;
> Now left quite bare and bright, and now
>   A pallor in the sky.
>
> The lonely stars are here and there,
>   But weak and wasting all;
> The winds are dead, the cedars spread
>   Their branches like a pall;
> The guests, by laughing twos and threes,
>   Have left the bridal hall.
>
> The moon is looking through the mist,
>   Cold, lustreless, and wan;
> And wildly past her dreary form
>   The watery clouds rush on,
> A moment white beneath her light,
>   And then, like spirits, gone.
>
> Silent and fast they hurry past,
>   Their swiftness striketh dread,
> For earth is hushed, and no breath sweeps
>   The spider's rainy thread,
> And everything but those pale clouds
>   Is dark, and still, and dead.
>
> Beneath the mossy, ivy'd bridge,
>   The river slippeth past:
> The current deep is still as sleep,
>   And yet so very fast!
> There's something in its quietness
>   That makes the soul aghast.
>
> No wind is in the willow tree
>   That droops above the bank;
> The water passeth quietly
>   Beneath the sedges dank;
> Yet the willow trembles in the stream,
>   And the dry reeds talk and clank.

Where is the artist who could not paint from such a description? We must add another specimen.

> The summer's prime is come again;
>   The trees are out anew;
> The current keeps the mournful past
>   Deep in its bosom's blue,
> And babbles low through quiet fields,
>   Grey with the falling dew.
>
> The sheep-bell tolleth curfew time;
>   The gnats, a busy rout,
> Fleck the warm air; the distant owl
>   Shouteth a sleepy shout;
> The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
>   Is flitting round about;
>
> The poplar's leaflet scarcely stirs;
>   The river seems to think;
> Athwart the dusk, the lily broad
>   Looks coolly from the brink;
> And knee-deep in the freshet's fall,
>   The meek-eyed cattle drink.
>
> The chafers boom; the white moths rise,
>   Like spirits from the ground;
> The grey-flies sing their weary tune,
>   A distant, dreamlike sound;
> And far, far off, in the slumberous eve,
>   Bayeth an old guard-hound.

"The Woodman's Daughter" is another charming but sorrowful ditty, full of truth and nature—an old-world story told in a new way, with a simple delicacy and feeling rarely equalled. There are a host of readers who will derive unalloyed pleasure from the perusal of Mr. Patmore's volume.

The Great Sin of Great Cities. London: Chapman and Hall, Strand. 1853.

THIS admirable essay is reprinted by request from the "Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review," of July, 1850, in which it appeared as an article, entitled "Prostitution." It is a sad and sorrowful subject, which the writer has handled with all needful delicacy, and with much truthfulness and argumentative force. It is enough to give a man the heart-ache to read the wretched revelations it contains—and to make him blush for his species that such horrifying disclosures should be possible. Man, sated by possession, abandons the victim of his sensual passion—and proud, unfallen, untempted woman pushes her into the pit, from whence, after a few short years of disgrace and misery and pain, she is relieved by death. Such, in a few words, is the history of a vast proportion of English Magdalens. Others, if possible still more forlorn, are driven by starvation to prostitution and crime, from which once hopelessly engulphed, they never emerge. The remedies proposed by the writer include a moral reform which would operate to prevent desertion by the seducer, and do away with the unworthy contempt of the sex—and certain legislative measures on behalf of the unfortunates, securing to them the means and opportunities of returning to an honest course of life. Let all who would know the truth with regard to this subject procure this pamphlet, and ponder well its contents.

Odds and Ends. By A. E. MARSHALL. London: William Pickering. Chester: G. Prishard. 1853.

ODDS and ends are generally found in Betty's dresser-drawer in the kitchen, and it is odds but that will be the end of these. The cooking up of common-places into doggrel rhymes will never promote archæological research in the "background of British history," whatever Mr. Marshall may think of it. The peccadilloes of John Jones, the chimney-sweeper, who appears to be the Rob Roy of the Welsh Border, will not achieve an immortality either for himself or the bard who sings his exploits. "Odds and Ends" are destined to the usual fate of such ownerless fragments; and

the sooner they are swept into the dust-bin, the better for the comfort of all parties.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Volume V. The Reformation in England. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1853.

Lorenzo Benoni; or Passages in the Life of an Italian. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

A Visit to Mexico, by the West India Islands, Yucatan, and United States. By W. P. Robertson. In two volumes. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1853.

Remarks on the Strictures in the Courier and New York Inquirer. By an Englishwoman. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co. 1853.

Seed-time and Harvest: a Discourse to Sunday-school Teachers. By Charles Stanford. London: Nissen and Parker. 1853.

Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights. (Second series.)—*Buds and Blossoms.* London: Groombridge and Sons. 1853.

The Force of Early Habit. A Lecture. By F. A. West. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

The Sceptic. By E. L. Follen. London: W. Tweederic, 337, Strand. 1853.

Worldly Conformity. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Ward and Co.

The Influence of Literature. By J. S. Ramsay. Arbroath: Kennedy and Co.

Atheism, Practical and Speculative. By J. Forbes, D.D. Paisley: R. Stewart. 1853.

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LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Scottish Provident Institution for Mutual Life Insurance.—The fifteenth annual general meeting of the contributors to this Society was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, the 9th March. The following extracts are from the Report of the Directors:—In the past year, 662 new proposals were accepted, covering Assurances to the amount of £277,724 15s., and with yearly premiums to the extent of £7,802. A considerable additional amount of premiums has also been received by single payment. The total amount of premiums received in the year has been £72,132, of which about £58,524 was for annual premiums. The claims on account of emerged policies have been smaller than in the preceding year, by about £5,600, the amount having been only £17,788 4s. At 31st December, 1852, there had been issued in all 5,898 policies, assuring £2,571,428. The amount remaining assured was £2,071,125. The number of policies reported from year to year as opened, was 5,952, but of these 58 were not taken up by the parties by whom they were ordered, from inability to meet the premium, or other cause. The Accumulated Fund at the same date was £254,675 (being an increase of £46,500 within the year), or, including interest to the end of the year, £255,665. And the whole funds are invested on undoubted securities, the average rate of interest being between 4¼ and 4½ per cent. The total amount of the claims which have emerged since the commencement of the institution is £138,688. The experience in this respect has been most favourable, the number of deaths being very greatly under the expectation according to the mortality table of the office. The state of affairs of the Corporation shows a surplus of £26,159 10s. 9d. Two-thirds of this surplus are to be allocated to those members who shall have paid in premiums, with interest accumulated at 4 per cent., a sum equal to the amount of their assurances, as well as contingently to those who shall have so completed their accumulation within the next septennial period. As the surplus is divisible, not by the usual system of an equal per-centage addition to each £100 assured, without reference to the age of the members or the duration of their policies, but, in proportion to the *values* of their policies respectively, the rate of addition varies in each case, and it can therefore only be stated, generally, that the additions will range from 20 to 54 per cent. on the amount of the assurance. The Report was unanimously agreed to.

Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society.—At the annual general meeting of this Society, the Manager read a Report, from which we select the following particulars:—"The annual statement of the business for the year 1852, which the Directors have the satisfaction of placing before the members, again presents evidence of a remarkable and extensive diffusion of the advantages of the Association. The number of new policies passed during the year is 1,146, representing a capital sum of £380,567 5s., and the corresponding amount of annual premiums is £13,579 14s. 2d.; while, for the same period, the nett addition to the total sums assured since the commencement of the Society, deducting all policies emerged, forfeited, surrendered, and not taken up, is £273,497 12s. 9d., and the nett increase of premiums £9,488 19s. 9d. The claims of policies emerged during the year have been at the rate of about 1·1 per cent., or £14 out of £90. This, more especially looking to the age of the Society, is a small per-centage; and it may be also noticed, that the principal portion of the claims has fallen upon policies of long standing. It is almost unnecessary for the Directors again to repeat their gratification with the whole business of the London establishment, and the signal success which has continued to attend its progress." The Directors, in accordance with the wishes of the Society, have revised the conditions involving the forfeiture of policies, and embodied the alterations in a series of resolutions, calculated in a liberal spirit, to meet the views of their numerous members. For these resolutions, we must refer the reader to the Directors' report.

Star Life Assurance Society.—The following is an epitome of the report of the above Society presented to the ninth annual meeting of the proprietors and privileged policy-holders. "In presenting to the share-holders and policy-holders of the *Star* Life Assurance Society

the ninth annual report, the Directors have a pleasing duty to perform, in stating, that the business done during the past year has been of an extensive and gratifying character: the transactions submitted to the Directors from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1852, exceeding in number and amount those laid before them in any previous year:

	No.	Amount.	Premiums.
Polices issued	609	£186,225	£5,986 7 7
Proposals declined or not completed by the proposers	122	39,015	
Proposals passed the Board on Dec. 31st, 1852, but not completed	48	28,620	
Proposals in house, Dec. 31st, 1852, not submitted to the Directors	31	10,100	
	810	£263,960	£5,986 7 7

The deaths during that period under review have been about 20 per cent. less than the year preceding; claims having been discharged on 23 lives only, whilst the mortality, as indicated by the combined experience of Life Offices, shows the probability of 40 claims in the twelve months. The sum paid for claims on policies amounted to £5,253 10*s*. 8*d*., which included £103 12*s*. 2*d*. additions made to the sums insured, at the division of the bonus in the year 1849, and conseqently paid to the representatives of those who had insured. The number of proposals received to the present date (or rather for two months past), is 237 for the sum of £84,625. Of the 609 policies granted by the Directors in the year 1852, a majority (in point of numbers) has been upon the lives of members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, for whose more immediate benefit, it must be remembered, this Institution was established. It is therefore upon the increased and increasing confidence of the Wesleyan Society, as well as upon the character of the lives selected, that the Directors rely for the ultimate prosperity of the Society; believing that the lives of the religious and moral class of insurers obtained, are, as a class for such insurance, far superior in value to the mass of the general population; and this fact is well evidenced by the history of this Institution. It is a duty of this meeting to declare what sum shall be allowed to the Chairman and Board of Directors as remuneration for their services during this year, which the Directors recommend shall not exceed the amount allowed by the deed."

Deposit and General Life Assurance Company.—The first annual Report of this Company exhibits a comparison of the amount of business they have done during the first six-and-a-half months of their existence with that done by other Companies in corresponding and longer periods. From the table of comparisons it appears that in a period of six months and a half, from September 20, 1852, to March 31, 1853, this Company has received for premiums £2,514 7s. 8d., an amount of business not exceeded by a single one of the twenty-eight Companies with which it is compared. The Directors feel, therefore, that they are fully justified in anticipating from their present large amount of business a proportionately greater amount of success than has hitherto attended similar Institutions. They are, further, proud of the confidence placed in the Company by the public, not only on account of the large amount of assurance business transacted, but also that every share in the Company (20,000 in number) has been subscribed for, with the exception of 1,400. They have succeeded in appointing, and are continuing to appoint, a large number of influential agents throughout the country. In Leeds, Birmingham, Cornwall, and the West of England, the principles of the Company have met with marked approbation, and have led to valuable results—and in India the Deposit feature of the Company has been looked upon as particularly applicable to that country, the Directors having received the highest testimony to that effect from persons of the first standing and known judgment there. The Balance-sheet appended to the Report, shows that the accounts are in a highly satisfactory state, and speaks well for the present position and future prospects of the Company.

United Guarantee and Life Assurance Company.—The annual meeting of this Company was held at the offices, in the Old Jewry, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. The Right Hon. Lord Erskine in the chair. The advertisement convening the meeting having been read, Mr. Knight, the Secretary, read the following Report:—"The Directors have much pleasure in meeting the proprietors on this the 'fourth annual general meeting,' and in announcing that the business of the Company has been uniformly progressive. It will, no doubt, be satisfactory to the proprietors to observe that the new business transacted during the past year has increased from £3,479 0s. 8d., (which was the amount of new premiums for 1851,) to £4,242 8s. 6d. received on the same account during last year; whilst the renewal premiums have increased from £1,608 10s. 8d. to £3,835 15s. 7d. The total income from premiums has thus increased during the past year from £5,087 11s. 4d. to £8,078 4s. 1d. The Directors think it right again to call the attention of the proprietors to the extra expenditure which has been entailed on the Company by the appointment of agents, an item of expenditure which largely swells the annual charges of management, and which they hope shortly to be able greatly to reduce. During the past year, the Directors have availed themselves of the powers conferred on them by the extraordinary general meeting, held in November last, to apply for an Act of Parliament to enable the Company to guarantee the integrity of officers engaged in the public departments under the Crown. The result of an investigation into the various classes of guarantee risks undertaken by the Company has shown that there has been a profit upon each, independently of the expenditure, which always forms a heavy item in the accounts of the first few years of such an institution. This investigation has, however, enabled the Directors to modify the premiums upon certain risks, and to decline others: and they have no doubt but that the Company will, from year to year, feel the benefit of the increasing knowledge and experience derived from a careful examination of past and existing risks." Mr. Knight then read the statement of receipts and expenditure for the year ending 31st December, 1852, from which it appeared that, after deducting every claim against the Company, there remained a balance to its credit of £8,141. The Report, being moved and seconded, was, after the usual vote of thanks to the Directors, Secretary and other officers of the Company, carried unanimously.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1853.

A VOTE FOR SWILBURY.

SWILBURY is a neat and thriving borough, whose population are mostly of the middle and lower classes, among whom, not a few professional men, principally legal and medical, find tolerable scope for their exertions. It does not concern the reader to know the exact situation of Swilbury upon the map of England, or what branch of manufactures provides occupation and subsistence for its inhabitants. Enough that it is in some sort a manufacturing town, busy and prosperous when trade is brisk; and dull, miserable, and dead as ditch-water when trade is flat, and exports are few. From time out of mind the old town has returned one member to Parliament; and from time out of mind, too, the free and independent electors of Swilbury have been, through all their generations, to use their favourite expression, "true-blue," deep as indigo. Church and King was their watchword through the reigns of all the Georges; and in every Parliament during the last hundred years, at least, the Honourable Bulworthy Brag, Baronet, has been their worthy, consistent, and dumb representative in the people's House of Commons; for though the Brags are individually mortal, like their neighbours, and drop into the family-vault when their time comes, the race is a productive one; and Brag Hall has not wanted a Brag since the days of the Restoration, or Swilbury a candidate, since the first Bulworthy condescended to solicit the sweet voices of the electors.

But it is now some years since an ominous change began to steal over the political aspect of the town. Even before the advent of Free-trade, which, as the landlord of the Pipe and Pillars is fond of declaring, did a good deal for Swilbury, democracy had crept into the borough, and the Yellow element began to be discernible in the vacillating opinions of some of the most respectable potwallopers who boasted a voice in the representation. But with Free-trade came a gradual but continuous increase of population, principally made up of the new party. The borough was split up into two factions; and though the Blues, from their numbers and influence, had the upper hand, the Yellows were none the less noisy and uproarious. At the election of 1847, the worthy proprietor of Bulworthy Hall received a terrible shock to his nervous system, which well-nigh disgusted him with mankind in general, and with Swilbury-kind in particular. This was owing to the favour which his own born constituents testified towards the pretensions of an impudent fellow of an ironmaster, who dared to consent to have himself put in nomination against a Brag, of Brag Hall. Of course, the rascal reaped nothing but defeat from the motion; the majority of the voters retained their loyalty and adhered to the old colour, and the baronet, of course, was returned as usual, but a little flustered with the barefaced impudence of the opposition, and most disagreeably excited with the tumult and uproar of the pretended contest. It was thought by some that grief for the degeneracy of Swilbury shortened his days; others said it was gout that brought him to his end; but whatever the cause, within a twelvemonth of his return, he had joined his ancestors beneath the big monument in Swilbury church-yard, and another Bulworthy (he was the seventh) reigned in his stead. There was no opposition to Septimus. When the old Bulworthy died, a corrupt administration was also in its last agonies; and the ironmaster stood aloof, not choosing to be at the trouble of a canvas, which, even if successful, would have to be repeated in a few months at farthest. The new baronet took his seat, and hugged himself in fancied security, imagining that the late defeat of the Yellows had taught them a lesson of prudence, which would suffice them for one generation at least. But soon after came the bungling budget which blew up the Protectionist Ministry. Parliament was dissolved, new writs were issued, all Swilbury went mad for the ironmaster, and Septimus saw with apprehension and horror the whole town and neighbourhood swallowed up in the vortex of a contested election.

Swilbury has awoke up at last from its long sleep. The Pipe and Pillars, veiled in a profusion of yellow flags, is hardly visible to the eyes of the public. "Cogswell for Swilbury!" "Cogswell for ever!" "None but Cogswell!"—these are the significant words borne on banners in the air, flut-

tering from the windows of the Committee-room, and waving majestically over the roof. Brass-bands, big drums and beer have banished business from the town. Everybody is idle because everybody is so busy. Cogswell has been put in nomination; the Mayor has declared the show of hands in his favour; he has made the right sort of speech at the hustings, parried a dead cat intended to floor him, diverting it point-blank to the head of the bewildered Bulworthy; and gained the goodwill of the potwallopers, more especially of those who have no votes to give, by a few timely jokes. Polling-day is drawing nigh. Agents are at work canvassing from house to house. The town is full of new faces flitting hither and thither, and more are arriving by every train. The inns are all occupied, and prodigiously noisy and wakeful till long past midnight. Bulworthy, aroused to the necessity of exertion, has compromised with his dignity, and allowed his supporters to convert the Green Dragon into the citadel of the Blues. "Brag and the Constitution!" floats in gold letters on a violet ground, upon a broad banner projecting from the balcony, in which a dozen brazen-throated trumpets appeal to the hearts of the electors at regular intervals. The band of the Yellows perambulates the town in a monster van, followed by a rabble of boys, all day, and squats at night over against the Committee-room at the Pipe and Pillars, which is crammed within by flagmen, clerks, tellers, canvassers, whippers-in, &c. &c. Never was Swilbury in such a state of excitement before, or the glorious constitution at such a glorious premium.

Samuel Suddles is a small man, in a small way of business, in a small street. Born and bred a barber, he had been endowed by nature with two qualities which he possessed in the greatest perfection—one was an extraordinary talent for the perception of a grievance, and the other a power of loquacity which Xantippe might have envied. Both were of use to him in his profession, as they enabled him to command the attention of his "subjects" without making them laugh, an impropriety of which no shavee was ever known to be guilty while under his hand. Suddles was a a family man, and full of family woes, and these he knew, no man better, all originated in the corruption of the governing powers. He had a vote, but was far from knowing the value it might prove to him, from want of experience. Hitherto he had voted, like his father before him, for the old member—and seeing that he daily shaved the baronet's butler, he would until lately have thought it rank ingratitude to have done otherwise. But a barber's shop is in some sort a school of philosophy—it is a centre of general resort and general discussion, and new ideas on any subject are sure to be examined and sifted wherever beards are mown. Suddles, under the influence of the liberal principles which were developed in his hearing, began to think of revising his political opinions. The first fact which he gathered from the examination upon which he entered, was that he hadn't any political opinions to revise; it is true he groaned under a general sense of oppression, but was not exactly clear from what quarter it came. The address of the new member to the independent electors of Swilbury, which he had stuck up in his back room, helped him to something like a conclusion on this subject, and he felt very strongly inclined to cut the baronet in spite of the butler's daily chin, which, of course, he would lose if he did, and vote for Cogswell. He was cogitating upon this step one morning, having just spelled over the address for the twentieth time, when a messenger from the Pipe and Pillars burst suddenly into his shop with a command for his services immediately on behalf of Mr. Snardle, Crawford Cogswell, Esq.'s London agent, who had just arrived. Suddles donned a clean apron, and seizing his curling irons, entered the Pipe and Pillars at the heels of the waiter.

The London agent was a tall, thin and livid-faced gentleman in solemn black, who ought to have been taciturn and reserved. He was, on the contrary, talkative, gracious, and familiar, and while submitting his head to the manipulations of the barber, carried on a conversation in a most lively and agreeable style. Putting various questions, which Suddles answered with astonishing readiness and volubility—he ended by proposing that the barber should accept service ostensibly as a flagman, though he would not be called upon to bear the banner, but merely to use his industry and influence in prosecuting the canvass on behalf of the liberal candidate. Suddles, who had never had the honour of such a conference before, at once accepted the proposal, and promised everything. What further arguments the agent used to spur the barber to immediate diligence, or of what complexion they were, we need not stay to consider—their effect was that Suddles, merely pitching his apron, razors, combs, brushes, and curling-irons into his shop, and calling upon his wife to attend to customers, should any come, started off at once to try the effect of his rhetoric upon his friends and neighbours. He had not been gone ten minutes when Lawyer Chivers, the baronet's man of business, and his principal electioneering manager, dashed into the shop in search of him. Mrs. Suddles did not know when he would be at home—he had left no message; he might return directly—he might not return till night—could she do anything? Time was precious: the lawyer waited a few moments impatiently, and then put the question abruptly—Was Suddles going to vote for the baronet?

"Good gracious! Muster Chivers, sir, to be sure he is. Who else should he vote for?"

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure, sir. Why he and his father before him always voted for the Brags—and ain't the butler at the Hall his best customer?"

"When did he go last to the Hall?"

"This blessed morning, to be sure, afore breakfast."

"Ah, very good, then I may rely upon him; good morning"—and the lawyer was departing, but a second thought brought him to a stand. "Stop, Mrs. Suddles," he said, and he drew out his purse—"I am in your husband's debt, tell him

to place this to my account—good morning"—and he left the shop.

Mrs. Suddles, with five golden pieces in her open palm, stood for several minutes the picture of astonishment. Suddles had certainly set a a couple of razors for Mr. Chivers—two months ago—that she knew, because the lawyer had sent them back again, with the information that they were considerably worse for the operation. What he could mean by *debt*, and giving her five sovereigns, and making off, without explanation, she couldn't imagine. However, as the good woman observed to herself, "five pounds is no affront to nobody," and she resolved to make the best of it for the use of the household. So she put it in her pocket, thinking it might, perhaps, be as well to say nothing about it to Suddles, at least for the present. Perhaps the lawyer had made a mistake in his hurry to be gone—she should know more about it by and bye. The barber's wife was too busy to pursue these reflections further. Gentlemen, in leathern aprons, came in to be shaved, and a whole school of boys to be cropped, previous to being paraded before the new candidate, who had shown extraordinary interest in the state of education in Swilbury. Then there were the four little Suddles to attend to, the eldest of whom was fortunately big enough to do the lathering, and look after the rest upon an emergency.

Suddles did not come home till after midnight, and then he was far gone in a state of beer, a thing, to do him justice, not usual with him, except on holiday occasions. When his sleepy spouse let him in, she mentioned that lawyer Chivers had called in the morning. Suddles hiccupped a threat to smash him into shivers as an "unconstitooshional humbug," and after repeating his threat a dozen times, consented to go to bed. The next day was Saturday. Suddles dispatched his wife in the morning to the Hall to operate upon the butler, and to apologize for him on the ground of "a little shakiness." The butler, of course, attributed this to drinking overnight to the success of the Blues—and there was no suspicion at the Hall of the defection of the barber. When his helpmate returned home she found her husband again absent, where, or on what business, she had no idea. He made his appearance in the afternoon in time to reap the customary Saturday night's crop, which on this occasion happened to be large beyond all precedent in his experience. He had never seen such a number of strange faces, nor, he thought to himself, such ungentlemanly ones, in the town before. His hand was weary with wielding the razor, and it was past midnight ere the tide of bristly beards ceased to flow in. Sunday morning it was the same, and until noon had struck he found his hands full of business. The barber went to bed after dinner, to make up the arrears of sleep, and recruit strength for certain labours which he foresaw on the morrow, and the morrow's morrow, which would be the day of the poll.

On Monday the Swilbury shaver was to be seen everywhere but at his shop. He had reported progress daily to Snardle at his professional calls, and had pledged himself for a goodly number of the ten-pounders, whom he had gained over by unanswerable arguments to the Yellow interest. Among these, however, were two or three who took a great deal of looking-after. The town cobbler, Larrup, especially, who was the fatherly founder of the Crispin Codger's Club, and whose example, it was supposed, might go a great way, was intoxicated from morning to night. That would not have signified much had the man got drunk upon principle, but the ignorant blockhead used no discrimination—tippling promiscuously in any tavern that happened to be open and nearest at hand, whatever its presiding colour might be. Then there was Wriggle, the plumber, who couldn't make up his mind, and wanted more enlightenment previous to a final decision. Further, there was cause for uneasiness in the fact, which there was no concealing from Swilbury throats, that the Green Dragon brewed the best beer; and it was thought, too, by some, that the old Conservative party had very powerful reasons on their side. It was plain that the battle would be a very hard-fought one—the best proof of which was that the bets ran pretty even on the subject, and no one talked of the long odds save those who had not any money to stake. At night the barber's shop and back room were the rendezvous of his peculiar coterie of converts. Larrup had been caught and conveyed thither, nothing loth—and Wriggle too, though he had not yet pronounced, honoured the company with his presence. Suddles was in quite a glorified state as he marshalled his precious lambs, and administered brandy in thimble-fulls, by way of a whet, and congratulations without number, ere they adjourned to the Pipe and Pillars for a supper and jollification.

The supper was pronounced "the thing,"—it was supposed to be the barber's treat—and the jollification that ensued lacked nothing that money and lungs could supply to render it equally acceptable. Larrup was soon merging towards a condition that would have entitled him to take up a position under the table. This was a climax towards which Suddles looked with satisfaction, designing to transfer him to his house, and, locking him up for the night, thus make sure of his vote and influence. Wriggle did not advance so satisfactorily, but drank with caution. Of the rest the barber felt he could make pretty sure; and he industriously plied the plumber with the best, in the hopes of bringing him round to a manageable state. The fun and frolic grew fast and furious; but in the midst of it there came a tap at the door; a boy had brought a note from Mr. Snardle demanding the attendance of the barber for a few moments at his lodgings. Suddles, apologizing to the company, and promising a speedy return, made off to the house of his patron. When he got there, he found that no one had been sent for him. The note was a hoax, evidently a contrivance to draw him away from his post. He hurried back with all possible haste, and resumed his place at the head of the table; but on looking

round, Larrup and Wriggle were not to be seen. Trap, the tinker, informed him that the old cobbler was gone out for a breath of air, in charge of Wriggle who had volunteered to take care of him, and that both would return presently—"trust 'em." They did not return at all. Suddles grew alarmed, and vacating his chair in favour of the "Vice," set off in pursuit. By this time it was past twelve o'clock, and the town was comparatively quiet. The barber ran hurriedly through the whole town—popped in at every open door, and made all the inquiries it was possible to make, to no purpose. Worn out at length with the chase, and despairing of coming up with the fugitives that night, he turned his face homewards and got to bed.

He could not sleep, and lay revolving the circumstances in his mind. Could it be that the plumber was a spy in the pay of the enemy? The suspicion, once awakened, was soon confirmed by a hundred corroborative facts which now recurred to his recollection. Slow as he was, the barber could not avoid coming to that conclusion before drowsiness stole over him. Awake at cock-crow, he rose with the dawn, and resumed the search, if not with success, at least with one good result—the certainty, to wit, that neither the missing cobbler nor the delinquent plumber were in the town, unless, which was not likely, they were lying concealed in some private dwelling. As early as possible, after a hasty breakfast, the barber beat up his recruits, and confiding them to a trusty agent, saw them marched off to the polling-booth, by twos and threes, and thus contrived to get them off his mind before the morning waned. He acquainted Snardle with the state of affairs, and that worthy, testifying the most virtuous indignation at the trick that had been played them, urged him to leave no means untried to discover the cobbler. Suddles now recollected that Wriggle had a little place at Tottleton, two miles off, which he let in summer-time to visitors. He felt sure that the cobbler had been carried thither, and at once set off, as fast as he could walk, to reconnoitre. He was upon the right track, but ignorant of the perils that awaited him.

When he drew near the house, which was a small four-roomed cottage standing a little back from the main road, he was made aware by sounds of laughter and certain odours which assailed his experienced olfactories, that a jovial band within were doing their best to make themselves comfortable. Never doubting that Larrup was one of their number, and thinking to surprise and carry him off—he dashed into the passage, ran upstairs, and found himself in the presence of a party of the Blues, with Wriggle at their head. They received him with shout and jeers, and clapping to the door and locking it, swore he was their prisoner, and that he should not go forth until he had taken his Bible oath that he would vote for the baronet. The barber commenced an harangue upon the liberty of the subject and the freedom of election; but they knocked his hat over his eyes, and tripped up his heels—then picking him up and seating him on the table, clamoured again for the oath. Suddles refused to swear, and threatened the vengeance of the law; and when they proffered him wine, refused to drink, being at this time in a towering passion, and beside himself with excitement. They threw the wine in his face, and knocked him from his perch, and might have half killed him, but just then a couple of carriages drove up to the garden-gate to carry the enlightened Blues to the poll. Seizing the poor barber, who was now well-nigh stunned by blows and ill-usage, by the neck, they dragged him out to the landing, and opening a trap-door which led to a dark loft between the ceiling and the roof, hoisted him in head-foremost. Having thus boxed up the barber, they drove off, exulting in the deed, to the poll.

When Suddles recovered his senses, he commenced feeling about his dark prison, and soon ascertained that he was not alone. His hand fell upon a leathern apron heaving with the heavy breathing of a sleeper; he felt for the nose of the recumbent figure, and gave it a hearty tweak. "Cogswell for ever"! saluted his ears, in the well-known voice of old Larrup. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said the barber, "I've found my man and lost myself. What's to be done?" He groped for the trap-door—it was fast bolted on the other side, and refused to yield to any pressure he could bring to bear upon it. He heard the village clock strike two: the poll would close by four; and here were he and his friend the chief of the Codgers in durance vile two miles from the scene of action. He lay on his back, and gave a desperate kick at the tiles above him—happy thought!—a batch of them fell off and went rattling down into the garden. The barber leaped up and pushed out his head just in time to see lawyer Chivers rolling by in his gig. The lawyer pulled up in amazement at the spectacle of one whom he imagined to be a warm adherent of his own party stuck fast by the neck in a pillory of pantiles. He sent his servant to the rescue, who getting in at the window, undid the trap-door and relieved the barber, who for the present made no mention of the cobbler, having been able to discern upon the admission of the light that he was steeped in drunkenness, and utterly incapable of voting.

With a brief expression of thanks and a polite bow to the lawyer, who was on his way to fetch to the poll an invalid voter in the baronet's interest, Suddles set off for Swilbury as fast as he could run. Snardle was no sooner in possession of the facts of the case, than he packed a couple of chaises with Yellows of the combative sort, and despatched them to the rescue of the cobbler. Larrup was drawn forth—whether dead or alive, it appeared impossible to say. Suddles, having recorded his vote for Cogswell, met the cortége bearing the insensible cobbler on its return. They drew up at the doctor's and carried in their speechless patient. Dr. Forceps pronounced at once, the moment he had felt his pulse, that the cobbler had been "bottled," and hoped the business might not have been overdone,

of which he appeared to seem dubious. The stomach-pump was applied, at least so say the newspapers—and then the voice of old Larrup was heard once more ejaculating "Cogswell for ever!—Brag be——" They were his last words. The man was dead. The free and independent elector had been drugged to death by his free brother elector, and his voice was dumb for evermore.

It is not true that dead men tell no tales. The murderer's creed is a lying one. The dead cobbler did more harm to the Blue faction than a score of living Yellows could have done. Rumour has many tongues, and they are never so busy as at election time. In ten minutes the news was known to every man in Swilbury—and Cogswell who had lagged in the poll since the morning, till he was above a hundred in the rear, pulled up rapidly as the hour for closing drew nigh. Many who had resolved not to vote at all, came forward at the instigation of the cobbler's death, to be revenged on the party who had occasioned it; and others who had reserved their votes for the baronet, in case they should be wanted, gave them to his opponent, to show their abhorrence of the deed. When the hour struck for closing the poll, the numbers were thought to be even; but the final totting-up showed a majority for Cogswell, of eleven votes—and, to the unspeakable surprise and mortification of Bulworthy Brag, Baronet, of Brag Hall, the high bailiff declared the ironmaster duly elected to represent the borough of Swilbury in Parliament. The triumph of liberal principles had not been achieved without a severe struggle; a dense crop of broken heads and battered visages had sprung up spontaneously round the hustings towards the termination of the contest, and when the result was proclaimed, and exhibited in figures a foot long from the platform, the rage of the Blues knew no bounds. Balked of a victory in one way, they determined to have it in another. By dint of bludgeon and fist and iron-shod toes, they gained the mastery in the streets—drove the Yellows to a shameful retreat—and, headed by Wriggle, and a band of his glaziers, commenced a combined assault on their windows. The Pipe and Pillars went to smash in a few minutes; and then they visited consecutively with a storm of pebble-stones the abodes of all whom they imagined had any claim to their gratitude. Dire was the din—and cruel was the wrath of the defeated faction, which struck terror to the heart of Swilbury on the evening of that eventful day. The opportune arrival of a detachment of military towards night-fall restored something like peace, and gave the successful party the opportunity of creeping forth from their hiding-places and celebrating their conquest.

An interval of a few days cooled down the excitement of the election, and then, when party feeling had somewhat subsided, the independent electors began to recognise their own true character and position. The Blues looked upon themselves as martyrs to principle and the good old cause—while the Yellows professed to be pioneers of progress and the champions of popular privilege. Suddles had grown into great importance, and was the talkative oracle of a pretty extensive circle. True, he had lost the patronage of the baronet's butler; but he had gained renown as a clever fellow who had outwitted lawyer Chivers and the Blues—and a bold one, to boot, who had not scrupled to throw them overboard. His history of the election, of which he could enumerate every particular, became a standing entertainment for a large and bristly audience, and he was in the habit of dwelling at considerable length on his own share, which according to him was by no means a small one, in securing the recent triumph.

Suddenly, however, after about a fortnight's very prodigal self-ovation, the barber was noticed to become exceedingly taciturn, and, on the subject of the election, utterly oblivious of every single event—he who had been regarded as the first authority on disputed points of fact—a sort of talking cyclopædia of general details. Whether this change in his habits had any connection with the sudden rumours of a Petition, which began to circulate pretty freely among the Blues—or whether it was due to a conversation with Snardle, who just at this time again appeared in Swilbury, when he was shaved and curled by Suddles at the Pipe and Pillars, we must leave the reader to judge. Perhaps each of these events may have contributed to obfuscate the memory of the barber—who now, strange to say, could not speak with positive certainty in regard to any single circumstance connected with the late election.

We must now shift the scene. Swilbury disappears in the far distance, and the unfinished towers and turrets of the New Palace at Westminster rise into view. Here we are at Westminster Hall, passing through which we ascend the broad steps which lead into the penetralia of the Commons House. On, over the tesselated pavements, through St. Stephen's Hall, where the statue of Falkland waits for that of Cromwell—through the Central Hall, with its muddy-looking frescoes, and blank spaces for more—and on again into the long corridor into which open the Committee Rooms of the House. Here, to-day, we are stopped by a crowd composed of such anomalous constituents as give the lie to the time-honoured distich which says that birds of a feather flock together. Here are fellows with short-tailed coats and top-boots, "fancy"-looking men with spotted Belchers round their necks and "bully" legibly written in their faces: here are seedy vagabonds in shreds of shirts and ill-patched garments smelling of stale-beer, whose only wealth is a promising crop of "grog-blossoms" at the end of the nose: here are sturdy yeomen from their farms, and dapper waiters from the tavern, and women, one or two, of the worn and hard-working-class—and all wear an indefinable expression in their features, half apprehension, half indignation, with a substratum of satisfaction, which is to be seen in no other atmosphere, though something resembling it may be discerned in the Old Bailey when the criminal trials are on. These

are the witnesses brought from various parts of the country to bear testimony upon oath to their own and other people's doings at the late elections, the returns of which have been petitioned against. Among them are jolly clerks, who, in contrast with the witnesses, look particularly free and easy, and gentlemen of the law, or of the law's dirty, draggle-tailed skirts, and election agents and moral dare-devils, who care no more for an oath than they do for a cigar—and not half as much—and a considerable sprinkling besides of that peculiar section of society, known among discriminating people under the denomination of "raff." Pushing, as well as we may, our way through this heterogeneous assemblage, we pass on until we are stopped by the sight of the words, "Swilbury Election Committee" placarded on the side-post of one of the Committee-room doors. The porter civilly makes way as we intimate a wish to enter, and in another moment the door has closed behind us. We are in a spacious and lofty room, the windows of which look pleasantly out upon the river Thames; it is divided across the centre by a stout oaken barrier, on one side of which are seated the Parliamentary Committee, eight or ten in number, presided over by a noble lord of rather youthful appearance,—a company of lawyers in black gowns and frightful horse-hair wigs, who watch the case, and take part in the examination in the interest of the several candidates,—the reporters who perpetuate every word that falls from every lip—and the witness undergoing the *experimentum crucis* of examination. On the other side of the barrier, wedged thick and close together as sticks in a faggot, are the public, among whom, it may be, are not a few personally interested in the matter in hand.

We happen to have come just in time to witness the debût of Mr. Samuel Suddles, whose affectionate wife has rigged him out in his best—a blue coat not more than two sizes too large for him, a tawny waistcoat, a tremendous triangular collar, reaching almost up to his eyes, and a white "choker," liberally spotted with iron-moulds. He enters rather unwillingly, and glances timorously round in search of a friendly face. He catches the eye of Snardle, who is standing, with folded arms, next the barrier; but that, instead of re-assuring him, only embarrasses him the more. He is motioned to a chair, in which, after fidgetting with his hat, and depositing it on the ground, he at last takes his seat. He scarcely ventures to look round, and he catches the eye of Snardle whenever he looks up. At his right are the members of the Committee, with the noble chairman; at his left the big-wigs in their long robes, and right in front are the short-hand writers at the table, ready to seize the slightest word that falls from his lip. He starts at the first summons like a guilty thing. He is sworn; and then comes the voice of the noble lord, commencing with—

"Your name is Suddles, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Samuel Suddles?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You reside in Swilbury?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How long have you been resident in Swilbury?"

"All the days of my life."

"And, if you have no objection, how long is that?"

"Thirty-nine years next Michaelmas."

Suddles begins to think there is nothing in being examined after all, and plucks up courage. But he *feels* the eye of Snardle upon him, and holds his breath while the next question is pronounced. The repetition of a few more common-place enquiries contributes to set him at his ease; and as he gathers confidence he settles himself comfortably on his seat, looks round, and confronts the impassive face of Snardle without quailing. When, however, the questions begin to bear upon the late election, the barber's tremour returns, and his memory fails him terribly. It takes five horse-hair wigs and three Members of Parliament to get an answer to the simplest question. He cannot recollect the names of his oldest acquaintances; and though living in Swilbury all his life, cannot specify a single person who took part in the election, or who did not. Is not certain that he had borne any office himself—might have been supposed to be a flagman, but never touched a flag. Had given his friends a supper at the eve of the poll—was not in the habit of giving suppers—couldn't tell why he did it then. Had never paid any voters himself, would take his oath. Had been paid for his services—couldn't recollect how much, nor who had paid him—Was a Yellow from principle "because the Blues never done him no good"—voted for Cogswell—never promised to vote for Brag—never took a bribe from the Blues. Mr. Chivers owed him fourpence, and left five pounds with Mrs. Suddles to set off against the debt. Didn't know that before yesterday, when he got the summons to come to London—had never seen the mony—his wife, he supposes, had it—couldn't really say who had paid him, or what he was paid—it might have been a note—it might have been gold, or silver. Thought he was paid at the Pipe and Pillars, like the rest. Didn't know who the "rest" were, or why he said "like the rest." Knew Wriggle very well: he had promised to vote for the Yellows, and was a Blue all the while. Wriggle had used him badly. Knew Larrup very well. Larrup was "bottled"—didn't know who did it. Had known Larrup all his life, since he could recollect anything—saw him every day for a week before the the poll. Larrup *was* rather fond of drink when he could get it for nothing—saw him drinking at the Pipe and Pillars, and at the Chequers, and at the Green Dragon, and at the Codgers, and at the Marquis of Granby, and plenty of other places—didn't see him pay for drink—didn't pay himself—wasn't asked for payment. Had been in Cogswell's committee-room—couldn't say who he saw there at any particular time—might have seen Mr. Jolly there—didn't know when. Knew John Jinks very well—never asked him if he thought two-ten all fair. Didn't know how much he

could earn a day by shaving—never had a whole day's shaving in his life. Didn't recollect telling Wriggle he was to have two guineas a day for services—don't recollect what he was paid—didn't count the money. Knew Dangle. Dangle was a flagman—didn't recollect showing him the way to Mr. Jolly's room—Mr. Jolly's room was a small room over the committtee-room—might have been there himself—couldn't say—did see voters going up and coming down—don't recollect who they were—might have gone there himself on polling-day, couldn't say—couldn't recollect who he saw there besides Mr. Jolly—Yes, if he saw Mr. Jolly there, must have been there himself—recollects now, was there for a few minutes—What took him there? can't say—will try and recollect (*dumb and dripping with perspiration for several minutes.*)

Suddles, now in a purgatory of apprehension, presents a piteous spectacle. The Committee pause for a moment in their interrogatories, and the gentlemen of the long robe take him up. They refer him rather sternly to certain admissions he has made which are altogether inconsistent with his assertions of forgetfulness—remind him solemnly of his oath, and demand an answer to the last question. The distracted barber glances at Snardle, who is biting his lip, and remains dumb, until at length a hint from the Chairman, of committal for contempt of court, loosens his tongue. We need not particularize what follows. By degrees the fountains of memory are unlocked. Amidst symptoms of indescribable agony, testified by big drops of sweat falling from his quivering features at intervals upon the floor, the unwilling truth is slowly tortured forth. The unhappy barber is finally squeezed dry, in more senses than one. Not only does he disclose all the under-hand doings at Swilbury, but the second conspiracy to gull the Committee, to which he had been a party since his arrival in London, with all its details and accompaniments, down to the very last glass of wine which Mr. Jolly administered to him, to keep up his spirits, in the refreshment room on the other side of the corridor. All comes out; and the barber, having nothing more in him, not even an equivocation, or the necessity for one, is dismissed with a severe reprimand from the Chairman, and an intimation that he has narrowly escaped a prosecution for the crime of perjury.

Before following the discomfited Suddles we may take the opportunity of venturing a remark or two, suggested by certain evidences discoverable among the spectators of the feeling with which the spectacle of a man altogether destitute of integrity and moral principle being stripped of the pretences of truth and honesty, is witnessed by a discriminating public. Whether there be any covert relation between the examination by a Committee of the House of Commons, and such recreations as badger-baiting, cock-fighting, or hanging at the Old Bailey, we have not the leisure at present to enquire; but one thing is certain, and that is, that a very considerable section of the on-lookers at an Election Committee are the same class of persons who are generally congregated at the entertainments above mentioned. By their perceptions the moral ugliness of the thing is not recognised. It is a species of man-baiting, in which the bribed voter plays the part of Bruin among the bull-dogs; the more he lies and swears through thick and thin, that black is white, in defiance of plain and palpable facts, and the more he won't acknowledge what is incontestibly proved to the comprehension of everybody, so much more delectable is the sport he affords. The posing questions of his watchful antagonists in horsehair are regarded as so many attacks which he is bound to parry or elude, by cunning or equivocation; and if he can succeed at last in sophisticating his examiners, and putting them upon the wrong scent, he has the merit of game and pluck, and becomes the object of general favour. This, by the way, is a consummation but rarely achieved. The bare-faced knave who, having bartered his privileges for a bribe, and betrayed the trust committed to him, dares to launch into a labyrinth of lies, in the hope of deluding his judges, is pretty sure, sooner or later, to suffer the shame of exposure—and it is instructive to mark the contrast between the confident assumption of careless innocence and candour by many an ingrained scoundrel, as he takes the oath—and his crest-fallen shame-facedness when, crushed beneath the sense of ignominy, he leaves the room after being forced to publish his own disgrace, with the knowledge that it will be patent to all the world, and to his most intimate friends in particular, before he is a day older.

Suddles, as he returns to the corridor, is in mortal fear of Snardle, whom he would avoid if he could, and therefore he takes refuge on a bench among a few kindred spirits who, like himself, bear on their countenances the scars of that terrible combat from the ordeal of which he has just emerged. To his infinite relief and satisfaction, Snardle no longer knows him, and returns his timid glance with the unconcerned gaze of a stranger. A thousand times during the examination the barber had wished himself at home; and when the Committee rises at the instigation of the little bell which rings the legislators to prayers, he applies to the agent, and urging the plea of business, asks leave to return to his wife and family. The agent, who knows that he is now but a squeezed sponge, and that nothing further is to be got out of him, grants his request, merely intimating that he must be ready to return again if his evidence should be again required. The barber is off by the first train, and at night lays his head on his own pillow, and hopes to recover his lost self-respect in the bosom of his own family.

The result of the Committee's Inquiry on Swilbury Election showed that extensive bribery and treating had been practised by both Blues and Yellows. Since it took place no new writs have been issued, and there is a talk that the borough is to be disfranchised. Whether that will be done remains to be seen; but among all the free and independent electors, there is not one more indifferent upon the subject than the late loquacious, but now taciturn, Suddles. Shaving,

unfortunately for him, is scarcer than ever he knew it in Swilbury; and he has taken refuge from the distraction of his mind in the occupation of weaving a wig—which will not be made of horsehair.

A CHRISTMAS VACATION IN JUTLAND.

FROM THE DANISH.

(*Concluded from page 274.*)

CHAPTER V.

ALICE.

I HAVE often observed in my own case, as well as in the case of others, that a single event, be it ever so important, distressing, or even fearful, does not so easily make us lose our self-command, or even put us out of humour, as a succession of vexatious occurrences, however trivial each may be in itself. We are able to resist one heavy blow, but succumb to a succession of lighter ones. Such was my case on the present occasion. First, I was vexed at the mysteries of the night having been solved so immediately and so simply; secondly, I was vexed that the explanations I had received relative to the two interesting actresses in the nocturnal drama, had rendered them even more enigmatic than before; and thirdly, I was vexed at the indifference with which the Thammerraad's family spoke of the two ladies. Indeed this indifference lowered all the members of the family in my estimation; I thenceforward looked upon them as mere common-place personages: their gaity appeared to me insipid, their jokes stale, and their amusements stupid. In a word, I was thoroughly out of humour, and my partner in the game was the sufferer for it. The arrival of the expected musician soon broke up the card party, and acted as a stimulant on my unstrung nerves. The Herredsfoged, who was a passionate lover of music, was in a state of great excitement; he helped Mr. Fidler, this was the musician's name, to unpack the instruments, and to distribute them among the performers; note-stands were drawn forwards, music-books were opened, and instruments were tuned with an air of importance, as though the weal and the woe of the world depended upon what we were about. Our hostess twice appeared at the door of the concert-room to inquire whether the gentlemen could not find time to dine; but could obtain no satisfactory answer. At length, however, the Thammerraad came in, armed with a hunting-whip, and drove us all to table.

After dinner we again repaired to the music-room. It was amusing to see the Herresfoged and the conductor of the orchestra, as we called Mr. Fidler, examining each other's store of music. Their eyes and hands were in constant movement, and exclamations of admiration announced whenever the one had discovered an especial favourite among the musical treasures of the other. At length the Herredsfoged exclaimed, "What is this?" "Hem!" answered Mr. Fidler, "that is something we cannot make use of on this occasion; a grand aria, with accompaniment of violin, violoncello, hautboy, and bassoon. For the accompaniment we have performers, but where shall we find the singer?" "Perhaps Miss Alice might undertake the part," said one of the Miss Hansens; "I have frequently heard her sing such great long things—I will show it to her. . . . ." "Oh, pray do," exclaimed the Herredsfoged eagerly, but Mr. Fidler turned away with a contemptuous "pshaw!" and proposed that we should commence a quartett.

Evening had crept on, and we were still deep in music. During a pause in the symphony which we were just playing, I turned round and beheld a lady among the party whom I had not before observed. She was standing by the door at Mrs. Hansen's side, and seemed listening with downcast eyes. In her hand she held a roll of music—could it be Alice? The pause was out, and in spite of my exceeding curiosity, I was forced again to turn my eyes and my thoughts to the music. When the symphony was finished, she stepped forward modestly, but not bashfully. "Pshaw," said I to myself, in imitation of Mr. Fidler, when I beheld her more closely, "a handsome figure, but an indifferent face—so cold, so inanimate!" Her eyes I had not yet seen, for they were almost completely veiled by the long eyelashes, and she did not let them rest upon any one, but merely glanced at the person she spoke to. She advanced towards us, opened the music she held in her hand, and said in an accent that betrayed her foreign birth, "I know this, and have sung it repeatedly, and with the assistance of these gentlemen" . . . We gentlemen were not a little surprised, and Mr. Fidler more than all; he stared at her as if he had not quite understood what she said, but when glancing round the circle she asked, "Who is conductor?" he answered with much alacrity, placed his own music-stand before her with a bow, and distributed the various parts with the greatest *empressement*. None fell to my share, and, highly pleased at this, I took my place among the auditors.

I felt my heart beat at the thought of the difficult task the young girl had undertaken, surrounded as she was by thorough *conoscenti;* but when she commenced, when her rich, full, silvery tones fell upon my ear, I at once felt that she was

mistress of her art, and that she had nothing to fear from the severest critics. Then only I ventured to glance at the mouth from which such sweet tones were issuing. There was no denying it—it was not pretty, at least not then. But why did I look at her? ladies ought never to be seen while singing; I turned away my eyes, and was soon carried away by the indescribable beauty of her voice and execution.

When she had done, she handed the music to Mr. Fidler with a slight curtsey, and received, with downcast eyes and a faint smile, the thanks and applause which burst forth from all sides, and then returned to Mrs. Hansen's side. After we had performed another instrumental piece, she was requested to favour us with another song; she consented without the least display of affected reluctance, but when it was found that unhappily all the other songs in hers and our possession were arranged for the accompaniment of the piano, and she was in consequence implored to repeat the former aria, she resolutely refused: "I dislike *encores*," she answered in broken Danish and with much hesitation, "the singer is never successful the second time and —but—I express myself so badly in Danish."

"Pray speak French, Mademoiselle," said I, addressing her in that language. I think I almost guess your thoughts. On hearing the accustomed sounds every appearance of embarrassment and awkwardness vanished, the restraint which had hitherto characterized her manner gave way to a most animated look and tone, and with the ease of a person accustomed to converse on such topics, she gave her reasons for disapproving of the immediate repetition of a successful musical performance.

We continued for some time to converse with much animation, when I was called away to take a part in another quartett. When I returned to resume the conversation which had been interrupted, I found that she had been sent for by the Countess. As is usually the case, those who remained behind began to criticise the guest who had just left; and her fate was no better than that of a new poem, subjected to the criticisms of various judges of æsthetics: all find fault, but no two find the same faults; what one praises another blames, and if the author were desirous to avoid in a new edition all the defects that had been pointed out by his critics, he would find himself in the predicament of the old gentleman in the fable, from whose head a young mistress picked all the grey hairs, and an old one all the black. However, severe judgments are not always a bad sign; it shows that the critics are *searching* for faults; and in Alice's case all were at last agreed on two points, viz., that she sang like an angel, and had a large mouth. Even I was obliged to admit the justice of the last sentence,—but, as I found afterwards, as yet none of us could be said to have seen her.

While we were at supper she returned, and our considerate hostess observing that the two French talkers had better be near each other, assigned her a place by my side. Never before had I met a woman in whom depth of feeling was joined to so much refinement of manner, and sprightliness of mind. With the greatest ease she passed from one subject to another, whenever I started a new topic of conversation, and with equal ease she evaded every allusion to her own history, whenever I attempted by indirect means to gain some information on this point. What a pity, said I repeatedly to myself, that the mouth that speaks so prettily, is not itself pretty.

When I got up the next morning I found that thaw had set in; the forest, which the day before was clad in winter's glittering silvery garment, as if decked out in honour of the festive season, now stood there in dark russet dress in harmony with the heavily laden clouds that hung over its head. A south-west wind howled through the lobbies, and rattled among the rushes in the moat that surrounded the old castle. My mind was depressed; it was as if the leaden clouds were weighing on my bosom, and preventing the healthy action of my heart. I thought with a feeling of melancholy of the noble lady inhabiting the apartment next to mine, the last withering branch of a tree once flourishing and vigorous. She also will soon have vanished from the halls of her ancestors, which are already inhabited by a new and multiplying race.

At that time it was quite inexplicable to me why my "thaw humour," as the Herredsfoged termed it, would not be dispelled the whole day long. I took part in all that was going on; but I seemed only partially present, and it frequently happened when any of the party remarked that my thoughts were absent, that I discovered that in truth they had wandered away to the countess's apartment.

Our amusements and occupations were as varied as could be desired: we played at billiards, at cards, at battledore and shuttle-cock, and at length we fought a battle with snow-balls; in a word we played all kinds of mad pranks, and a dance in the evening was to conclude the merry-makings. Several other ladies had arrived, and Alice also had received and accepted an invitation.

I was engaged in a friendly contest with some of the gentlemen about who was to open the ball, when she entered. Cupid, and all the graces! It was she, and it was not she, it was not the darkly-clad, cold and reserved French girl we had before beheld; it was Terpsichore herself, light as a zephyr, surrounded with a mild radiance like that of the morning-star. A snow-white ball-dress fell in light but ample folds around her beautiful figure, and being somewhat short, according to the fashion of the day, displayed her pretty little feet and ancles wound round with rose-coloured ribbon in the Greek fashion. An azure blue gauze scarf was thrown over her shoulders, and among her rich brown tresses was concealed a single white lily. But her countenance! What an extraordinary change it had undergone! What had become of her large mouth? When I beheld her smile when she accepted my invitation for the first dance, I could have wished it larger still, that it might have displayed more fully the most beautiful teeth

I had ever seen between two lips of coral. And her eyes! For the first time I looked into their dark blue depths, and caught a glimpse of the spirit that dwelt within. What is beauty, other than the reflexion of a beautiful soul. Every feature in a face may be handsome, and the whole regular; but if the light of the spirit be wanting, it will rank no higher than Pygmalion's Galathea, before the gods had heard his prayers and bestowed a soul upon the marble; it may awaken admiration, not love.

It was fortunate that the music began at that moment, for I was so wrapt in sweet surprise that I had forgotten myself, the dance, and everything that surrounded me.

Young reader of which ever sex thou be! I doubt not that thou hast already made the discovery, which I however did not make at the time, that the god of love had wounded me with one of his sharpest darts. But how—but how could I imagine that she, who had been so indifferent to me during our first interview, should suddenly become so dear to me? I had always thought that love must come at first sight. But perhaps it did in reality then take possession of my heart, but lay, as it were, in a torpor—and had only now awakened to conscious being? as when we dream, but know not that we have dreamt until we awake.

I did not become aware of my own feelings until Alice was gone. Towards midnight she left the ball-room to rejoin her solitary friend. It was then to me as if the lights had lost their lustre, the music its sprightliness, and dancing all its attractions; she had taken away with her half of the light, the life, and the joy. I could no longer deceive myself as to the state of my heart. The important discovery would at once have driven me into solitude, had I not feared betraying my feelings to my merry companions, who had already commenced teazing me about my strange abstraction of manner. When, at length, the ball was over, and I was allowed to retire to my room, I reviewed in memory every event of the evening, from her first entrance dazzling in her loveliness, to the last graceful inclination with which she retired. I repeated each of her words. In imagination I danced over again each dance that I had danced with her, and now only I understood what it was that in this art also distinguished her from all others; it was not only the gracefulness, but the extraordinary lightness, of her movements. Feet and arms (for it was then still the fashion to accompany the dance with movements of the arms) moved together in undeviating time, as if impelled by machinery, and her beautiful figure glided forward among the other dancers, as the swan sails in calm and stately beauty among rocking billows.

Every look, smile, and word which she had addressed to me during the evening was recalled to memory, and I endeavoured to discover whether they had conveyed more than expressions of mere politeness. It seemed to me that in some cases they had—but here I was suddenly struck by the thought: what was her manner towards the other men?—Hem! I could not tell. One thing, however, I had observed, and that was that the Conrector's brother had repeatedly fixed his eyes upon her with an expression of much earnestness, and that she in return several times threw stolen glances at him. He was indeed past his first youth, but though his hair was tinged with grey, his tall military looking figure still retained all its vigour, and his manly sunburnt countenance, was enlivened by a pair of laughing blue eyes. As regarded his feelings, however, I was soon reassured, for I heard him snoring most lustily; for he and his brothers—the inseparables—were now, like myself, inhabitants of the black room, the new accession of guests for the ball having necessitated this crowding.

I awoke late the following morning, and found that the brothers had already left the room. Having dressed hastily, I was about to follow their example, when the sound of footsteps in the adjoining room arrested me. Could it be she? I could not resist the desire to ascertain, and moving on tiptoe, I went to the well-known door and peeped in. Yes, it was she—in a morning dress. She was putting her nicely-folded ball apparel into a drawer; when she had done this she opened another drawer, and took from it an object which I could not see, but from which hung a twisted cord of silk or hair. For some moments she seemed lost in melancholy contemplation of the object she held in her hand; she then drew a deep sigh, pressed it to her bosom and to her lips, and lifted her tearful eyes to that heaven where mortals seek balm for their earthly afflictions. She then replaced the object in the drawer, wiped her eyes, and left the room.

What could it have been? a miniature? No doubt; but whose? a lover's?—my heart sunk. Or, perhaps, a mother's? my heart was relieved. But who was she herself? an emigrant? of high rank—too high rank! her manners, her accomplishments, her highly cultivated mind betrayed. —"I must have certainty," said I to myself as I went down to join the family.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROPE DANCER.

THE day elapsed without my being able to come to any determination as to how I was to declare my feelings to Alice; but the fact of my having resolved to make such declaration enabled me to take part in the pastimes of the rest of the party, without betraying any remarkable absence of mind, although my heart was so far from being in them, that I do not now even recollect wherein they consisted.

It was Christmas eve.—On the following festive day, I went to church with a few of our party, among whom were the inseparable brothers. Alice was there; but not the Countess, who was indisposed. During the service the pious girl's eyes were riveted exclusively on her prayer book, or on the clergyman. I rejoiced to see this—but our pews being opposite to each other, our eyes met when we were coming out at the conclusion of the service. She blushed, and bowed politely, but neither of us spoke. I had not the courage to do so.—"To-morrow," said I to myself.

The morrow came.—Again the brothers had left the room before I awoke. I got up. Full an hour I then spent in listening and peeping into the adjoining room—but she was not there. I was several times on the point of going down, but turned back again, hoping that the next moment would bring greater luck. My mind began to waver, my courage to fail. At length the well-known sound of her footsteps fell upon my ear. "Now or never!" said I aloud, and went into her. She was again at the chest of drawers, but on hearing me enter, she turned suddenly round; seeing me, she changed colour, and her face betrayed emotion. This restored my courage: the first step was made.

I remained at a respectful distance and said:—"Mademoiselle!" but more I did not say, for, in truth, I knew not exactly what I meant to say.—"Monsieur," she answered; but no more. I was disconcerted, abashed, floundering in a state of indecision and anxiety. Suddenly a bright thought struck me: "I have learned," I said, "that the Countess is indisposed." "She is much better to-day," she answered—"I am most happy to hear it."—Another pause.

The painful embarrassment under which I was suffering, increased with every pulsation—I could bear it no longer.—Like a swelling stream bursting through its embankments, my pent up feelings broke forth in a flood of words. What these words were, I cannot say; but the colour faded from Alice's cheek, and the brightness from her eye, and she was obliged to support herself against the chest of drawers near which she was standing. The earth seemed to burn under my feet.

"Sir!" she commenced, in a firm and clear voice; but it seemed to me that her composure was forced. "Sir, the honourable proposal which you have just made, is of a nature that urges me to treat you in return with perfect sincerity," (first-rate French style, thought I), "and I must, therefore, inform you that I am bound to Countess R ——, by bonds which I cannot allow to be dissevered. She is everything to me—and I am her only comfort—the last link that attaches her to life. You will perceive," she added hastily, "that I fully appreciate the flattering confidence you have shown me, by my speaking to you so openly of a connection which is not known to the world." While she was speaking, I had cast down my eyes, like a culprit placed before his judge. I now raised them again, but hers were then immediately cast down, and I saw tears gather in her long lashes. My voice and my courage returned:—"The relation which exists between you and the Countess," I said, "I honour it—although I do not understand it—but—allow me one question!—if this relation were not?"—Her eye flashed, she hesitated an instant, and then answered with apparent coldness:—"It *is*—and" . . . . she looked round, as if seeking the means of escape. "Alice!" I now said, with increasing boldness; "I know you by no other name, and by this I name you for the last time if you so will it. I am not a frivolous youth; as a man, an honourable man, and after having seriously communed with my heart, I tell you honestly and without reserve, this heart belongs to you—it is yours undivided, and with all its best feelings. But, if in your heart there be no feeling that responds to mine,"—here she looked at me with a pained expression in which also I thought I descried a slight appearance of tenderness. I took her hand which she did not withdraw. "Alice," I continued, "if I am not quite indifferent to you—say but one word—one word of hope! I can, and will wait patiently, until the connection to which you have alluded, may perhaps be changed without being dissolved."

She drew her hand gently out of mine, placed the other over her eyes, closed her lips firmly, as if to repress starting tears, and then motioned to a chair near her. I seated myself mechanically, and she sank into another. She remained a few moments, as if engaged in an inward struggle; her bosom heaved, her eyelids trembled, at length, she breathed a heavy sigh, and then with much self-possession spoke as follows:—

"Before you request, a second time, an answer to the important question you have put to me, it is right that you should learn more of my history and my position, than you have hitherto known. But first—if I am . . . . as . . . . as I . . . . entertain much esteem for you . . . . you will, I am sure, promise me, after having heard my history, to wait until I give an answer to your too flattering expressions, without again being called upon by you so to do." I promised.

"My birth and parentage," she resumed, "are as little known to myself as to you. I have never known father or mother; alone, without relative or friend, I was thrown upon the stage of life—and to a real stage my first recollections are attached. Yes, sir, my earliest years were spent among rope-dancers, jugglers, and equestrians." (I felt a cold shudder pass over me, and I perceived that her eye dwelt for a moment scrutinizingly on my countenance.) "The slight proficiency in dancing which I possess, was forced upon me by the sound of the lash, and attained in bitter grief. Ah! often did I wish—I knew not God then, and could not pray for support from him—often did I wish that the rope on which I was dancing would give way, and that a precipitate fall would put an end to my sufferings. Throw myself down I dared not, for I feared the lash more than death. Often when applause was showered on me, and I bowed my thanks with arms folded on my bosom, tears of bitterness used to course down my hollow, painted cheeks.

"Child as I was, I would, no doubt, at length have found means of putting an end to my intolerable existence, had not a change been wrought in it by the association of a band of musicians with our troop. One of the musicians, a Roman by birth, discovered my talent for singing, and undertook to develop it. As my services might thus be made to contribute doubly to the director's revenues, he allowed me to avail myself of the proffered instruction, and then commenced for me a happier period, for I loved music—the best interpreter of man's sorrow as of his joy—

besides which, while so engaged, I escaped the ill-treatment of the brutal director and his wife, and I was able to satisfy my hunger, as my kind-hearted teacher gave me as many maccaronis as I could eat. I made rapid progress, but to my own unhappiness. Previously I had only had to dance and jump in public, now I was made to sing; and as my repugnance and timidity often caused me to fail in eliciting applause, I was punished with stripes." Here she paused, and dried up the tears that were escaping from her eyes. My tears also flowed at the thoughts of the barbarity with which so angelic a creature had been treated. My emotion was so great that I was incapable of speaking.

"But," she continued, "the Lord took pity on the poor orphan, and rescued me from the hands of the brutal creatures. We had repaired to Leghorn, where we were to embark for England. The last day of our stay I performed so badly, that I had reason to fear the most severe punishment. In my despair I determined to put into execution the resolution which had long been firmly fixed in my mind. Before the performance was out I slipped away, ran as fast as I could down the harbour, and threw myself into the water. It was evening, but the seamen on board a vessel, moored near by, saw me, and one of them immediately jumped in after me, and in a few minutes I was on the deck of the vessel, having sustained no injury. Immediately afterwards the director and another member of the troop, who had discovered my escape, and who had followed me, came on board and demanded that I should be given up to them. I screamed, and threw myself at the feet of the man who had rescued me from the waves. Embracing his knees, I cried with my last strength—Save me! do not give me up! kill me! and then swooned away. When I recovered I found myself in bed, in a strange, handsomely-furnished room. A friendly man, in a blue uniform, was seated by the bed-side, and when I opened my eyes he patted my cheek, and spoke so friendly and soothingly to me that I grasped his hand and covered them with kisses. 'May I remain with you? Is Roletti gone? Will you protect me from him? Will you let me stay with you?' Thus I cried, and stretched my hands imploringly towards him. He imprinted a kiss on my forehead, and gave me the consolatory assurance that I was safe. He had paid a sum of money to Roletti, who had in return ceded all claims upon me."

Alice's eyes sparkled; she stretched out her hands as if her benefactor were still before her, and said, "May the Lord reward thee, wherever thou be, in this world or in a better one;" and, with the expression of a Madonna, she turned her eyes to heaven, where she hoped once to thank him. Her folded hands then fell into her lap, and she sat for a while as if wrapt in thought and unconscious of my presence. After a little while, she soon resumed.

"It was he who had taken me out of the water. He was the commander of the vessel in the port, but to this day I do not know if he were an Englishman or a Dutchman; for his mother-tongue I did not understand. The last benefit he bestowed upon me was as great as the first. The following day he purchased suitable clothes for me, and then took me out to a villa in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, where he introduced me to several ladies. The youngest of these, in particular, received me with much kindness; and when I had related the little that I knew of my own history, she asked me if I would stay with her. At first I refused, and insisted upon remaining with the captain. Soon, however, they succeeded in persuading me that that could not be. I remained. He departed. I have never seen him since.

"The lady to whom I have alluded became my instructress. I was then about ten or eleven years old, but knew not how to read or write, and religion was a word I had never heard. She undertook to teach me all, and my love for her, as well as my natural aptitude, soon placed me on a level with other children of my age. God had appointed her to be a mother to the forlorn orphan; and this, my second mother, is the countess—as you have, no doubt, already guessed. And now, sir, you are aware how sacred are the bonds which attach me to her, and I am sure you are too noble to desire to dissever them."

She rose, and I likewise. Taking her hand, which she did not withdraw, I reverentially pressed it to my lips, and then returned to my own room in silence.

I felt that I must renounce Alice and endeavour to combat my passion, and that the first step I ought to take to this effect, was to leave the house in which she was dwelling. Too sudden a departure, however, would create surprise, and perhaps betray the secret of my heart, which many had already begun to suspect. Besides, only half of the vacation, which I had promised to spend at Mr. Hansen's had elapsed, and to avoid giving offence to my hospitable entertainers, it would be necessary that I should give some plausible reason for curtailing my visit. Such a reason I readily invented, and my departure was, in consequence, fixed for the day after the ensuing.

Even our best actions very frequently spring from mixed motives; and, in the present case, my apparent resignation, no doubt, had its source as much in a latent hope that by withdrawing at once, I would raise myself in Alice's opinion, as in respect for the relation which existed between the two ladies. Perhaps, also, there was a little mixture of pride in my feelings, together with something of what the French term *dépit amoureux;* and, in addition to all this, I must confess, that at the bottom of my heart lurked a rather confident hope that Alice would, at last, be mine.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTAIN.

The following night I woke, after having slept some time, and overheard involuntarily a conversation, the substance of which is so intimately connected with the present history, that I must repeat it for the benefit of my readers.

The two brothers, who believed me to be asleep, were repeating to each other the most important events of their lives. The elder, the Conrector, had probably just before I awoke completed his narrative, for I heard him say, "Such, dear brother, is the way in which Providence has led me. But tell me, now, how it happens, that you, who are blessed with such ample means, are not married."

"It is soon told," replied the Captain; "because I never saw but one woman that I wished to have for my wife, and her I could not get."

"But this one," said the Conrector, "who was she? Why did she not become your wife? Tell me the whole story."

"Certainly, if you wish it," answered the brother. "I had just returned from a cruise off the Kurilian islands, and had anchored in the harbour of Peter Paul, in Kamschatka, when despatches arrived from the Admiralty, ordering me to proceed at once to the north-west coast of America, to make some surveys, and then to proceed by the nearest route—that is to say round Cape Horn and through the Mediterranean—to a port on the Black Sea, to deliver my report. Having suffered average, I was obliged to run into a port in the Mediterranean, and there it so happened" . . . .

"Excuse me," interrupted the Conrector; "but when was this? how many years is it since?"

"Let me see," replied the sailor; "it must have been about twelve years ago. Well, it so happened, that several Russian travellers of high rank had just arrived in the same port. They came on board my vessel; I returned their visit on shore, and for a long while it was nothing but a succession of balls, and fêtes, and all kinds of junketings. It was on one of these occasions that I was run into by the frigate I have alluded to, and was damaged in the heart in a manner that was not easily repaired."

"Aha!" exclaimed the schoolman; "you fell in love, I suppose?"

"That I did," answered the brother; "and it was no wonder, for, I can assure you, she was one of the finest crafts I had ever beheld. I made signals; but she would not answer them, or perhaps did not understand them. I then ran close along side of her, and hailed her . . . in the politest terms, of course. And then we talked, and we danced, and . . ."

"Was she an Italian," again interrupted the elder brother, "and what was her name?"

"She was not an Italian," replied the younger; she was born in France, and her name was Roseau. But the name is of no importance. To be short—we met once, and twice, and many times; and at last, I don't know how it came about, but I told her right out that I loved her."

"That was right," said the Conrector; "and she?"

"She said nothing at all, but she fell into my arms and looked unutterable things. And then I kissed her and she kissed me, and the meaning was, that we swore . . ."

"What! did she swear?" asked the Conrector.

"Well, yes, I mean, we solemnly promised to love each other as long as the breath of life continued to swell our sails."

"That was a good promise," said the Conrector; "why was it not kept?"

"I will tell you. Among the Russians, whom I have mentioned, there was a nobleman who admired Marie as much as I did; and when he perceived that I had taken the wind from him, he crowded sail to come up with me, that is to say, he tried to gain her good graces by flattery, and diamonds, and pearls, and such like trash—and when that did not help, and he was nevertheless forced to fall astern, he showed his teeth, I answered in kind, and so we ended by fighting a duel."

"For shame, brother Christian!" murmured the Conrector; "duelling is a barbarous, heathenish custom."

"It may be so," answered the sailor; but it is the custom on such occasions, and I only did what I was obliged to do. After all it did not turn out so very badly, though bad enough: he received a shot in the hull, and was obliged to be laid up for some time to be overhauled . . . ."

"He did not die in consequence?"

"No; but he belonged to a powerful family, and had influential friends; and I was worried and tormented until I was induced to ask for my discharge. This, you know, led to my fortune."

"But the maiden?"

"The maiden! . . . Hm—when he found that he had no chance of making her his, he determined that as far as he could prevent it, she should not be mine either; and he spread all kinds of calumnies about me, which she foolishly believed; a certain circumstance which I will relate to you by and bye, having given an appearance of truth to the invention. So she wrote me a letter to the effect that she was going on another tack, and that I might steer my course whithersoever I liked. I hastened to her to clear up the mystery; but she and the whole squadron had already heaved anchor and were off. I have never seen her since."

"Why did you not write to her? why did you not go in quest of her?"

"Whither?" answered the sailor. "I did not even know the name of her native place. It was all over, there was nothing more to be done."

A pause in the conversation now ensued, but was interrupted after a while by the Conrector: "You alluded to a circumstance which had induced your beloved to place faith in the calumnies—what was that?"

"True! It was a romantic incident. One evening, as I was . . . ." Here I was seized with a fit of sneezing, which at once put a stop to the conversation. The Conrector called out, "God bless you!" and the brother said to him in an under tone of voice, "Another time."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

"No one knows, when the sun rises—how it will set." This was one of the wise maxims of the parish-clerk of Ulstrup, and one which had

almost acquired for him the reputation of a prophet, and was by the Herredsfoged classed among the wise sayings of the seven sages of Greece. In my memory it has been indelibly fixed, owing to the circumstance of its having been repeated at Ulvedal on the morning of the day fixed for my departure, which arose enveloped in a thick, grey fog; and because of its being so singularly applicable in a figurative sense, to the subsequent events of the day.

While dressing in the morning, the captain proposed that we should, in the course of the day, call upon the Countess and thank her, in person, for the use of her room. I told him that I had a few days before proposed doing so, but that my visit had been politely declined; however, I consented to solicit again an interview with the noble lady, in company with himself and his brother. To my surprise she consented to receive us.

I do not know how it happened that I preceded my companions. Was I perhaps unconsciously spurred on by a latent hope? Cupid is a sophist; and what is worse, he plays with his victim, like a cat plays with a mouse.

Alice was not present, but from the very courteous reception which I met with from the Countess, I judged that she had spoken favourably of me. The Countess was a woman of most captivating manners, a delicate and graceful figure, and remains of what some years back must have been remarkable beauty. Her conversation was animated and interesting, betraying a highly cultivated mind, and we were soon chatting with the ease of old acquaintances, about *la bella Italia*, and the treasures of art which it contains. The conversation was protracted for some time, and I was on the point of taking leave, when the servant announced the captain, and the latter entered. To my surprise I saw that he was clad in the uniform of an officer of the Dutch navy, and that a Prussian order decorated his breast.

My surprise increased on seeing him remain standing on the threshold of the door, as if petrified; while his eyes were riveted on the Countess with an expression which made me involuntarily turn from him to her. She presented the same symptoms of stunning surprise, but in his countenance joy seemed struggling for the mastery. She first recovered her self-possession: "If I be not mistaken," she stammered, in a voice that betrayed the beating of her heart, "we have met . . . . ." With a profound bow, he completed the sentence and answered in the affirmative. "It is many years since," she continued, and her eyes were cast down. "Eleven," he answered, likewise looking down. After this they were both silent for a while. Tears began to force themselves out from under her eyelids. She looked up, placed one hand on her palpitating heart, stretched out the other, and cast an embarrassed and imploring look at me. I understood at once that my presence was not needed. With a silent bow I withdrew and made my way out of the door, behind the captain.

I hastened to find the Conrector and communicate to him, what I could not doubt, that the lady mentioned in the nocturnal narrative, had been found. To the great amazement of all the persons whom I met, I rushed from one room to another, up stairs and down stairs. At length I found him in our common bedroom. Out of breath, I exclaimed: "he has found her—she is here—it is she—it must be she!"—"Who? Who? *humanissime!*" asked he with astonishment. "Who, but she in Leghorn," I answered. "She you know"—I had forgotten the name. "Heaven help us," sighed he with folded hands; "dear *collega*, what has happened to you? *insanis aut versus facis?*" "Oh, no!" I exclaimed impatiently; "it is as I tell you, come and see, come and see—it is she—the countess." I seized his hand and drew him with me into the adjoining room which separated us from the Countess' sitting room; when here he held me back, saying, "stop a little! give me time to think!—she—in Leghorn—the one he mentioned to me last night—did you hear it?" "Partly" I answered, "I awoke accidentally towards the end of the story." "But what do you mean," he repeated, folding his arms and looking steadily at me, "that French Lady—Ruseau or Rousseau, I think he said was her name—and the Countess?" "Are one and the same person," I added. "Come, I am sure she is going to acknowledge the injustice she did him—come!" He still refused to follow me; doubt was again uppermost in his mind. He put his arms akimbo, and looked at me with a cunning smile, as if he would say: "Come now, I am sure you are hoaxing me." At that moment we heard the Countess' voice in the next room, saying: "If you will look attentively at my dear Alice, you will easily discover the likeness which she bears to you, and which gave weight to the calumny. We were already two days journey from Livorno, when she convinced me of my error; and before I returned you had left." "*Per deum optimum maximum,*" exclaimed the Conrector; "*ipse habet res,*" and he rushed before me in to the happy couple.

Now only I became conscious of the sweet hope that Alice would still be mine, and I followed him with beating heart.

The reconciliation was compete; the three friends stood hand in hand, their countenances beaming with unutterable joy. "Brother!" exclaimed the captain, throwing himself into his brother's arms, while tears of joy coursed each other down his manly face.

I approached Alice. She blushed in lovely confusion. I read her answer even before I preferred my suit the second time; and this renewed my courage. "Noble Alice!" said I, "are the obstacles now removed? And may I hope?" With an angelic smile she answered: "See here my parents!" Both had heard of my suit, and the Countess taking Alice's hand, said: "She loves you, and is worthy of you." She placed her hand in mine, and continued: "take her, and love her as she deserves."

Heaven knows what became of time; but the dinner hour had struck before any of us thought of informing the Thammerraad and his family of

what had taken place. When we did so the joy was universal, and my departure was no longer thought of.

After dinner the twofold betrothal was declared in due form, with toasts, and flourishes of trumpets, and an impromptu song, composed by the humorous parish clerk. Every one was merry in his own way, but no one more so than the old Conrector. He would not remain quietly on his chair; but went round from one to another, reciting Latin verses to the unlearned as well as the learned.

At length he exclaimed, addressing his brother: "Christian! this is the brightest day of my life. Nothing could make me happier than I feel to day." "Do not be too sure of that," answered the captain, with a strange emphasis; and he whispered a few words to the Countess. They then both rose and left the room followed by the captain's servant, who having arrived on the previous day with his master's luggage, had been helping to attend at table, and had a short while before spoken a few words to his master, that seemed to produce a strange effect on the latter.

The Countess and the Captain did not return, but after they had been absent some time, I was sent for. On entering the room where they were, I found the Captain with a large silk handkerchief in his one hand, and a sheet of paper in the other. "It seems," he said, "as if a new light were about to dawn upon us, but that which it discloses, appears so strange, that we fear lest it may turn out a mere will-o'-the-wisp. My servant—his veracity I know to be beyond a doubt, for he has been with me many years—Alice's history is known to you, I presume, at least as far as it is known to me and to the Countess?" I answered in the affirmative:—"Well," he continued, "my servant asserts that he knows, that he has known her longer than any of us, and that he can trace her history up to the shores of the Baltic. When a poor and friendless boy, he took service with Rosetti's troop, as errand-boy, and was afterwards promoted to be machinist. He relates, that little more than twenty years ago, when the troop was giving performances at Rostock, he and one of the equestrians went down to the sea-side one evening to shoot sea-birds. Suddenly they discovered a large dark object floating on the waters, and when it drifted nearer, they perceived that it was the after-part of a small craft which had been wrecked. In a few moments it was cast upon the beach; they went down to examine it, and found in the cabin a young woman and a little girl, lashed together with a silken handkerchief, the very one which I now hold in my hand. The woman was dead, and was buried in a neighbouring cemetery. But in the child life was not quit extinct, and it was restored. They took it into the town with them, and Rosetti, finding that it was a pretty and well-formed child, trained it in the art which he himself practised. This child, he says, is our Alice." "That it is so, I will affirm by oath," here put in the servant, "I was still with Rosetti, when she jumped into the water at Leghorn, and I immediately recognised her on seeing her here again."—"All this, I know," continued the captain; "but now further!" "Here is the handkerchief which bound together mother and child, for such probably they were. I took possession of it, and have kept it faithfully ever since; and this letter we found on the bosom of the dead woman. I dried it, and likewise treasured it up, in the thought that it might once prove useful."

The letter was incomplete, and was as follows:—"Beloved husband! We are wrecked; the skipper fears that we cannot be saved. Should it be the will of God that I and our babe shall perish so far from thee, dearest; should it . . . ." this was all. Probably the ship split at this moment, and part of it sank.

"How did you know that the child's name was Alice?" asked the Countess. "So much she was able to tell us herself," answered the servant. "I, indeed, thought that she said Else, but the other understood Alice, and so she was called."

"Did no one ask her who were her parents, and were she came from?" again inquired the Countess.

"Certainly," answered the man; "but she could tell us nothing but that her father was called 'papa,' and her mother 'mama,' and that the place where she lived was 'home.'"

I had been listening with intense interest, and the more I heard, the more I felt my doubts giving way to joyful certainty. "Captain!" I exclaimed: "there can be no doubt, my beloved Alice is your brother's child!" "I am very near thinking so myself," said he, "but quite certain it is not. Are you aware of how he lost his wife and child?" "He has told me the circumstance here at Ulvedal—the period also tallies. . . . " "But," interrupted the captain, "it is strange that Alice should not have retained some recollection of her childhood; she must have been about four years' old at the time." "She has told me," said the Countess, "that for some time she had a kind of dreamy recollection of her home, but that gradually even this was obliterated. She remembered her parents; but not how they looked; she knew that they lived in a town with many red houses; but she did not know the name of the town; she remembered having sailed on the water, but not whence the ship came or whither it was going. Her native tongue she seems entirely to have forgotten among the jugglers; for she did not know one word of Danish."

"Is there no mark on the handkerchief?" asked the Captain. "Yes, two initials, A. and E. in one of the corners." "What was the name of your brother's wife?" I enquired eagerly. "He has not told me; but we have now a decisive clue."

In the meanwhile the rest of the party, tired of waiting for us, had left the table, and the Conrector and Alice who had came in quest of us, entered just as the Captain pronounced the above words. "What are you about, good folks?" exclaimed the old man. "What tricks are you plotting here?"

I was imprudently on the point of telling him

everything, when the more thoughtful sailor stopped me. Going up to his brother, he said in a serious tone of voice: "It is necessary—and I beg you to mark this—that I should for a moment interrupt your merriment, and recal to your memory painful events. What was the name of your deceased wife?"

The Conrector looked amazed, and said: "Good heavens! Why do you ask? Her name was Adolphine Evers." His eyes just then fell upon the handkerchief in his brother's hand, and a sudden gleam broke over his countenance. At that moment Alice drew nigh; I caught her in my arms; the Captain fell upon his brother's neck; but the Countess cried: "Softly, softly, do not kill them!"

I was intoxicated with joy; I could no longer contain myself; a few moments later, father and daughter were locked in each other's arms.

JOE LOCKHART'S DREAMS; OR, A TALE OF THE NEUK STICK.

BY W. CARLETON, ESQ.

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

PART II.

We have already said that Mary, owing to her beauty and her fortune, had been almost persecuted with lovers ever since the death of her uncle. Among them there was one, however, so singular, so unselfish, so pure, and so completely out of the ordinary course of human feeling and experience, that our readers when we name the individual will feel rather disposed to compliment us on possessing unusual powers of fiction. In the mean time we thank them, and beg to say that the individual we allude to was no other than gentle and affectionate Joe Lockhart. From the period of Mary's return to her father's, Joe's wanderings about the neighbourhood had become less frequent, and his visits to Tom Cosgrove's much more so. We do not, indeed, assert that it was love he felt, as it is felt by reasonable men, but that he experienced a vague dreamy attachment at once wild and tender, is unquestionably true. It resembled in character the love of a helpless child to a parent—being pure, simple, and dependent. Indeed, poor Joe's language—as is well remembered, even to the present day—was the language of childhood, and his words, imperfectly pronounced as they were, possessed those *balbutiæ* peculiar to innocence, of which they were clearly the exponent. His affection for Mary Cosgrove was as beautiful as it was innocent and rare. To him she was the standard of all beauty—all goodness—all perfection. By her he measured everything—no matter whether the comparison was congruous or not. He once told his mother that a drink of new milk which she gave him was "sweet as Mary Cosgive;" and when his brother brought home a piece of broadcloth, to make a coat, Joe said, after looking at it, "that nice and fine, like Mary Cosgive."

Mary turned upon him a look of deep compassion, and deprived as his mind was of its full proportions, yet the poor boy's heart was capable of feeling and, to a certain degree at least, of appreciating her sympathy.

"You sorry for Joe, Mary, and me glad *now*, aye, and could cry too—but gladder most"—yet as he spoke a singular and indescribable light, gentle, and serene in character, but at the same time made dim and visionary by an emotion which was likely to soften into tears—such a strange light, we say, seemed struggling for the expression of those sentiments which had the heart, but not the faculties of reason, to support them.

"Now go home, Joe," said Mary, "and be good, and whatever your mother bids you do, you must do it, or Mary will be displeased with you."

This was enough, her slightest wish was a command to him. No sooner had she spoken than he wiped away the tears that had come into his eyes, and putting the little trinkets into his pocket he went slowly home.

Whatever Joe purchased with the halfpence given him by his friends, whether of fruit or cakes, he uniformly brought to her, and as this strange attachment for her was known by all the neighbours, it was surprising what a number of nosegays made up of fragrant and beautiful wild flowers were brought to him in order that he might present them to Mary Cosgive as he called her. On other occasions he has been known to gaze upon her with a long and melancholy look—a look that seemed as if the feeble and enthralled spirit within him had gained an imperfect consciousness from the new principle of love that was struggling to kindle into that full and expanded light which gives to man the only true conception of his own existence as well as the happiness of which he feels himself capable. In those long gazings it was evident from the expression of his eyes and the paleness which accompanied all his emotions, that some strange and mysterious conflict was certainly going on within him. His clear and gentle eye became troubled—but the trouble seemed to arise from some far and faint gleam of that precious gift which had been denied him; for the eye although occasionally scintillating and excited, often beamed with a significance which one felt disposed to catch at as the dawn of reason, and its natural consequence, a consciousness

of his love. At home with his family, Mary was his reward, his restraint, and his punishment. If they wished him to do anything in or about the place, permission to visit her was sure to have it done without a moment's delay. And again, if he wished to ramble abroad of a cold or rainy day, they had only to say that they would complain to her if he did, and no pet lamb was ever more obedient. Frequently on going to her father's and not finding her there, he has wept like a child—and sat at home in silence and tears, until he understood that she had returned, when he flew back in order to gratify his innocent but affectionate heart by a sight of her. (It was necessary to give a brief sketch of this singular and extraordinary attachment in order that the reader may feel the full force of the incidents we are about to detail, and the remarkable part which Joe unconsciously took in the fate of some of our characters.) On the early part of the day following that on which Honor Burke and George Lockhart had held the rather remarkable conversation we have detailed, Bob Gott, having had occasion to go to the next town—Raslea—on some matter of business, brought home a letter to Honor, from which she learned that her father was at the point of death, and that unless she came home with all speed, there was little chance of her ever seeing him alive. She consequently, for reasons that will soon appear, resolved to draw her money from Gott immediately, and, if matters did not harmonize with her designs, to be guided by the letter and go directly home. She had also given her master notice to the above effect—and that she would expect it on the day after next, in order to proceed to Ballina. Gott, whom we have mentioned as wealthy, said he was quite prepared to settle with her, and that she might have it at any moment she wished. She thanked him in very warm terms, expressed her sorrow at leaving the family—and said that for the sake of her friends and relations she would feel obliged if he would write her a discharge or "correcther" as she termed it, stating that she had conducted herself honestly and to his satisfaction and properly for the last eight years, and that there was neither spot nor blemish of any kind on her character. All this he cheerfully promised to do—and so far Honor had a portion at least of her arrangements made for her departure.

On that evening she repaired, according to promise, to the appointed place of meeting, and so deep was her anxiety upon the subject about to be discussed, that she arrived nearly a quarter of an hour before Lockhart.

"What if he doesn't come?" said she to herself in a low soliloquy, such as persons labouring under deep excitement or passion unconsciously give way to. "Well, if he fails it can't be helped, —he will lose the money, and I my revenge, at least, for the present. I know he is fond of money, like his father before him; and it's no secret that no one ever saw him spending a shilling three times in his life. Doesn't he rob that poor innocent, his brother, of the little pence that strangers and the neighbours give him from time to time. Ay, George I know you well. And as for Mary Cosgrove, she keeps me in the dark still. She wont tell me where she's goin' to take herself—I'll know it time enough, she says; and yet she wants me to go along with her. In the mean time it can be no common business she's on, or she wouldn't take her portion along with her. At any rate it's well she told me that part of her intention—for if *he* has spunk, and does me justice, as he ought to do, we'll both be well off; but if he takes the money and acts treacherously to me, why, thank God, I can hang him after all, and so be revenged on them both."

She had scarcely closed the soliloquy, when Lockhart made his appearance and was at her side. It might have been evident that her mind was full of some unusual purpose, as her manner was excited and resolute.

"George," said she, without permitting any of the preliminary civilities of "good night," or "how are you," to pass between them, "I hope you're satisfied in your own mind, that you'll never put a ring on Mary Cosgrove?"

"I am," he replied, "James Cullinan has beat me there. They're to be married it seems."

"No doubt of it; as I said last night, she has given *you* the go-by, and preferred *him*. Of course, he, too, will have his tongue in his cheek at you; an', indeed, may be they wont both have their fun at your expense, ay, an' with their snug five hundre' to make them laugh the louder."

"Well, but where's the use of dwelling upon that now, Honor," he replied; "we know it can't be helped; it's not in our power to prevent them from being married. Let them both go to the devil. What is this you wanted to speak to me about?"

"Who tould you we couldn't prevent them from being married?" she asked, with a voice full of scorn and disdain. "What's to hinder us, if we wish—that is, if we have heart, if we have courage?"

"I don't think I understand you, Honor," replied George.

"It's a lie," she said firmly, "you do; or if you don't, you soon will. Would you wish to have her five hundre' pound without risk or danger of any kind to yourself? Come to the point at once, now, or I'll go in and leave you. Know your own mind—if you have a mind or a heart either —and I have my doubts."

"Suppose I say I have no objection against the money. You say there will be no danger?"

"None, if you have courage."

"Go on, then, and let me hear you."

"If I put you in the way of securing her fortune, will you make me your wife? I have a hundre'-and-fifty-five of my own besides."

"I must know how it's to be done, Honor, before I give you an answer—you're keepin' me too much in the dark."

"I'm a great deal in the dark myself as to what Mary Cosgrove, intends to do," she replied. "I know enough, however, for our ends. On Thursday evening she is to go—by the way—to see that everything is right at her uncle's. Now, whatever is the reason of it, she is bringing the

money with her, and my own opinion is that she is going to run away with some one. She wont own to that, however, but she wishes me to go along with her to see her safely over the Neuk Stick Bridge, and, as she says, to send a message by me back to her family. Now she doesn't intend to start for her uncle's until it's late, but I'll take care that it will be after dusk, and so far so good, but what's betther still—mark this now—*we go by the Neuk Stick.*"

She caught him by the arm as she spoke, with a grip the strength and tenacity of which astonished him, and he could see by the fading light, for the moon was but young, that her eyes kindled like those of a wild beast when goaded by provocation, or wrought into fury by the ferocity of its own blood-thirsty and ravenous instincts.

"Honor," he replied, "I didn't think you were such a girl. You have, to be sure, some of the devil's own spunk in you. Well, there's no use in denying it. I see whereabouts you are. You cross the Neuk Stick."

"I said no such thing," she returned. "Cross it, no, we *never* cross it."

"No; she misses her foot," he replied, "and slips in—the water's deep—ahem!"—

Honor nodded, but spoke not.

"Well," said he, "it might be easily done."

"Her family," added Honor, "don't know that she has the money with her. They think she's going to her uncle's; but you and I, George, could go to America."

"True," said the other, musing, "all that you say might easily be done, and without any risk. Well, I'll think of it to-night, and will call over before the time is come. You may ask me will the evening be fine, and if I say *yes*, all's right; but if I say *no*, I'll have no hand in it."

They then separated, or rather were about to separate, when George, seizing her hand, said:—"I must know, Honor, whether your lips are as sweet as ever," and as he uttered the words, he kissed her, but almost started back in the act. Her face was so cold, her lips so hard and icy, and the expression in her eyes so replete with the hateful fire of vengeance and triumph that he felt amazement, not unmingled with a sensation bordering on fear.

"Why, Honor," said he, "you are very cold."

"Yes," she replied, "I feel I am; but the night is cold, and I am too slightly dressed. I forgot besides to put on my shawl." They then shook hands and parted.

George Lockhart and his brother Joe slept in a back-room on a loft, for the house was one of those that are lofted, but without stairs; the access to the loft being by a light moveable ladder that is generally applied in the kitchen to a door in the centre of an inner gable which divides the kitchen from the other apartments both above and below. In this back closet the two brothers occupied one bed, and on the night in question, about the hour of three o'clock, Joe started up into a sitting posture, exclaiming in a voice of extreme fright and terror:—"Oh, George, don't! don't! save her! save her!" George almost at the same moment started up, and asked his brother what was the matter. In the mean time, the latter had fallen out of the bed, for on awaking he found himself on the very edge of it, and felt the other thrusting him over it with all his force.

"What ails you?" asked George. "What were you shouting at?"

Joe, who although he loved his brother, felt a kind of terror of him, hesitated to give a reply to that particular question, but said, "You throw me out of the bed, George."

"Oh!" exclaimed George, who had not heard his words distinctly, "was that all? God bless me! what a dream I had! It's well for you that its on the hard floor you are, and not where I thought I put somebody else."

Joe was evidently alarmed, and being naturally timid, he made no reply, but went again to bed, merely adding, "Don't throw poor Joe out any more, George."

"Go to sleep, you fool!" replied the other. "It wasn't you that I was throwing out, or *in* rather."

Poor innocent Joe soon went to sleep, but not so his brother, who lay in deep meditation for more than an hour, when he fell once more into a troubled and oppressive slumber. As it was soon known among the neighbours that Honor Burke was returning to her native place very shortly, a good many of her acquaintance came to see her before she went. She would start next evening, she said, and go as far as Roslea, where she would stop with Kitty Concaly, a comrade girl who had left home along with her, as the latter might wish to send home a letter or a message to her relations. Among the rest came George Lockhart, just as Bob Gott had agreed to pay her the sum of money to which we have already alluded.

"I'm glad you came, George," observed Gott good-humouredly, "for you'll now have an opportunity of knowing the fine fortune you'll miss, if you don't marry Honor."

He then showed him Honor's account, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty-five pounds, which Honor accompanied with a glance at Lockhart of a very singular character. Her eye sparkled; but whether with the pride of possessing so much money, or with a return of past affection, or with some triumphant but vindictive feeling, known only to herself, it is impossible to say, inasmuch as the expression of each was distinctly mingled with the others in her countenance.

We have already stated that Mary Cosgrove had, of late, refused to allow James Cullinan to accompany her on her way to her uncle's. On the occasion of her present visit there, he once again asked permission to convey her part of the way, insisting, as there had recently fallen a good deal of rain, there might be danger in crossing the Neuk Stick Bridge. To this request Mary gave a firm and most decided refusal. "For, James," she added, "once for all, I must be plain with you on another subject as well as on that. I had not made up my mind till within a few days ago; but now my mind *is* made up, and I feel that it is only fair to tell you, that I never can be your wife. I esteem and respect you; but as for any

other feeling beyond that, it is out of the question. And you know yourself, that any direct encouragement you ever got was from my family and not from me."

"But you never gave me a refusal before," replied James, in somewhat of a gloomy and indignant tone; "and I don't think that was fair, Miss Cosgrove."

"You don't know how I was placed, James; it was not in my power to do so," she replied.

"May I ask who's the happy man, Mary?"

"It doesn't follow, that because I don't wish to marry you, I must marry another; nor that there's any happy man in the question."

"I only wish I knew who he is, at any rate," replied the other, with a stern and angry brow.

"Why, what would you do?" asked Mary, smiling.

"It doesn't matter," returned the other, "Nothing, except to wish him all happiness."

"I have told my mother this very morning what I have now told you," proceeded Mary, passing, once more, from his angry threats to the determination she had made, "and I hope never again to be troubled on the subject."

"Troubled," exclaimed her lover, in a deep and excited voice. "Well, may be not. At all events," he added, giving her a significant and determined glance, "never by me, Mary."

"I was wrong to say troubled, James," she replied, "and I ask your pardon. Forgive me, and shake hands."

Her lover, however, seemed to have got into such a very dogmatic and unamiable resolution, that he could not force himself either to accept her proffered hand or to forgive her. On the contrary, he passed over to Bob Gott's, where a good number of the neighbours were assembled to bid farewell to Honor Burke; and where, in strong and angry language, he not only railed against what he termed the fickleness and duplicity of Mary Cosgrove, but threatened to wreak mortal vengeance upon the favoured lover, whoever he might prove to be, and upon herself, too, if she dared to marry him.

George Lockhart was there at the time, as was Bob himself, both of whom reproved him for having allowed such dangerous and improper language to escape him.

"I am sorry," said Gott, "to hear you speak in such terms of Mary Cosgrove. You should be ashamed of yourself to threaten a girl, or any man she may prefer to you. Go home, and get into a better state of mind, and pray to God to give you a Christian heart; for, indeed, it's a commodity you seem to want."

Lockhart also rebuked him, but in milder terms.

"You are very wrong, James," said he, "to talk as you do. Mary is an amiable and a good girl, and she may not be a bit the worse for refusing both of us. She gave me my walking papers as well as yourself; and I declare to you, that I'd go as far to serve her this moment as ever I would in my life. Tut, James, it's a shame for you!"

Cullinan, however, seemed unmoved by their remonstrances, and passed across the fields home, his moodiness of temper evidently unchanged.

For the greater portion of next day he continued gloomy and silent, and returned disagreeable and abrupt answers to such of his family as spoke to him. Early in the evening, however, Joe Lockhart, with his clear face deadly pale, and his eyes wild and apprehensive, entered the house, and, approaching him, said in a whisper, "Jem, wont you come out? Oh, come out." And as he spoke, the tears stood in his eyes. "About Mary Cosgrove," he added. "Me had drame—Mary drownin'—you pull her out." This, however, was all his companion could get him to say on the subject, although he urged and pressed him to the uttermost.

Joe's wild importunity caused Cullinan to look up at him; and a thought struck him, as he witnessed the deep and extraordinary emotion of the poor boy, that, perhaps, she had eloped, or that something unusual must have happened with respect to her; or, otherwise, Joe, whose innocent affection for her was well known, would not have betrayed such deep agitation as he did. The latter beckoned him out, and they went to a large stone that overhung a beautiful spring well, on which they sat, and where it was evident from Joe's agitation, as betrayed by his strong and earnest gesticulation, that he was pressing some argument or course of action on his companion. After half an hour's anxious conference, Joe went home apparently much satisfied, for he skipped and ran along as if his mind were now elated and his heart completely at ease.

Towards evening, a good number of the neighbours were assembled at Gott's, for the purpose of bidding farewell to Honor, and among the rest Mary Cosgrove's two discarded rivals, Cullinan and George Lockhart. In remote parts of the country, when payments of money take place, the person who pays generally contrives to have one or more persons present as witnesses of the transaction, especially in cases where the parties are illiterate and cannot write a receipt. On the occasion in question, Bob handed Honor the full amount of cash which she had lying in his hands, saying good-humouredly as he did it, "Are we clear now, Honor?"

"So far as money goes, we are," she replied.

"I owe you nothing more, then?" he added, laughing.

"Yes you do," she returned, in a similar mood, "you owe me good-will."

"Indeed I do, Honor," said he, "and I never hope to be out of your debt in that sense."

Honor, like most illiterate persons, was very anxious, when she received notes in payment, to have the name of the person from whom she received them written on them in connexion with her own.

"Mr. Gott," said she, "did you write your name on these notes?"

"No," said he, "I did not, Honor, but I will if you wish."

"Well," said she, "as I can neither read nor

write, I would feel obliged if you wrote on them, '*Bob Gott to Honor Burke.*'"

"With pleasure, Honor," replied her good-natured master; and as the notes were of pretty large individual amount, the task of writing his name did not cost him much time or trouble.

Cullinan, during the evening, was nearly as gloomy as he had been before. On the occasion in question he seemed thoughtful and anxious; and it was observed, that when Gott handed the money to Honor, he looked very hard at it, and then at the girl herself. After musing for a little he called her aside and, in a low tone of voice, asked, "how far do you intend to go this evening, Honor?"

"As far as Roslea," she replied, in her natural voice.

"Speak lower," said he, "there is no use in raising your voice so much; by what way do you intend to go?"

"Across the Neuk Stick Bridge," replied Honor, who felt a good deal surprised at his asking her such questions.

A short time previous to her departure, she looked upon George Lockhart, and said, "George, do you think the evening will be fine?"

"Yes," he replied, glancing significantly at her, "I think so—I am sure it will."

Bob Gott, having already sent forward her luggage to Roslea, by one of his carts that was going there in the early part of the day, she, consequently, was able to proceed without any encumbrance; and having taken her farewell of her Master and Mistress and all present, she proceeded to Lockhart's, for it was on her way, with an intention of bidding them farewell also. George accompanied her, and they had an opportunity of holding some private conversation as they went.

"Well, George," she said, "your mind's made up, I see."

"It is not," said he, "although I spoke as I did awhile ago. I don't like the proposal at all. It's a bad business, and I don't think I'll have anything to do with it. It's a d——d thing to have to rob the poor girl first, and then take her life afterwards. You're a devil, Honor, and nothing else."

"You're a coward," she replied, "and nothing else. You needn't rob her *first*; the safest way is to plump her into the river *first*; and when she's drowned we can take the money from her afterwards, without her making a noise. The river there is deep enough, I think, to drown her, but not to drown you."

"Oh, as to that, we could manage it well enough—but the truth is, I don't think I'll have anything to do with it, as I said—it's too bad and devilish a business. However, at all events, to please you, I'll go on: if I do, where would you wish me to meet you and her?"

"Anywhere near the Neuk Stick Bridge," she replied, "you might overtake us a little on this side of it."

In this manner a kind of conditional agreement was made between them. Her delay at his father's was not long; and George only saw her as far as the end of the garden, where they separated. He stood looking after her for some time, apparently in deep thought. At length he exclaimed to himself:—"there you go—and, in spite of your good figure and pretty face, there's not a devil in hell blacker than you are. At all events," he added, after another pause, "*I* had a narrow escape of you—but never mind."

At this period of our tale the autumn was pretty far advanced, and the last two or three days had been so completely broken, that one of those autumnal floods which sometimes occasion such devastation in holmes, meadows, and other low grounds, was the consequence. The floods, however, were then on the fall, their angry and swollen rivers having ceased their turmoil, and, in most places, contracted themselves within the natural limits of their own banks, whilst they left the ground over which they had run and roared, wet, soft, and easily indented by foot-marks.

When Mary reached Tom Cosgrove's house, evening was far advanced; and, were it not that her father and brothers were at a fair in the town of Aughnarlay, she might have experienced much difficulty in the execution of her project, as some of them, in consequence of the nature of the weather, would have made it a point to see her safe to her uncle's. It was her previous knowledge, however, of their intention to go to the fair on that day that induced her to fix upon it for the accomplishment of her design, whatever it was.

At an unusually late hour, the two girls set out, Honor carrying a tolerably large bundle for Mary, who as her visits at her late uncle's were sometimes of a week or fortnight's duration, always made it a point to fetch a change of dress along with her. The evening, as they proceeded, grew dark and lowering—the air, the sky, and the country around them being all calculated to fill the mind with a strong feeling of dreariness and desolation. The hoarse murmurs of the not yet subsided rivers, came confusedly and painfully on the ear, and the masses of black angry clouds that careered along the sky were filled with a gloomy and tempestuous spirit.

"Now, Mary," said Honor, as they proceeded in the deepening darkness, "remember that you have not told me a syllable about where you're going to, nor how far you intend to bring me with you."

"Not very far, now, Honor," replied Mary, "all I want you to do is to send to my father and mother such a message as I will deliver to you. I dont know how it is, but I feel my spirits low and my mind heavy."

"The evening," replied Honor, "is enough to sink any one's spirits—it's night now, though, and God knows a dark and dreary one it is."

Depressed and in silence Mary proceeded towards the Wooden Bridge, or the Neuk Stick, scarcely replying to the conversation of her companion, and when they had arrived within about two hundred yards of it they found themselves overtaken, not by George Lockhart, but by James

Cullinan. This to Mary was disagreeable in the extreme, and she felt excessively annoyed at it, inasmuch as she feared there might be some difficulty in shaking him off. Honor, however, although deeply mortified at this unexpected rencontre, affected to look upon it as a fortunate circumstance, and said she was glad that they had something in the shape of a man, to help them over the Neuk Stick, which, we may add, although railed on each side was exceedingly slippery and insecure to the foot.

At this time the moon had gone down, and at all events the cloudy and tempestuous aspect of the night would have rendered her light of little avail. As it was, the darkness was very great indeed, so much so now that a person on one side of the river, or even much nearer, could scarcely recognise another on the opposite.

"Now James," said Honor, "I think you had better bring Miss Cosgrove across first, and take the bundle with you, and after that you can come back for me, and then you must go home and leave us, we can make out our own way then very well—and in the meantime it was a fortunate thing that we met you, as we never would have courage to cross the Stick without help on such a night as this."

"There is no danger, whatsoever," replied Mary, somewhat sharply, "in crossing the bridge, which is railed on both sides, and it is impossible to fall in; still, James, as we *did* happen to meet you, there can be no harm in seeing us over it in safety, and after that I hope you will allow us to proceed by ourselves."

"Very well, Mary," he replied, "I'll be guided by your wishes—but I hope you'll allow me to see you safely across; after that I'll bring over Honor."

"No," replied Honor, who felt anxious to come in contact with Lockhart, "there's a fear come over me, I'm all trembling, and I wont cross it to-night—I'll go up to the stone bridge, and take the safe way, in half an hour I'll be round and meet you on the old Causeway here—but this minute I'd not take the wealth of Europe and venture over it—my head's giddy as it is."

"In that case then," replied Mary, "we may not meet again, and I wish to say a word or two to you before we part."

She then brought her aside, and gave her some token which she requested her to keep for her sake—"and as to the message," she added, "which I intended to send home by you, and which you could send through my aunt in Roslea—I have changed my mind and wont send it now, but tell my aunt when you see her, that I'll write, and in a day or two they'll have a letter—that will tell them all—they'll have a letter say, *if I am a living girl.*"

This was uttered in a whisper, which Cullinan could not possibly hear. "Come now, Mary," said he, taking her arm, "depend upon me."

When they had proceeded about half-way across, they found that the violence of the late floods had unfortunately swept away a portion of the railing on the right hand side, a circumstance which increased the difficulty exceedingly, and alarmed Mary's apprehensions very much.

"Either go across with the bundle James," said she, "or throw it over before you—but stay, don't leave me—pitch it across, only stay with me—my head is getting giddy."

"Don't be alarmed," replied Cullinan, "even although the river is in flood, the water is not more than five feet deep—but at any rate I'll throw the bundle across and my own staff," and as he spoke, he flung first the one and then the other over to a dry bank, a little to the right of where they stood.

The hoarse rushing noise of the river would have rendered it difficult for them to have heard each other's words, were it not that they were so close together. As it was, they proceeded along the slippery bridge, and in a few moments a shriek—loud and piercing—but short and abrupt, was heard accompanied by a plunge, and almost immediately after, Mary was struggling in the river. Cullinan, who had not let go her arm, having stooped on his knees, dragged her along the bridge towards the dead water. This however they did not reach until she had been forced to gulp down several mouthfuls of the flood, which for a moment deprived her of breath, and put it out of her power to speak, a circumstance that alarmed her preserver exceedingly. In a short time however he pulled her out, and as her head hung to the one side like a person deprived of life, he felt himself forced to place her upon the nearest bank on which lay a tolerably deep alluvial deposit, in order that not a moment might be lost in recovering her if possible. After some time she revived, and feeling that her lower garments were saturated with mud, she went, aided by Cullinan, to the edge of the stream where the water was still and shallow, and washed as much of it off as she could. In the meantime her cloak, shawl and bonnet, had been swept away by the stream, having been displaced during her struggles in the water—and as a matter of course she was obliged to proceed without them. Her bundle, however, was easily recovered, and they took their way along the dry causeway we have mentioned,—where we must leave them for the present, without any attempt to pursue them further.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.—HOW TO KEEP A COLONY.

Mr. Macaulay, in his History of England, has devoted a few of his stateliest periods to the description of a remarkable scheme, which was suggested by the Prince of Orange to the States General of Holland, at a time when the independence of their common country seemed about to be crushed by the armies of Louis XIV. and his allies. It is justly characterized as "a scheme which has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, if it had been accomplished, would have been the noblest subject for epic song that is to be found in the whole compass of modern history." The Prince "told the deputies that even if their natal soil and the marvels with which human industry had covered it were buried under the ocean, all was not lost. The Hollanders might survive Holland. Liberty and pure religion, driven by tyrants and bigots from Europe, might take refuge in the furthest isles of Asia. The shipping in the ports of the republic would suffice to carry two hundred thousand emigrants to the Indian Archipelago. There the Dutch commonwealth might commence a new and more glorious existence, and might rear, under the Southern Cross, amidst the sugar canes and nutmeg trees, the Exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam, and the schools of a more learned Leyden." Most fortunately for the Dutch patriots, they were saved from the necessity of resorting to this desperate expedient. Had they been driven to adopt it, the result would have been very different indeed from that which the ardent imagination of the young Prince led him to anticipate. From the experience of our own countrymen in India, and from the experience of the Dutch themselves, of the Portuguese, and the Spaniards in various parts of the East, we now know very well the fate which attends any attempt of Europeans to form permanent colonies in those tropical regions. We know that unless such settlements are continually recruited from the mother-country, they dwindle rapidly away, and in a few generations become extinct. Had the national emigration which the Prince of Orange proposed, two centuries ago, actually taken place, the fugitives might doubtless have established in Java a free and happy community. But the strength and prosperity of the new commonwealth would not have outlasted the lives of its founders. The next generation would have been feebler in mind and body, and probably less in number. At the present day, the new Amsterdam and Leyden would have been in the condition of Goa and Macao, of Pondicherry and Malacca, and other decayed seats of European commerce and dominion in the Indies.

But, singularly enough, there is some probability that in another region, and under widely different auspices, a part, at least, of William's splendid vision will be realized. In the heart of South Africa, over the healthy and fertile upland country which is crossed by the southern tropic, are now scattered the villages and cornfields and vineyards of a thriving Dutch commonwealth, numbering already a population of more than twenty thousand souls. The brief history of this settlement, if it will not furnish a subject for an epic poem, will probably hereafter afford abundant materials for the writers of romances. In fact, a simple and unadorned narrative of the adventures which befel the emigrants who quitted the Cape Colony in 1836, and wandered for twelve years over the interior, before they finally settled in their present homes, would be as interesting as any novel that was ever written. A brief outline of this eventful story is all that can be given in this place.

The movement which is known in the Cape Colony as the "great emigration," commenced in the early part of the year just mentioned. It had many and various causes. Perhaps the most potent of all was a cause about which less has been said than of some others. This was the circumstance, that the Cape Colony was then, in a certain sense, full of inhabitants. True, the population did not then amount to two hundred thousand, while the country is capable of supporting two millions, and probably many more. But, on the other hand, the whole, or nearly the whole, of the land included within the limits of the colony, had by that time become private property. The only way in which a colonial landholder could provide for his children (and colonial landowners usually have a good many to provide for) was by the subdivision of his estate. This operation, as every one is aware, is excessively disagreeable to landed proprietors in all parts of the world, but especially so in a new country. In short, the colony, in 1836, was in the condition of an overstocked hive, and was ready to throw off a swarm.

The more immediate cause of the emigration was the unsatisfactory conclusion of the Kaffir war of 1835. That protracted and destructive war had just been brought to a close in a manner which, as the frontier settlers believed, afforded them no security against another and still more disastrous irruption. Subsequent events have fully justified their previsions. The nature of the objectionable arrangements may be very briefly described. Self-government, and the power of organizing themselves for their own defence, were steadily and systematically withheld from the colonists. At the same time, the Imperial garrisons, which, in the absence of a colonial force, should have defended the border, were reduced to so low a point of strength, as to afford no protection. Thus, in plain terms, the colony was delivered over, bound and helpless, to the mercy of its barbarous neighbours.

Another motive for the emigration, was one which will certainly meet with no sympathy in this country. But reasonable men, however

strong may be their aversion to the detestable system of slavery (and none can more thoroughly abhor it than ourselves), will yet make allowances for the temporary irritation that must exist in the minds of persons who have been accustomed to the system from infancy, and who suddenly find themselves reduced to poverty by its abolition. It is but just, moreover, to the Dutch slave-owners at the Cape to observe, that their hostility to the abolition of slavery appears to have been by no means so violent as that of the British colonists in the West Indies. One circumstance which tells strongly to their advantage, deserves to be mentioned. The "apprenticeship" of the slaves, as may be remembered, did not expire till December, 1838. When the emigrants crossed the Orange River in 1836, they took with them many of these apprentices, who were still virtually slaves; and it was feared by the colonial authorities, that the dependents who were thus removed beyond the protection of the law, would be retained in permanent servitude. The emigrants, however, declared that it was their intention to release all these apprentices on the appointed day. They kept their word; and from that time, no one among them, so far as the evidence which we possess can be relied upon, has held a slave. One of the articles of the recent convention, by which General Cathcart has acknowledged the independence of the "Trans-Vaal Republic," expressly provides that slavery shall not be allowed to exist in that commonwealth.

The emigration, once begun, went on for a time with great rapidity, and assumed a scale of startling magnitude. For a few months, the whole Dutch population of the colony seemed to be pouring itself over the Orange River into the interior. It was, to use a term now common enough, a veritable "exodus." But, when the number of fugitives had risen to about twenty thousand, the drain gradually ceased. Since that time, many individuals have crossed the frontier to seek new homes in the interior; but no emigration of masses, like that of 1836, has taken place. One circumstance which contributed to make the first movement more extensive than it might otherwise have been, was the manner in which the ties of kindred unite the inhabitants of the Cape Colony. Every colonist of Dutch or Huguenot descent is sure to have an almost illimitable army of uncles, cousins and other relations; and the attachment existing among families thus connected led many of them to emigrate together.

The emigrants first spread themselves in small parties over the country which is now a British colony, known as the Orange Sovereignty, but which then lay waste and desolate. As the vast and fertile plains had absolutely no inhabitants, the new comers naturally imagined themselves free to enter and take possession. But they were destined to be suddenly and roughly undeceived. The country, though uninhabited, had yet a jealous and formidable owner. Immediately on the north of this territory, in the region which is now the seat of the Trans-Vaal Republic, dwelt the ferocious and powerful chief, Moselekatzè, lord of the great Matabelè horde, and conqueror of nearly the whole interior of South Africa. It was the policy of this suspicious and blood-thirsty chieftain to depopulate the country on all sides about the region which his people occupied, and thus to surround himself with a broad belt of desolation, which an invading enemy must cross before reaching him. The country which the unconscious emigrants had entered, formed a part of the territory thus purposely desolated. The watchful spies of the Matabelè chief observed their movements. On a sudden, without the slightest warning, the wrathful Lion of the North, as he was styled, made his indignation known in a truly leonine and terrible way. The foremost party of the emigrants, advancing carelessly, with waggons and herds, over the boundless plain, was suddenly enveloped by an overwhelming force of savage warriors. No age or sex was spared. Twenty-eight persons, men, women, and children, perished in this massacre. The waggons and cattle were driven off in triumph to the valley of Mosega, where Moselekatzè then resided. Immediately afterwards, another party of emigrants, equally unprepared for the blow, was assailed in a similar manner. Twenty-five of them were destroyed by this attack. A few fortunately made their escape, and fled to warn their friends, who were scattered far and wide over the plains, of the impending danger. Those who were nearest together drew at once into a body, and formed, after their custom, an impromptu "*lager*," or camp. Their huge and ponderous waggons, of which they mustered fifty, were so disposed as to make the four walls of a hollow square, the pole of each waggon being firmly secured under the waggon before it. The space beneath the waggons was filled up with branches of the thorny mimosa, thickly wattled in, and completing the slight barricade. Hardly had the camp been formed, when it was surrounded by the whole army of the Matabelès, who rushed furiously upon it, endeavouring to force their way through the waggons. After a desperate struggle, the assailants were repulsed with severe loss; but in retiring, they swept away the whole of the emigrants' flocks and herds, for which there had not been room in the encampment. Not less than six thousand head of cattle and upwards of forty thousand sheep, were thus carried off at one swoop. Their former owners, deprived of the means of subsistence, fell back hastily upon the main body of the emigrant farmers, then posted near the Orange River. The lamentable news which they brought, excited strong sympathy and vehement indignation in the minds of their countrymen. No time was lost in preparing to punish the unprovoked outrage of the Matabelè chief. A party of about two hundred mounted men, headed by Maritz, of Graaf-Reinet (the leader whose name was afterwards given to Pieter-maritz-burg, the present capital of Natal) crossed the Vaal River, and made a sudden and unexpected dash upon the stronghold at Mosega. The "Lion of the North," fortunately for himself, chanced to be absent from his lair; but several

hundreds of his principal warriors were slain, the town was captured, and the waggons and cattle which had been taken from the emigrants were recovered. * Moselekatzè, astounded by this prompt retribution, hastily gathered his people together, and fled with them to the northward. This flight, it should be observed, was only a continuation of former wanderings. The Matabelès were a branch of the Zulu (or Zoolah) nation, which occupies the territory near the sea-coast, on the north of Natal. A few years previously, the chief of this subordinate clan had quarrelled with the Zulu king, and fled across the mountains into the interior, ravaging the lands through which he passed. He had been but a short time encamped in the country from which the emigrant farmers now expelled him, but in that brief period he had nearly exterminated the original inhabitants. He and his horde are still in existence. Vague tidings occasionally reach the colony of the devastations committed by them, far in the interior, as they advance in their blood-stained march towards the equator. These movements of great masses of people across the African continent, forcibly remind one of the migrations of those barbarous tribes which overran Europe, on the breaking-up of the Roman empire. But that which was, in the latter instance, the result of an unusual and temporary convulsion, seems to be the ordinary condition of society in Africa. The conversion of the barbarians to Christianity put an end to these movements in Europe; and, doubtless, the same potent influence will, in time, produce the like effect in the southern continent.

Soon after the return of the emigrants from their successful expedition to Mosega, they were joined by a small party from the colony, under the guidance of Mr. Peter Retief. This gentleman, a descendant of one of the Protestant families which took refuge at the Cape after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had inherited, along with the paternal vineyards and orange orchards near the pleasant village of the Paarl, an uncommon share of the intelligence and the energy that distinguished the Huguenot refugees in all the countries in which they took up their abode. Removing to one of the frontier districts, he purchased land, engaged in various kinds of business, was appointed a field-commandant, and soon acquired a high position in the esteem of his fellow-colonists. Had the colony then possessed a representative government, Mr. Retief would doubtless have been one of its most discreet, enlightened, and useful legislators. But the system of colonial policy which then prevailed, denied to him and his fellow-colonists this opportunity and advantage. He had been one of the principal losers by the Kaffir war of 1835. At the close of that war, he saw with dismay a system continued which had brought such disasters upon the colony. Finding all remonstrance unavailing, he determined to quit the colony, and join his countrymen in the interior. His arrival among them was hailed with delight, and he was at once, by unanimous consent, chosen to be their Commandant-General. Had he survived to hold this command a few years longer, the later career of the emigrants would probably have been very different, and many misfortunes would have been avoided. But he was doomed to an early and a miserable death. A large number of the emigrants desired to settle in the district which is now the colony of Natal. This district had been depopulated by the Zulu king, in pursuance of the same line of policy which had been followed by the Matabelè chief in the interior. The Zulu sovereign, Dingaan, had naturally no desire to see these new and formidable neighbours settled in this unoccupied territory; but, an astute dissembler, he did not allow his real feelings to be known. On the contrary, he received Retief, who came to treat with him for the cession of the territory, with every show of friendship, and readily promised all that was asked. The only condition which he made was, that the emigrants should recover and restore to him some of his cattle, which had been carried off by a robber chief in the interior. This was promptly accomplished, the plunderer giving up the stolen cattle at the first demand of the dreaded conquerors of Moselekatzè. With these cattle, and with seventy companions, selected from among the most respectable of the emigrants, Retief prepared to return to the Zulu capital. A presentiment of evil was felt by some of the other leaders, more experienced or more wary than the open-hearted and unsuspicious Commandant-General. Maritz entreated him to remain, offering to go himself, with three or four companions, to Dingaan. Retief, confiding in the good intentions of the Zulu monarch, and anxious to complete the important business which he had undertaken, declined this friendly offer, and pursued his journey to the royal residence. He was received, as before, in the most amicable manner. The deed of cession was properly drawn up, and carefully explained to the king and his principal councillors, who readily affixed their marks to the document. Retief and his companions prepared to take their departure, but were urged by Dingaan to remain a little longer, and join in a parting entertainment. For this purpose, he invited them to enter his "kraal," or enclosure, leaving their arms outside, according to the native usage. They incautiously complied, and entering the enclosure, sat down, while bowls of maize-beer, the ordinary beverage of the natives on such occasions, were handed round. Suddenly Dingaan exclaimed, "Kill the sorcerers!" At this signal, a multitude of armed warriors rushed upon their defenceless guests. A few of the farmers drew out their clasp-knives, and resisted desperately, killing several of their assailants; but after a short struggle they were borne to the earth by overwhelming numbers, and slain. Not one escaped. The

* These particulars are derived, for the most part, from a pamphlet recently published at Natal, comprising three interesting "Lectures on the emigration of the Dutch Farmers from the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and their settlement in the district of Natal. By the Hon. Henry Cloete, L.L.D., Recorder of Natal."

mangled corpses were dragged from the enclosure, and piled upon an adjoining hillock, a horrid trophy of this barbarian triumph.

Without allowing time for the news of his treachery to reach the friends of the murdered men, Dingaan instantly put his troops in motion. Thousands of athletic warriors poured from the Zulu hills upon the unsuspecting emigrants, who were already scattered in great numbers over the valleys of Natal. The horrors of the massacre which followed may perhaps be paralleled by some similar events in the early history of the British colonies in America. Modern colonial history offers nothing which can be compared with them. In one week after the murder of Retief and his party, six hundred victims more had perished in this treacherous onslaught. Those who were thus slain, were isolated families or small parties. In every instance in which the farmers had time enough to assemble and form waggon-camps, they were able to repel their assailants, not one of these defences having been penetrated by the Zulus. The place at which the most fearful slaughter occurred, is known at this day by the name of Weenen, or Lamentation—a sad memento of the outburst of grief which took place when the friends of the victims discovered their mangled remains. "Amongst these heaps of slain," says our authority, "they found the bodies of two young females, about ten or twelve years of age, which still appeared to show some signs of vitality. The one was found pierced with nineteen, and the other with twenty-one stabs of the assegai, leaving every part of their little frames completely perforated, and every muscle and fibre lacerated. They were taken up and tended with the utmost care, and, strange to say, live to this day, the sole survivors of the immediate branches of those families; but they are, and will ever remain, cripples, although one of them has, still more strange to say, married, and is the mother of one or two children. With these solitary exceptions, all these small parties, which had not been able to combine and concentrate themselves in camps, were utterly destroyed."

These disasters were followed by others. A small party of English settlers, who had been resident for a few years at Port Natal, generously determined to make a diversion which should draw off the attention of the Zulus from the Dutch emigrants. With this view, they advanced into the Zulu country, and destroyed a native town; but on proceeding further, they were suddenly surrounded by an immense force of Dingaan's warriors. A murderous engagement ensued. The Englishmen, all practised hunters, sold their lives dearly; but in the end nearly the whole of them were cut off. While this disastrous affair was taking place, the emigrants, on their side, were hardly more fortunate. A party of four hundred men, advancing to attack Dingaan's principal town, was drawn by the wily tactics of that chief into a narrow defile, and there suddenly hemmed in by the Zulu army. By a sudden volley and a desperate charge, they forced their way through the opposing masses, with the loss of their commander and a few others. They returned discomfited to their camp, leaving the prestige of victory with the Zulu king.

The report of these disasters produced a profound sensation throughout the old colony. So widely do the ties of kindred extend, that there was probably not a Dutch colonist between the Orange River and the southern Cape who had not lost a relative in these massacres. Many small parties, mostly of young men, hurried to the assistance of the emigrants; and supplies of food, medicine, and other necessaries, were sent to them by their friends in the colony. Among those who at this time joined the emigrants was Andries Pretorius, an individual who has since then played a conspicuous part on the stage of South African politics. He had been a field-cornet in the Cape Colony; and among the emigrants he soon became so popular as to obtain the chief command—a position which he holds to this day. He is a man of great energy and force of character, and by no means of a bad disposition; but, unfortunately, he lacks the education and the knowledge of the world, which would have made the guidance of the ill-fated Retief peculiarly valuable to the emigrants.

At length, in December, 1838, eleven months after the massacre, a force of four hundred and sixty mounted men, under the command of Pretorius, advanced once more into the Zulu country. Profiting by past experience, they proceeded with great caution, securing their position every evening. Thus they were fully prepared, when, early one morning, Dingaan suddenly poured upon their camp the whole of his forces, numbering some ten or twelve thousand men. They rushed to the assault with a fury far exceeding that of any former attack, and for three hours strove undauntedly to tear open the emigrants' defences and force their camp. At last, Pretorius, seeing that the masses of the assailants were concentrated on one side of the camp, ordered two hundred mounted men to sally from the other side and attack the enemy on both flanks. The manœuvre was completely successful. The Zulus at length broke and fled in total rout. This was the long-expected hour of vengeance. The emigrants affirm that nearly three thousand Zulu warriors perished on that day of carnage, when the strength of their nation was broken. Dingaan fled in terror, set fire to his capital, and hid himself, with the remnant of his force, in the neighbouring forest. Shortly afterwards, his brother, Umpanda, deposed him, with the aid of the emigrants, and drove him from the country. He took refuge with a tribe near Delagoa Bay, where he is supposed to have been murdered. Of his former subjects, at least half are now resident in the colony of Natal, under the supervision of British magistrates; the remainder are governed by Umpanda, after a fashion little less tyrannical than his brother's, but fortunately with much less power for mischief.

The emigrants, after their victory, advanced to the smoking town of their enemy, and there, on the fatal hillock, found the unburied bones of

their hapless comrades, piled in a ghastly heap. The skeleton of Retief was recognised by the leathern pouch or bandolier which he wore suspended from his shoulders, and in which, singularly enough, was found the deed of cession, that had been signed by Dingaan and his councillors on the day before the massacre. The document, in the eyes of the barbarians, was but a worthless scrap of paper, and they had not even taken the trouble to look for it.

The subsequent history of the emigrants is tolerably well known, and need not be related here in detail. Those of them who settled in Natal remained there, a self-governed community, for about five years. In 1842, the British Government took possession of that territory, and most of the emigrants, dissatisfied with the arbitrary system which was then established, retired once more into the interior. When, in 1848, Sir Harry Smith proclaimed the Orange Territory a British province, many of the emigrants withdrew to the northward, crossed the Vaal River, and settled in the country from which, twelve years before, they had chased the Matabelè horde. They now, with many who have since joined them, constitute what is commonly known as the Trans-Vaal Republic.

The country which is the seat of this republic is, according to the testimony of all travellers, the finest in South Africa. That mighty hunter, Captain Gordon Cumming, who visited it shortly after Moselekatze's expulsion, but before it was peopled by the Dutch farmers, seems to have been transported with delight at the view of it. Writing of one portion of it, Magalisberg, now the residence of Commandant-General Pretorius, this traveller observes:—"Our march this evening was through the most beautiful country I had ever seen in Africa. We skirted along an endless range of well-wooded stony mountains, lying on our left, while to our right the country at first sloped gently off, and then stretched away into a level green forest, (occasionally interspersed with open glades,) boundless as the ocean. In advance the picture was bounded by forest and mountain. I gazed forth upon the romantic scene before me with intense delight, and felt melancholy and sorrowful at passing so fleetingly through it; and I could not help shouting out as I marched along, 'Where is the coward who would not dare to die for such a land?'" Of another section of this country a later traveller says, that it is "the most fruitful that can be conceived. Agriculture is carried on to a great extent. There are immense vineyards, and fruit-trees of every description." The territory occupied by the republic is extensive, but its boundaries are as yet ill-defined. The distance from the Vaal River to the most northern settlement (Zoutpansberg, in lat. 22 degrees 30 minutes, south) is not less than 350 miles, in a direct line. The capital of the republic is situated on the Mooi River, or Beautiful River, a branch of the Vaal River. Its former uncouth name, Potchefstroom, has been changed to Vryburg, or Freetoun, since the independence of the republic was acknowledged. Mooi River is described as 'a magnificent stream,' not above twelve yards broad, but deep and clear, winding its tortuous course through an immense grassy plain. The water runs level with the treeless and shrubless banks, so that it may be led out for irrigation at almost any spot, by simply making a furrow with a plough or spade. The town is laid out with great regularity, the streets crossing one another at right angles. It covers an area of about one and a half square miles, or 960 acres. This space is divided into *erven*, or lots, each of which is in extent about two acres and a half. There are at present three hundred of these lots enclosed, each supplied with a stream of clear water from the main water-course, which is led out of the Mooi River, distant some three or four miles. The lots are planted with vines and various fruit-trees, which, from the fine climate, richness of the soil, and abundant supply of water, thrive luxuriantly. There are two large squares, —Church-square and Market-square,—and upwards of a hundred houses already constructed, many of them good, commodious, and substantial buildings, after the Dutch style, with fanciful front and side gables. There are thirteen shops, well supplied with British manufactures, groceries, &c., a dispensary, a smithy, and various other useful establishments. The Council-house is a large building; and a prison has not been forgotten. The town can be greatly extended, not a tenth part of the available water being at present used." "I have repeatedly read," continues the writer (a Cape colonist, to whom we are indebted for these particulars,) "that a strong feeling existed against Englishmen. I saw none; nor do I believe, whatever may formerly have been the case, that such sentiments are now held. As an instance, I may repeat a fact mentioned to me by Landdrost Lombaard—a gentleman who would be a credit to any community in the Colony. He said that when the town was first formed, a regulation existed that none but Dutch emigrants could be allowed to hold allotments. The question was, however, subsequently opened up, and the obnoxious resolution expunged from their minutes."

Besides Vryburg, there are several smaller towns in the republic, all of which are said to be flourishing. The total population of the commonwealth is not accurately known; but four years ago, the number of families was estimated at five thousand. Since that time, there must have been a considerable increase by emigration from the Cape Colony and the Orange Territory. A brisk trade is carried on between the republic and the British colonies. Waggons laden with wool, corn, wine, hides, and other products of the interior, are continually passing from the republic to the Orange Territory and Natal, or returning laden with European goods.

The government of the commonwealth is conducted on a simple system, not unlike that which the first settlers in New England framed for themselves, more than two centuries ago. The "Volksraad," or People's Council, an elective body, has the supreme legislative power. The

Commandant-General is the executive chief of the republic. In cases of emergency he assumes a rather large and dictatorial authority, but even then he must consult his "Krygsraad," or war council, composed of commandants and field-cornets, before taking any important step. For local affairs, each town has a "landdrost," or mayor, and several "heemraden," or town councillors, who have judicial as well as executive powers. In important trials, they are assisted by a jury of twelve, who return the verdict, and the mayor and councillors agree upon the sentence. These judgments are, however, reviewed by the People's Council. An English colonist from Natal, who visited the republic last year, reports that this system of judicature seemed to work, or rather to be worked, better than, from such a mixture of political and judicial functions, might have been anticipated. "There was," he writes, "a man (a Dutch farmer) tried for murder about two months ago, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The warrant for his execution required to be signed by the Great Council. An intelligent juryman informed me that the trial lasted the whole day. It was conducted in a way that would not have disgraced the Supreme Court of Cape Town. An attorney-general was appointed to prosecute the criminal, and an advocate defended the farmer." The emigrants are, however, conscious that their system of government is imperfect, and are preparing to adopt an improved constitution. They have recently invited a British colonist from Natal to assist them in framing it. They are also making arrangements for establishing schools throughout the republic, and for setting up a printing-press and starting a newspaper at Vryburg.

Down to the month of January, 1852, all the emigrants were regarded as British subjects, and most of them had been denounced by the Imperial authorities in the Cape Colony as "rebels." Their rebellion consisted in the armed resistance offered by them, in 1848, to the summary act of annexation, by which British sovereignty was extended over the Orange Territory, which till then had formed part of their republic. After the battle of Boom Plaats, in which they were defeated, their leaders were proclaimed outlaws, and rewards offered for their capture. The price set upon Pretorius was £2,000, an amount which may have been rather flattering to the Commandant-General than otherwise, as indicating the high value at which his opponents rated his abilities and influence. Before four years had elapsed, this outlawed rebel and traitor had become an esteemed ally, the recognised head of an independent republic. By the convention established between Her Majesty's Commissioners, Major Hogge and Mr. Owen, on the one side, and Pretorius and his councillors on the other, it was solemnly agreed that the "emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River" should have "the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves without any interference on the part of Her Majesty's government;" that this government "disclaimed all alliances with the coloured natives north of the Vaal River;" that "no slavery is, or shall be, permitted or practised in the country north of the Vaal River by the emigrant farmers;" that mutual facilities should be given to traders and travellers, with certain restrictions only on the sale of ammunition to the natives; that fugitives from justice should on both sides be given up, when required; and that persons residing on either side of the Vaal River should have the right to remove unmolested across that boundary.

In June, 1852, Commandant-General Pretorius, visited Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Territory. He arrived there at an interesting juncture. A "constituent assembly" of delegates from the towns and field-cornetcies of that territory had just met, at the request of General Cathcart, to frame a free constitution for the young colony, which, four years before, had formed a part of the Dutch republic. A few of the delegates were English, but the great majority were of Dutch descent. The best spirit, however, prevailed in the assembly. The mere prospect of being allowed to manage their own local concerns, had converted smouldering disaffection into hearty loyalty. After discussions conducted for three days with great animation and earnestness, but in excellent temper, the outline of a scheme of representative government was agreed upon. It was transmitted to General Cathcart, who highly approved of it. He sent it home for the sanction of the authorities in Downing Street,—and, it is hardly necessary to add, nothing has since been heard of it.

It was while these proceedings were in progress, that Pretorius arrived at Bloemfontein. He was there invited to a public dinner, which was attended, as a mark of respect to him, by the principal colonial functionaries and the officers of the garrison. On this occasion, the Commandant-General made a short speech, which, as proceeding from a man who, in the previous year, was an outlawed traitor, for whose apprehension a reward of £2,000 had been offered, deserves to be quoted in full. The local paper reports his words as follows:—"Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for the honour you have paid me on my hasty visit to the Sovereignty, and for the kind manner in which you have drunk my health. I can scarce give expression to my feelings on this occasion,—one of which is that of thankfulness that I am enabled to sit amongst you this evening at Bloemfontein. The joy which I feel, is, however, considerably lessened by the calamity which has befallen us all—I allude to the sudden death of the lamented Major Hogge, one of Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners, a gentleman who had done so much to bring about the good feeling which now so happily exists. Gentlemen, we live, it is true, under a different system of government, but our interests are so intimately connected, that what is the interest of one is the interest of the other. Let us then forget all national prejudices and distinctions, and unite our utmost endeavours to advance the welfare of the country on both sides of the Vaal. There is but the little stream of the Vaal River running between us; if it goes well with

us on the other side, it will go well with you on this; and if it goes ill with us, it will go ill with you. Let us then, I repeat, sink all minor distinctions, and never forget that our interests are one. I sincerely hope, my friends and countrymen, that the important meeting which is now being held in this town, may end to the entire satisfaction of you all, and that peace, prosperity, and goodwill may be the fruits of it."

These are the sentiments of a man whom our perverse system of colonial government converted for a time into a most determined rebel. It is perfectly certain that if representative and responsible government had been established in the Cape Colony previous to 1836, Pretorius and his companions would all have remained loyal subjects. The emigration might have taken place, as a natural expansion of the population; but the emigrants would have carried their allegiance with them, and would have been as anxious to maintain their connection with the British Empire as the Californians and other settlers in western America are to retain their citizenship in the Union. This is an important consideration, for, by a better fortune than we have deserved, an opportunity now occurs for redressing our error, and retrieving the ground which has been lost. The treaty by which the independence of the emigrants was acknowledged, will not be valid without the sanction of an act of Parliament. Before this sanction is given, Parliament will doubtless be disposed to inquire whether the desire of the emigrants for freedom, or rather for self-government, cannot be satisfied in some better way than by excluding them altogether from the Empire. There is little doubt that such a way may be easily discovered. In fact, it has already been indicated in the clearest possible manner. Five years ago, the settlers in the Orange Territory were as much averse to British rule as are now the citizens of the Trans-Vaal Republic. Indeed, they formed part of the same community, and were animated by exactly the same sentiments. The declaration of British sovereignty in that district by Sir Harry Smith did not, of course, produce any change in the feelings of the inhabitants, who continued to be as strongly disaffected as they were before. But, as has already been stated, the promise of free institutions, made to them last year by General Cathcart, and apparently confirmed by the actual concession of such institutions to their relatives in the Cape Colony, has produced a complete change of feeling, equally striking and instructive. The Dutch colonists of the Orange Territory are now as anxious to retain the privileges of British subjects under a free constitution, as they were formerly to escape from the vexations of irresponsible government. The announced intention of the British Government to abandon that colony has excited the utmost consternation among the settlers. The late mails from the Cape have brought to this country petitions from them, deprecating this abandonment in the most earnest terms. The petitioners pray that an elective government may be established in the territory, in accordance with the wishes expressed at the meeting of delegates in June, 1852; and they declare their readiness, when this is done, to undertake the entire defence of the colony.

It may be presumed that this very reasonable request will be granted. We had intended to refer more particularly to some occurrences in that colony, which are supposed to have led the Home Government to the conclusion that it must be abandoned. But, as this conclusion, formed in ignorance of the exact condition and wishes of the settlers, has probably been already modified, and cannot fail to be finally reversed, there seems to be no necessity for dwelling upon this part of the subject. Should the Duke of Newcastle, or any other minister actuated by the same enlightened views, remain at the head of the Colonial Department, there can be no doubt that, within a year or two, both the Orange Colony and Natal will have institutions as free as those which have just been granted to the Cape Colony. There will then be three British colonies in South Africa, conterminous with one another, similar in origin, in population, in laws, and in interests, and requiring to be united for some general purposes, such as postal communication, the levy of customs' duties, and the common defence. A federal government, somewhat similar to that which has recently been established in New Zealand, will obviously be the proper mode of effecting this combination. Should the proposal then be made to the Trans-Vaal emigrants to receive a free colonial constitution, and to join this federal union, instead of remaining an isolated community, paying tribute on all their imports to the custom-houses of the Cape and Natal, there can hardly be a doubt that they will readily accept such an advantageous offer. Such seems to be the natural solution of these South African perplexities, which have heretofore caused so much needless embarrassment and expense.

One objection which has been urged against this extension of British sovereignty in South Africa requires to be noticed. If the Trans-Vaal Territory should become a British dependency, it is supposed, by those who make this objection, that in process of time, as population increases, there will be a renewed emigration towards the interior, and that in this way our colonies may extend, until at length we shall find ourselves responsible for the maintenance of good government over half the African continent. The boldest of Colonial Ministers might well recoil from such a prospect. It is therefore satisfactory to be enabled to state that no such result is possible. Recent experience has left no doubt on this point. It is found that the whole of central Africa within the tropics is uninhabitable by persons of unmixed European descent. The climate is not merely injurious, like that of India; it is deadly. The Dutch emigrants have already reached the northern boundary of the healthy country. They have repeatedly endeavoured to push their settlements beyond this boundary, and have been as often repulsed, after the loss of many of their number by the ravages of the inevitable

pestilence. A town which they incautiously commenced a few miles too far north of the tropic, is now left desolate and in ruins. To use the words of a traveller who lately visited their country, its present boundary "appears to be the utmost limit to which European colonization is likely to extend."

This limit, however, will include ample space for a group of colonies, destined to form hereafter a populous and powerful State. The glittering attractions of Australia have of late drawn all eyes so intently towards that splendid dependency, that the recent progress of other colonies has received less attention than it would otherwise have obtained. As some evidence of what may be expected from the country which has just been described, take the following return of the exports of a single staple (wool) from a single port of South Africa—Port Elizabeth, in Algoa Bay. The local journal which gives the return, observes in reference to it, that "the ratio of progression would be incredible, did it not appear in official documents."

Year	Quantity, lbs.	Value
1845	728,765	£30,762
1846	1,206,832	52,062
1847	2,018,564	97,532
1848	2,368,345	101,236
1849	3,286,381	106,748
1850	3,958,763	125,763
1851	4,638,594	137,560
1852	5,786,394	217,384

When it is considered that during the last eight years, the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, in which Port Elizabeth is situated, has twice suffered from protracted wars with the natives, the rapid increase in the quantity of its exports may seem to require some explanation. This will be found in the fact that most of the wool produced in the new settlements which have just been described, viz., the Orange Territory and the Trans-Vaal Republic, is shipped from Algoa Bay. As yet, however, the settlers in those extensive territories can hardly be said to have fairly entered upon this field of production. Our manufacturers may dismiss from their minds all fears of a deficient supply of wool. At no great distance of time, South Africa alone will probably furnish them as large a quantity of this raw material as they now receive from all other sources.

But, it may naturally be asked, while all these political and commercial benefits are to accrue to the colonists, what is to be done for the original possessors of the country? There are supposed to be about eight hundred thousand "natives," as they are commonly called, or aboriginal Africans, in the colonies and other territories south of the tropic—that is to say, in the portion of the continent which is likely to be subject to British dominion. Their rights, it will be admitted, are, or should be, as sacred as though they were all of the purest Caucasian race, or even of the most genuine Anglo-Saxon breed. What, then, is to become of them and of their rights? Fortunately, the question is one which admits of a more satisfactory answer than is usually given in such cases. These African aborigines will not be exterminated, like those of America and Australia. They do not, as has been said of the others, disappear before the advancing line of colonization. On the contrary, they rush within this line, unite themselves to the intruding race, accept its laws, adopt its usages, and, with a naturally submissive and imitative spirit, prefer its institutions to their own. No race of barbarians is so reclaimable as the African. The slaveholding States of America, the British West Indies, Sierra Leone, and Liberia, afford abundant evidence of the truth of this assertion. There are in the Cape Colony about a hundred thousand coloured persons, including emancipated slaves, Hottentots, and others. Many of these have already made a considerable advance in civilization, as may be inferred from the significant fact that, at the special request of the European colonists, the electoral franchise has been conferred, by their new constitution, upon several thousands of the coloured inhabitants. It is not too much to expect that, through the invaluable labours of the missionaries, aided by the example of the whites, and the influences of commerce, the whole of the native population of South Africa will at length be civilized, and be ultimately admitted to the enjoyment of all the privileges possessed by British subjects in a self-governed colony. More than this the most determined and most benevolent "protector of the aborigines" could not in reason ask on their behalf. Since, moreover, the climate of the interior, fatal to white men, is innocuous to persons of African descent, it is extremely probable that these civilized natives of South Africa, or their descendants, are destined to be instrumental in diffusing the light of Christian civilization over those vast central regions, the last strongholds of barbarism, which have hitherto been guarded by their pestilential atmosphere from the approach of the European explorer.

LAST ECHOES OF A PUBLIC HALL.

One evening last month, an assembly was dispersing, in the Free Trade Hall of Manchester. The occasion had a particular interest, not through the object for which they had met,—an appeal to support Church Missions, frequent enough,—but it was the last public business to be done in that place. Each of the speakers had alluded to the past, which to all the audience, knowing the local history, was evidently impressive. "The axe and hammer," they said, "would be demolishing, in a few days, this edifice replete with such varied associations." The reverend orators esteemed the Free Trade Hall, which had often resounded rude clamours of worldly contention, fortunate in the religious character of its last offices. "Nothing in its life," they said "became it like its departure;" and one apostolic person, apologizing with needless caution for an allusion to theatrical usage, "if he might venture to borrow a comparison from a thing which *he* had never seen," observed that "as free commerce had been the prologue to this Hall, a free gospel should be its epilogue." Irreverent jesters, less averse from the vanities of the town, had ironically congratulated the Hall upon its quitting this world in the sanctity of "extreme unction." The place had been a fast liver in its brief time, and participated many questionable transactions. The retrospect of its career is dashed with confusion; but it was closing amid voices of benevolence and piety. We, having been acquainted with its past, took something like an affectionate leave of the place; and, as for the manner of its end, remembering the manly frankness of our fathers, which dignified all civic and political affairs with the acknowledgment of a divine sanction, we did respectfully receive the Bishop's benediction, the last accents publicly uttered in that famous public Hall.

Famous it has been, after the fashion of the fame of this age; whatever notoriety may be acquired from newspaper reports, five columns in measure,—the paper columns that sustain the modern Temple of Fame,—whatever the frequent reception of distinguished persons, their conversation which a party, or perhaps a nation, listens to, could impart of celebrity,—whatever the citation of its name, by one class of rhetoricians enthusiastically, as an Athenian would mention the Acropolis; or else derisively, by the costive censure of the *Spectator*, or the banter of the *Times*, might contribute to make a place notable in its day,—the Free Trade Hall at Manchester possessed. Its foundation was identified with the fundamental principle of commercial policy, from which its name was taken. It was built upon Cobden's ground, by the Anti Corn Law League. They built it slightly and hastily, for temporary service, just as an intellectual workshop while they were repealing the monoply laws. But the task was difficult and prolonged for years their special use of the place. It was done at length, as a thing must be done, whenever intelligent energetic men combine to prove that justice and prosperity are at one; events are with them, directed by the soul of equity and wisdom, and their argument is concluded by the issue of the fact. It was done; England, which has been falsely accused of a selfish moral isolation, being *indeed* the world-embracing nation, assumed a majestic position unequalled by any state; a free community, consulting rightly its own general interest, in preference to partial claims, resolved to make its welfare dependent on the resources of all mankind, and on the supply of all human wants,—to make common stock with the world, taking the children of Adam into an unrestricted partnership. We have not in this page to pronounce the panegyric of such a triumph; *that* shall be printed in larger types upon the surface of the earth; its record the history of centuries, its periods the growth of empires.

But, the Free Trade Hall had been associated with very diverse proceedings. We loitered, as many did, after the multitude dispersed, looking round at the familiar walls, and at the now faded decorations. The huge effigies of noble beasts, guarding the steps of the platform, which had so frequently, at the giddy climax of uncertain eloquence, prompted the invocation of "British Lions," in happy time to save the confusion of an aspiring orator, were couchant impassive, without signalizing by a shake of their stony manes, or an agitation of their rigid appendages, any satisfaction at the expiry of their stately vigil. On one side the fair and vigorous god of Inspiration and of Light, with parted lips and eye of triumph, gazed forward into an imaginative distance; on the other hand, his serene sister, austere in cold intelligence, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," led her swift favourite through intricate paths of the forest, and over mountain summits of speculation. The nine divinities of song and science, with certain new Muses, like Geology, Chemistry, and Manufacture, whose worship is more honoured here than it was by the votaries of Helicon, were ranged along the room. High at the lower end still glowed the painted vision of the chariot of Day, in which the ruddy youthful Sun, escorted by the chorus of Hours, is borne over sea and land, to cheer and illuminate that slumbering shore, which Aurora, disperser of the mist, approaches a herald of glory. How often, impatient of platitudes on the platform, and of repetitions unworthy to be repeated, our mind had glanced that way for relief, in a glimpse of the bright allegory which symbolizes the dawn of a world's morning, and the celestial march of humanity, in its progress, like the Day, simultaneous over earth with the advance of its heavenly source!

All these accessaries of the scene, beheld for the last time, reminded us of many things there seen

and heard, of much to be regretted, and more to be admired. Many parts had been played on that stage. The rapt enthusiasm of an impassioned speaker, whose warm indignation or pity gave to his crowding illustrations, cast as in a furnace, poetic figure and instantaneous life,—the clinging tones of entreating compassion, which none could shake off and go,—the accents of ascending hope, the steady monotone of sober resolution, the pointed exclamations of anger,—these, and every note of the moral gamut, with the language of their accompaninment, the flush faces and excited gestures of their performers, returned fast on the memory. But, with these, intruded also the contemptible; the crouching dealer in cheap compliments, the impudent auctioneer of his own pretensions, the equivocating trickster, the sycophant who reviles one class to win the favour of another, and he that fawns upon a multitude whom he despises and will betray. These with sorrow we had witnessed; for that place was open to all indiscriminate occupants. Intellectual knights-errant, who in the days of mailed chivalry would have tilted with cold iron, as they did here, for the distinction of championship, with logic and evidence, had encountered, in this arena, each other's levelled argument; and each had striven, restless in assault, to unseat his antagonist from a prancing hobby, or to pierce his mail of proof. An edifice of capacious scope, built upon an apparent basis of wide induction, theoretically laid out in several apartments, with doors to admit every advantage, and windows to throw out every objection, furnished with convenient adjuncts by practical provision, decorated by the fondness of a partial gaze,—we had seen it constructed; then we had seen the fabric totter before the breath of scornful nostrils, and fall before the breath of a speaking mouth. We had observed the anatomical skill of Analysis dissect a mingled body of notions, and sunder incongruous elements,—but the living principle, which had made the heart of a party to throb as of one man, escaped his searching knife. We had looked on, while stealthy weavers of a slender matter had enveloped, in their subtle meshes, an object of intended prey; which, rising up then, went straightway free, out of their tattered snare; a step of English sense, without effort, passing through the vain entanglement of elaborate sophistry.

The place had been let, indeed, to the most various uses; reminding one, in its diversified experience, of that fickle epitome of mankind,

> Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was *preacher*, fidler, statesman, and buffoon.

Its very large extent, accommodating several thousand persons, made it unsuitable for those quieter meetings, which merely transact business, or discuss matters that require the attention of a moderate number of minds. But for the wholesale invocation of a multitudinous sentiment, the Free Trade Hall was frequently resorted to; and in that city, the nursery of so many young ideas, a Free Trade Hall meeting has been regarded as the critical ordeal, through which every novel design must pass, and then take rank among the "movements" of the day. Sometimes when the matter was an evangelical "cause," a collection (D.V.) in aid of the interesting mission of white neckcloths to the swarthy tribes of Borrioboolah Gah, that vast area was full of bonnets, and a waving ocean of cambric sentimentality; once it was full of broad hats, and stern masculine faces under them, when all the mechanics of iron, having "struck" with characteristic determination, met to confirm their resistance to the supposed exactions of their employers; that manful crowd, seriously resenting what they considered a grievance, sitting close together with no boys, or women, or thoughtless loiterers among them, was the most imposing aspect, we had ever seen, of the alternating occupation of those benches. How the pictures of society and human life, mirrored in that Hall, were changed and shifted in a few weeks or days! One evening, it was a monster tea party; breathless waiters were staggering to and fro with huge vessels of boiling water; ladies at the urns, nigh distracted with the incessant care of filling a countless fleet of teacups that were put into their trays; children silently stuffing cake into their mouths; damsels waiting to be helped, and young fellows helping themselves; everywhere, a clatter of saucers and of tongues; everywhere, a profusion of glittering porcelain and variegated garlands; plenty of innocent cheerfulness, and small regard for the long-winded speeches to follow. The next evening, it was as if the streets of the town had poured in all their motley population, bustling tradespeople, the the dusty workmen and factory girls, who crowd along at one o'clock, the shabby vacant loungers who lean against the wall, the trim families of surburban gentility, the ladies who spend their day in shopping, and the danglers who haunt shop-doors for their company,—these had come together in the Hall, as they do in the street, induced by the most different motives; some with intelligent interest, others to get rid of *ennui*, or gather a topic of faint conversation, in the declarations of an important political party; some with suspended balance of opinion, came impartially to hear and decide; others came, for the purpose of heaping additional matter upon the onesided scale, already overweighted, while they had neglected to seek the testimony, justly due to the other; a few came, by their influential presence to lend, in their esteem at least, more respectable credit to the cause; and others attended to recommend themselves, by such assent, to the patronage of its zealous supporters; but the general object of most individuals there, was no other, we will undertake to say, than the ostensible one of the meeting; whether it were to secure cheap corn, or gratuitous popular education, parliamentary reform, or whatever advantage the public mind of England, even of a part of the nation, earnestly desires; and, when a multitude, affected with generous sympathy and romantic admiration, shouted their welcome to the eloquent representative of oppressed nationalities,—looked up, in tumultuous rapture, to see a grave English-

man embrace the Hungarian Dictator, or thrilled with the passionate accents of a strange language, in which the fervid Italian hissed forth his hatred of Austria,—then, it must have been a cold and narrow mind, witnessing such enthusiastic expressions, which could be sceptical of their sincerity, or unimpressed with their majestic force; the voice of a people, whether wisely or unworthily directed, when it demands a right or clamours for Barabbas, *is* mighty as the voice of many waters, a sound of unequalled sublimity. What region of inanimate creation can show the poet a more inspiring scene, than is the surging expanse of a great human throng, menacing or exulting, seething into harsh fury or melting into smooth content? What poet of the loftiest order, we might rather ask, has neglected to study this most awful and wonderful page of the universe? There are the Hebrew prophets, whose dreams of terror, in the impending catastrophe of their people, were haunted by "the noise of a host, as of a flood." There is old Homer, long before the democratic age, who brings forward a councillor in the military assembly:—

He spoke; and hugely shouted all the Greeks, as when a wave,
With a wind of tempest driving, clashes full upon the beach,
Or roars around a jutting rock, that stands amid the sea,
Bearing the brunt of all the gales; they clamoured so round him.

There is the first of dramatists, whose sonorous verse was learned not only of the soul-stirring music of ringing weapons at Marathon, nor only compounded of the mingled shrillness and thunder of the sea; but in the congregated Demos of Athens, he had summoned the loud consent of his fellow-citizens to heroic measures; and he had seen, that which he describes of the Argive republic:

The air was shaken with the multitude
Of right hands lifted, signing this decree.

There is our Milton, whose report of the council in Pandemonium, and of the more subdued and moderate applause of the seraphic audience, we may quote by way of comparison with that above:—

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering wind, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest; such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace.

But of the poetical aspect of popular agitations, we may find more testimony, in the essay which shall discuss an interesting question of literary history,—the causes why the few grandest of the world's poets have been, in their day, practical statesmen; why, at least, no really great poet has been devoid of a present sympathy, and concern, with the social and political exigencies of his time; why it is, that imaginative genius, although sometimes alone in the serenity of a towering intellect, must borrow the heart of the multitude, and feel the passions of the unsophisticated many, in order to become a spokesman for catholic humanity.

These were among the associations of the Public Hall. But the fatal step, which digresses from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the contrast of accidental pettiness with the momentous solemnity of real interest, had been made very frequently, on that platform. Vanity and meanness, like an ape clambering among the statues of the gods, had provoked our laughter in the very face of moral majesty. Enough of such incidents, to which we would not recur; that place had also been the seat of reverence, and the testing-forge of honest candour. Awkward speakers had there become graceful with the dignity of inartificial truth; garrulous ones had been listened to without tedium, because they and their hearers, acquainted with each other's character, felt a mutual respect. Familiar phrases, and honoured names, connected with things that they had reason to value, were heard for the hundredth time, and seemed not trite or insignificant. Faces which the populace knew by heart, which they had perused for hours upon hustings or stage, were there welcomed, on each reappearance, as the presence of dear friends. In that place had been invested no slight share of the people's affection, which whosoever can despise is worthy of none.

The effect of that initiative, as well as controlling, influence, in the affairs of our social life, which the system of spontaneous public meetings, during the last twenty years, extending together with its natural ally, the larger scope and freer circulation, of newspapers, increasingly acquires, we leave to be discussed by those, whose profession is to indicate the course of political tendencies. Its immediate consequence, evidently, is the education of all classes of the people in habits of critical disputation, and in confidently pronouncing judgment. Whether the more prompt intelligence, and the self-reliant forwardness of opinion, fostered by such habits, may be altogether separate from the risk of a disposition to hasty dogmatism, and impatience of deliberate inquiry, —is a doubt that has been seriously entertained, by many persons who are not wanting either in respect for popular rights or in sympathy with the spirit of this age. That the prevailing *sentiment* of any miscellaneous assembly of Englishmen, even though it be a mere crowd in the market-place, generally is a fair and generous one, will not be denied by those who have candidly observed its manifestations; but unfortunately, it does not always happen, that a sufficient amount of special information, upon the subject they intend to adjudicate, exists in the aggregate comprehension of the meeting; whose minds, already in a train for excitement, are thus laid at the mercy of an *ex-parte* appeal. It would be wrong, if we, however decidedly attached to democratic institutions, not less for their culture of the virtues of citizenship, than for their security to the public welfare, affected to ignore this

accompanying hazard, which must be guarded against, if we would preserve their exercise.

Another suggestion occurs, as the result of some experience in these proceedings. Practical inconvenience is occasioned by the want of a uniform submission to the same rules of "order." A regular code, minutely prescribing the etiquette of public discussions,—not, of necessity, adhering to the practice of Parliament, which is not invariably applicable to the diverse emergencies of mixed assemblies,—a methodical provision for the accidents which do sometimes throw a public meeting into confusion, and render its decision unsatisfactory, is still a desideratum. In every town of the kingdom, are scores of respectable and sagacious men, who will undertake to preside upon any occasion; yet we are quite sure, they would not all agree, in defining the chairman's duty, in some particular instances. They would agree, in requiring the mover and seconder of a proposition to be heard previously to any further discussion of it; they would also be aware, that until some other person move a distinct amendment, no further discussion is in order, except through the tolerating favour of the meeting. But, after an amendment *has* been moved and seconded, it may be desired, by a third party, to propose another very different amendment. Here, the difficulty begins. The chairman, very likely, allows the second amendment to be moved, and is thus encumbered with *three* competing propositions. The debate is protracted, as we have seen it, for many hours; three antagonist parties, each led on to the combat by its pair of champions, and rallying behind its little paper flag, the written copy of their resolution, engaging finally in a confused *melée*, exchanging alternate sarcasms and contradictions, until their ammunition be exhausted. What is the chairman to do now? He has three substantive proposals, only one of which the meeting can accept. *We* are not going to help him out of the embarrassment, which he ought to have avoided at the outset. He acts upon his own judgment, or on the advice of friends; or else, to appear impartial, he bows to the dictation of the party which he is least inclined to favour; or perhaps, he yields to the most violent who clamours loudly, "I rise to order, Mr. Chairman!" He puts the original motion to a show of hands, *not* absolutely on its own merits; "those who are in favour of it, hold up their hands,—now, those who are against it;" but he first requests the supporters of the original resolution to declare themselves, and, as an alternative, he puts not the simple negative, but one of the amendments. Then comes a renewal of the clamour. Which of the amendments ought to take precedence? Some people demand the first amendment, to be placed as alternative with the original resolution; others think, the second amendment, lying nearest to them, at this moment of the proceedings, should be disposed of first. We have seen it done, in both these ways; we have also seen the two amendments placed together, and put to the vote, for one to neutralise the other, after which the survivor had to stand up and set to with the original motion. Very often we have seen, when there happened to be a majority of hands shown for the first amendment, as compared with the original resolution, that then, the chairman has declared the first amendment absolutely passed, and has refused to give the second amendment any chance at all. This was regarded, by the advocates of the last proposition, as unjustly depriving them of all opportunity to express their preference, since they could not approve of the original, nor of the prior amendment; and the chairman had not enabled them to meet either of those with a mere negative, because they did not choose to adopt its substantial opponent. "This also is vanity and vexation of spirit." In the official meetings even of railway shareholders, which are invested with legal authority to dispose of the corporate affairs, we have seen the most disastrous confusion, possibly making void the resolutions of the Company, occasioned by the imperfect understanding, or inconsistent practice, of these functions of orderly conduct. Honourable men have been, through such error, exposed to the reproach of dishonesty; gentlemen, of usually courteous and serene demeanour, have so provoked each other, as to bandy intolerable and unmerited recriminations; where, if uniform order were observed, their grace and temper would not have been impaired.

These reflections, and a great deal more, equally appropriate to Exeter Hall, the Crown and Anchor in the metropolis, the Town Hall of Birmingham, the Music Hall at Leeds, or the places of public demonstrations at Glasgow, Edinburgh, or any other of our great cities, belonged to the Free Trade Hall of Manchester; and, as illustrating some peculiarities of the present epoch of our history, we have stated them, as of more than a mere local interest. Other purposes to which the edifice had been applied, pertaining to amusement rather than to serious business, we have not recalled.—The amateur theatrical performance of a distinguished literary company—the melodious heart-storming vehemence of grand voices, which the ears of the whole world greedily desire—the wholesome and agreeable feast of excellent music weekly provided for the popular recreation, at prices within reach of the poorest, (a service to the cause of education and social improvement for which the generous proprietor has received the signal acknowledgments of his fellow townsmen,) these and the most various exhibitions—a grove with statues and cool fountains for the summer lounger—miles of canvass scenery, of mountains and famed cities in foreign lands, spread out in that room; the area, now occupied by members of a Mechanics' Institution in the guise of Christmas mummers, with the Boar's Head in procession; at another time, an equestrian circus, with galloping horses and motley gymnasts in the ring,—the pageantry of these mimic wonders, if it were worth our while to describe what every child has seen, would offer a curious range of comparison with those graver occasions of ingenious display which have been referred to, as connecting the Free Trade Hall with the "public"

phases of our social life. But, we have lingered here long enough. On that same ground, in the history of Radicalism grimly denoted *Peterloo*, the soil once moistened with the blood of unoffending people, a new Public Hall is now being erected. May it be crowded a thousand times with a sober and honest population, meeting for just and wise purposes; and may its echoes be ever those of cheerful mirth, of true words boldly spoken, and of noble sentiments with unanimous consent applauded!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Bribery has been at all times practised, probably from the first foundation of popular as well as of absolute government. It is a mode of corrupting persons of feeble virtue by offering them a price for the purchase of their morality, influence, and honour. Bribery has also been, down to the present day, used as a means of securing those who have already been, or, who are even traditionally, corrupted. The greater the power of corrupting a people, the more general, both morally and politically, does corruption pervade a nation; and the more corrupt the people are, the more their civil, religious, and political liberties are endangered.

If the Roman citizens and soldiers had not been generally corrupted, they would never have yielded their liberties, first, to Julius Cæsar, and afterwards to Octavianus. Nor would the latter have ever acquired a title, nor maintained his ground as Augustus, if they had not degenerated so far as to surrender their liberties in exchange for his munificent distributions of food and money, nor yielded up their common rights amid the amusements and exhibitions which he had instituted to excite their passions, and intoxicate their senses. When the Senate of Rome, in its degradation under Tiberius, decreed money and honorary distinctions to the Prætorian Bands, the corruption of Rome became complete; and when, after the murder of Pertinax, those dangerous and turbulent soldiers sold the empire by public auction to Didius Julianus, the Roman power continued from that day steadily to decline until its final downfal.

The Roman Emperors were, like some modern sovereigns, surrounded by flatterers or conspirators; and when Diocletian retired to Salona, to grow cabbages, and to cultivate fruits in preference to reassuming the purple, he spoke truth fully, when he observed that "of all arts that of reigning was the most difficult." And he forcibly explained this difficulty, when he remarked, "how often is it the interest of four or five councillors to conspire, in order to deceive their sovereign? Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, truth is concealed from his knowledge. He can see only with their eyes, and hears nothing but their misrepresentations. He confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers."

In the whole history of Asiatic governments, bribery and corruption, coupled with assassination, constitute the principal features. The history of the Greek or Lower Empire is little else than the records of corruption, bribery, and other crimes. It was by corruption that the Medici destroyed the liberties of Florence. It was by intrigue and corruption, political and religious, that the Italian republics, and Italian patriotism were degraded and ruined.

Algernon Sidney, a great apostle and martyr for true liberty, demonstrates, in the 40th section of his "Discourse on Government," that "Liberty produces virtue, order, and stability," that "Slavery is accompanied with vice, weakness, and misery." "Machiavelli," observes Sidney, "discoursing of those matters, finds virtue to be so essentially necessary to the establishment and preservation of liberty, that he thinks it impossible for a corrupt people to set up a good government, or for a tyranny to be introduced if they be virtuous; and makes this conclusion, that where the matter (that is the great body of the people) is not corrupted, tumults and disorders do no hurt; where it is corrupted, good laws do no good; which being confirmed by reason and experience, I think no wise man has ever contradicted him."

Montesquieu observed that "the English Constitution will lose its liberty, will perish, when the legislative power shall have become more corrupt than the Executive." We do not believe that either Parliament or the Executive can, in Great Britain, become essentially corrupt,—but corruption may be infused into the House of Commons, by the extensive practice of bribery, intimidation, and corruption at the elections of members of Parliament, and by the retention of rotten and historically corrupted parliamentary boroughs.

From the day that Louis XI., by military force and with money, destroyed the feudal system and established absolutism in France, bribery and corruption were the most effectual agents employed not only by the government, but also by all those who aspired to power.

Although in England the barons usually asserted their own rights, yet justice was invariably delayed, when the King was not bribed to direct the courts to terminate trials. All the fines, and penalties enumerated by Maddox in his His-

tory of the Exchequer, with thousands of others, were bribes for corrupting the tribunals of law, or for evading punishments. The presents given to Queen Elizabeth and to many of her predecessors may be considered as bribes for royal favours—often for obtaining bare justice.

The most able and learned judges accepted bribes. How sorrowful is it to read in the history of our country that the father of modern philosophy—the great Bacon, one of the most able and learned of English judges—was charged with having, and that he even acknowledged to have, received large bribes.

Bribery has not for a long period been either offered to, or accepted by the learned judges who preside over our tribunals of justice; but, in other respects, during the last century, corruption was almost universally practised. The Kings bought statesmen, clergymen, authors, and other public men. Walpole considered every man was, in some way, completely open to corruption. He no doubt acted on that perfidious system of temptation, to the fascinations of which we believe there were splendid and numerous exceptions. But the success of his own bribery and corruption almost justified his *dictum*, that all men had their price.

The press has not only itself been often, though not always, corrupted, but it has been used as an engine of corruption and misrepresentation. Bribery and corruption were rife and systematic during the government of the notorious Cabal ministry of Charles II. Both were used as systematic engines of power during the reigns of Anne, and the four Georges. Pitt, Dundas, and Castlereagh, practised unscrupulous bribery in corrupting the three Kingdoms.

Pitt had his inducements for bribing and corrupting the English constituencies. Dundas bribed and politically demoralized the whole of that (until after the Reform) one great Rotten Borough, known in history as the ancient kingdom of Scotland. Castlereagh and others corrupted the whole Irish Parliament; which however, was only elected by a fraction of the Irish, the qualified protestants.

Fox and the whole of the aristocratic Whigs, bribed and corrupted the Prince of Wales. They made him a rebellious son and a *débauchee*. He as regent and king disavowed, shunned, and hated them. He indeed never loved any one. He had no affections but for those who ministered to his sensualities.

Kings and Lord Chancellors bribed even through the Church—men in holy orders received livings from both, by the influence of *party* men with the Crown and the ministry. All official appointments were political, not impartial. The colonies, India, the revenue departments, the army, the navy, were all under subservience to political bribery and corruption. The judicial benches were bribes, greedily sought after by, and scarcely ever given to any but to political partisan lawyers. Who and what were our Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Prebends, Canons? Who and what were the Peers created since the first years of the History of Party—who since the same period our Lord Chancellors and other judges, ministers of State and other officials; who were colonial governors and judges? Let the history of party,—of elections,—of votes in Parliament, reveal the secrets of place and patronage!

How did the men vote who once sat for the sixty-six boroughs, which were annihilated by schedule A. and for those reduced to return only one member, instead of two members? Why they all, together with those elected by the eighty to one hundred still remaining rotten boroughs, were either place-men themselves, or they were the steady *voters* of either one or other of the two great parties who divided the politics of the country,—or they were bribed, seduced, and corrupted, by the party in power, to desert the party out of power.

Has the Reform Act cured the public corruption? No! it has scarcely moderated the bribery! —the results of the last general election have placed on record a monstrous catalogue of black revelations,—of bribes, perjury, and corruption; of bribery and intimidation by Whigs, Tories, Peelites, Derbyites, and Irish Brigadists,—by officials, lawyers, and priests.

In England and in Ireland, the bribery, corruption and intimidation, were at very many elections, conspicuous and shameless. From Scotland there was but one petition against a sitting member, and that has failed. Scotland, the former rotten borough of the Butes and Dundases, has not, at least in her parliamentary elections, exhibited corruption since 1832—Scotland may have many other sins to atone for; but so far, her representative independence has for twenty years been maintained.

Well, how have Ireland and the Irish acted since 1832? Certainly not as if the nation were instructed or tempered for practical constitutional government! O'Connell was useful until after the Catholics were emancipated from political disabilities on account of religion,—afterwards he did not a little mischief. Can any one prove that he has left a trace of good for Ireland behind him? Can any one point out any practical good accomplished by the *Pseudo Irish Patriots*, called the Brigade? We believe not,—Ireland wants more than any other nation, the unity of her people for practical usefulness—not unity for the purposes of mere legislative and administrative obstruction. Her political priests are a scandal to their Church; not but that the Irish have just complaints—not but that there is another Church rich in revenues, and demanding reforms of evils which the great majority of the Irish people have the most just cause to complain of, as grievously oppressive. Touching this Church, and some other real, not imaginary Irish grievances, we will speak at another time—in a separate article. But do bribery, intimidation, and corruption prevail at the Irish elections? Certainly! If the *secret* were revealed of the seat in the north of Ireland, which was transferred by a pretended Liberal to a member of Lord Derby's Government, it would in all probability prove the sale of a whole constituency

by a *retiring* (?) member, to a minister in power. Intimidation, riots, and the authority of the priests, were however far more conspicuous and quite as disgraceful as bribery, during the last general election in Ireland.

Well, let us turn to England? We do believe that even during the whole administration of Walpole, the Minister who actually *salaried* Members, there never was more corrupt bribery and intimidation than during the last General Election. There were not merely two or three W. B.'s and A. S.'s, there were legions of such; but they were *understrapper-criminals*. A digest of the evidence on the Derby, Canterbury, Chatham, and Plymouth election petitions, would indeed form a curious volume—a memorial of *Derbyite* recklessness and electioneering corruption. Liverpool, if we mistake not, will prove still more profligate. Who were Mr. Forbes Mackenzie's committee-men? Did any one draw a check for *ten* thousand pounds, to corrupt? no, but to bribe the always corrupt *freemen* of the old slave-trading port. Was there a man with a fat purse, who was led to hope that he would be created a baronet? Was his lady amused by the Halls of Knowsley "*looming in the distance*" for her reception? We will say no more, but wait to hear the revelations that will assuredly be made before the Committee on the last Liverpool elections.

The Canterbury *revelations* are, however, at present, the most glaring. Poor Lady Conyngham did not, however, either by her *tears*, or her *money*, succeed in returning her son-in-law for the city of St. Augustine and St. Thomas à'Becket. The archiepiscopal city may, indeed, now and hereafter, be as renowned for its immorality and corruption, as it was anciently for its pilgrimages and its miracles. It would truly require many a saint and many a miracle to render Canterbury immaculate.

Bribery and corruption will, no doubt, continue to be practised. There will still be a thousand ways to bribe and corrupt, aye, and to intimidate too! The Tories have notoriously practised these means—the Whigs have done so—all have done so, in degree. But none have beat the Derbyites. In their political sport they have been as reckless *off the turf*, as they have in their racing and betting *on the turf*.

If we cannot prevent, can we moderate bribery, intimidation, and corruption? The Ballot may prevent intimidation—not bribery, consequently not corruption. Extension of the Suffrage may, in some degree, abate bribery—Universal Suffrage would not! Will stringent laws and heavy penalties prevent bribery? Experience tells us no! The only really extensive, though not perfect remedy, would be to have no mere borough representatives at all. Let each county include all the towns—let the whole population of the county and towns, for example, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lanarkshire, each return their fair share of Members. Let there be none of those *vendible voters*—miscalled *freemen*. Let each qualified elector, in town or county, have as many votes as the whole number of Members for the county, including its towns; and this plan would, in a great degree, prevent bribery and corruption. Let the voters have the Ballot, also, to prevent intimidation.

LEAVES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE FLYING HORSE.

A TALE OF CASHMERE.

Canto the Second.

"There's something in a flying horse!"—
WORDSWORTH.—*Prologue to Peter Bell.*

Of all the sad swains that sigh under the sun,
Conceive yourself reader the fortunate *one*,
That's just stepping out of a carriage and pair
At the porch of St. George's in Hanover Square;
With, under your wing,
A "gushing young thing,"
And snug in your waistcoat the guinea gold ring.
And further, suppose
That just as you rose,
At the clinching "amen," from your knees to your toes,
And the gushing young creature was blowing its nose,
The pompous old beadle, with business-like stride,
Pushed Mamma and Papa cavalierly aside,
And seized the small waist of your horrified bride;
And, without more ado,
Complacently flew
Through the air to the pulpit and wished you adieu!
Flitted up to the gallery—perched on the rail,
Nodding and winking and wagging his tail;
Then dashed out of window full tilt from the organ;
Why, law!—talk of men struck to stone by the Gorgon!
You'd probably feel, left alone in your glory,
About as much "sold" as the Prince of my story.

Through curls of smoke
The morning broke
On every looming mountain-crown;
But fiery fast,
Above them passed
The steed that sped from Cashmere town.
The horrible negro laughed with glee,
As under them tossed and flew
The rough white foam of the China sea;
And he shouted a wild halloo
To the crew of a junk
That were howling with funk,
As it wallowed a mastless wreck;
And burning pastilles,
In piteous appeals
To a corpulent Idol on deck.

T'was noon by the sun,
Ere, gloomy and dun,
The forests of strange Japan
Rose out of the sea;
"Now, harkee to me,
Young gal!" the nigger began:—
"Dat howlin's quite horrid, and 'taint no good!
Don't holler, they say, till you're out of the wood,
Wal now—of all woods dat I ever come near
Down yonder's the last where you'd make people hear,
'Cause nobody lived there—never!
Dere's nothin' but monkies and green cockatoos,
You can 'splain it all clear to 'em, 'course if you choose,
But it don't seem worth yer endeavour.
It's plum in the middle I mean to pitch,
How happy my pet will be,
In her neat little wig-wam of hickory-switch,
A-sitting on Sambo's knee:
With nothin' to do
De honey-moon through,
But fondle him nicely, and tell him how true
She loves him all down from de crown to de shoe!
Dere's cocoa-nut milk for her drink so sweet,
Dere's heaps of nuts for missy to eat;
De little buzz-bee
Live top of de tree,
Me scramble to fetch her down honey for tea:—
Here:—dis a good place
To light from our race;
Now missy—give Sambo a kiss on de face."

Indignant from the horse's back
The proud young Princess sprang,
And smote the nigger such a crack
That his ebony jawbones rang.
"Wretch! stand aside!"
She sternly cried,
"Black poodle-headed thief!
I, such a devil's nut-fed bride!
Not if as many threats he tried
As corn-seeds in the sheaf!
Stand off! beware the tiger-taught—
The daughter of Bengal!"

"Come! none of dem 'ere tricks of court,
Dey don't suit here at all,"
The ruffian said:—"dere's time enough;
Me just go rind a stick:—
If missy still cut up so rough,
High time dis gal to lick!
Ha! wat dat sound? dat nebber come
From any bird I know!
'Pears like a screamer cotched in gum;
Ha! cuss, what bugles blow?"

He'd hardly spoke when horse and hound
Came crashing through the wood,
With yelp and bound and bugle sound,
Towards where the lady stood.
The foremost on a raven steed,
A square-set peppery man
Was yet, as well the Child could read,
The lord of all Japan.
For I have heard and count for true,
That royal eyes can tell
Their equals all disguises through,
Such grace in kings doth dwell.

The monarch reined his raven steed,
And raised his hunting cap;
"Can aid so sweet a Princess need?
Or what auspicious hap
Brings one so lovely to Japan,
Where strangers touch so seldom?
And who—why gallows take the man!
Is that unwashed he-beldam?"

She could not speak—she only sprung
And clasped him round the knee;
Her frightened eyes and cheeks all hung
With tears were sad to see.

"Wat's dis?" the filthy negro cried;
"How dare you sare! dis gal's my bride!
Go 'long you ole varmin,
Trot back to your farmin'
'Cause, look you, I'm goin' to whip her a sarmin;
She want's it most precious,
She's regular vicious:
I reckon I'll break her in raal judicious:—
I allers do just what I please with my wife."

"Oh, you do!" said the King—"so do I with my knife,
So look out a-head!"
With a crack and a squash
To grass went the ravisher yelping "O gosh!"
He kicked up his heels and he turned up his eyes,
And in short, as they say in the Tragedy, [*dies.*]

Alas, now I think of it,—Horace declares
Bad people should always be killed below-stairs:
And that ever, for fear the discerning should criticise,
Rank blood you should carefully curtain from Pity's eyes;
Such deeds, 'coram populo,' shock her repose,
So henceforth such vile rogues shall die under the rose.

Need I formally state, at so gory a sight,
How mademoiselle fainted off-hand in a fright;
How they tickled her, splashed her, and ripped up her stays,
And tried, but in vain, her sweet eyelids to raise,
Till finding her dumb as a German polony,
They trotted her home on a little black pony.

The horse in the meantime stood sober and coy,
Like the gift of Minerva when wheeled into Troy;
What the deuce could its use be and how it came there
Quite baffled conjecture. At last, in despair,
They settled to carry it home in a cart,
As a nice little nut for anatomy's art;
"Fum Owen," said they, "will jump out of his skin,
To see such a promising mammal brought in;
He's the man for our money,—so handy and quick!
He cries all day long for more subjects to stick.
Gad! in five minutes' time from the knife at your throttle
Your skeleton's picked and your tripe's in a bottle!"

. . . .

A broad and royal chamber,
The dawn-light slanting in,
Through panes of Orient amber,
As if one smile to win;
One waking smile from her who lies—
Deep sleep upon those curtained eyes!

Around her fragrant pillow,
A bower of plumes and gold
Droops like a glittering willow;
And still in slumber's fold,
She stirs not, though the sunbeams, now,
Have trembling kissed her queenly brow.

Hark! trumpets in the palace court,
Their clear and gay reveillée flinging;
And bang! the cannon from the fort
Set all the pictured windows ringing,
And roar to all the tower bells
To loose their clamorous tongues to-day:—
She wakes at last, as hoarsely swells,
Down street and square, one grand "hooray!"

Around her couch a maiden train,
On bended knees present their duty,

Yet lavish all their airs in vain
Upon the dark-eyed southern beauty.
She gazes round in strange surprise;
"Where am I? was it all a dream?
The Prince, the Indian?" "Bless your eyes,
He loves you as a cat loves cream!
He does indeed ma'am," chirp they all;
"You'll meet him in the Peacock Hall!"

"Meet whom?" she asks, "whose halls are these?
What boisterous mirth is yonder, pray?
What guns and bells?" "Oh, dear, ma'am, please
Remember 'tis your wedding day!
They say his highness did not sleep
One mortal wink the livelong night;
And twice upon the floor did leap,
Each time exclaiming, 'Hold me tight!
Don't let me dart her dreams to break!'
Ah! what a husband, ma'am, he'll make!"

What bondage is rhyme! Why just here I'd lay down
A large sum of money—to wit half a crown,
To be loose for five minutes and tell you in prose
What grief in the Child's pretty bosom arose;
What thoughts of the Prince! O, it's cruelly hard
To shamble along like a handicapped bard,
While three-volume tinkers plod recklessly by:—
No abbey for them though,—no, no! when they die!

A sad fix was hers, because Kings of the East
Don't stand upon trifles—in courtship at least;
And boldly condense all the usual twaddle
To "will you, or won't you? a nod or a noddle!"
She felt that to stave off her destiny sad,
But one way was open,—at once to sham mad.

Now, in England, there's nothing more easy on earth;
You needn't indulge in ridiculous mirth;
Tilburina's white satin, Ophelia's sad song,
Mrs. Bloomer's pink breeches, are all far too strong.
You've simply some innocent victim to smother,—
A child three weeks old is as good as another,—
Or, coaxing your sweet-heart to walk in the garden,
Tuck a knife in his brisket, and then beg his pardon,
And lo, the deed's done! all the jury in chorus
Will snort, "How inhuman to bring her before us!
Bah! stop the defence! 'Twas a lunatic's act,
Our verdict, at once is, Not Guilty 'cause cracked."

The Princess, however, who lacked opportunity,
Or, perhaps, didn't care to cut throats with impunity,
Went mad in her own way; she slapped her maid's faces,
Began to munch ribbon, kid gloves, and stay-laces,
Cried out for an omlette of toadstools and rum,
And finished by quietly sucking her thumb.

Dumbfoundered, her horrified handmaidens ran
For the chief palace-doctor,—a learned young man.
He came—put the usual questions, "for luck,"
She gave him no answer, but quacked like a duck:
That settled the business: "Alas, it's too plain!"
He muttered—"Her ladyship's clearly insane;
My questions are all so provokingly parried,
I doubt but she's even too mad to be married!"

Bright burned the King's anger on learning the state
Of one he'd been pleased to select as a mate.
Gloomily growling he stalked to and fro,
With his hands in his pockets as far as they'd go,
Then sent for the doctor,—"I wish you to know,"
Said he, "if the lady's not well in a week,
Your neck it's our royal intention to tweak:
It's just kill or cure man, and perfectly fair;
I like to be candid, so Bolus beware!"

Poor Bolus went out with a terrified squint,
Right sorely dismayed at this practical hint;
He bled her, he cupped her,—blue bottles and red
Prescribed without ceasing, and blistered her head;
In short, all the orthodox changes were rung,
Till the end of the week, and then Bolus was hung.

The cry was, "more doctors!" more doctors there came,
But signally failed the young lady to tame;
And daily some leech, as the patient grew worse,
Who called in his carriage, drove home in a hearse.

Enraged at such failures, his Majesty, then
Demolished the Hall of those medical men.
To jail went the College;—their ears were all clipped,
They were privately blistered, and publicly whipped:—
Each day, at the hands of the hangman, they quaffed
A fine, frothy goblet of double black-draught;—
—"The discipline's rough, but the fault is your own,"
Said the king, "I must raise your professional tone."
As a final resource, he bade Heralds proclaim,
Through all the wide land, in his Majesty's name,
"Volunteers to the front! Any bold amateur,
Who fancies he's able the Princess to cure,
May drop in and do it. In case of success,
Her weight in pure gold will but faintly express
Our sense of his merit. In case he should mull it,
We shall weigh him himself—with a rope round his gullet."

. . . .

"But how about the luckless Prince?"
I hear some reader say;
"Pray what has *he* been doing since
The Indian soared away?
Perhaps he sought an early grave,
From youth's bright hopes debarred;
Or did he simply stamp and rave?
Out with it, master Bard!"

I'll tell you. On first
Comprehending the worst,
The yells he sent after that Indian accurst
Were something quite awful;
Indeed such a jaw-full
Of terms that in Bow Street are voted unlawful,
And cheap at five shillings, you'd really have thought
He couldn't in youth have been properly taught.
On cooling, however, he clearly perceived,
'Twasn't thus that the maiden could well be retrieved;
And wisely remarked, "If the Child I can't follow,
At least she shan't think that my love is all hollow;
But follow I will!"

In those days, you should know,
Mere gentlefolks didn't a travelling go:
No cockney had ever yet ventured a stroll
On the banks of the Rhine, or beheld the Tyrol;
Mr. Smith, of Mont Blanc, had he lived at the time,
Would have scaled Shooter's Hill when in want of a climb,
Or, may be, indulged in a heart-broken moan
For Albion's white cliffs on the beach at Boulogne;
At present our troubles are sorely increased,
When each travelled monkey tells tales of the East.

In short, it was everywhere quite understood,
A tourist, as such, could be after no good;
I'll simply allude to the scrapes of Lord Bateman,
For which, *vide passim*, the life of that great man.
A pilgrim passed freely, and so did a pedlar,
But every one else was a "spy" or a "meddler."

Our hero accordingly purchased a "pack,"—
Brushed his hat the wrong way, turned his shirt-collars back,
Put a pipe in his mouth and his gloves in his pocket,—
And went to a general dealer's to stock it.

No curious reader will ask me, I hope,
For a formal detail of pomatum and soap,
Rouge, tweezers, tin thimbles, pills, hair-dyes, and snuff,
Because, if he does, he'll get more than enough;
Suffice it to say—that convenient old phrase!—
The Prince drove away in a bagman-like chaise;
And caring but little where Fortune might lead,
Like honest Don Quixote, left that to his steed.

Towards the end of the day,
He reached a great bay,
Where lay a stout Indiaman bound for Cathay;—
The Captain was bawling,
The sailors were hauling,
Or flourishing shoreward, their hats of tarpaulin;—
"May be," cried the Prince, "these fine fellows will fall in
With her whom I seek! I'll at once volunteer;
'Twill be fifty times better than snivelling here!"

He did. Says the mate, "You young shaver, avast!
You must mind how you haul or you'll fetch down the mast!
You sleek whipper-snapper, why what good are you?
No matter, go for'ard! we're short of our crew.
If you don't pull your pound, lad, you'll dance at the gangway,"
He added, and swore a good deal in a slang way,
With divers allusions to "timbers" and "eyes,"
That shore-keeping readers would rather surprise,
And made—though they wouldn't be pretty to read—
The Prince go below, very nervous indeed.

Some weeks had gone by since that fine afternoon,
When down on their course came a frightful typhoon.
It roared through the rigging and thrashed them about,
The mate had his eyelids blown clean inside out,
The bulwarks were stove and the water washed in,
Till the men at the pumps were all up to the chin;
In short, to save life—they could hope for no more—
They put the helm up, and so ran her ashore.

The Prince, who instinctively snatched up his pack,
When he found all the timbers beginning to crack,
(At such dreadful times, as you've probably read,
The queerest of fancies come into one's head,)
Reached land on a grating; but scarcely had set
His foot on hard ground, before, sneezing, and wet,
He was pounced upon, pummelled, and gagged like a felon,
With outrages perfectly painful to dwell on;—
"Now, listen, young man,
Your foot's in Japan!"
They shouted, "Ah! get it away if you can!
Come, try it at once, for you've no time to spare;
It's not so much longer that noddle you'll wear!"

They led the wretched youth away
Before a pig-tailed beak;
"Now, stranger, hast thou aught to say:
If so, you'd better speak!
Our laws are death to those who land
Within these isles of ours;
It seems they caught you on the strand—
A Pedlar by the powers!
Unstrap his pack
From off his back,
And what the wares may be
That brought him thus
To trade with us,
We'll very quickly see!
Ha! snuff and tobacco:—a smuggler, I'll swear!
Rouge, thimbles, pins, tweezers—hem! dyes for the hair!
And hollo! see, "Holloway's Ointment and Pills,
Guaranteed an Infallible Cure for All Ills!"
O ho! that explains it! I now see it all;
He's after that blessed young child of Bengal!
Did you come, my young friend, to effect her recovery?"

"—I did!" screamed the Prince. "I'm her slave, I'm her lover, I
Came to recover her! Oh, is she here?"
"—Not so fast;" growled the Magistrate, looking severe:—

"If that be your object, the King's Proclamation
Commands us to pass you without molestation;
But hark ye! they tell me the lucky man's fee
The weight in pure gold of that lady will be;
One-half, my young pill-box, is ample for *you;*
The rest must reward me for letting you through:
Should you ever return, with your head on its socket,
Remember, I've that little claim on your pocket!"

Albeit the Prince was puzzled sore,
He wisely answered, "Done;
When next we meet on yonder shore,
We halve the gold I've won:
Meanwhile, I'd thank your Lordship
To make my bearings clear,
For, as we say aboard ship,
I don't see how to steer."

. . . .

The palace gates are gained at last,
The drawbridge cleared—the sentries passed:
"From foreign lands across the sea,
I come to work a cure," said he;
"Where is the lady? show me in,
And let the charm at once begin."

Outspake the palace-porter,
A very friendly man,
"To come across the water
Was but a simple plan,
Because you might have died at home,
Nor ever braved the roaring foam.

"Yon skulls that peel and blister
In the sweltering noon-day sun
Could not one bit assist her,
But came off one by one:
Aye, all you doctors fare alike,
There won't be soon one empty spike.

"Between the homœopathist,
Who grins there on the right,
And yon poor damp hydropathist,
Who only died last night,
Your head will hang to-morrow morning;—
Ah—well! if you will take no warning,—
Go in and welcome: that's the door,
And there's the lady, on the floor!

"Fly Doctor!" cried the Princess—"fly!
I can't be cured! it's vain to try!
Hence, pounder, with your pills and pack!
I'm mad—I know it! quack, quack, quack!
Don't stay, I charge you on your life!
I'll never be the monster's wife!
What, linger still? . . . . Good gracious, yes!
I know him in his pedlar's dress!
My darling Prince! I am so glad!
My dearest, I'm not really mad!"

Quite needless were it to persist
In tearing from such scenes the veil;
The 'happy couple' hugged and kissed,
No doubt—but that's beside my tale:
'I do not rhyme to that dull elf,'
Who never did such things himself.

As quick as pigeons on the wing,
Her maidens ran to find the King;
"—Oh Sire!" they clamoured, "please come quick;
A pedlar's been and done the trick!
At once they both a-kissing fell,
And, as it seems, he's kissed her well!—"
In rushed the King,—"Your hand, my friend!
The means which led to such an end
We will not question! There's your cheque;—
Remember that we've spared your neck;
Our banker's gone abroad, but, dash it!
It's odd if somebody won't cash it;
Till then, you see you've less to carry:—
And now, my Queen, at once we'll marry!"

Confounded stood the lovers;
But the royal pedlar said,
"Until she quite recovers
It were not safe to wed:—
There's magic been at work on her,
That hasn't run its course;
'Twas drawn, unless I greatly err,
From an Enchanted Horse!
I only wish I had it here,
I'd soon set matters right;
And then your Highness need'nt fear
To marry her to-night."

"To be sure!" cried the King;
"Now you mention the thing,
We picked up a nag that they hither shall bring;
And then cut your conjuring short, by the bye,
I hate being treated like Christopher Sly!"

The Horse, as I mentioned I think, had been placed
In the Royal Museum, whose keeper's good taste
Made them lock all 'hobgoblin-like' things out of sight,
In a snug shady 'basement,'* that suited them quite;
And hence his good looks were a trifle gone by,
Being mouldy, and *minus* a tail and an eye.

"Place him out," said the Prince, "in the open court-yard,
Bring incense—bring ambergris, camphor, and nard!
Light censers all round him;—stand back if you please;
The lady must mount him and sit at her ease:—
More incense, more incense! continue to smoke us,
Whilst I disenchant her! now then,—Hokus pokus!
And presto, away!"
To the saddle he sprang,
The fizzing horse-clockwork went round with a clang,
—"Huzza for check-mate! My fine fellow you're done!
So next time your thoughts upon marrying run
Be wise and don't act like an owlish old Cadi,
But previously ask the consent of the lady!"

All right-minded people will hear with delight
That the lovers arrived at Cashmere before night;
The wedding went off with the greatest *éclat*,
The Prince on the throne soon replaced his papa,
The Great Mogul dying, his daughter came in
For the throne of the Indies—the crown and the tin,
And, all over Asia, their splendour and fame
Were everyone's theme, till John Company came!

* See Quarterly Review. Art., 'British Museum,' vol. clxxv, p. 153.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

Justice to Scotland? What does it mean? It is a cry, good reader, which is getting up in the northern regions, and which, if sustained much longer, will get beyond the confines of

> Bonny Teviotdale and Cheviot mountains blue,

and, mayhap, will command the attention in some degree of the Legislature. Being a cry, the next question is, what utterance is being shouted by the Caledonian voice? And to this we answer in the briefest terms, that the Scotch presently are, and have long been of opinion that they are in danger of losing their nationality; that the centripetal gorge of London is absorbing what had wont to belong to Edinburgh, and that in respect of parliamentary grants and Government influence, London and Dublin get more than their share of good things, while Edinburgh is left to shift for itself.

These are the specific complaints, and in discussing them, two points require to be attended to. First, do the causes for grumbling really exist? and if they do, can they be explained on any satisfactory grounds? We plead guilty to a reasonable share of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, but, at the same time, we are not insensible to the little weaknesses that sometimes adhere to North Britons, when comparing themselves with others, and we therefore mean to conduct the inquiry in an impartial spirit—although we are quite aware that by indulging in this frame of mind, we may lay ourselves open to the charge of lukewarmness, if not indeed of positive want of patriotism. To this result we are quite indifferent, as the consciousness of performing duty is at all times a sufficient reparation for temporary misconception.

We have no hesitation then in affirming distinctly at the outset that Edinburgh is not entitled to the same advantages as London or Dublin. There be some men and some companies where the utterance of such a heresy would expose its propounder to something little short of personal violence, and to them we have simply to say, "Strike, but hear!" And if they will but listen patiently, we may possibly be able to satisfy them that our position is tenable. As the metropolis of the three Kingdoms, and the seat of the Imperial Parliament, London is entitled to certain immunities to which Edinburgh and Dublin have no just claim; and as the metropolis of an impoverished, somewhat misruled, and abnormal

country, Dublin is justified in seeking certain privileges, which Edinburgh is not entitled to, and which, indeed, it ought to be ashamed to ask.

We make these two concessions broadly, and without reservation, but then, after giving them their full influence, we are afraid that after all, Scotland has yet to complain that strict justice has not been meted out to her. The thistle has been in the shade, while the rose and the shamrock have been basking in the sunshine. Some persons have asked with wondering simplicity why Edinburgh should possess any superiority over Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, or other towns, of equal and greater trade and population, and why it should expect subsidies and countenance, to which they do not lay claim. The answer to this is easy. Edinburgh is the metropolis of an ancient independent Kingdom—having a separate code of laws, and professing a different religious creed and form of Church government. If you will, it represents, in the phraseology of Lord Lyndhurst, a community differing "in blood, language, and religion." The Post-office, Custom-house, Stamp-office, and other public places in Liverpool, may all hail from the central heads of these departments in London, but when the border is crossed, Blackstone must give place to Stair, and the Thirty-nine Articles must, north of the Tweed, bend down before the Confession of Faith. There is, therefore, the best possible reason why Edinburgh should not be placed in the same category with English provincial towns—nay, more, supposing that laws and creed were matters of which the State did not take cognizance, the fact that Edinburgh had certain privileges conferred on her at the treaty of Union between the two kingdoms, would of itself be decisive of the point. A Scottish King, James VI., acquired the English crown by direct legal succession—always, of course, on the assumption that Elizabeth's title was clear and indisputable—and the junction of the two crowns put a stop to interminable wars and intrigues between two countries which nature had joined together, and which feudal violence and ignorance of true national policy had alone put asunder. Under James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., and William and Mary, the two territories were regally connected; but under the sway of Queen Anne, England and Scotland were united under one government—the Scottish Parliament was abolished, and the seat of rule was transferred to London. It could not of course, be expected that the Scotch would consent to the extinction of a domestic Legislature, without certain guarantees being solemnly interchanged that her ancient peculiarities of government and administration should be inviolably maintained. In many instances we are bound to admit that these have been duly preserved, but in other respects, it is evident that they have not been preserved, although our regret at this result must be lessened by the consideration that some portions of the treaty of Union have unquestionably been changed for the better. The Union was accomplished amidst much diplomacy and craft; no little haste was manifested in the proceedings of the commissioners respecting the two Kingdoms; and although we are willing to admit that the reign of Queen Anne was distinguished for literature and martial prowess, there are clauses in the document which demonstrate conclusively that its framers lived before the publication of the "Wealth of Nations," and that the theory of liberal government was but imperfectly understood by them. We refer to the regulations anent stamps, window duties, coals, malt, &c., where by a transparent device, Scotland might have been free for a time from the English imposts on these items, whilst, as experience has since proved, it was only necessary to repeal the current English tariff, and then in new enactments bring the whole to bear on Scotland. Of this we do not at all complain, as it is but quite fair that like commodities should be similarly taxed in both countries—nay, more, we regret that differential duties should still deface the statute book. We have never seen any propriety in causing Scotch whiskey to pay a higher duty in England than is exacted in Scotland—and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has Scotch blood in his veins, we shall be glad if he take a hint regarding this matter, from Clause VII. of the treaty of Union, which runs thus:—

"That all parts of the United Kingdom be for ever, from and after the Union, liable to the same excises upon exciseable liquors, excepting only on beer and ale," &c.

How the Scotch distillers, and the Scots living in England, ever submitted, in the face of a declaration so positive as this, to the present excessive impost on the national beverage, when exported to the southern portions of the island, appears to us to have been an oversight little short of miraculous; but this and the like inroads will fall to be considered at more length hereafter.

Of the clauses which very properly have been tossed overboard, the two following may be cited as favourable specimens:—

XX. That all heritable offices, superiorities, heritable jurisdictions, offices for life, and jurisdictions for life, be reserved to the owners thereof as rights of property, in the same manner as they are now enjoyed by the laws of Scotland, notwithstanding of this treaty.

XXI. That the rights and privileges of the royal burghs in Scotland, as they now are, do remain entire after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof.

Had these two precious clauses been allowed to remain intact, we should have had every nobleman and laird claiming power to hang or imprison his vassals at their sovereign will and pleasure; we should have had all sorts of placemen, sinecurists, and pensioners; and, above all, we should have had neither parliamentary nor burgh reform.

It will be seen from these remarks, that we do not idolize the Act of Union; and that, by consequence, we are no believers in its inviolability. What Parliament does at one time, it may undo at another; and it were preposterous to assume that the imperial legislature should, in our day, be trammelled by an Act of any former Parliament that seriously obstructed social progress. Having laid down this position—which, we may observe parenthetically, was first enunciated by Lord

Chancellor Hardwicke, when he introduced his Act for the Suppression of Hereditable Jurisdictions, during the time of the Rebellion of 1745—it may be alleged that, practically, we give up the Union Treaty, and that we are not, in consequence, entitled to plead its enactments in bar of any proposed innovation; in reply to which we have to state that, whilst not objecting to alterations in the great international statute, we would have all infractions made on it to be proclaimed openly, and not carried through by side-winds; whereas, for the most part, infringements have been made on it by stealth, and its existence has often been completely ignored by modern legislators. This is not as it should be—one law should not contradict another; and in pleading for this recognition of the Union, we simply stipulate for a concession to which every ordinary Act of Parliament is undoubtedly entitled.

Having so far premised, we now wish the reader to go back in thought to the period when Scotland had a Monarch and Court of its own—when royal residences, now in ruins, glittered in pomp and splendour—when the native nobility were not ashamed to reside in the land of their birth—and when even the rustle of lawn sleeves added variety to the pageant scene. Well, when James migrated for the purpose of seizing the vacant sceptre of Elizabeth, the indigenous Court and its nobility departed, never to return. Holyrood and Scone became deserted; and Falkland, Lochmaben, Dunstaffnage, and Linlithgow crumbled into decay—the nobility sought the sunnier clime of England, and the bishops gravitated to its richer pastures. All this was annoying, no doubt, to Scotland, but England could not help the change that had taken place; and, therefore, it is not entitled to bear any share of the blame. There was nothing to prevent the Scoto-Anglican kings from holding alternate courts in the two countries, and occasionally they did visit the northern capital; but we all know that such swarms of needy adventurers tracked the footsteps of their sovereign to the English El Dorado, that "Solomon" became ashamed of them and their country together. Moreover, the royal pedant was deeply in debt to many of his northern subjects (the claim preferred by Richie Moniplies, in the "Fortunes of Nigel," is a fair case in point), that it is no breach of charity to avow, that want of will rather than want of opportunity, prevented him from oftener disturbing the cobwebs that began to adorn Holyrood. The "Martyr" again might have got over the pecuniary difficulty, but he got into controversy with Alexander Henderson about Church Government, and he did not choose to expose himself to the fire of Presbyterian artillery. Of the Protector's company, the Scotch received a larger share than they at all relished. Charles II. never forgave the compulsory administration of the solemn league and covenant; and a visit from his brother James was out of the question. William of Holland had no tie of birth or descent to connect him with the north, and hence, excepting the solitary visit of George IV., Scotland remained unhonoured by royal visits till the advent of Queen Victoria.

Thus was the Court swept away; but, meanwhile, legal, political, commercial, and social institutions were advancing, and long before the Union came to be talked of or consummated, the public appointments in Scotland were large in point of number and dignity. What they are now, in both respects, may be easily ascertained by any one who will put himself to the trouble of instituting a comparison between what they were and what they are. For this purpose, it is not necessary to select a period before the Union, or at the Union, or even immediately after its adjustment. We shall refer, on the present occasion, to the year 1784, an epoch very nearly fourscore of years posterior to Queen Anne's times, and one which is distinctly within the recollection of many living men. We take no note of the innovations that took place between 1707 and 1784, and they were neither few nor small; but we content ourselves with a brief comparison between certain institutions as they stood in 1784, and as they now stand in 1853.

At the Union the judicial establishments of Scotland were the Court of Session for civil causes, the Justiciary for criminal, the Admiralty for maritime, and the Exchequer for fiscal cases. The staff was as follows:—

Court of Session, 1784.
A Lord President,
Fourteen Judges.

Court of Justiciary.
A Lord Justice General,
A Lord Justice Clerk,
Five Judges.

Court of Exchequer.
A Lord Chief Baron,
Four Judges.

Court of Admiralty.
A Lord Vice-Admiral,
One Judge.

The Union Act provided for the perpetuity of these four courts—subject to such modifications as the Imperial Parliament might think fit. Reform, therefore, was clearly admissible, but certainly not suppression—yet the Courts of Session and Justiciary are all that now remain. The Admiralty Court has been utterly extinguished, and its jurisdictions transferred to London, while the Court of Exchequer has been annexed to the Court of Session.

The Judicial Staff of 1784 was twenty-six.

The Judicial Staff of 1853 is thirteen, being exactly one-half.

We are no admirers of a cumbrous or expensive system of legal administration, and, therefore, we are not prepared to say that this pruning of judges and court implied a retrogade movement. We merely refer to these things as justifying the statement that extensive and sweeping changes have been made in the Scottish system of Jurisprudence, as well as for illustrating another position to which we shall presently advert.

The sixteenth section of the Union provided that the Scottish Mint should be continued; and in

1784 it was in existence, having a general, a master, a warden, a counter-warden, an assay-master, an engraver, a clerk, and an artisan. It is now amongst the things that were, and the premises are at this moment occupied by a blacksmith. Here then certainly is a mighty falling off.

Of state officers there was a Keeper of the Great Seal, a Lord Privy Seal, and a Lord Register, all with suits. These are now extinct, with the exception of the last.

The Prince of Wales had a Lord Advocate, three commissioners, and a steward. Now it would appear that His Royal Highness is minus an establishment in Scotland—a curtailment which we trust will be borne in mind when the household of the present heir-apparent comes to be reconstructed.

In the revenue departments our glory has been equally shorn of its locks. The stamp and post-offices have been allowed to remain, but the Boards of Excise and Customs have been swallowed up by the Brobdignag appetite of London. The Excise boasted of five commissioners, three secretaries, two comptrollers, and some fifty other functionaries. Edinburgh now rejoices in a collector, and half-a-dozen supervisors, being the equipment of every sixth rate country town. The Customs had five commissioners, secretaries, comptrollers, &c., to the number also of about fifty officials; and now a couple of solicitors are all that are left of this noble army of place-holders.

Salt, having, for some reason or other that we are not antiquarian enough to inquire into, been dignified with a special clause in the Union, there was an establishment in existence called the "Officers of the Salt Duties," and they had their commissioner and staff; but they too, honest gentlemen, had their day, and nobody knows anything about them in 1853.

At this stage it is possible that we may be met with the objection that the public establishments of Scotland were too numerous and expensive, and that to cut them down was to "serve them right." Be it so. But what then is made of the parallel case of Ireland? It, too, was once an independent kingdom, with a resident sovereignty, and with domestic institutions, and it also effected a Union with England. It is therefore a very pertinent question to inquire how the Irish establishments have fared in the race of suppression and modification. It is not our business to inquire into the state of the Emerald Isle prior to the consummation of their Union, the repeal of which has been so clamourously advocated ever since the junction took place, but we can, to some extent, enumerate certain officers which Ireland possesses, and which Scotland has never been favoured with.

First and principally, there is the Lord Lieutenant and his Vice-regal court, which spends a great deal of money in Dublin, and which contributes to keep up the nationality of the country. Scotland has no equivalent for this, except a visit of ten days in each year of a Commissioner to the supreme court of the established Church. A procession and a few dinners occasionally on an equivocal scale, sum up the benefits conferred by this act of condescension.

Then Ireland has a State Secretary, who has a seat in Parliament, and whose special province it is to watch over Irish interests. Scotland has no functionary corresponding to this official, although it is abundantly obvious that his services would be extremely desirable.

Of the Irish Attorney General and the Solicitor General, we take no account, as they pair off respectively with the Scotch Lord Advocate and Solicitor General—it being worthy of remark, however, that the Irish Solicitor is rarely out of Parliament, while his Caledonian brother is rarely in it.

The Judicial Establishments of Ireland, reasoning from their present fulness, do not appear to have suffered, like the Scotch, from curtailment.

The following is the current legal equipment of Ireland—

A Court of Chancery,
A Court of Bankruptcy,
A Court of Queen's Bench,
A Court of Common Pleas,
A Court of Exchequer,
A Prerogative Court,
A Consistorial Court,
A High Court of Admiralty,
A Court for Insolvent Debtors,
A Civil Bill and Record Court.

Of Military Establishments Ireland has—

An Adjutant-General's Office,
A Quarter-Master General's Office,
A Judge-Advocate General's Department.

In the Civil Department it has—

A Privy Seal,
A Paymaster of Civil Services Office,
A Stationery Office,
A Custom House,
An Excise Office,
A Board of Public Works.

Ireland has contended for "Justice" with trumpet-tongue. Scotland has on the contrary rarely, if ever, lifted her voice, and the reward of the one has been fulness, if not plethora of offices, while the return meted out to the sister kingdom has been starvation, economy and cheese-paring in every conceivable fashion.

But it is yet too soon to allow the coronach to be sounded over the neglect of Scotland. Here are a few items of liberality to Erin wherein no corresponding grants or allowances have been made to Caledonia; or if made, they are so glaringly discrepant as not to be worth taking into account.

Balance due by Ireland to Consolidated Fund at January, 1851, £7,757,555 2s. 10d.

January, 1851.

Annuities and Pensions	45,284	0	7
Salaries, Allowances, &c.	82,754	6	10
Courts of Justice	742,207	2	10
Miscellaneous	38,384	7	5
	£909,419	17	8

In 1852.

Charitable and Literary Institutions	156,283	0	0
Agriculture and Manufactures	6,260	0	0
Public Works and Employment of Poor	68,733	0	0
Dublin Police	36,000	0	0
	£267,276	0	0

But, still again, laying aside public establishments and coming to educational and charitable institutions, the disparity between the liberality shown to Scotland and Ireland is notoriously great. Until a parliamentary commission be appointed with power to inquire into, and to detail systematically the grants to both countries, it is impossible from any existing source of information, to obtain correct data illustrative of the glaring discrepancy that actually subsists. We can only at present give approximate statements.

To begin with the church. Ireland has an established religion, and so has Scotland—but except an insignificant trifle to the episcopal body, no dissenting community in Scotland receives one farthing of public money; whereas, the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Unitarians, all receive subsidies in Ireland.

Take education. The national schools in Ireland have been defrayed out of the imperial purse. Scotland has no corresponding national schools. Within the last ten years three colleges have been built and endowed in Ireland. Since the Union, Government has neither built nor endowed a college in Scotland. The State supports Trinity College for the Established Church in Ireland, Maynooth for the Catholics, and the Belfast Academical Institution for the Presbyterians and Unitarians. Scotland receives a pittance for its five universities, but the total amount does not greatly exceed what is given to Maynooth alone.

Then, thirdly, let us consider the case of the benevolent institutions of Dublin, and contrast them with those of Edinburgh. We have already stated that in such matters Ireland is entitled to peculiar treatment, and we have no wish to retract our concessions on this point. When famine or any extraordinary crisis occurs, we are willing to extend generous sympathy to the Irish, and to aid in extricating them from their difficulties with no niggard hand; but when we come to pit Dublin against Edinburgh, we can perceive no just reason for exceptional allowances. The capital of Ireland is every whit as wealthy, and its trade as flourishing, as that of the capital of Scotland; it has, hitherto, been exempted from Income-tax and enjoyed other immunities to which Edinburgh has been a stranger, and there is nothing to prevent Dublin from putting its hand into its own pockets and supporting its sick and hurt exactly as Edinburgh does. But how stands the fact? Here are the grants to Dublin for one year:—

Foundling Hospital	£650
House of Industry	9,883
Westmoreland Lock Hospital	1,750
Female Orphan Hospital	600
	12,883
Brought forward	12,883
Fever Hospital	3,040
Lying-in Hospital	600
Dr. Steeven's Hospital	1,200
Hospital for Incurables	400
	£18,123

In juxta-position to this, there are in Edinburgh, a Royal Infirmary, several Dispensaries, Ragged Schools, and Fever and Lying-in Hospitals, not one of which receives contributions from the public purse. But we are sick of these comparisons, and will carry them no farther—to do so were a work of supererogation—they speak for themselves in a language that cannot be misunderstood by enlightened and impartial men.

How comes it then, it may reasonably be asked, that Ireland stands up so pugnaciously for its rights, while Scotland maintains so much supineness? The question is one which cannot be solved, but this at least lies on the surface and may be broadly stated. The nationality of both countries is deeply felt by the inhabitants of each, but it is not expressed with equal fervour by both. When an Irishman stands for a seat in Parliament, Ireland is the beginning, middle, and end of his addresses to his constituents; but when a Scotchman aspires to a seat in St. Stephen's, it is imperial questions that he speaks about; he would have financial reform, colonial reform, vote by ballot, extension of the suffrage, resistance of papal agression, retrenchment in army or navy, economy in the civil service, or any thing but Scotch interests. He does not, it is true, absolutely ignore the affairs of his own country, but they are elaborately kept in the back ground, or alluded to in a voice as gentle, that like the dietetics of Sir John Falstaff, the references are as one halfpenny-worth of bread to whole oceans of sack. At the outset the time-serving Scots who followed King James, little cared for their country, provided they cared well for themselves—and, less or more, this was the order of things, till the time of Lord Melville, who held the strings of Scotch patronage so stringently that he could command a troop of followers as compact as the Irish Brigade of modern times. It was said of one worthy of those palmy days, that he was never present at a debate, or absent at a division, and much it is to be feared that the same remark would have been applicable to the great majority of the northern legislators of the time. A thick darkness overspread the political horizon in those days, and whoever would know more about its gloom, would do well to consult Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey, where its history will be found drawn by a graphic pen, wielded by one who has personal experiences of the danger of attempting to swim against the tide. This time-serving has now passed away, and the Reform Act has introduced a class of members more intelligent, and above all suspicion of corruption—but still, as before, Scotch questions and Scotch interests continue to receive the cold shoulder. The great majority of Scotch members are liberals, and there can be no doubt, that if they were allowed full scope, more would be done for Scotland. All denationalizing

measures originate with the Government of the day; and, numerically weak and politically disunited, the Scottish representatives cannot resist the torrent or hold the scales between the ministry and the opposition, as the Irish party are sometimes enabled to do. In measures of reform, the Scotch members are equally powerless; for these are viewed in Parliament, not so much as they may affect Scotland, but as they may bear on England. Thus a majority of Scotch members are, and long have been, in favour of the abrogation of University tests; but in the various divisions on this necessary reform, they are swamped by English votes. The English members will not defer to Scotch opinion on a Scotch question, but persist in regarding it according as it may by possibility bear upon Oxford and Cambridge; which is simply a devout imagination that nothing but ignorance could foster, seeing that collegiate institutions north and south of the Tweed have scarcely a feature in common. The same cause operates in preventing reform of the Parish Schools, and hinders the adjustment of the anomalous tax which the inhabitants of Edinburgh are saddled with for the support of the Established Church. The truth is, that the two great classes of obstructors to liberal progress in Scotland are the clergy and the lawyers. If University tests are to be dealt with—if the Parish Schools are to be opened up to the community—if our abnormal marriage law is to be simplified—or if births, deaths, and marriages are to be registered, the Scotch clergy take fright, and, on the instant, send off deputations to London, who blow into the ears of Sir R. W. Inglis, Colonel Sibthorpe, &c., alarms about the Church of England being in danger if innovations are tolerated—the altar, forsooth, must totter, and the throne reel, when state-tinkering is permitted. The bait, of course, takes readily, and further progress is effectually suspended.

In like manner, the lawyers of the Edinburgh Parliament House are wedded to things as they are, with an obstinacy that can only be compared to the tenacity with which shell-fish cling to the natal rock. They can see no beauty anywhere but in the Scots Acts; and although legal changes have been proved to work well in England, such experience goes for nothing, and all contemplated inroads on their darling northern code are denounced as innovations of the enemy, as chimeras issuing from heated brains, and as thoroughly and totally unworkable. England has for ten years had a sensible law of evidence; but the Scotch lawyers never thought of obtaining a like improvement; and but for Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell, who spoke loudly on the deficiency in Scotland in this respect, we might have remained in our benighted state till doomsday. England, too, can, through the instrumentality of her County Courts, adjudicate cheaply, simply and expeditiously on sums of fifty pounds; whereas we Scotch cannot recover a debt that exceeds eight pounds, six shillings and eight-pence, sterling, without much expense, great complexity, and most provoking delay. At last we are to obtain sheriff court reform; but still we must, as of old, be laggards in the race in progress, as there is but too much reason to fear that cheap justice will not be obtained for Scotland for sums that exceed twenty pounds.

The cause why legal influence so much benumbs Scotch legislation, is, that the only public members in the House of Commons both (when two of them happen to be there) belong to the legal profession. The Lord Advocate speaks in a voice of authority that belongs to no other Scotch member; and being the accredited organ of the Government on Scotch topics, his deliverancy necessarily carries more weight than those of any ordinary member. With such an officer, it might be expected, that national interests would be duly seen to; but the office of Lord Advocate is so very peculiar, that it need not excite surprise if some portion of the multifarious duties annexed to it should be performed perfunctorily. He has to discharge, in his own person, what in England falls to be done by the Home Secretary and the Attorney General, and certain other duties devolve on him which neither of those personages are called on to look after. He has his ordinary parliamentary duties, he has to act as crown counsel, and he has to continue his own private practice; and the result of all this is, that he is shuttle-cocked between London and Edinburgh, to an extent that is enough to affect sanity. His tenure of office does not co-exist with that of his party; for the advocateship has never, except perhaps in the case of Sir William Rae, been accepted but with a view to bench honours; and hence, when years, fatigue, bad health, or shakiness of the administration for the time being, hold out their warning signals, the first vacant gown is eagerly seized, and the advocate retires from a senatorial life. Since the Reform era there have been eight Lord Advocates, and almost all of them have been in power for interrupted periods. With numerous and diversified avocations, with brief tenure of office, and with a structure of mind more taken up with things as they are, than with things as they should be, it is evident that the functions of the Lord Advocate should be abridged, and that he should at least undertake no more work than falls to the share of the English Attorney General; and if that were properly attended to, an intelligent Lord Advocate would not have much spare time on his hands. The legislative department of the office should be devolved on a Secretary for Scotland, and care should be taken that he is no lawyer, or at any rate not a practising lawyer. "Law licks up a', Davie," was the saying of the Laird of Dumbiedykes to David Deans; and the statement has received ample corroboration in our times. The civil, literary, banking, insurance, joint-stock, philanthropic, and commercial institutions in Scotland, are mainly officered by limbs of the law; and this universal monopoly of place by the gentlemen of the long robe, does not tend to healthy expansion or development of thought. In the House of Commons, it is well known that the class are not in good odour, and although very unwilling to ostracise them, or indeed any section of the com-

munity, we submit, that the legal profession has more than its proper share of influence, and should be kept back for a time, until the equipoise between it and other ranks be restored.

If a Scotch Secretaryship were instituted, the members for Scotland would have something to look forward to, and we should find many qualifying themselves for such an apppointment, who now dissipate their energies on general affairs. The excessive ignorance and prejudice that prevail in respect of the idiosyncracies of Scotland would be dispelled, legal and clerical predilections would be kept in check, and measures for the improvement of Scotland could be mooted with the chance of obtaining a hearing from, at least, one man with the requisite leisure and inclination to attend to them.

Another move in the right direction would be for constituencies to look after their representatives more closely than they have hitherto done; and without absolutely going the length of saying that no Englishman or Irishman should have Scotch seats, it would certainly be but equitable that, other things being equal, Scotchmen should have the preference—and of Scotchmen those only should be selected who are capable and willing to attend to the interests of their native land.

The movement for "Justice to Scotland" has been more immediately excited by two causes of diverse character, and as some will probably think of very little moment. The first of the new complaints is, that in governmental heraldry the arms of Scotland have been thrust into the back ground, and the second is the proposed suppression of the *Edinburgh Gazette*.

The "Heraldic grievance" has been taken up by a small band of conservators who seem determined to make up for paucity of numbers by persistence and activity in warfare. The question may be dismissed summarily. If heraldry be worth keeping up at all, it is worth being kept up correctly. If at the union certain arrangements were deliberately gone into regarding armorial bearings, it is but just that these should be strictly adhered to. Right wrongs nobody—and above all this is not a question of finance or administration. To place the Scottish Lion in its exact place in the escutcheon, is not taking a farthing from the exchequer, it is pampering no corruption, and sanctioning no abuse. Therefore we would say distinctly, let the Heraldic grievance be remedied on clear cause being shown. Above all, let it not be referred for decision to English heralds, the very parties who are charged with having committed the blunder.

As to the *Edinburgh Gazette*, Mr. Wilson of the treasury says, that it would save one or two thousand pounds were it annexed, that is, absorbed in the *London Gazette*. We do not doubt the accuracy of the statement; but we have two questions to put in connection with the matter. And the first is, would the inconvenience to which the Scotch community would be subjected by the suppression of their national register be made up by the saving of the sum named? The second is, has Mr. Wilson enquired how much would be saved by the destruction of the *Dublin Gazette*, and is the Government prepared on its being found that a like sum would be saved by its abolition, to come forward to Parliament, and also propose its annexation to the *London Gazette?* We should like that our esteemed countryman would answer both queries frankly; but failing his doing so, we shall take the liberty of suggesting a plan by which government economy and national convenience would both be consulted. Let the *London Gazette* contain copies of all the intimations in the Scotch and Irish registers, and then let the two last be carried on by private enterprise, but still under official sanction. By this means there would be no delay in the insertion of Scotch and Irish notices, and those who wished to possess a central register, could have it in the *London Gazette*.

In the course of the controversy, it has been alleged that the tendency of recent Scotch legislation has been to denationalize Scotland, and the Scotch. In this statement we do not agree to the full, for the truth is that no nation can be stereotyped in its character or habits, thoughts or language; and what our zealous friends are ascribing to St. Stephen's, is often, more strictly speaking, attributable to the hand of time, and to that inevitable, ceaseless insinuation of change, which like the progress of the sun, is going on, however invisible at the moment. Moreover, the inner depths of Scotch character, lie too far down to be touched by such an external thing as legislation. All sorts of prophecies were made at the time of the Union, that Scotland would never, after that fatal period, stand where it stood; and yet we are not sure that some of the best names in Scotland, have not come above the horizon since the Union was formed. Laying aside Wallace, Bruce, and Knox, as belonging to warlike times; we have had since Queen Anne's time, Burns, Scott, Chalmers, Watt, all giants in their several walks, and all intensely national. We have no fear therefore, for our nationality, but still we would have every reasonable precaution to be employed for its conservation. The Scotch are not a luke-warm people—Ireland may complain, but Scotland will act. We are a slow, patient, and if you will a dogged people, but once set in motion, Scotch progress is all the more rapid on account of its previous inertia. We do not speak in the language of boasting, but we venture to say that if "Sawney" once takes it into his hard head, that there is any disposition to thrust him aside, the suspicion will not easily be allayed, and his jealousy will induce him to assume a bold resistant front. He will not talk about repeal of the Union, or of unsheathing the claymore,—these are figures of speech adapted to warmer climes, and not suited to modern tactics. He will neither speak of those things, nor dream of calling them into requisition, but he will be indefatigable in the registration courts, and very troublesome on the hustings, when existing members come to render an account of their stewardship, and crave a renewal of the representative trust.

THE BUDGET—THE OLD AND NEW CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER.

What is a Budget? It is etymologically an ill-defined term, which has, however, for a long time, especially in England, acquired a great political, as well as fiscal character. It now really means a plan or system for levying taxes and for expending the revenue yielded by those taxes—a plan, in fact, of financial economy.

The wealth or commodities produced by labour and skill, in whatever form that a portion of it is finally abstracted from the whole stock of commodities within a country, constitutes the only sources of revenue. Thus whether it be a part of the value or profits of the produce of the soil, of manufactures, of the forest, of mines, or of fisheries, it will be found that the *labour* and *skill*, which originate and produce all wealth and commodities, create therefore all the elements of national as well as individual revenue.

The most equitable system of taxation would, therefore, be to levy annually the *necessary amount* of revenue to defray the just and essentially national expenditure.

Thus just national expenditure ought only to include—

First. The payment of the interest of the national accountabilities—that is of the national debt, although that debt never should have been incurred—*second*, the expenses of purely national defences, for the protection of our shores, our commerce, our property, our persons, and our civil, political, and religious rights and liberties—*thirdly*, the just, necessary, and economical expenses of the administration of government and of justice.

A wise and just government ought never to incur a debt, or expend a revenue, by engaging in entangling alliances, and wars of foreign intervention.

The United Kingdom has for many centuries been engaged in improper wars, not in the just defence of our shores, of our colonies, or of the highways of our commerce, but which wars have absorbed more than two thousands of millions of pounds sterling, of the fruits of British labour; and of which eight hundred millions now constitute a national debt, the interest of which takes twenty-eight millions annually from the revenue raised by taxation; but which twenty-eight millions must be paid, to save the national and individual credit of the British Empire.

But notwithstanding the profligate expenditure of all governments, from the time that the funding system was introduced in the end of the seventeenth century by William the Third, down to the accession of William the Fourth in the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, we have during the last twenty years been first gradually, and since 1842, rapidly effecting great financial reforms.

We have not indeed instituted a complete, direct taxation on all property—very far from it, and it will ever be found unpractical, from the inevitably severe, inquisitorial assessment of such a tax, to levy fifty-four millions of revenue by direct taxation on property.

We have, however, established, although we have not quite perfected, the principle that if an article of consumption is to be taxed at all, the duty should have no reference to where or by whom the article is produced. We have also, (since 1830) and not including the reductions of the present Budget, repealed taxes to the amount of £22,352,393 and imposed new and more equitable taxes to the amount of £9,189,225, thus relieving the people from £13,352,393. In the articles of bread, and other food, the relief has been invaluable. Until 1844 and 1846—corn was by a Sliding Scale prohibited, except at famine prices. It is now, with most other articles, the essential food of men, admitted free. We have abolished the duty on sheep's wool, cotton wool and nearly all raw materials; we have abolished the excise on auctions, bricks, and glass; we have reduced the duty on coffee and sugar nearly two-thirds, and on the latter article alone the difference of the price to the people amounts to a saving of about *six millions annually*. All kinds of fish, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, beef, pork, lard, &c., are all admitted duty free, and there is scarcely any article upon which there will be a protective duty—we have always advocated the abolition of every duty on commodities, excepting upon eight or ten articles. What would these produce? The whole Customs and Excise yielded on commodities, including expenses of collection, in 1831, £35,689,677.

The following articles yielded a revenue as follows, viz.:—

1. Tea		£5,900,625
2. Coffee		447,465
3. Sugar		4,159,039
4. Tobacco		4,446,468
5. Spirits from Customs	£2,525,250	
" from Excise	6,030,324	
		8,555,574
6. Wine		1,776,246
7. Malt (Excise)		5,035,560
8. Soap (Excise)		1,043,026
9. Spices and fruits at less than half former duties		882,084
10. Cheeses, butter, and remaining articles of food and seeds		849,367
		£33,195,454
All other commodities, whether raw or manufactured		2,494,228
		£35,689,674

The only other commodities under the Excise, are, paper, which yielded £928,877, Hops, £426,028—£1,354,905, leaving a revenue from all other articles under customs of only £1,139,518, of which timber yielded £523,872, and silks and gloves, £255,351—£789,223, leaving for all other imported articles, raw or manufactured only, £350,295.

Mr. Disraeli proposed to modify the Income-tax, by levying one-fourth less on trades and professions than on permanent incomes—to extend and double the House-tax and to reduce the Malt-tax one-half: that is, to throw away two-and-a-half millions of revenue, for the consumer would not gain a farthing of it.

Mr. Gladstone has not committed, will not commit, so egregious a folly. He, in the first place, has modified the Income-tax so that when the terminable annuities end, in 1860, the Income-tax will also vanish. He reduces the tea duty, until, in three years, it will be 1s. per lb. instead of 2s. 2¼d., which will benefit the consumer to the annual amount of about *three-and-a-half millions*. He abolishes the soap duty altogether; by which he will not only render this country the greatest soap manufactory for the markets of the world, but it will enable every poor family to have abundance of soap to clean their skins, clothes, and bedding. He abolishes the duty altogether on more than one hundred and thirty articles under the Customs, and reduces the duty on butter, which was formerly 20s. the barrel, to 5s.; on cheese, which was formerly 10s., to 2s. 6d. per cwt.; and he reduces many other duties. Among the articles which he will now admit duty free, will be salmon and all other fish, not free before, bacon and hams, seeds, and many other articles; while the duties on oranges and other fruits, on eggs, poultry, &c. are reduced to merely nominal rates. On manufactured articles, the only duty of any value retained, is that on silk and gloves. He reduces certain assessed taxes, and the stamps on advertisements from 1s. 6d. to 6d. We hope he will abolish the latter tax altogether.

Mr. Gladstone's Budget is, therefore, one of, and except the one which repealed the Corn Laws, by far the best that has ever been submitted to Parliament. It will for ever rank him as one of the greatest Finance Ministers of this or any other country.

M.

THE FRENCH COOKMAID.

Before dropping in upon the cookmaid, it is but natural that we should present the reader with a few observations upon the science of cookery.

Though cookery must necessarily have been one of the most ancient of the arts, its true principles were for a long time unknown or misunderstood. Among the ancients and among our forefathers there prevailed a prodigious pomp and profusion of bad taste—pyramids of indiscriminate viands, a frightful prodigality of spices, but an utter absence of skill and sagacity in their association. The dishes of the Romans—the brains of peacocks, wild-boars served up with apples, hedgehogs cooked in brine, crab-fish with asparagus, the pluck of a sow garnished with cummin—would have but small attractions for us. What would our gourmands say to a sturgeon dressed with Venafian oil of the Campagna, with old wine and with the brine drained from salted mackerels? Or would our workmen content themselves, like the common people of the Roman republic, with bread dipped in vinegar or the liquor of pickled sprats?

Our ancestors did not know how to eat. Marjoram, rosemary, sweet-basil, fennel, sage, hyssop, balsams, ginger, saffron, and verjuice, were all thrown pell-mell into their stews, together with a liberal allowance of sugar. "The dishes," says Froissart, "were so strange and so disguised, that it was impossible to tell what they were. They had soups and sauces of every possible colour, and compounded of the most anomalous ingredients. They brought upon table peacocks clad in all their gorgeous feathers and spreading their tails as though they were alive, and vomiting at the same time fire from their mouths. They had pies built up in compartments, from the centre of which living birds flew out in covies, and the crusts of which represented churches and citadels. The professors of the art had carried refinement so far as to roast eggs and even butter upon the spit. The butter was rendered solid by the addition of yolks of eggs, flour, sugar, and the crumb of bread; the eggs were emptied of their natural contents and stuffed with mince-meat, aromatic herbs and currants, and roasted gently, strung upon the spit.

We learn from a work entitled "The Cook," written by Taillevant, who officiated at the table of Charles VII., that in those days a dinner of any pretensions consisted of six or eight courses, each one supplied with an abundance of which modern times afford no example, and necessarily followed by wastefulness corresponding in its senseless enormity.

The eighteenth century was the cook's real age of gold. The most aristocratic noblemen of this sensual period did not disdain to patronize a new culinary combination; and if they were requested to point out what they had done for posterity, they might refer the questioner, if they chose, to the Polignac-steak, the Condé-crust, the Conti-fillet, the Soubisé-cutlet, the Villeroy-gristles, the Richelieu-polony, or the Montmorency-fricasée—the greatest names being associated with the most exquisite ragouts and dishes.

Whosoever desires to experiment upon the inexhaustible resources of the art of cookery, must provide himself with a professional cook. The cook-maid rarely attains to a scientific knowledge

of her art. The professional cook serves the aristocracy; the cook-maid caters for the small proprietor. The first cherishes the ambition of making new discoveries in his art, of becoming the legislator of the stew-pan, and the inventor of new receipts and formulas; the latter contents herself with carrying into effect those whose excellence is demonstrated. The professor consults the "Royal Art of Cookery," and the "Gourmand's Almanack," and his authorities are the most profound masters of the science. The cookmaid reads, if she read at all, the "Citizen's Cookery Book," or some similar elementary treatise; she knows nothing of "marinated pheasant poults," of "pigeons of Aurora," of "partridges of Singara," or any such outlandish messes. In the lowly sphere in which she moves, the transcendental appliances of the art would be inapplicable. Her employer would be ruined where she to régale him with such dishes as the following, the receipt for which we copy from the "Royal Art of Cookery," page 494:—

"*Poached Eggs with Essence of Ducks.*—Put twelve ducks on the spit; when they are about half-roasted take them off; cut to the bone along the sides of each bird; catch the gravy, season it with salt and black pepper; do not heat it to the boiling-point, but pour it upon fifteen poached eggs."

The cookmaid is not often called upon to test the merits of the above prescription, since it is not every one who can afford to sacrifice twelve ducks for the seasoning of fifteen eggs.

The cookmaids who by superior ability emulate the male professors, assume the title of *cordon bleu*. This, as is well known, is the distinctive mark of the Knights of the Holy Spirit; and it being an order which is never conferred but upon persons of distinction, the term, in common parlance, is used to indicate that the person to whom it is applied is the first of his class. They say of the most intellectual of the monks of a convent, "He is the *cordon bleu* of the order." Thus of a cookmaid of ability we say "she is a *cordon bleu*."

The antipodes of the *cordons bleus* are the ex-nursery maids, who after having wandered from house to house, and learned from their various mistresses how to cook a few common dishes, transform themselves suddenly into cooks. The name is usurped as easily as that of a literary man: a girl who boils a shoulder of mutton without spoiling it, becomes a cook—and a man who writes a puff for a newly-invented pomatum, styles himself author.

The vanity of the cook inspires her with the love of undisputed dominion, and she likes to rule in the kitchen as despotically as a priest at the altar. She considers herself responsible to no one, and replies evasively to all interrogatories touching her proceedings. To her master's daughter, a child of gastronomic promise, who, allured by the fumes of the roast-meat, has ventured into the kitchen, she cries in a scolding tone, "Be off, I don't want you here; I'll have nobody peeping into my saucepans." At another time she will be gracious, smiling, and confiding. Her variations of character may be partly due to the elevated atmosphere in which she pursues her vocation, and to the mephitic vapours of the charcoal, which are known to bewilder the brain of the cooks. They are subject to certain whims, fidgets, and eccentricities, which attest their claim to relationship with the inmates of a lunatic asylum.

The cookmaids augment their income by adding to the wages, and the presents they receive, the produce of the sale of the bones, grease, morsels of bread, and the refuse of the kitchen. The bones are manufactured into ivory black; the bread, with the remains of soup and broth, are borne off by the milk-men to feed their pigs. The grease, the quantity of which they augment by the prodigal use of butter upon all occasions, is sold to the dealers in fritters of all kinds, fried fish, fried potatoes, &c. The scraps and wrecks of a feast are made over to the singular class of industrials, called Harlequin merchants, on account of the multi-coloured variety of the eatables in which they deal.

The cookmaid has her own peculiar and private reasons for insisting on being herself the purchaser of the provisions. So soon as she finds the mistress of the house personally attending the market, she swells with all the indignation of an injured woman, from the consciousness that she is deprived of an opportunity of turning the market penny. The more you mistrust her, the more she will sophisticate her accounts with the provision-dealers. Woe to the unhappy mistress who dares to express a suspicion that she is plundered; she may rouse the wrath of the cook, and live continually in hot water; but she will be duped none the less.

The quality, therefore, most in request among the cookmaids is fidelity, because it is so rarely to be met with. There is often occasion to say to them, on the first day in the year, what Cardinal Dubois said to his steward, "I give you all you have robbed me of." For the major part of them it would be a very handsome new year's gift. They all manifest a sovereign contempt for the citizen's wife who condescends to rise with the dawn, and attend the market. They have a horror moreover, and with some reason too, of a certain class of ladies who, when anything goes wrong, fly into a passion, rise from the table, and rush out of the room as though the house were on fire, and then shriek out at the top of the stair-case, "You have smoked the soup—you have over-roasted the the meat," or other gentle hints of the kind—the guests meanwhile crumbling their bread, staring woefully at one another, and ready to ask whether they have been invited to the house to assist in the correction of a delinquent cook.

You need not recommend to the cookmaid any of the modern culinary innovations, your economical furnaces, concentrating apparatus, American ovens, pneumatic coffee-pots, or patent gridirons; she regards them all as so many abominable creations of stupidity to increase labour; and every thing which differs from the old established routine is a crime in her eyes. Jeannette, after a service of ten years, gave her mistress a month's notice—

a notice which she would never have received. They had imposed upon her the obligation of cooking by the flame of a lamp, a new patent invention. At the end of a couple of days she tendered her resignation. "You see, madame," said she, "when I see a lamp burning in the middle of the day, it seems to me as though there was a corpse in the kitchen."

Cook is by no means free from superstition; she consults a pack of cards to learn her destiny. She sees disease and death in the ten of spades —treason in the ace of diamonds—plenty of money in the king of clubs—and a handsome young man in the knave of any suit. By the way, the handsome young man in question is generally a soldier. Stingily fed by the government, he is susceptible of an affectionate sympathy for her whose substantial fare so agreeably supplements his miserable rations. If he is surprised in the kitchen employed in the rather unmilitary office of washing dishes, his fair friend and patroness has always an excuse ready—a stereotyped but a peremptory apology, "It is my cousin"—no good reason, that so many of your wine bottles should clandestinely surrender their contents.

The married cook is a still greater spoiler than she who, as yet free of the vows of eternal fidelity, condescends to receive the homage of a trooper as hungry as he is enamoured. Her master's house becomes a magazine from whence she carries off all she requires, bread, wine, candles, butter, sugar, and viands cooked or uncooked. For the sake of her husband, her children, her relatives, her friends, or acquaintances, she levies contributions from kitchen, cellar, and larder—so great is the force, in her sensitive heart, of conjugal tenderness and maternal affection.

When cook is grown old and feeble, it is dangerous to employ her in the preparation of any dish in which wine is a principal ingredient. She is apt to divide the liquid into two portions, the smaller of which enters into the composition of the dish she is artificially compounding—the larger, subjected to a more natural process, percolates her own venerable œsophagus, to the immediate and undeniable disorder of her ideas, and a sudden drowsiness easily explained. The journals lately instructed us on the subject of an aged cook, who at three-score-and-ten terminated her life by a horrible accident. She died a victim to her affection for the vinous condiment. Having dropped asleep in the chimney corner, she fell into the fire, and when discovered was found no longer to exist.

The cook of the citizen and small proprietor for the most part grows old and dies at her post. Those employed by the upper classes have generally a respectable account at the Savings' Bank, a provision, as they express it, for "*old afterwards*." Sometimes, dazzled by the demon of speculation, by dabbling in the funds with their savings, they will lose in a short time the accumulations of years of gains, lawful and unlawful. The wisest are those who retire to their native districts, and partake of the dessert of their existence in the homes of their infancy.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The Administration is steadily gaining strength and popular favour. Its leading members have thus far shown themselves to possess the two main qualifications required of British statesmen: they know their business, and understand the temper of the country. Even their occasional mistakes have done them no harm, since they have either been, as in the Kossuth case, fairly explained, or, as in the opposition to the inspection of nunneries, prompted by praiseworthy motives.

The discussions in the Lower House during the past month have been chiefly confined to the details of Mr. Gladstone's financial scheme; and the certainty that the main provisions of the scheme would be adopted has tended to render these discussions somewhat languid and uninteresting. The complaint of the "territorial party," that the extended tax on successions is unjust to the land, has been met by the better-founded complaint of the free-trade party, that the proposal to tax the holders of rateable property only on their life-interest is unjust to other tax-payers. These opposite objections have, for the present, neutralized one another; but the question is one which is likely enough to come up again, at some future time, in another form. The first division on the Budget took place on the 2nd of last month, the question being the continuance of the Income-tax, which was carried by the decisive majority of 71, in a House of 575 members.

Certain votes on ecclesiastical questions deserve special mention for the tendencies which they indicate. A measure proposed by Mr. Chambers, the Liberal Member for Hertford, for the inspection of nunneries, with the object of preventing the illegal imprisonment of any of their inmates, was opposed by Ministers on the ground that it was unnecessary and would be a violation of the principle of religious toleration. On a division, however, leave to bring in the bill was given by a majority of 138 to 115. The question is one which might be treated without any regard to its religious aspect, taking nunneries to be merely a peculiar kind of lodging-houses. There would then appear to be no impropriety in establishing such a system of inspection as is proposed. But, unfortunately, most of those who voted for Mr.

Chambers' motion were governed by feelings which would induce them to banish every Roman Catholic priest from the country, and deprive every Roman Catholic layman of the franchise, if they had the power.

On a subsequent evening, they succeeded, under the lead of Mr. Spooner, in striking out of the estimates a vote of £1,235 for the repair of Maynooth College. Thereupon the friends of the "voluntary system," pleading for evenhanded justice to all sects, moved to strike out the vote of £38,492 for the Protestant Dissenting Ministers in Ireland. Though they did not succeed in carrying their motion, they mustered forty-six votes for a proposition which, ten years ago, would not have obtained the support of a dozen members. The fact is noteworthy, as exhibiting the progress which has been made by the advocates of the voluntary principle—a progress which would be much more satisfactory if they would not persist in mixing up with their system the question of popular education, which, as the example of America shows, is entirely distinct from it.

The Lords have rather unexpectedly rejected the bill for admitting Jewish members to seats in Parliament. It seems, however, the question is likely to be brought forward again in another form; and it may be hoped that their lordships will, on second thoughts, chivalrously forget that the Jews are but a small and weak class of the community, and consent to deal with them as fairly as though they formed a large and powerful body, like the Roman Catholics or the Dissenters.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

In Jamaica, at the date of the last advices, the differences between the elected Assembly and the nominated Council, on the subject of retrenchment, were increasing in violence, and were likely to lead to a dissolution of the former body,—the Governor siding with the irresponsible Council. The colonists, whose means have been lessened by the reduction of the sugar-duties, are naturally anxious to bring their expenditure within the compass of their diminished resources. Our Government (which appoints both the Colonial Governor and Council), having reduced the taxable wealth of the colonists, compels them, nevertheless, to keep up the same outlay as before. This system, however, is now to be amended. The West Indians, like the Canadians, are hereafter to have the appointment of their own functionaries, and the control of their own finances. Many difficulties would have been avoided, if this judicious determination had been carried into effect a dozen years ago.

Much discontent is said to have been caused in India by the announcement (perhaps erroneous) of the intention of the ministry to continue the present system of Government without material alteration. On the third of this month, the real intentions of the Government are to be made known. It is rather remarkable that the discussions in this country should hitherto have turned altogether on the minor question of the particular form which is to be given to the Indian bureaux in London. The all-important question relative to the form of government that is to be established in India itself has hardly been noticed. What would have been thought if, when the subject of Australian or New Zealand government was under consideration, it had been proposed to confine the discussion entirely to the qualifications of the clerks in Downing Street? Yet this is precisely the course which has been pursued with regard to India. Persons who have resided in that country see the matter in a very different light. "An Anglo-Indian," writing to the *Times*, observes that during a residence of some years in what is called a "minor presidency," he had been impressed with nothing so strongly as the mischief arising from the practical irresponsibility of the local government; and he makes, in reference to this point, the following suggestions, which deserve attention, from their practical character:—

> The effectual remedy which I propose to our legislators is the establishment of an elected council at each seat of government. This body should be endowed with ample powers of deliberation and legislation on all matters concerning its own presidency, a right being reserved to the supreme Government of dealing only with those questions of high political importance which affect the whole country of India. . . . . But the question which will be asked on all sides is, who are to be the electors, and from what class are to come the elected? For some time it will perhaps be impracticable to extend the franchise beyond the presidency towns, and I do not hesitate to admit that this is a grave defect in the proposal. But the object of those who go with me thus far will be to get a beginning, and it is, therefore, as a beginning only that I offer the suggestion that the petit jury lists of the presidencies present a body of electors already organized. The qualification for a vote should be the having served as a petit juror. By the rules of the Supreme Court of Judicature, the qualification of a juror is the occupation of a dwelling-house of the annual value of 300 rupees. The list of jurors is prepared by the sheriff, and corrected and published yearly. An appeal to amend the list lies to the judge in chambers, by personal application. I propose also, as a commencement, to draw the members of the Council from the list of grand jurors. The grand jury consists of those gentlemen of the European and East-Indian community who are usually styled "Esquire," and of a few natives, selected for their wealth, rank, and intelligence.

Whatever may be thought of these particular propositions, it is certain that the value of the Ministerial scheme will depend entirely upon the degree in which the principle of local responsibility is recognised and established by it.

FOREIGN.

Universal suffrage and the ballot are vindicating themselves in a quarter where such a result could least have been looked for. It now appears that in spite of the intimidation practised by the French Government, at the election of the Legislative Body, the people managed to choose an Assembly which very accurately represents their feelings. Last year, when the general desire in France was for political repose, the Assembly was quiet and apparently servile. This year, with the reviving spirit of the people, the Legislative Corps becomes unexpectedly bold and independent. The "Civil Pensions Bill" encountered a strong opposition, and only passed at last, by a majority of 154 votes to 76. On one division,

the minority rose to 100 votes. A proposal for bestowing a large sum on the widow of Marshal Ney was withdrawn, apparently from mere dread of its rejection. The intended restoration of the penalty of death for political offences, and the manner in which the proposal has been received, have evinced at once the alarm of Louis Napoleon, and the growing hostility of the nation to his government.

The probable success of the insurrection in China, seems at present to be important to this country only as it may affect the supply of tea, and with it the public revenue. But it can hardly be doubted, that displacement of a foreign by a native dynasty in the most populous empire in the globe, will lead to results of more than mere temporary importance. The Chinese do not appear to be intellectually inferior to any other people. A debasing religious system, producing a defective public and private morality, has hitherto cramped their powers, and retarded their national progress. A peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to the fact, which is reported on good authority, that among the proclamations put forth by the insurgents, is one in which the leading tenets of Christianity are recited as doctrines whose truth is unquestionable, and whose popularity in the country is taken for granted. Leaving all other considerations out of view, the accession of an empire containing a civilized population of three hundred millions, to the political system of Christian nations, would be perhaps a more momentous event, than any that has occurred since the discovery of America.

LITERATURE.

A Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations, &c. Parts 7, 8, and 9. Edited by G. Adams. London: Groombridge and Sons. Edinburgh: James Hogg. 1853.

This neat, compact, and useful volume is now drawing to a close. When complete, it will form the most comprehensive thesaurus of poetical quotations that has ever appeared. Much care and judgment is manifested in the selection of the extracts—the best writers being invariably quoted, to illustrate the several subjects. Literary men will appreciate the value of such a work, which will diminish the labour of reference, and save much valuable time.

Last Glimpses of Convocation, by Arthur J. Joyce. London: T. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street.

Mr. Joyce has in this little volume entered the lists to break a spear with the Anglican Convocationists. He has traced the pedigree and the history of their idol, and has satisfactorily shown, we think, the fallacy of many of the arguments adduced for the revival of that effete and impotent organ of ecclesiastical domination. He has proved that as originally constituted for the taxation of the clergy, when they claimed to be free from every authority save that of Rome, it is not adapted to the present emergencies of the Anglican Church, and present temper of the English people; and he has clearly evinced from its historical character in former days, that if revived on its ancient basis, it is more likely to foster than to remove the present evils of our ecclesiastical establishment. To the historical reader he does not present much that is very new; nor yet to the man of thought very much that is profound. His information and his ideas lie nearly upon the surface. But his argument is conclusive against his immediate antagonists; though it still leaves the question open whether, taking the convocation as an existing constitutional power, a more popular and effectual synod could not be formed out of it, to which the affairs of the church might be safely and satisfactorily entrusted.

Now, we are quite ready to admit that there is but little foundation for that elaborate analogy between Convocation and the House of Commons which High Church clergymen have so plausibly drawn. On the whole too, and though we detest a mere state-church and the principle of making religion a department of the general polity, yet we are persuaded the House of Commons is a better representative even of the religious mind of the country than any assembly of bishops, deans, and presbyters on the old convocation platform. Still, it is undeniable that evils exist in the church, which in point of fact there are no means of remedying. There is a general acknowledgment that something should be done; and an equally general admission that there is no power to do it. Neither episcopal bench nor privy council can really do anything to stem a tide which in the opinion of many of their own number is sapping the foundations of protestantism in England. Why, then, should not Convocation be remodelled with a large admixture of the lay element, and entrusted with an authority akin to that of the Scotch general assemblies? It is idle to talk of the danger of such a synod, and of the unseemly discussions which might arise in it. We have had two centuries of quiet progressive history north of the Tweed to shew that the nation has nothing to fear from such a popular court; and even a little of the odium theologicum bursting forth in debate, is surely no such evil that we should prefer to it the unacknowledged existence of a party who are betraying the church with a kiss, after the fashion of the old Judas policy.

The Anglican establishment wants ventilation; it would get it by this means, it will get it by no other. That there would be difficulties in this case to contend with, is not to be doubted; but they would be far more easily overcome than the danger by which it is now menaced.

The Female Jesuit Abroad: a true and romantic Narrative of Real Life; including some Account, with Historical Reminiscences of Bonn and the Middle Rhine. By CHARLES SEAGER, M.A. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

THE "Female Jesuit," as many of our readers will recollect, is no Jesuit, but a wretched impostor, with a natural genius for lying and for contriving the most extensive systems of delusion, and carrying them out in all their ramifications with surpassing coolness and skill. There is no denying that she has proved herself a most extraordinary phenomenon in *her* way, and has justly earned for herself the reputation of a blacker devil than it is possible to paint. Her exploits in the household at Bonn, and while hospitably domiciled with an unfortunate abbé at Brussels, exceed in moral turpitude and gratuitous malignity, even her most elaborate attempts while under the roof of her first biographer, Mrs. Luke. The infernal animus that could lead her to blacken the reputation of the worthy, kind-hearted, and excellent old abbé, who had given her the shelter of his roof and the fervour of his prayers—and suffer him to die dishonoured by the breath of calumny, is inexplicable by us on any grounds we know of; and one wants a new philosophy to account for it. In perusing this narrative the reader will doubtless marvel, as we did, at the credulity of the lady and gentleman upon whom this remarkable genius chose to exercise her talents. He will see through the mask that she wears, almost from the first chapter, even though he be ignorant of her antecedents, and he will wonder that her patrons do not see as plainly that she is both knave and hypocrite—especially when she is convicted of falsehood in a manner not to be mistaken. But Mr. Seager anticipates this objection, and justifies, or, at least, palliates his blindness on the score of Christian charity. This part of his book, which some will regard as the weakest, is the best written; and while it exhibits an amount of charity of which we should certainly never have been guilty ourselves, it commends the writer to our good opinion and sympathies. The story is well told, and with as much clearness as is possible in following out the intricate web of lies and deceptions which constitute its materials. We cannot pretend to give even an outline of the plot or plots, for they are many; the merest sketch, to be rendered intelligible, would occupy many of our columns; and we must therefore refer those who are fond of the details of moral depravity in a guise and in an element in which, fortunately for society, it is not very often seen, to the volume itself. As to the good to be wrought by the publication of such exploits as the deluding and deluded Marie's, we have expressed our opinion before, and see no reason for changing it. Since, however, the impostor's German campaign was doomed to become a matter of history, it is better that the narrative should come from an actor in the strange drama than from any other hand.

The Life of Marshal Turenne. By the Rev. T. O. COCKAYNE, M.A. (Travellers' Library. 41.) London: Longman and Co. 1853.

IT is hardly possibly to do justice to the life of such a man as Turenne in the narrow limits of a hundred pages. To those who are well acquainted with the history of France during the seventeenth century, or having read the voluminous biography of De Ramsay, are willing to recal the connection of events therein detailed, this small volume will be acceptable. On the other hand, those who seek their first information relative to the great French marshal from Mr. Cockayne's book will be likely to be driven to other sources for an explanation of what they will find here. The general reader is credited with an amount of historical knowledge which he does not in general possess—a fault which in a Traveller's Library ought to be avoided. The book is in fact not a new biography, but a synopsis of an old one, wanting some connecting links, and illustration from the narrative of contemporary events, which might easily have been supplied. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, this biographical sketch is more than usually interesting, exhibiting, as far as it goes, a great man in a true light.

Capital Punishment Unlawful and Inexpedient. An Essay on the Punishment of Death. By JOHN RIPPON. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

WE have read this essay with much pleasure. The author takes a view of the subject nearly altogether new, repudiating many of the stock arguments of his predecessors, and clearing his own ground in an untrodden path. He contends that the punishment of death was prohibited during the antediluvian period—that during the patriarchal period, from Noah to Moses, murder was punishable by death in virtue of a law directly promulgated by the Divine Governor of the world—that this law was re-enacted under the Jewish theocracy, when it was levelled against other crimes besides that of murder, bearing the character of treason and sin—and that, with the whole fabric of judicial and ceremonial statutes and usages, it fell to the ground at the advent of Christianity, when, not being formally re-enacted, it was virtually abolished. He then proceeds to reason upon the unlawfulness and inexpediency of capital punishments, showing by undeniable statistics, that, whenever crimes of whatever nature, have been openly punished by death, they have invariably increased in number; and that when a milder sentence has been the rule, crime has decreased in amount. But, though there is no denying these facts, and our author has made the best possible use of them, we must express our conviction that he has not made out a case sufficiently strong to warrant us in voting for the total abolition of the death penalty from our code. It

is not clear to us that the founder of Christianity did repeal the death law against murder. He saved the adultress from a punishment disproportioned to her crime; but though he must have had frequent opportunities during the three years of his ministration of saving the murderer, yet he never did so. Mr. Rippon concludes from the injuction "if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other," that we are in no case to use the sword; but if such admonitions are to be taken literally, what were those disciples who had no swords, and were recommened to buy swords, to do with them? Our author's arguments against death punishments on the ground of their indurating effect upon the multitude are plainly unanswerable; but they tell really, not against capital punishment at all, but against the monstrous social disgrace of public executions. Were the law executed at night, in the solitude of the prison, this indurating effect would be done away, and human life would not be reduced to a discount by making a shameful death the climax of what the mob regard as an amusing spectacle. In declaring, however, for the continuance of capital punishment as a law, let it not for a moment be supposed that we advocate its indiscriminate infliction upon all who are guilty even of murder. There are gradations in crime—even in the crime of blood-shedding, and there should be gradations in punishment; but there have been, and there may be again, monsters in human shape, of whom it may be said that it is the duty of society to rid the world at once and for ever. "Life for life," the old law of retaliation, stern as it is, is the eternal law of justice. It is a law the execution of which God has intrusted to man for his own safety, and which we humbly think He has never as yet seen fit to repeal. To the advocates of abolition, and to all who would see the full strength of their argument on the subject, we can recommend this essay as a close and masterly piece of reasoning.

Outlines of Literary Culture from the Christian Standpoint. By the Rev. B. Frankland, B.A. London: Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster-row. 1853.

This is a remarkable work, the production of a mind richly stored with sound knowledge and practical wisdom. To young men starting in a career of intellectual culture, and willing to be guided through a safe and profitable path, it may prove of more value than a whole shelf of books, or a season of weekly lectures. It comprehends a complete though general portraiture of literature both ancient and modern, in its spiritual and moral aspects; and while inculcating a profound sense of the pleasures derivable from literary pursuits, sets the student upon his guard against the errors and fallacies of speculative sceptics and transcendental mystics. We quote a passage showing the spirit of the book, which we warmly recommend to our readers:—

Life is one thing, and the final design of life is another; and, as experience too often shows, it is possible to enjoy, to a certain extent, the one, without attaining the other. Knowledge and enjoyment may find their limits in externals; we are at liberty, if so inclined, neither laboriously to seek, nor even to wish for anything beyond them. But such an abuse of liberty, the birthright with which not even the power which gave it interferes, induces a penalty, sooner or later to be paid, involving no less than the loss of all for which life is desirable.

The relations in which, both objectively and subjectively, we stand to outward things, are the means to an end—the medium to an introduction to an inner life. Every beauty, every excellence, is but the reflection of some more striking beauty, some more exalted yet accessible excellence, whose archetype may be found in the moral world. To rest, therefore, in the former, whatever combinations of attractive grace, or impressive majesty, may present themselves, in nature or in art, is to be content with less than is within our reach—is to give up in mid-course the contest for life. Nor is the consequence simply a negative one. To enjoy them for their own sake only, is to render them the avenging destroyers of the happiness which they were originally designed to promote.

Rosalie; or, The Truth shall make you Free. An Authentic Narrative. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

Rosalie is the daughter of a veteran general in the French army. Very early in life she becomes thoughtful on religious subjects, and dissatisfied with the ceremonies of the Romish church, of which she is a follower extra devout. A Protestant friend lends her D'Aubigné's "Reformation," which unmasks to her comprehension the mockeries of Popery—and follows it up by the the gift of a New Testament, which opens her eyes to the truth. She becomes a Protestant, and then, by an unnatural mother, is turned out of doors, with six francs in her pocket. She finds an asylum in the house of her friend, whence she afterwards visits her mother, with whom a very partial reconciliation ensues—the unhappy parent dying shortly after. Such are the events of this story, which is told in a plain and simple manner, but at the same time with an intelligence of the subject, to say the least of it, extraordinary in a new convert. The picture here drawn of what, for want of a better term, may be called the religious life of French Roman Catholic families, is, as we happen to know, exceedingly life-like, and affords a good guarantee for the authenticity of the whole narrative, which is not lacking in details of a rather startling character.

Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean, on Board an American Frigate. By N. Parker Willis. London; T. Bosworth, 215, Regent-street, 1853.

We have had an abundance of literature upon the subject of the shores of the Mediterranean, and are likely to have plenty more. It is an inexhaustible topic, and one which assumes a new aspect under the treatment of every writer. This volume of Mr. Willis's, under a different form, has long been known to the public, and we are glad to see it in this neat and convenient shape made accessible to persons of all grades. We are not aware of any other work of the same class containing in the same compass so much information, or written in so agreeable and readable a style. Without any pretensions to humour, it is pleasant and sprightly throughout, and contains an astonishing number of truthful pictures of

men and manners—customs, social and national—sketched from the life, and illustrative of that peculiar civilization, or the want of it, which characterizes the southern shores of Europe. There are few works, considering its merely nominal price, which we could more warmly recommend to the pocket or carpet-bag of the traveller by steam-boat or rail.

A Visit to Mexico, by the West Indian Islands, Yucatan and United States, &c. By W. P. Robertson. In two volumes. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1853.

Some years ago Mr. Robertson published, in conjunction with his brother, a series of letters on Paraguay and South America. They contained much new and interesting matter, and were deservedly well received. The present publication is also a joint production—the author's daughter contributing no inconsiderable quantity of the matter of these two volumes. We shall be accused of a want of gallantry, in expressing our conviction that the work would have been all the better if the lady's share in it had been omitted. It is little more than idle gossip, volatile and flippant, without being either lively or witty—very like the prate of a travelled abigail or an ex-milliner, and tautological *ad nauseam*, informing us over again of what we already knew, from the sober narrative of the father. Mr. Robertson sailed in the Avon, in December 1848, and after a miserable passage, in which the vessel was driven out of its course and obliged to touch at Madeira, arrived safely at St. Thomas's. From thence he started for Vera Cruz, on board the Forth, the captain of which contrived to wreck her on the Alcarres reef, by which the ship was lost, and the passengers had a narrow escape with their lives—afterwards recovering a part of their property. The author's account of the shipwreck is graphic and striking, and his testimony to the bravery and good conduct of the officers and crew, is equally honourable to himself and to them. The shipwrecked party managed to get to Mexico in a schooner, landing at Vera Cruz on the 10th of February. The descriptions of Mexican scenery and Mexican customs are the most interesting part of the book, although something too loose and lengthy in detail. Together with these, in the second volume, we have a history of the Real del Monte Mining Company, which it will be remembered the shareholders in England broke up in disgust, after a vast expenditure of capital, and many years of wearisome expectation without any return. The mine is now paying a profit, and promises an enormous yield at no very distant period, when the works now in progress, shall be completed. Our author's stay in Mexico was very brief: he went thither in the capacity of Commissioner of the Mexican bondholders, whose business he appears to have had the tact and good fortune to settle satisfactorily. He returned through the United States, and crossed the Atlantic in thirteen days, being favoured with a return passage as pleasant and agreeable, as his outward voyage had been wretched and disastrous. These volumes contain a great deal of valuable as well as readable matter; and were they cut down by a practised hand to half their bulk, would make a capital book.

The Poetry of Home. A Poem, in three Parts. By Goodwyn Barmby. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. 1853.

Goodwyn Barmby is the poet of the domestic affections—a man of large heart and large sympathies, and moderate desires, which ought to be gratified, and which we hope are gratified. He sings a song of home very much to our mind. Hear him:—

Give me a home with garden lawn around—
The sweet grass mingled with the flower-decked ground,
Let it slope gently to the soft-breathed south,
And quaff its warm draughts with a thirsty mouth;
Let a green valley fair before it spread,
And through its meads a bright blue stream be led;
Let high hills rise beyond, and a calm sky
Bend o'er and hide the neighbouring town from eye

* * * * * *

And let a winding path amid the trees
Lead to quaint seats and bowers of shady ease

* * * * * *

And then within let woman fair be found—
Queen of the hearth—with household honours crowned!
The lady of the board—supremely sweet—
Whose daily duties sandal angels' feet!
Companion—counsellor! a shield from strife!
Home's queen! man's help—a loving, faithful wife!
And let glad children play her steps beside—
Girls, gentle, graceful—boys with noble pride:

* * * * * *

A little library of spirits rare:
Earth's great historians and sweet singers fair—
Kind saints, old sages—souls who cannot die,
But in their thoughts live on immortally:
Home's friends!—its purifying element—
Who teach us wisdom, industry, content;
With such a home, O who would envy wealth?
With such a Home, and competence, and health!
O give me such: no marble dome should rise
A truer temple grateful to the skies!

This is the very thing we happen to want ourselves, only we never thought of wishing for it in such a strain. If our poet, who paints it so well, will tell us where it is to be had, we pack up our carpet-bag, and are off to-morrow.

Emigration. Emigration Fields Contrasted. The Diggins, &c. By C. Hursthouse, Jun. London: R. Hardwicke, Carey-street. 1853.

These are a series of lively lectures by a clever and practical man who speaks from experience, having personally visited the colo ies and settlements of which he treats. Mr. Hursthouse vindicates the claims of the British colonies above all other emigration fields, and of those he evidently prefers New Zealand. We believe that he is right in his preference. New Zealand is probably destined to become in some future age the Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere; the circumstances of climate, temperature, natural resources and situation, all point to that consummation. These lectures deserve an extensive circulation.

Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

There are signs of genuineness about this narrative which induce us to accept it, with some reservation, for what it professes to be—the actual life experience of a modern Italian gentleman, a fugitive for political reasons, from his native country. His story commences with his childhood, when he is receiving the first tinge of the humanities from "a tall, lanky, sallow-faced, half-starved young Abbè" who comes every day after dinner to initiate him into the mysteries of the Latin tongue, and who, for the honorarium of three-pence an hour, teaches him to decline bonus, *bonior, bonissimus.* The tutor is daily afflicted with pains "ventral and subventral, in stomach and entrail," only to be cured by the exhibition of brandy administered by his pupil. When the three-penny professor has done what he could for him, he is removed to the Royal College at Genoa, where he spends five years of his life. Passing over the first four, Lorenzo devotes several chapters to the events of the fifth, from which we gather a remarkable insight into college life in Italy. The Royal College would appear to be a species of academy of big boys rather than of young men, pursuing their studies with the aid of regular professors, but under the rule and direction of monks and ecclesiastics, who maintain a very lax kind of discipline and have not the power to compel subordination. Their chief punishment is imprisonment in dungeons for certain offences; and this our hero himself undergoes for the crime of reading Milton's Paradise Lost. In these reminiscences of school-boy life there is an unpleasant vein of self-glorification. Lorenzo himself gains all the prizes for scholarship and composition, wins all the battles, and subdues all the tyrants. The battles, by the way, are silly affairs, in which the face is not to be touched—the combatants slapping and mauling each other like angry girls: it is easy to see that a plucky Etonian of fourteen would have licked Lorenzo and the whole college at his heels *seriatim* before breakfast, and thought nothing of it. Among the students is one Vadoni, who amuses himself by catching rats, dipping them in turpentine, setting them on fire, and then releasing them. This infernal monster meets not a word of rebuke at the writer's hands, but a great deal of misplaced sympathy when, in after years, in consequence of the whining cowardice which ever accompanies spontaneous cruelty, he is forced to become a monk (being good for nothing better) against his will. On leaving college Lorenzo turns fop, and visits his uncle John, a man of shrewd common sense which he enunciates in a characteristic way. This middle-aged gentleman is the best character in the book, and might have had a great deal more to say in its pages, with the happiest effect; but Lorenzo gives little heed to his good advice, and falls into difficulty and danger by the neglect of it. The narrative of the young man's endeavours to complete his studies preparatory to his entering upon his profession, furnishes a deplorable picture of Austrian tyranny and misrule. He is compelled to lead a lazy life in spite of inclinations to the contrary. While dawdling away his time, he receives a letter from a young lady, the daughter of one of the most illustrious of the Genoese aristocracy, who has conceived a passion for him, and appoints a meeting. The assignation of course leads to a love affair, with the whole particulars of which the reader is made acquainted, and which says about as much for the discrimination and prudence of the fair Lilla as it does for the modesty of her lover. Simultaneously with this apocryphal passion goes on a secret political conspiracy, of which Lorenzo is a member, having for its object the overthrow of the Austrian domination. The thing being stupidly managed, of course takes wind—the secret is in possession of the enemy before it is ripe for explosion—the conspirators are some arrested and put to death, and others seek safety in flight. Among these latter is Lorenzo, who contrives after some delay to embark on board a boat for France, but not before he has discovered another fair creature dying for love of him, and whom he leaves disconsolate, together with the aristocratic Lilla, to mourn his loss. On board the boat which is to bear him from his enemies, Lorenzo takes it into his head that the crew are bent on murdering him, and, panic-struck with unworthy fear, insists on being put on shore. He skulks about the coast in terror of capture; but fortunately meeting with a friend, is by his means again embarked for France. By mistake or design, the boatmen set him on shore on an island at the mouth of the Var, which he contrives, how he hardly knows, to scramble across—when, after a rather doubtful reception by the French douaniers, his perils and his story are at an end.

Such is a very cursory review of the principal events in this life-history. The value of the story is not much; but apart from the egotism of the writer, and distinct from his personal adventures, there are many things recounted in this volume well worth the perusal of an Englishman. We know no other book in which Italian life in our day has been so candidly and minutely delineated—and none, for the author is really an accomplished man, in which the social results of a wretched political position are so fully and forcibly brought home to the feelings. We have a liking for Uncle John, and shall oblige the reader with a taste of his quality. The following is a conversation between uncle and nephew:

"You see things," says the uncle, "not as they are, but as your imagination paints them. Pretty nearly every one, I allow, despises and detests the Government, but it does not thrive the less for that. Analyze society, and tell me where you see those manly virtues, that spirit of self-sacrifice, which regenerate nations. Look at our nobles, for instance. The old men sulk at the Government; do you think it is from the love of liberty? Pshaw! they do so because they would like to hold the reins themselves. The young ones think only of their horses and their mistresses. The middle class is eaten up by selfishness: each individual man is engrossed by his office, or his counting-house, or his clients—all, in general, by the rage for making money. Number One is their God."

"But the people, uncle?"

"I come to them next. The people are ignorant and superstitious (it is not by their own fault, to be sure, but they are so), and therefore the slaves of the priests, those born enemies of all progress. The people hear mass in the morning and get drunk at night, and think, notwithstanding, that all is right with God and their conscience. What then remains? A certain number of young men, crammed with Greek and Roman history; enthusiastic, generous—I do not deny it—but perfectly incapable of doing anything but getting themselves hanged. Absence of virtue, my dear boy, is synonymous with impotence. The mass is rotten at the core, I tell you. Suppose, for a moment, that you could make *tabula rasa* of that which exists, what would you build with such materials? An edifice which rests upon decayed rafters is faulty in its foundations, and will crumble with its first shock. The evil is at the very root of society."

"Well, then," cried I, vehemently, "let us attack the evil at its root."

"Are you in earnest?" said my uncle, rising in alarm, and biting his nails; "do you think that society can be turned like a pancake? Why the boy is on the straight road to Bedlam."

"But, uncle, if to find fault with the root of the tree is useless, and to attack the root is madness, anything like progress is impossible, and one has nothing to do but fold one's hands in despair."

"That is not what I say. Progress comes of itself; Providence wills it so. There are in the moral world, as well as in the physical, mysterious principles at work unknown to ourselves, and even in spite of ourselves. Thanks to this latent working, things are better to-day than they were a hundred, or even fifty years ago, and fifty years hence you who are young will see still further improvement. One must take present evil with patience, and give time leisure to do its work. Let each in his humble sphere strive to become better, and render better those around him. There, and only there, lies the corner-stone of our future regeneration. As for me, my dear friend, when, in the first shop into which I may happen to go, I am only asked the fair price, or thereabouts, of the article I go to buy, I shall consider my country to have made a more important conquest than if it had given itself all the institutions of Sparta and of Athens into the bargain."

We suspect there is much truth in the above definition; and if so, the *funesta dote d'infiniti guai* beneath which all Italy labours, is due to the degeneracy of her own children. Though Mr. Benoni does not quite agree with Uncle John, and would shrink from his degrading conclusions, it is plain, from his own showing, that the mass of Italian society *is* rotten at the core, and that the redemption of his ill-fated land need not be looked for from the present generation of her sons. Her population, trodden down by aliens, are bound hand and foot by her own priesthood, one and all of whom would rather see her utterly extinct, than again the mistress of the world at the cost of their own rascally predominance. Of the mercantile aspect which the Papal Church wears in Italy, our author affords us a naïve example in what may aptly be called the Purgatorial Market, a kind of Exchange, in which masses for the souls of the dead take the character of scrip, and rise and fall in value according to the demand of the hour and the disposable priest-power. Lorenzo is walking in the Loggia of Banchi, in Genoa:—

I was struck with surprise, (he says,) at the great number of priests assembled in this spot, some standing in groups, some sitting on chairs and benches, some walking up and down. . . . . One of these last, after having eyed me attentively, muttered, as he passed, some words evidently addressed to me, but the meaning of which I could not catch. . . . . I managed to pass very near him on my first turn, when he again spoke to me. This time I did not lose a word of what he said. "Any masses, sir? very cheap." I could make nothing of it; and he, no doubt, seeing as much by the blank hesitation of my countenance, turned and walked away. It was not till some time afterwards, that, by inquiry and personal observation, I came to learn the meaning of the priest's words, and the motives which brought so many of his brethren to that place. There is scarcely any man so destitute as to die without leaving something to pay for a certain number of masses for the benefit of his soul, or hardly any poor woman who has not, from time to time, some masses performed, either for the soul of a deceased relative, or for the cure of some sick member of her family, or for some such object. The sale of masses, therefore, is very considerable in Italy. I purposely say the *sale*, for the mass is paid for, and forms an essential part of the priest's income. The price varies according to the demand, exactly like the price of stocks, and, like them, masses rise or fall with the greater or less supply in the market. . . . . If it was your wish to have a mass said immediately, or if you had an investment of five hundred masses to make, you could find what you wanted at this place. Brokers (priests, of course) came to meet you and made the bargain. Suppose a priest, who had some hundreds of masses to say, to be in want of ready money, he found there these said brokers, who took the masses at a discount, and paid him the difference. Some of the big-wigs—Rothschilds of the Exchange—had in their pockets thousands and thousands of masses. These men monopolized the ware at a good price, and then got rid of it at a profit to poor priests, their clients, and thus realized considerable gains. This sale of masses sometimes gave rise to very ludicrous scenes. I have frequented the place often enough to witness a great variety of such. I shall merely note the following:—A livery servant, sent by his master, from Albaro, a large village at a few miles distance, was bargaining with a priest for a mass to be said at the said place. The servant had been authorized to bid as much as three francs; but it was Sunday, the weather was bad, and there were but few priests at leisure. The merchandize was looking up.

"I won't stir for less than five francs," says the priest, turning away, as if to break off the conference.

"Five francs! That is unconscionable," returned the servant; why, one might get a *novena* (a service performed nine days running) for that!"

"Well, then get your *novena*, but you shall not have a mass."

The priest crossed a street, and entered a liquor shop.

"Boy, a glass of brandy!" said he to the lad behind the counter.

The servant, who followed close to the priest's heels, turned pale. If the priest should break his fast, farewell to all hope of a mass.

"I'll give four francs, though I am sure I shall be scolded."

"Five francs!" that's my first and last word,"—raising the glass to his lips, "you may take it or leave it, as you please."

He was just on the point of swallowing the contents, when the servant stopped his hand, saying,

"You drive a very hard bargain; however, you shall have the five francs;" and so it was settled.

This is rich. Of course, if the priest had swigged the brandy, the soul in purgatory must have grilled on for another twenty-four hours at least—and when stocks are high, and masses above par, purgatorial coals are at a premium. Think of the big-wig, too, bulling the market till he gets a thousand or two of tortured souls in his pocket, and holding them over until, by selling a bear, or some such manœuvre, he can bring down the price, and get rid of them at a spanking profit. Talk of Goths and Huns! the cowl and shaven crown are the curse of the Italian peninsula,

and have done more than all the barbarians of the north to consummate and perpetuate her degradation and ruin.

We have said above that we accept this narrative as genuine, with a reservation. We make that reservation on behalf of the ladies of Italy, whom we firmly believe to be thoughtlessly libelled in those supposititious personages Lilla and Santina. All the oaths that were ever sworn should never make us believe that these are anything more than desperate fictions, resorted to to give a dash of the tender passion to this otherwise agreeable story. If Lorenzo had really been so tremendously killing as he insinuates—if he *had* turned the head of a *young lady of one of the most illustrious families* in Genoa, and of the Gipsy Santina to boot—he would have been too prudent to have said anything about it, and too much of a gentleman. There is an Italian maxim against "kissing and telling," the spirit of which he would never have violated, had he really been in a condition to violate it. The fact of his prating is proof incontestible that he had nothing of the kind to prate about—and therefore our English damsels may tolerate his presence without any fear that dreadful consequences will ensue. For the rest—this volume is written in capital style, rarely smacking of foreign idioms, contains abundance of interesting and useful matter, and may be read with pleasure from beginning to end.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Vol. V. Translated by H. White, B.A. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

There was a time when Merle D'Aubigné's brilliant dramatic style passed current with nearly all England as the sterling metal of church history, which rung so true that every one seemed to feel it, by a sort of instinct, to be the right thing at last and no counterfeit—no mistake at all. Seeing with the keen perception of genius how the partisans of either side, clamouring like veritable Homeric heroes, with foul mouths and clashing armour, had made a great part of the world glad to escape from their din, in spite of the deep and abiding interest of the story; he seized upon a form of writing at once more artistic and more interesting, and in which his real polemical character was concealed, as it were, by the toga and the buskin of histrionic history. Others, indeed, had already recorded the leading events of that great era in a manner equally free from passion, prejudice, or dulness. They had done so, however, by making the Reformation only an episode, and Charles, instead of Luther, the hero of the time. In the splendid pages of Robertson, the religious awakening of the age ranks along with Greek letters, the printing-press, and Peruvian mines; while the intrigues of Versailles and the Escurial carry off the interest from Wittemburg and Worms. So it was also with other notable histories. They chronicled battles and treatises, and overlooked the broad spirit of the age; they marked every little noisy wave that burst in idle foam, and forgot the great tide of which these were but the ripple, showing where it chafed and how it rose. In their hearts all men felt that this was egregiously wrong. Such a picture did not pourtray the features of the sixteenth century. Like the veiled statue in the "Exhibition," it was a curious trick of art, showing how one might be persuaded that he saw what he did not see, and understood what was purposely concealed. D'Aubigné perceived this; and perhaps his chief merit is, that he has given their proper place to the real *dramatis personæ*, without seeming to be a mere partisan of the Reformation, and has exhibited the spirit of the time from a higher point of view than our philosophical historians.

His former volumes came upon us, therefore, with all the freshness of absolute novelty, and were received, in consequence, with almost unprecedented favour. History had rarely been made so readable. There were all the minuteness of biography and all the charms of romance, to illustrate a subject of universal interest. Luther in the miner's cottage; Luther singing hymns as a poor scholar, that he might be able to read his breviary; Luther wrestling in his convent after the straitest sect of the Pharisees; Luther finding a Bible, and taking counsel with Staupitz and other godly men, who lingered like morning stars in the early twilight of the dawning gospel; Luther in Rome, kissing the steps of the Sistine Chapel, while his heart swells within him at the iniquities of the place; Luther encountering Tetzel, and jingling, in his rude Saxon way, the box of gold juggled out of poor sinners; Luther burning the bull—marching to Worms, though there might be as many devils in it as tiles on the housetops; and Luther appearing before emperor and kings, with his brave, "Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise—God help me—Amen." These and many similar scenes came on our common English public in such a way that its honest heart could not follow the great champion of the Reformation, without breaking forth into a cheery "Well done," to the no small benefit of the historian and his publisher.

There was something also opportune in the time when the previous volumes of this work made their appearance. Young gentlemen at Oxford, with fastidious tastes and high ecclesiastical notions, had been now for a long while hinting that the sixteenth century had done a bungling job, whereof our England had reason to be ashamed. Friar Martin was no favourite with them, and for Zwingle, and Calvin, and Knox, even Cochlæus could not speak too bitterly about them, according to the gospel of old Wicklyffe's "Alma Mater." Melancthon they could have tolerated; but Beza and Bucer were consigned to the uncovenanted mercies of Maimbourg and his confrères. Mediæval letters, red and black; mediæval churches and pictures; mediæval saints and doctrines, floated in their minds through a golden mist of romance, beside which the poor prosaic realities of the Reformation, with its Bible, and logic, and vehemence, and faith, played but a poor figure, like a comparison of Exeter Hall with the hallowed precincts of Oriel

and Magdelene. Fantastical young men, and old women of either sex, had been going on for a time in this strain—talking, writing, chanting hymns, and bedizening Oriel windows with apocryphal saints, and altars with candlesticks and ornamental altar-cloths; and many had begun to believe that these accredited shepherds were really going to lead the flock from the scanty fields of the Reformation, to stiller waters and fresher pastures of a more primitive Christianity. Luther was to give place to Ignatius, and Calvin to Clement; and the apostolic fathers were to beget a new era, without the errors of Rome and the discords of Protestantism, without the sensualism of the Vatican and the vulgarity of the meeting-house. Tracts, stories, poems, were rapidly innoculating England with the ideas of these hopeful regenerators, whose creed it was, that the world could only make progress by going back as fast as possible—when this history of the Reformation suddenly arrested their progress, and if it did not convert any of their followers, did, we have no doubt, prevent some from joining their ranks, by the new view it presented of that great work which is the best heritage of modern Christianity.

D'Aubigné showed that the men of the sixteenth century were not men to be sneered-at by these fastidious gownsmen in Oxford. If genius, learning, profound thought, and untiring zeal are respectable qualities, the heroes of that age are surely worthy of honour. So far, indeed, Carlyle had already vindicated both Luther and Knox from the opprobria of those who were alike ignorant and malicious. In his own pithy way the biographer of Cromwell had nailed to the counter a vast amount of the false coin which had been circulating to their damage. But his standpoint was so different from that of the general religious spirit of the age, that he could get only a limited diffusion of his own nobler sentiments. It was not enough to vindicate these men on anything less than high Christian principles. A hero-worshipper could not do this; and, therefore, although there might be no one who could enter the lists and stand a blow of his curtal-axe, still the matter was far from being decided even when this stalwart knight sounded his challenge-trumpet, and met with no reply. D'Aubigné, however, took up the ground he had failed to occupy; and while surrounding Luther and his compeers with all the splendid attributes of heroism which every generous mind could understand and feel, he introduced them also to the circle and bosom of our religious affections, and proved, with all his blemishes, that the history of the Reformation is a splendid page in the biography of the living Jesus.

Unhappily for himself, seeing the extended sale of his works in this country, and feeling that the profits had, from our copy-right law, done little for his own purse, the poor Swiss pastor ventured on the publication of two other works, in the interval betwen the fourth and fifth volumes of his history. Hastily got up and showily written,—though not without value intrinsically, they failed to sustain his reputation, or to satisfy the expectations of his admirers. On the credit of his name they issued far above par, and sank as rapidly as a bubble railway scheme. The reading public felt that either the author or publisher had been playing on its gullibility; and turned away in ill humour, leaving them to settle between them who was the guilty party. The effects of this, we have no doubt, Merle D'Aubigné will now feel; nor will it be easy for him, with all his skill and versatility, to regain the place he then lost in the esteem of thinking and well-instructed Englishmen.

Whether the present volume of his history will help to re-establish his credit, is a question we shall not pretend to settle. It has all the ease of his old style—all his graphic power—all his dramatic excellence and faults, and is beyond question a pleasant readable book. Whether it be, however, the lingering suspiciousness produced by "The Protector," or whatever the cause be, we certainly felt an uneasy sensation of distrust, while reading the first part, in which he traces from the earliest ages of our English ecclesiastical history the intrigues and aggressions of the Bishop of Rome, by which he finally managed to overthrow the Culdee Church, and establish his own influence paramount in Britain. Living here in the midst of all the ferment produced by Wiseman's letter from the Flaminian gate, and Russell's epistle to the Bishop of Durham—remembering "what a Guy" our cockney enthusiasm made of it, and what a full-hearted Protestant hatred of wafer gods and confessionals seemed all of a sudden to be aroused in the bosom of little boys who write with chalk on the pavements, or tumble alongside an omnibus for a penny, as the case may be; we really could not avoid shrugging our shoulders at the elaborate essay on Papal aggression to which Merle D'Aubigné has treated us; more especially coming as it does a day after the fair, when Wiseman and Cumming, Bennet and Candlesticks are all of them forgotten, left high and dry on the beach by the tide of rapid events which leaves us here in England no time to look back on what we have once done and determined. It seems now scarce becoming the dignity of grave history to trace the genealogy of Pius IX. from Pope Vitalian, and that of Dr. Wiseman from Bishop Wilfred; "The Romish Aggression" is replaced to-day by the new Budget; and the Irish Brigade occupies the place of the Popish Prelates; and Merle D'Aubigné has forgotten that we live fast here in England.

Setting aside, however, the unhappy twist he has thus given to his preliminary narrative, and the somewhat dogmatic character of many of his assertions with regard to the opinions and freedom of the early British Church, of which so little can be known with any certainty; there is much in this volume, which if not very new to English readers, is at least told in a way that is likely to give it more general acceptance than perhaps we could predicate for any other history of the times. Forming only a branch of his great subject, it presents the annals of the English Reformation, not as our own writers have been apt to do, in an insulated form, as if dissociated from

the great German movement, but in its connection with the whole influences then at work in Europe. This, indeed, has not yet appeared so fully as we doubt not it will come forth hereafter; but it is obviously his purpose thus to connect it with the tide of events on the Continent, and to show that while in a great measure independent in its origin, the movement in Britain flowed along with that which swept at the same time over all the nations of the west. This affiliation of our reformed institutions, by which he means to prove them kindred to those of Protestant Germany, will be brought out by shewing the influence of the Bible on the scholars and people of both countries; and by clearing away those political agencies which have been too often confounded with the real sources of the religious revival of that time. In part this has been already achieved; and, while the characters of Henry and Wolsey, and Cromwell, have been ably drawn, it is made evident that however an over-ruling Providence rendered them subservient to its own high designs, these were not the fathers of the Reformation in England. This is not, of course, new to readers of our history; but there are some lights cast upon their transactions by our author which are, we think, both new and important, as additional arguments in favour of the received opinion. The point to which he has yet brought the narrative, however, just leaves us where the interest of the story is deepest, as shewing the real sources of the Anglican Reformed Church, in its specific form as it has existed since that day. Enough has been done to show that the Bible was the source of our Protestantism; but he has not yet entered on that Erastian influence which combined with the old book to form Anglicanism. The train, however, is laid, and we fully expect if Dr. D'Aubigné be true to himself, that this part of his book will yet sustain his high character, and further the cause of truth and religion in our country.

Classic and Historic Portraits. By James Bruce. In two volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett, (Successors to Colburn,) Great Marlborough-street. 1853.

Biography is the most delightful and engrossing of all studies, and being, according to the dictum of the poet, the most proper, is at the same time the most profitable. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bruce for these exceedingly interesting additions to our knowledge of the great and good—the infamous and the vile who have figured in the past history of the world. The task which he has undertaken is one which, to the best of our recollection, has never before formed the chief, we might almost say the exclusive object of any writer in the same department of literature. He seeks to reproduce the men and women whose good or bad acts have given them universal celebrity—not in their moral or intellectual grandeur or baseness, of which their works and deeds may be presumed to afford a sufficient testimony—but in their outward and visible form, as they stood before the eyes of their cotemporaries—that we may see what pressure of humanity the beings whom we admire or detest received from the hands of Nature. He is quite right in supposing that in fulfilling such a task he is gratifying a general wish. Readers of Biography *do* desire a more intimate personal acquaintance than is generally afforded them of those who have influenced the world at the distance of centuries after their decease; and whatever information with regard to them, that is based upon reliable authority, Mr. Bruce can produce, he may depend upon it will be gratefully received. Our author seems to be fully aware that in this matter authority is everything, and he takes sufficient care not only to produce his witnesses, but to inform us what degree of credibility is attachable to their evidence. The result of his labours is a very agreeable work, from the perusal of which one rises with a conviction that it is all too brief, and a regret that many touches are yet wanting to complete even the outline of some of our historical favourites. But we must be thankful for what we can get in this way, nor expect too much from one who labours in a dark quarry, choked up with the rubbish of it may be twenty centuries and more. It is much, in such a case, to feel assured, as the readers of this work will feel assured, that the matter thus laboriously gathered together possesses a definite value—that it is not the invention of the fictionist and romancer, but the reliable and often concurrent testimony of contemporary writers, who must have known, and who could have had no earthly motive for misrepresenting the facts which they recorded.

We must take a glance at some few of the celebrities, numbering altogether nearly three-score, personally delineated in these volumes. Amongst the first is our old friend Æsop, who, though he has been time out of mind a cripple and a hunchback, was nothing of the sort until a Byzantine monk, of the fourteenth century, reviving a deceased scandal, chose to make him so. We have here Bentley's vindication of the great fabulist, proving that he was not the ugly lump of deformity which the world has been content to suppose him. The following portrait of Socrates is curious:—

In addition to his baldness (which of itself constituted ugliness among the ancients) Socrates had a dark complexion, a flat nose, protuberant eyes, and an ungracious expression. His health and his strength, however, were good. He served as a soldier in his country's wars; and in marching and enduring the fatigues of military discipline was without a rival. He could also suffer well both hunger and thirst; and when the time for fasting was past, and the time for feasting arrived, he was noted for being able to hold a larger quantity of drink than any of his comrades, without being the worse for it.

This capacity for liquids, the ability of getting "fou" without being drunk, was a great accomplishment among the ancients. Occasional debauches were held to be commendable, and indeed it was the practice for two thousand years with the physicians, to recommend their patients to get drunk once a month!

The paper on Alcibiades gives occasion to a discussion on one-eyed beauties, squinters, &c. The Princess Eboli, mistress of Philip II. of Spain,

had but one eye, but was, notwithstanding, a miracle of beauty. It was upon her and Luis de Maguiron, the most beautiful man of his time, who had lost an eye, that the following famous epigram was made:—

> Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
> Et potis est forma vincere uterque deos;
> Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
> Sic tu cœcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

The author of this epigram, which is equal to anything of the sort in any language, was one Amaltheo, an obscure Italian poet.

Leaving the ancients, and coming down to later times, we find the following passage on Mary Queen of Scots, which will be read with interest:—

> Mary did not neglect the care of her beauty during her long imprisonment in Fotheringay Castle. Brantome is rapturous about the charms of her person, which the awkwardness of the executioner unexpectedly exposed, when he tore off the body of her gown, and her low collar. But Mary, who like Anne Bullen, studied effect in death, had prepared to be charming in the last scene; and, like Anne Bullen, she was not only pious, but really witty in her dying moments. She hastily gathered her dress about her, and pleasantly reproved the executioner by saying: "I am really not in the habit of putting off my clothes before so much company." If Mary had not murdered the worthless and heartless Darnley, she would have been deservedly ranked amongst the most amiable of women; while her long captivity, and her death on the scaffold—certainly not on account of her great crime—fully entitle her to be regarded as a martyr to her own beauty, the victim of another woman who envied her and abhorred her for her charms, and who, if Mary had not been so provokingly lovely, would have easily pardoned her for the death of a husband, who had proved himself wholly undeserving of her love or even respect. The murderess of Darnley had real injuries to avenge; the assassins of Rizzio had simply a thirst of blood to gratify.

We had marked many other passages for extract—passages characteristic of the author's desire to do justice to the memories of persons who have long been regarded as infamous, but on whose behalf much may be said, when the circumstances amid which they lived and acted are taken into consideration. These personal sketches are enlivened with many characteristic anecdotes and events in the lives of the originals, which are but little known to the public, but which throw much light on the tempers, dispositions, and habits of the parties concerned. No reader of history or biography will regret either the money bestowed in the purchase or the time devoted to the perusal of these volumes.

Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London. By R. W. VANDERKISTE, late London City Missionary. London: Nisbet and Co., Hamilton and Adams. 1853.

SIX years' experience among the back slums of modern London, have put Mr. Vanderkiste in possession of a fund of information respecting the struggling, the abandoned, the destitute, and the criminal classes of our population, such as could not possibly be derived by any other means. This unpretending volume, compiled from his own diary, though containing necessarily but a very partial account of what he has seen and done, furnishes a series of startling disclosures, which, were not the public prepared for them by what has been previously written, would assuredly not obtain credit. It is the office of the city missionary to lift the shabby curtain which veils the life-drama of the vicious and the wretched from the general gaze, and, penetrating behind the scenes, to impart religious instruction, in the hope of awakening religious consciousness, in the bosoms of the forlorn and miserable actors. Whatever expectations the reader may form of the disclosures which a thoughtful and observant man, thus occupied for six years, might have to make, he will probably find them exceeded in this narrative. Truth is so much stranger than fiction—the sketches of actual biography here given so much transcend all that romancists have dared to invent, that we find ourselves marvelling more at the recital of bare facts, of the authenticity of which we are not permitted to doubt, than at anything for which heretofore a fertile imagination has sought to obtain credence. It is no wonder that this work has already run through two large editions; the more it is known the more is its circulation likely to increase. Few persons interested in our social condition and progress, if aware of the value of the materials of this volume, would long remain satisfied without possessing it: we hope to contribute to their satisfaction by commending it to their notice—the more so as in purchasing it they may add their mite towards the funds of the Mission, which participates in the profit to be derived from its sale.

Scenes in Other Lands, with their Associations. By JOHN STOUGHTON. London: Jackson and Walford, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1853.

THE title of this volume is more descriptive of its contents than, in the present book-making age, titles always are. The reader need not look for adventures, or even incidents of travel; but if he be of a thoughtful and contemplative turn, he will find something that will please him better. The author excels in descriptions of scenery, and in the expression of its influence upon the mind; and, being well versed in the history of the soil upon which he treads, be it where it may, his "associations" are always apt, interesting, and instructive. Much of this volume is not new to us, because we had the pleasure of hearing it from the author's own lips at a certain literary institution; yet it reads none the worse, but all the better for that. The chapter entitled "Stories about the City of Berne," which struck us as most entertaining on delivery, we also find the most agreeable in perusal—though we prefer for extract the following account of a bathing-place, which is both comical and graphic:—

> The baths of Leuk are places of large resort for invalids, who come hither to seek the benefit of the medicinal waters. They are impregnated slightly with a moderate proportion of sulphate of lime, a little sulphate of magnesia, with faint traces of potass, soda, silica, and iron. The temperature of the water which forms the springs, being as high as 124° Fahr., is the quality which imparts to it its chief value as applied to the treatment of the human system. There are eighteen

or twenty baths in this little village, and a visit to them is among the most amusing things that a stranger can conceive.

Imagine one of them. You enter a barn-like building, with four large cisterns in it, divided by a narrow pathway. They remind one of the pits in a tanner's yard. Each cistern is about twenty feet square. And there they are, with men, women, and children, sitting up to the neck in the water. The bathing-dresses give them a strange uniformity of aspect, but their countenances and employments afford diversity enough. Some look desperately gloomy, and some look brimfull of fun; some look on the very brink of the grave, and some so hearty and robust that you wonder what they have come there for; some sit silent in a corner; some are singing and laughing most lustily; some are having a private *tête-à-tête;* some are taking coffee or snuff from little wooden tables floating about the water; some are playing at chess or draughts, or reading books or newspapers, and some are engaged in squirting water at each other through their fingers. This last employment is by no means confined to the juveniles. The presence of strangers seems to put no restraint on the bathers. There they sit, to be looked at or laughed at, perfectly indifferent it seems to what you think of them. Nor is their stay in these watery apartments of short duration; eight hours a day do many of them there soak themselves, till they are perfectly sodden; and one might imagine before this process, which lasts about three weeks, terminates, their hands and feet would be literally webbed. At length you see one and another of them emerge and disappear through a side door; and then, on quitting the bath-house, it is amusing to watch them issuing forth and gliding across the street, muffled up with handkerchiefs, loosely covered with morning gowns of divers materials and patterns, and crowned with caps of all shapes and sizes.

On walking out an hour or two afterwards one may recognise on the promenade some of the quondam inhabitants of the water. A face before seen squeezed up under an oiled bathing-cap, now smiles from under a smart bonnet, and a portly figure left wrapped up in a bathing-gown, now struts in the attire of a priest in all the bravery of sash and bands, and broad brimmed hat; his shoes, of course, glittering with huge buckles.

These Scenes, with their Associations, carry the reader over a good deal of ground—the Rhine, the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, some of the old Italian cities, and last, not least, Venice, which is exhibited in a sort of dream or vision, obviously suggested by Dickens's treatment of the same subject. The book is an agreeable companion for a quiet hour, and may be read more than once with pleasure and profit. We must be allowed to add, in justice, that it would be all the better without the writer's poetical rhapsodies, which are in an odd kind of blank verse—very blank indeed, and containing examples of quantity against which we are bound to give a decided protest.

The British Cabinet in 1853. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row.

It is a long while since the public have been so much interested in the personal character and political antecedents of a Ministry in power, as they are at the present moment. It is natural, therefore, that they should desire to know what is to be known regarding those to whom the reins of Government are intrusted. This volume has been prepared to supply that information upon the easiest terms. It appears to have been written in an impartial spirit, and is, evidently, the work of a writer familiar with public events, and desirous of rendering justice to all parties.

Christ's College, Brecon, its Past History and Present Capabilities considered, with Reference to a Bill now before Parliament. London: Longman and Co. Tenby: R. Mason. 1853.

This pamphlet contains many valuable suggestions in reference to Mr. Goulburn's Bill for the remodelling of the College at Brecon, South Wales. The author proposes that the college continue in the locality of its original foundation; but that it be converted into a school for the education of the Welsh Clergy, conducted on the same system, and offering the same advantages as the great public schools in England, at a cost within their means, and lying at their very doors; and further, that its benefits should by no means be confined to those who are designed for the clerical profession, but should be extended to all those of the upper and middle classes, of whatever denomination, who are willing to avail themselves of it. It is plain enough that he who makes this proposition has been long intimate with the business of education, and is well qualified to judge of the practical working of any educational scheme. He anticipates the only valid objections which can be urged against his plan, and in answering them strengthens his case. He may feel assured that his advocacy will not be thrown away; it is too eloquent in style, too forcible in argument, too rich in practical good sense and liberality of sentiment, to pass unheeded. We know not if these few sheets be a specimen of Welshman's English, but we do know that a more chaste, gentlemanly, and scholarlike composition we have seldom read.

Adventures of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., Rajah of Sarawak, &c. By George Foggo, Secretary to the National Monuments' Society. London: Effingham Wilson. 1853.

Mr. Foggo has here scraped together a number of detached passages from Mr. Brooke's Diary and other documents, with the purpose of making him out a monster of ambition and bloodshed. Be the Rajah guilty or not guilty, we protest against this attempt to criminate him in the eyes of the people of England while he is upon his trial at Singapore. It is possible, by one-sided statements, to get up a charge against any man whose actions are before the public; but there is small honour in the attempt in any case, and it may chance to recoil upon the experimenter when he least expects it. We shall soon know the truth with regard to this complicated business.

Prison Discipline. By C. M. Obermair, Governor of the Munich State Prison. With a Prefatory Notice, by Alexander Baillie-Cochrane. London: Ridgway. 1853.

This pamphlet furnishes more corroborative testimony of the advantage of mild and reasonable treatment in the management of criminal prisoners. Mr. Obermair first broached his opinions on this subject nearly thirty years ago. In 1830, he was appointed manager of the prison of Kaiserslauten,

where he proved the superiority of his system by reforming above ninety-one per cent. of the criminals under his charge. In 1842, he was appointed Governor of Munich Prison, where the results of his management were equally successful. Last year Mr. Cochrane, while residing at Munich, visited the prison. For the details of what he there saw, and for some valuable extracts from Mr. Obermair's work on Prison Discipline, we must send the reader to his pamphlet.

The Sceptic. By ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. London: Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE writer of this little work labours in a good cause; but she is a better disputant than a story-teller. The narrative has a cheerless, lugubrious tone from beginning to end, and terminates in a suicide without motive, and under circumstances which never did or could induce self-murder in this matter-of-fact world of ours. Among the characters the only one with a touch of nature about him is old Vincent—and he is an obstinate old fool. Jane is a talking image—a pious wooden doll, without sense, and, what is worse in a pretty young girl, without sentiment. James and Alice are the good people of the tracts "for gratuitous circulation," whom we are thankful to say we never meet with in the world, and it is to be hoped never shall. Ralph the sceptic is not even a blockhead, but a block without a head, set up by Eliza Follen to be knocked down by Dr. Howell at a long shot. The Dr. is an amiable, good-natured, polemical sawbones, very long-winded, but not very intelligible, who is continually shooting beside the mark, and woefully missing his aim. We would hope that the author's Christianity is based upon something stronger than Dr. Howell has to show—else she runs a good chance of being overthrown in argument and perverted by the first of Mr. Holyoake's disciples who may think it worth his while to undertake the task. The intention of this work is good—but that is all. Let no one expect to convert the sceptic by its means; and, on the other hand, let no doubter or disbeliever imagine that, because he can scatter these arguments to the winds, Christianity has no firmer basis to rest on.

Memorials of Early Christianity. By G. MIALL. With Illustrations. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

A BRIEF and popular history of the early church, free from polemical discussion and sectarian bias, has long been a desideratum. Ecclesiastical history is proverbially a dry study, and is associated in the minds of most students with the vision of ponderous and dusty tomes, heavy to handle and wearisome to read. The author of this volume deserves the hearty thanks of the religious world for rendering them what we conceive to be a very important service. His Memorials contain the history of the Church from the public teachings of the Saviour down to the time of Constantine; they are excellently written, and while they exhibit proofs of careful research and sound judgment, are in the highest degree interesting and instructive. The book will be a boon to all Protestant families, and cannot fail to be generally appreciated.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

The Museum of Classical Antiquities: a Quarterly Journal of Ancient Art. Part IV. and Supplement. London: T. Richards, 37, Great Queen-street. 1853.

Mechanics' Institutions; What they Are, &c. By Alexander Kilgour, M.D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1853.

The Half Century; its History, Political and Social. By Washington Wilks. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

Usque Adeo? or, What may be said for the Ionian People, &c. By an Ionian. London: Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

The National Miscellany for May, 1853. London: John Henry Parker.

Schools and similar Institutions for the Industrial Classes. By the Rev. R. Dawes, M.A. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1853.

Lord Wrottesley's Speech on Lieut. Maury's Plan for Improving Navigation. London: J. Ridgway. 1853.

Beauty. A Poem. By the Author of "Silent Love." London: R. Hardwicke, 38, Carey-street. 1853.

Mazzini, Judged by Himself and His Countrymen. By Jules de Bréval. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1853.

Infidelity; its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies; being the Prize Essay of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance. By the Rev. Thomas Pearson, Eyemouth, N.B. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

Journal of Health, for May, 1853. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

History of Religious Intolerance in Spain; or, an Examination of some of the Causes which led to that Nation's Decline. Translated from the Spanish of Senor Don Adolfo de Castro, by Thomas Parker. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Accidental Death Insurance Company.—The annual general meeting of the "Accidental Death Insurance Company" was held on Monday, the 2nd of May last, at the offices of the Company, 7, Bank Buildings, Lothbury. Mr. Mayne, the Deputy Chairman of the Board, presided, in the absence of Kenyon Parker, Esq., Q.C., Chairman. The advertisement by which the meeting had been convened having been read, the Secretary, Mr. Young, read a Report, of which the following are the business items:—"The gradual but steady and progressive increase in the business of the Company since its commencement is most gratifying and satisfactory to the Directors, as will be shown in a comparison of the premiums taken during the third year with those of the first and second of the Company's business. The balance-sheet of the books is on the table for inspection, and a copy thereof has been forwarded to each shareholder, in terms of the deed of settlement. The total number of policies issued to the 31st January last is 7,876, of which 3,145 were issued up to the 31st of January, 1852, and the

remaining 4,738 during the last year. The premiums received during the three years amount to £10,605 19s. 1d., of which £1,228 1s. 6d. was received in the first year, £2,668 15s. 7d. in the second year, and £6,709 2s. in the third year. This shows a rapid but, at the same time, a most steady increase in the business, which will be better explained in a tabular form as follows:—The premiums for the first year were—

Single premiums ..—....	£443 18 6	
Annual ditto	784 3 0	
		£1,228 1 6
For the second year—		
Single premiums........	£258 15 0	
Annual ditto............	1,860 18 10	
Renewals	549 1 9	
		£2,668 15 7
For the third year—		
Single premiums	£237 13 0	
Annual ditto............	3,653 18 0	
Renewals	2,434 11 5	
Pending	382 19 7	
		£6,709 2 0
		£10,605 19 1

"Since the commencement of the fourth year there has been a still greater improvement. During February, March, and up to the 25th of April, the new premiums have been as follows:—

Single	£201 11 6
Annual	1819 18 7
	£2,021 10 1

while the renewals are coming in in a most satisfactory manner.

"The amount paid in claims up to the 31st January last was £3,522 4s. 10d., of which £1,172 was for fatal, and £2,350 4s. 10d. for non-fatal claims, viz.—

Up to January 1852—		
Claims—fatal	£250 0 0	
Non-fatal	271 13 8	
		£521 13 8
From Jan., 1852, to Jan., 1853—		
Claims—fatal	£922 0 0	
Non-fatal	2078 11 2	
		3,000 11 2
		£3,522 4 10

"The ordinary expenses for the last year were £3,055 11s. 8d., but this is greater than the actual current expenses, many of the liabilities of the previous year not having been paid until after the books were closed for that year.

"The last year's business of the Company will therefore stand thus:—

Premiums		£6,709 2 0
Claims	£3,000 11 2	
Expenses	3,055 11 8	
Commission	374 4 7	
		6,430 7 5
Balance		£278 14 7

"By the balance-sheet, however, it will appear that the funds at the disposal of the Company are as follows:—

At bankers'........................		£1,174 14 7
Cash in office		25 0 0
Investments		1,046 5 0
In hands of agents, say	£1,239 17 3	
Deduct for Commission, Charges, &c.	239 17 3	
		1,000 0 0
		3245 19 7
From this should be deducted for unsettled claims, say		1,000 0 0
		£2,425 19 7

"Such being the state of affairs, the Directors have felt it their duty to declare interest upon the paid-up capital of the Company, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, under the provision of the 141st section of the schedule to the deed of settlement, for the last half year; and have drawn up a resolution to be submitted to the meeting to that effect. Since the Directors last met the shareholders, the amalgamation of this Company with the late Railway Assurance Company has taken place, and by that means the whole of the capital has been subscribed for, and the amount thereof increased under the Act of Parliament from £100,000 to £110,000." The Report was unanimously received and adopted.

London and Provincial Law Assurance Society.—At the annual general Meeting of the above Society, the following Report of the Directors was read:—"The Directors, in meeting the proprietors at the end of the Society's seventh year, have little to record beyond the fact that they are carefully pursuing the course they at first laid down, and are transacting a prosperous and safe business with all consistent economy. The Shareholders will perceive with pleasure that the premiums on the new assurances effected during the last year amount to £3,009 2s. 2d., which exceed the corresponding item of the previous year's balance-sheet by £834 0s. 9d. It will be seen that there have been sales of considerable sums of stock, the Directors having been enabled to invest the proceeds at an improved rate of interest. The average rate on the total funds of the Society, is now about 4½ per cent per annum. The investments on the 31st December, 1852, amounted at cost prices, to £93,101 18s. 8d., of which the sum of £15,675 14s. 0d. has been invested in the course of the year. At the present prices of the funds, the government securities are worth considerably more than the sums originally paid for them. In estimating the present capital of the Society, the shareholders will bear in mind that the paid-up capital amounted only to £36,948. The income of the Society during the past year was nearly £20,000. The whole expenses of management (including advertising, but exclusive of commission) were £1,912 10s. 5d. It is satisfactory to be able to state that, notwithstanding a year's deterioration in the value of the lives insured, and the additional risks since undertaken, the claims paid during the last year, did not exceed the sum paid in 1852, viz., £2,400. The Directors cannot help again observing, with regret, that many of the shareholders do not take due interest in the Society. With a proprietary second to none—with an invested capital now amounting to upwards of £100,000, and an income exceeding £20,000 per annum—with the confidence and stability which necessarily result from past success, and the near approach of a division of profits in 1855, there can be no doubt that the Society offers every advantage to the assured. (Signed) "GEORGE MARTEN, Chairman."

The statement of receipts and expenditure subjoined to the Report, but, which we have not room to insert, speaks well for the management of this Society, and shows that it is progressing advantageously for its members.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1853.

GERVINUS, AND HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

Whilst the fate of Gervinus, which some two months ago seemed decided, though leniently, against him, has been again unsettled by a singular and unexpected retroversion upon the original judgment, and again re-settled by a complete victory of public opinion in his favour, with his restoration to freedom, the great interest his case justly excited has thus been kept keenly alive; and it will be by no means inappropriate to give to our readers a summary of, and critique upon, the work which has led to this inexorable prosecution, from the pen of the Countess d'Agoult, one of the ablest of the French writers of the time. Her critical acumen and rare breadth of thought and practicality of judgment have, during the last few years, under the assumed signature of Daniel Stern, given her a high position among the writers on the side of rational and well-balanced liberalism in France. The pitiful absolutism which has for some time crushed there everything like free speaking through the press, has also crushed her rising name, which several remarkable writings immediately preceding the revolution of 1848, and part of a history of that event since, had deservedly begun to extend. Her remarks, in this case, come with double interest, as representing to some extent the voice of gagged and expatriated liberty in France, communing, as it were, with gagged and imprisoned liberty in Germany. The hints given subduedly yet expressively here and there, of writhing under this caged and crushing state, must therefore be taken as full of meaning, not loud, but deep.

"In times of political passions," says Augustin Thierry in his *Letters on the History of France*, in 1820, "when it is so difficult, with one's soul stirred within, to withdraw from the general agitation, I think I have found a means of repose in the serious study of history—not that the vision of the past, or the experience of the ages, could induce me to cast aside my first longings for liberty, as mere youthful dreams; on the contrary, I cling to them more and more; I love liberty as ever, but with a less impatient love—I see, and say to myself that, in all times and in all countries, men have risen who, in different situations and with different opinions from mine, have burned with the same longing as myself, but have died, for the most part, before seeing realized what they had anticipated in idea. The world's fate is accomplished slowly, and each generation, as it passes, does little more than hew out a single stone for the construction of the great edifice, which ardent souls see in their dreams. This conviction, rather serious than sad, weakens nowise the individual duty of marching straight on through the seductions of interest and vanity, nor the duty of peoples to maintain their national dignity; for though it may be only a misfortune to be crushed under the force of circumstances, it is a disgrace to lie down servilely under it."

Considerations analogous to these have incited one of the most eminent minds of Germany, to resolve to write the History of the Nineteenth Century. Gervinus, like Augustin Thierry, has recognised, by personal experience, the salutary effects of what he calls, *the historical contemplation of the world* (die geschichtliche Betrachtung der Welt). Like him too, he would fain propagate among his cotemporaries the serious study of history, which he deems particularly useful in revolutionary epochs; when, with blow after blow, the apparent disorder of events unsteadies the understanding of many, to raise whose courage, to confirm whose principles, to dissipate whose mistakes, something must be done.

And, in good sooth, since the historian of the *Conquest of England by the Normans* somewhat sadly expressed himself compelled to love liberty with a *less impatient* love, till now, when M. Gervinus informs us that he too has learned from history to lay aside *impatient hopes of immediate results*, how many catastrophes, how many unexpected blows have fallen upon our generation, dashed to pieces its work, dispersed its forces, and now teach it, almost spite of itself, to measure the desperate disproportion which has existed in all times, and seems only to increase in ours, between the rapid far-foreseeings of genius, with its ambitions and its longings, and the imperturbable slowness of the times.

Already, in 1837, Gervinus began to be persecuted for his political opinions, as he then, along with Professors Dahlmann, Grimm, Ewald, and Weber, energetically maintained constitutional rights against the obstinacy of the King of Hanover; he was subsequently a very influential member of the liberal party in the Frankfort Parliament. He has written a *History of Poeti-*

* "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century." By G. G. Gervinus. London; H. G. Bohn. 1853.

cal Literature in Germany, which has become a national work among the Germans. Also considerable essays on Goethe and Shakespere, and a highly esteemed volume of *Philosophical Essays*. He now, in this work, addresses to his country grave and noble counsels, delivered with the double authority given him by his public life and his solitary meditations. He speaks not only as a philosopher, who, from a lofty point, takes in the whole scope of things, but as a citizen, who, in difficult crises, has, with ready co-operation, acquitted his debt to the fatherland. On this double ground, the work of Gervinus deserved to draw public attention; and it has not failed to do so.

Hardly had the *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century* appeared at Leipsic, when it spread all over Germany. It was almost immediately seized in the grand-duchy of Baden; its doctrines, according to the interdict, constituting the crime of high treason. Of course this only increased the propagation of the volume. Although seized again afterwards at Leipsic, and then interdicted in most of the German States, it continues notwithstanding to be in every one's hands. The results of this interdict to M. Gervinus we know so far. The jury could not be brought to fulfil the impeachment of the author for *high treason*, and, to the ill-restrained applause and delight of the people, found him guilty only of the minor political crime of *exciting sedition*, with a comparatively light sentence of imprisonment, adding to that an order for the destruction of the book. This judgment however, of the 8th March, the Court of Appeal at Manheim rescinded as over-lenient, and ordered a new trial on the charge of inciting to high treason. The result of this remains at present to be seen.*

The work thus brought before the attention of the public, will soon doubtless be translated in France. (In England it has just been produced to us from the press of Mr. Bohn.) Meantime we shall endeavour to give an analysis of it here. This will not be difficult, for M. Gervinus has not only indicated, as we have seen, the moral aim of his book; he has also given a bold sketch, with rare precision, of its philosophical plan. According to him every limited period of history presents a character of unity, determined by anterior influences and easily laid hold of. Considered in longer periods, history presents, on the contrary, two opposing forces, whose alternate and balanced success throw the mind into doubt, and seem irreconcilable with the idea of progress. But if we take in a vaster cycle, if we watch, through a succession of several ages, the march of mind over the rise and fall of events, we recognise the ever upward tendency towards a higher end. It becomes impossible to deny the constant extension and the more and more enlarged realization of an all-ruling idea; the law of progress reveals itself with admirable clearness.

Starting from this general basis, laying down first of all these premises, M. Gervinus unrolls before our eyes a picture of modern history, whence he deduces theories on the future of Europe and the form it must take, which are certainly discussible, but are also interesting, ingenious and often profound. In trying to trace down through the past that law of social development, the study of which one of our cotemporary philosophers has called *socialogy*, M. Gervinus shows that, from the fall of the Byzantine empire, the history of the Christian states of Europe forms a complete whole, a sort of unity similar to that formed, in pagan antiquity, by the history of the group of Greek peninsular States, and in which may be observed a somewhat analogous order and progression. In modern Europe, as in ancient Greece, society seems generally to pass from the absolute monarchic to the aristocratic state, and thence sometimes to sheer democracy, sometimes to a mixed and tempered state, in which the three monarchic, aristocratic and democratic states co-operate in the institution of the laws. In modern, as in ancient history, out of the wars and tumults of political revolutions, progress marches onwards by the extension of liberty from one to many, and then to all.

M. Gervinus shows, with much sagacity, why, in these different phases of social metamorphoses, this passage from absolute monarchy to oligarchy is effected without much obstacle; whilst, on the contrary, that from aristocratic to democratic government, sometimes helped, sometimes hindered by the royal power, is so long and so difficult. The immense wealth and territories possessed by a small number of families facilitate formidable leagues among them, fatal to the power of a single individual; whereas, in democratic movements, the extreme division of wealth, the inequality of intellectual culture, and the frequent opposition of interests, present almost insurmountable obstacles to the co-operation of sufficient will and power, among the multitude, to attack successfully an aristocracy with fortresses and arms, experienced in combat, defended by numerous vassals or allies, and aided, in case of need, by the foreign nobility. So, in the middle ages, as in ancient Greece, the democracy did not triumph till the aristocracy had degenerated, abused its power, and become enervated by idleness and pleasures. Almost everywhere too, the people still felt the need of a leader, a potent and skilful master, a tyrant who should aid them, indeed, to overthrow the aristocracy, but to plant himself afterwards in the vacant place, and perpetuate the supreme power in his own family. This wrestling of powers and classes occupies a period of two ages in Greece. In modern Europe, where it has assumed colossal proportions, it has continued for four centuries, and does not yet seem drawing to a close.

M. Gervinus explains this state of indefinitely prolonged struggling by going back to its source. He attributes it to the innate antagonism of the Roman and Germanic nations, whose two opposing geniuses strive for the dominion of the modern world, without the one having yet been able either to conquer or absorb the other. He sums up, with clearness, the essential characters of these

* He is now, as we have mentioned, at liberty; the Government having abandoned the prosecution.

two geniuses; the one of which, without considering nationalities, perpetually aspires to form vast states, and to attain universal sovereignty, by the concentration of civil and religious authority, and by administrative centralization; whilst the other, on the contrary, protests against all centralization, seeks to confederate the states, to establish universal independence, separation and extreme division of powers; which has lately been denominated *particularism* in Germany.

At the beginning of the middle ages, the Roman Empire was the sole and brilliant example, to the new generations, of a constituted State. Its re-establishment was the aim of the first invaders of Italy; and since Charlemagne, who realized it, down to our times, this idea has continued its influence from age to age. After the taking of Constantinople, and the definitive establishment of the Turks in Europe, the Papacy, feeling the necessity of binding closer the links of Christian unity, and giving it a centre, tried to found a spiritual sovereignty at Rome. The rivalry of the popes and the emperors, the impossibility of their agreeing and co-operating long towards a common aim, neutralized forces which, united, would have been invincible. But the most constant obstacle to the formation of a universal empire, in church or state, was the genius of the Germanic races, which energetically resisted the absorption of nationalities, the papal or monarchic absolutism; and which at length concentrated and personified, so to speak, in a man of extraordinary audacity and vigor, violently broke off from the genius of the Roman races and turned against it.

The story of the death struggle which, at the voice of Luther, began between Protestantism and Catholicism, is one of the most remarkable passages of M. Gervinus' book. The author depicts excellently the easy and rapid establishment of Protestantism among the peoples of German race. He explains how the threatened Papacy managed, with the aid of the Spanish monarchy, to keep it out of the countries of Roman origin.

After having led us through the different phases of the Reformation—which was first monarchic in Germany and England, under the influence of Luther and Cranmer, which became aristocratic in the countries under Calvin's influence, and finally took a democratic form under the sway of American Puritanism, but, from the first, contained all the germs of absolute rationalism—M. Gervinus traces, with a firm and brilliant pen, the part which he assigns to France in this great movement of modern history. We turn to this portion of the *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century* with all the more interest, that the author draws, from his reflections on the past, prognostics of the future; and forms conclusions, from the part which France has taken hitherto in the Germanic Protestant struggle against Roman Catholicism, with regard to the part which he thinks her called on to take in the revolutions which agitate Europe. France, he says, has constantly held a mixed position during the great struggle of the South against the North, of the Papacy and the Spanish monarchy against the Germanic States. She has turned alternately towards the one and the other side, as if the double Germanic and Gallo-Roman element of which she is constituted rendered it impossible for her to abandon herself entirely to either current of ideas. Now, the growing power of Europe alarms the kings of France, and they league with the Protestant States against it; again, they dread their dangerous neighbour, England, and return to the alliance of the Catholic princes. When Charles V. beats the French in Italy, the Valois unite with the Landgraves, Philip and Maurice, against Spain; in 1569, they combine with Spain against England, and, three years afterwards, they return to the English alliance against Spain.

Henry IV., who, belonging to both creeds, seemed to personify the indecision of the French in religious matters, managed to keep up connection simultaneously with the Catholic and Protestant powers. Under Richelieu, the preceding alternations recommenced. Whilst the skilful minister allied with England against Spain, and aided the separation of Portugal, he concerted with the Roman court plans of attack against England, and then entered into alliance with Sweden against Spain and Austria. Following out this policy, Louis XIV. sometimes took the side of the insurrectionary Protestants, sometimes that of the Stuarts. Hereupon M. Gervinus remarks that every time that France has taken the side of the Protestants, and joined with England, whether in the time of Henry IV. or that of Louis Philippe, she has been favourable to the cause of liberty; and he adds judicious though perhaps over severe reflections, on the moral effects of this so variable policy of the French kings. During these alternations, he says, the religious and political character of the nation and of its government has failed to attain solidity or stability; the history of modern France presents the strangest duality of principles in its government, its classes, its parties, and its literature. Absolutism exhibits democratic fantasies, and democracy inclines towards despotism—literature oscillates between Pagan philosophy and Catholic faith. Poets chaunt republican virtues with servile tongues—parliaments wheel round suddenly from cringing obedience to fitful rebellion. The Sorbonne one day teaches the "right divine," and the next, the sovereignty of the people. The Jesuits insinuate into the guidance of civil and of religious affairs maxims quite contradictory; and in all directions, changeful and unsteady spirits are seen dragged or driven by opposite routes, towards the most extreme ideas.

France, continues the author, which has thus failed to decide absolutely for either of the religious creeds, has shown herself hitherto equally incapable of adopting, with abiding tenacity, any political constitution. Yielding alternately to the influence of Montesquieu, who considers representative assemblies and the English constitution as the perfection of government; and to the influence of Rousseau, who, under the inspiration of the Calvinism of Geneva, preaches the absolute

sovereignty of the people, whence the American constitution is logically derived; the French nation hesitates between these diverse principles, and, in its revolution, passes, with incredibly rapid whirl, from absolute monarchy, to a modulated royalty, then to the republic, then to an oligarchy, and back again to absolutism and constitutional royalty; and all this without ever showing, throughout such a series of revolutions, any instinctive predilection for any one particular form of government, even without any of the momentary constitutions being ever applied in its full extent.

Thus, says M. Gervinus, in the first constitution attempted in 1791, the fundamental principle of a mixed monarchy was disregarded as soon as laid down. Hardly had the third estate acquired political rights, when it abused and exceeded them; from having been nothing, it wanted to be everything. In place of sparing the rights of the crown, as in England, and claiming only equal rights with the other orders, it almost annihilated the royal prerogative, and destroyed, at a blow, all distinctions, all hereditary privileges. But, whilst acting in so democratic a fashion towards all which was above it, it assumed a quite aristocratic bearing to all beneath it, and erected privileges for itself.

Thus, the third estate seemed to aim at establishing its own sovereignty. Yet, consistently with this inconsistency, which M. Gervinus so sharply lays to our charge, it laid down in the preamble of the constitution of 1791, the principle of participation by all the citizens in the expression of national will, otherwise called the sovereignty of the people. Thus it raised from below a rival force, at the same time that it threw down from above all its support, by driving the nobility to emigrate, the king to fly, and the clergy to refuse the oath of adhesion. The constitutional state, which everywhere needs time and the co-operation of all classes, in order to its development, soon destroyed itself by its contradictions and anomalies. Then the *fourth order*, as M. Gervinus goes on to say, that is, the masses which had remained passively without the pale of political rights, in its turn, effected its revolution; and in its constitution, along with universal suffrage, established absolute political equality, the unlimited sovereignty of the people. The republic was constituted on the basis of American democracy. But still again, instead of logically deducing from this principle all its sequences, the French rejected federal organization. The republic rivalled absolutism in the excessiveness of its centralization, not only of government, but of administration also, and so prepared the way for despotism again. Bonaparte, who, like Charlemagne and Charles V., aspired, with the aid of the papacy, to universal monarchy, and wished to found a military state with a new feudal nobility, exhibited no less inconsistency than the republic; introducing into his code essentially democratic arrangements, and spreading over Europe, by his conquests, the spirit of equality of the French revolution.

By his violence towards crowned heads, by the overthrow of ancient dynasties and the artificial establishment of new kingdoms, without consideration of the compatibility of races and nationalities, Napoleon shook all the foundations of the old social order. The traditional submission of the people to the royal houses was destroyed. The glory which girt the brows of kings vanished. Seeing so many princes deposed, driven about and disgraced, it became clear to every one that they were only men after all. Finally, the war of independence, excited by the mad pride of Bonaparte, and his all-crushing spirit of domination, strongly roused general opinion, wakened the political conscience of the peoples, and opened before Europe a new era. The grand rising which took place in the name of national independence and liberty, the fallacious promises of the princes before the battle, in order to engage all classes of society, their ingratitude and treachery after the victory, were a painful but instructive experience for the democracy. Confidence in reforms coming from the higher regions, and in grants of charters, was destroyed. The influence of France, which had spread through Europe a strange mixture of absolutist and of revolutionary notions, sensibly diminished. A new influence came into operation, one more in accordance with the peculiar character of Germanic civilization, namely, that of the American democracy.

The development of this idea, and the study of this great moral and political crisis occupy a considerable place in the introduction of M. Gervinus, and deserve our full attention. In his eyes, the American constitution is the most complete expression of the modern democratic idea; which, according to the formula he has given us of progress, is nothing less than the universal extension of that liberty, which, in monarchies and aristocracies, is the privilege of a single man or class. He exhibits historically, and by reason, the superiority of this constitution. He shows it to us in its germ, in the first establishments of the Germanic race, which carried the republican spirit of German, English, Dutch, and Swedish puritanism into the new world, where none of the constitutive elements of ancient society could rise to resist it. Leaving behind them all the hierarchic and aristocratic traditions and prejudices of Europe; rejecting, after the war of independence, the royal and parliamentary sovereignty of Great Britain; the puritan emigrants raised in the United States an entirely new social edifice, on the basis of an absolute rationalism, on the principle of a natural right, equally belonging to all, anterior and superior to all the historic and particular rights which regulate European societies. They expressed, in the *Declaration of Rights*, the fundamental principle of all democracy, the sovereignty of the people.

The greatness of the American Constitution, exclaims M. Gervinus, with an enthusiasm which contrasts with the usual restrainedness of his style, lies, not in the ability with which it brings complex and pre-existent elements into order and submission, as the English Constitution does, but

in the bold logicality with which it applies a single fundamental principle. It did not require to bring into equilibrium diverse influences and pretensions, and acquired rights; it did not seek to reconcile ancient customs and new tendencies. It has realized Rousseau's doctrines, under the inspiration of Calvin. All is rational and progressive in this new state, which M. Gervinus calls, *par excellence*, the state of the future. All in it assumes a character of simplicity, and good sense; all in it is animated with a spirit of assimilation and generalization, which makes it a perfect model for all peoples. The marvellous and rapid development of a vast state, free, happy, and prosperous, without king, without nobility, without clerical hierarchy, has struck old Europe with admiration. Astonishment and desire have been excited, by seeing universal suffrage exercised, without disorder, over an immense extent of territory; the most modifiable political constitution produce the greatest stability of conscientious adherence; unlimited liberty of worship increase religious habits; the absence of a permanent army fortify military spirit; and the conglomeration of a population, arriving, as it may happen, from all parts of the world, engender a patriotism which strikes vigorous roots in the love of liberty. The *Declaration of Rights* has become, for the whole world, the Evangile of the democracy.

The current of civilization, which had hitherto flowed from east to west, with the Germanic races, stops at the United States. The democratic Protestant idea has there found its extreme term and its fulfilment. It there throws aside all the nationalities it had preserved in Europe, loses the character of sect and limitation, and becomes universal. The current changes its course. As, in past times, Oriental despotism was the initiator and model of the European absolute monarchies; so, in the future, the Western republic shall be the initiator of the European democracy. The influence of the West on the East, of America on Europe, has begun to be felt; it becomes daily more manifest.

Notwithstanding his partiality against France, M. Gervinus is obliged to confess that it is by the agency of "the greatest of Roman Catholic nations" that this change is being wrought. France, prepared for it by her free-thinkers, by the *Contrat Social*, by the sympathizing co-operation she lent to the establishment of American democracy, is the first to drink in the democratic idea, and soon, by her power of expansion, spreads it near and far.

In tracing an excellent picture of Europe, at the moment when the American idea appears first on the stage there, the author gives, with his usual sagacity, an explanation of the sympathies and the antipathies it met with there. England, which had slowly and by a natural historical development arrived at the formation of a political constitution, absurd in theory but excellent in practice, and inapplicable to any other nation, could not but look with uneasiness and distrust on the invasion of democratic rationalism among the European peoples, whom she had hitherto so far surpassed in political progress. Russia, where Oriental despotism and the Sclavonic idea of universal domination are in full vigour, and which believes itself appointed to the mission of renovating the youth of enervated Europe by the irruption of its barbarous masses, is the declared enemy, the irreconcilable adversary of liberty and of the republican idea. So it must be in spite of England and Russia that the American influence can triumph in Europe.

M. Gervinus has no doubt of its doing so. In his eyes, the democratic movement has all the character of a providential progress, which no power, however redoubtable, can henceforth stop. This movement is *instinctive, universal,* and everywhere *identical.* The democracy grows, extends in all ways, with almost geometrical progression; sometimes revolutionarily, by violence and brute force; sometimes naturally and insensibly, by a fortunate contagion of ideas, which unites the peoples without treaties of alliance, and makes them converge towards a common end. The democracy has as its ally, time, and as its instruments, innumerable multitudes. It alone has the power of inspiring energetic revolutions and passionate devotedness. None of the advantages its enemies may gain over it are durable, because their successes depend on ephemeral circumstances and on mortal men; whereas democracy, even after reverses, does not wholly lose the ground it had gained; and out of the midst of the troubles and darkness which still at present envelop it, it is coming to a more and more distinct consciousness of itself and of its aim.

This aim is the definitive emancipation of the class which M. Gervinus has called the *fourth order;* it is the solacing of all who suffer, the deliverance of all who are oppressed.

In examining the question whether it is to Germany or to France that the task of efficaciously aiding this universal emancipation is reserved, our author does not come to a very explicit conclusion; but he does not fail to let us guess his opinion. Being himself German and Protestant at heart, seeing nothing beyond the American Constitution, which he considers the most perfect form of modern democracy, he does not doubt that it must ere long, be adopted by the group of European states which he has compared to Ancient Greece, and which M. Auguste Comte has called the *Western Republic.*

As soon as this hypothesis is admitted, and it is indeed based on strong presumptions, it becomes easy to demonstrate that Germany is better prepared than France for such a transformation. Her simple manners, protestant education, natural leaning to federalism, and her assimilative genius, make her disposed for this change; whereas France, now, as formerly, seems given up to a spirit of contradiction, which may make it doubtful whether she could enter upon the paths of democratic progress with sufficient resolution and perseverance to become the leader.

It must too be admitted, sadly and shamefully, that the most recent events, the most prominent facts of our present history, are not calculated

greatly to modify the severity of the judgments which a foreigner may pass upon us. The French appear to M. Gervinus more than ever incapable of fixing steadily upon anything.

"With too little patience to found a constitutional monarchy, they have displayed, in these latter days," he says, "a very mediocre comprehension of what republican institutions really are. Always carried away by extreme ideas, their immoderate fondness for equality, and their tendency to licence, imperils liberty at every moment among them. And they see no refuge from the dangers of this licence, except a sort of Roman dictatorship, which, in the end, proves to be incompatible with the actual state of the public mind. They have at once both a need and a hatred of authority. Aspiring after unheard-of progress, they fancy that they will realize it by means of Communism; that is, by the social state of the Egyptian and the Russian peoples. Their political dogma is 'everything for the people,' and their actual practice, 'nothing for the people.' French statesmen are not even agreed upon the essential point as to whether Europe is young and needs new institutions, according to M. de Lamartine; or whether she is old and worn out, as the school of M. Guizot maintains."

It is plain that, to do justice to the work of M. Gervinus, we have had to silence everything like national self-esteem. We willingly admit that, in giving this analysis of the "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century," we have had to omit, or touch superficially, many excellent and most ingenious historical and philosophical ideas, considerations, and developments; and that we have but imperfectly fulfilled our task. Still we have attempted it conscientiously, as far as our narrow limits would allow.

Before concluding, however, we would protest against the exclusiveness of the author's point of view, and the consequent exaggeratedness of his conclusions. Without at all denying the strong influence of German Protestantism upon the developments of society, granting even that the Protestant education of the peoples has been everywhere favourable to liberty, and seems the best preparation for democratic institutions; we yet think that M. Gervinus does not enough consider all the other elements which compose modern civilization, and impress on it so complex a character and movement.

Thus, he has made a serious omission in passing by silently the economic and scientific state of European society, which, in our idea, determines and overrules the political revolutions. By seeking to deduce everything from that opposition between federative German Protestantism and centralizing Roman Catholicism, which he points out at the commencement of his work, he has bound the cause of liberty too exclusively to the cause of Protestantism. He neglects to bring before us notable exceptions to the rule which he has laid down in too absolute a manner. He does not speak to us of the Protestant absolutism which reigns in Prussia, of the Anglican oppression which weighs upon Ireland. He is silent upon that hateful slavery which is maintained and justified with revolting cynicism by the Puritanism of the United States. He forgets, also, that Catholicism has shown itself to be compatible with the establishment of the Italian Republics, and with the most extreme democracy in the Swiss Cantons; that it has never succeeded in centralizing Italy; that it has not hindered Poland from being dismembered; and that finally, the only Constitutional Governments on the Continent, which the absolutist reaction has not crushed, are Catholic States.

These observations, however, do not go so far as to pretend that the principal conclusion of the book of M. Gervinus is false. On the contrary, the events which are being accomplished under our eyes, obtrude themselves daily upon us to confirm its truth. We only regret that it has been left incomplete, and that a mind so capable of embracing the entirety of circumstances, should have gone no farther than put forth a commencement of ideas; very important, doubtless, in modern history, but to which it is not correct to trace entirely the action and reaction of the multiple forces which, by their co-operation or by their antagonism, work out, now-a-days, the immense task of European civilization.

A FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

If Englishmen, on their continental rambles, are often too apt to ridicule the foreigner, and pronounce a sweeping condemnation upon whatever differs from their home ideas and preconceived notions, it must be admitted, upon the other hand, that no people are readier to join in any laugh that can be fairly raised, at their own foibles and peculiarities. In a French theatre, for instance, at the performance of one of those pieces in which British stiffness, pronunciation, and peculiarities are paraded and exaggerated, none are seen more heartily to enjoy the joke than members of the nation thus caricatured. Abroad, owing to a certain rigidity of manner, which contrasts with continental suppleness, owing also to a taciturnity that usually springs from dislike to speaking a language with which they are imperfectly familiar, Englishmen are often set down as shy, haughty, and susceptible. Shy and haughty they may sometimes be, but susceptibility cannot fairly be laid to their charge. It must be admitted that abroad they are not very often put to the test in this respect,

and that their well-filled purses, and the good taste and feeling of the people they ramble amongst, prevent their being taken as marks for ridicule, even by those whom their eccentricities most strike. The days are fortunately past when foreign visitors to England could not be sure of the like consideration and immunity. The prejudiced dislike which long wars fostered in English breasts, especially towards our nearest neighbours and most frequent visitors, the French, has completely disappeared, and even the lowest classes of the people are no longer prone to manifest it. Steam, on land and water, by facilitating intercourse, has done much to efface old grudges, and to familiarize us with things that we formerly ridiculed, or were disgusted at. A man may now walk about London with a patriarchal beard, or smoking a fantastical pipe, or attired in an outlandish costume, without having a mob after him, or being offensively stared at. The difference is so great in the degree of tolerance and civility shown to foreigners in England now and some twenty or thirty years ago, that Frenchmen may frequently be heard to remark and congratulate themselves upon it.

Notwithstanding this change for the better, it is an undeniable fact, that very few Frenchmen find themselves comfortable in London. Three things combine to destroy their happiness, and these three things may be summed up in as many words—climate, charges, conversation. A Frenchman, it must be observed, comes to England with a thorough conviction that the sun scarcely ever shines there, and that everything is enormously dear. He also, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, knows not a word of the language; for, in respect of modern languages, French education is very deficient. He feels completely out of his element; he misses his cheerful coffee house, his amusing theatre, his light wine at a low price; he grumbles over the solidity of beefsteaks, and the heaviness of porter, and he becomes convinced, to his infinite chagrin, that French is not, as he long had fondly suspected, a language universally understood in all civilized countries. Placing him in the very best position, allowing that he has good introductions and finds hospitable entertainers, he still rarely attains a condition that can be properly called enjoyment; he may find London very tolerable, and perhaps admit to himself that in time he could get to like it, but, before that time comes he is back again to *la belle France*, and feels, with his feet upon the asphalte of the Paris boulevards, like a chrysalis that has suddenly burst into a butterfly.

M. Jules Lecomte, is a French journalist who has just given to the world his impressions of a June spent in London. His book might be called, "The little Miseries of London Life." He certainly had some mishaps;—he arrived in wet weather, for instance, and that seems one of his chief grounds of complaint; but, upon the other hand, he seems to have found admission into the society of persons distinguished both for high position and intellectual accomplishments, and to have had many compensations for rainy day and muddy streets. But the skyey influences strongly affect him, and moreover he is indignant at the expense of residence in London. He begins by informing us that England at two hours' steam from France, is as far removed from it as China, owing to the difference in the national character—a difference which he also traces in everything he sees, hears, tastes, and touches. He declares himself transformed; he neither feels nor thinks as he does in France, and he devotes a chapter to analyzing and defining his sensations. Then, by an abrupt transition, for he is amusingly desultory, he passes on to the subject of decorations, orders of knighthood and so forth.

"One of the first things which a decorated foreigner is advised to do upon reaching London, is to put his ribbon in his pocket. The person thus advised, naturally asks why. The reply, rather disdainfully spoken, is: 'Those things are not worn here; it is not the custom.' This answer not striking you as clear or conclusive, you repeat your question, until at last your adviser informs you, that it is because there are no decorations in England. It is the old story of the fox and the grapes. The grapes were too green, our ribbons are too red."

M. Lecomte thereupon proceeds to argue that the English, having no order of knighthood, such as all continental countries possess, to bestow upon their poets, artists, men of science, &c., are envious of the rosette or end of ribbon displayed at the foreigner's button hole, and do not rest easy till it is put out of sight. The order of the Garter and the Bath, of the Thistle and St. Patrick, are exclusively reserved, he says, for the aristocracy of name and rank, and denied to that of merit and genius. And he tells us how M. Guizot, the son of a trader, received from Spain the order of the Golden Fleece, the most illustrious and aristocratic in the world. The example is particularly unhappy, since nobody has forgotten the disreputable transactions for which Louis Philippe's minister (amiable in his private character, but, as a statesman, most unscrupulous), was thus honoured by her Spanish Majesty. And not a few examples might be cited of men who have risen from lower rank than M. Guizot, to more honourably-won reputation, and who now wear upon their breasts the ribbon of the Bath. The Garter, as M. Lecomte is not perhaps aware, has peculiar limitations, but even that (with due deference to his opinion of the Golden Fleece) *most* illustrious order in Europe was offered, we may remind him, to Robert Peel, the cotton-spinner's son. M. Lecomte has indeed a most mistaken idea of the value set in England upon foreign decorations, especially when those have been prostituted as the Legion of Honour has been. He evidently is ignorant that every continental swindler who makes a descent upon London, displays a rainbow of ribbons in his button hole, and he mistakes for envy his adviser's friendly desire to give him an appearance of respectability.

"I have been twelve days in London," moans poor M. Lecomte, "and I have seen the sun

twice. Confident in flowery and sunny June, I had filled my trunk with imprudences. In my insanity, I had even deprived myself of the society of my umbrella, and had left France in a white hat, in consequence of which I wore my black opera *Gibus* during my whole stay in England. And when I reflect that I had already been in the country and yet committed all these unpardonable mistakes! But the month of June? thought I to myself. Pshaw! what does June signify in England? So I had to dress myself from head to foot as one does in November, or even in December. At her Majesty's Theatre, one night that I went to hear "Fidelio," enormous coal fires burned in the grate, and the red-coated soldiers were warming themselves. A tacit confession, on the part of the English, of the horrors of their climate. It is noon at this moment, and here am I, writing and shivering in my room, with the wind howling amongst the trees in the square and the rain pattering against the windows. I have got a fire, and yesterday I bought a pair of boots, whose soles, of *gutta percha*, seem built upon piles."

After giving us an inventory of his lodgings in Wimpole Street, and abusing English furniture in general, which he designates as uncomfortable, hard and angular—the mattresses being, to the best of his belief, stuffed with ship-biscuits, so that he daily gets up more fatigued than when he lay down—he devotes a chapter to a little gentle satire of English manners and prejudices. We will make a short extract, to show how a Frenchman, of at least average intelligence, and who in his own country has a certain reputation for wit and talent, may mingle, either through ignorance of the language, or as a result of hasty and superficial observation, the grossest absurdities with some acute remarks. Etiquette, he begins by informing us, is a word which the stiff and formal English found so charming, that they adopted it into their language and now use it on every occasion, in and out of season. He then enumerates a host of things which are not etiquette.

"It is not etiquette to blow one's nose, to spit, to sneeze. What is one to do? Is it etiquette to have a cold? It is not etiquette to talk loud, even in Parliament; to walk in the middle of the street; to run to get out of the way of a carriage. You must let yourself be run over. It is not etiquette to close a letter with a wafer, for then people say that you send them your spittle; or to write without an envelope. Neither is it etiquette to go to the opera with the smallest flower or stripe upon your waistcoat and cravat; or to eat soup twice; or bow first to a lady; or to ride in an omnibus; or to go to an evening party before ten or eleven o'clock, or to a ball before midnight; or to drink beer at dinner without immediately returning the glass to the servant. It is not etiquette not to shave every day (the majority of Frenchmen, it must be remembered, never wash their face but when they shave, and shave, if at all, but every second day), or to be hungry, or to offer to drink to a person of high rank, or to be surprised when the ladies leave the table at the dessert. To wear black in the morning or coloured clothes in the evening, is not etiquette. To address a lady without adding her christian name, to speak to a person to whom you have not been introduced, to knock gently at a door, to have a splash of mud on your boots, no matter how bad the weather; to have copper (*penny*) in your pocket, to wear your hair cut short or a grey hat, a silk handkerchief, a decoration, a great beard, or even a little one—all that is quite contrary to etiquette."

After such a farrago of mistakes and exaggerations, one is hardly prepared for the sensible remarks that follow on the subject of English money-worship. It is quite useless for us to cheat ourselves with words; evade the matter as we may, we must confess, if we would be candid, that we are adorers of the golden calf. "In France," says M. Lecomte, "wit, talent, genius are worshipped; in Italy and Spain, pleasure; elsewhere, ambition, glory; but, in England, gold is the god bowed down to. As, in the main, the middle classes envy and admire the aristocracy of lords, the merchants spend considerable sums to assimilate themselves, by ostentation, with that privileged class, still powerful and full of *prestige*, notwithstanding the revolutions of neighbouring states. It is related that Lucien Buonaparte settled in England with the full intention of living there economically. But he soon found that this was not *respectable*, and he was compelled to ruin himself in order not to cast discredit on the memory of the emperor. The Emperor of Russia, displeased at seeing his subjects encumber their property to defray the heavy expenses of their visits to London, resolved to deal a vigorous blow to the prejudice which holds extravagance indispensable to respectability. The Czar went in a hackney-coach to visit the monuments of London. *Shoking!* The sensation caused was great, but the lesson was ill understood. All the Czar gained was to be often rather cavalierly received by the guardians of the public buildings. It is the desire to *appear* that causes the many anomalies by which the stranger in London is surely struck. To *appear* what? Rich, above the rank one occupies . . . . an instinctive and continual homage to that God of all—Gold."

Fluent on this theme, M. Lecomte pursues it for some time, and winds it up with an anecdote which, if not true, is, at least, *ben trovato*. Dining out one day in London, there were at table a young girl, pretty, high-born, but poor, and an old nobleman who, in his latter days had resolved to marry. The object of the dinner was to bring together the ill-assorted pair. They were placed next to each other, and the young lady's relatives had strongly impressed upon her the necessity of her doing the amiable with the opulent personage she was expected to captivate. The task seemed little to the poor creature's taste, and she evidently put small heart in the matter. The soup was on the table; her mother made a sign, as much as to say: "Begin the attack!" The daughter said the first thing that came into her head. "The soup is very hot, my lord," she observed.

"What?" said the old man.

The young lady repeated her innocent observation; but her interlocutor was very deaf and called to his servant for his ear-trumpet. This had got mislaid in the bustle of arrival from the country. When, at last, it was found, dessert was on table.

"What did you say, Miss A——?" enquired the old nobleman, turning his ivory ear towards the rosy countenance of his charming neighbour.

"I said, my lord, that the soup is very hot!" replied the poor bewildered girl.

"Yesterday," concludes M. Lecomte, "I was assured that the deaf peer finds the young person charming, and that he is about to marry her. She is in tears; but her family has great need of this alliance to recover its *respectability*."

M. Lecomte did not come to England to institute comparisons with his own country, but to make observations. Otherwise we might wonder at his being struck by a mis-match of this kind, since, in France, it is well known, marriages of *convenance*, or suitability (the term applying to considerations of fortune and in no degree to those of character, age and affection), are the rule, and love-matches the exception. We must be indulgent, however, for a shade of acrimony in the reflections and criticisms of an unhappy Frenchman in London, confined to his lodgings by cold and wet in the jocund month of June, compelled to light a fire, and wear *gutta percha*, and bruise himself amongst "angular furniture." He cannot get over the weather. "In London," he says, "people are so surprised at, and proud of a sunny day, that, when it occurs, all your acquaintances accost you with the remark: 'Very fine weather, Sir!'" He admires the fortitude of the English during the much more frequent and less agreeable phases of their climate, and especially the perseverance with which they pursue pleasure under the most unfavourable circumstances. And he gives as an instance, a concert, in a public garden, where Jullien officiated. The tickets had been taken beforehand; the day was soaking wet, but, sheltered under two or three thousand umbrellas, the audience stood out the pelting for the sake of the melody. The mention of this concert brings on a chapter devoted to Jullien, the musician, whom M. Lecomte couples with Soyer, the cook, as two clever French *charlatans*, who have skilfully turned English gullibility to account. As regards the cook, we are much inclined to agree with M. Lecomte, for his reputation, made solely by adroit quackery and newspaper puffery, was blown down as quickly as it was blown up. But Jullien, although his compositions are far from being of an elevated school, and although some of his proceedings certainly savour of the mountebank, deserves well of the London public, and has been largely instrumental (we mean no pun) in fostering the growing taste for music in England, by affording opportunities for its gratification at a price previously unknown. Shilling concerts keep thousands from far less innocent amusements, and we are not disposed to join M. Lecomte in his sneers at their original promoter. At the same time, we have read with amusement the chapter he gives to Jullien, and which, like most chapters of his book, is an odd mixture of truth, prejudice, and exaggeration. Jullien was first noticed by the public as leader of the concerts at the *Jardin Turc*, at Paris, since built over. A five-story house now stands where he once stood, as we have all so often seen him in London, with primrose gloves and shirt-cuffs turned up to the elbow, wielding the sceptre of king of the orchestra. It was during his reign at the *Jardin Turc* that, according to M. Lecomte, the following accident happened to him:—

"He had an extraordinary duel, unprecedented save amongst Ariosto's fabulous heroes. One of his musicians, who had been fencing master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time, the encounter took place, with swords, and he received a furious thrust, which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his sword, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow, after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterwards, Jullien had resumed his baton and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris. The circumstances which decided him to quit Paris, were, like everything in his life, singular and out of the common way. Having some cause of complaint against the authorities, he revenged himself by the composition of an odd posting-bill, in which a combination of letters, put in larger type than the others, formed, when seen from a distance, a word offensive to the police. He had to run for it, and then it was he went to England."

According to M. Lecomte, Jullien admits himself to have received from the English public, in ten years, more than *two millions sterling*, which is perhaps possible, although we do not take for granted all our French friend's assertions, many of which appear to us to be rather loosely made. He concludes his sketch of the popular musician's career—not by an eulogium of Pietro il Grande, that unfortunate opera which was brought out, at such prodigious expense, at the fag end of our season, to be as it would seem, totally forgotten before the commencement of the next—but by a written portrait of him in the midst of his concert-room, at his superb music desk, gilt and carved, or sinking, languid and exhausted, into his crimson velvet arm-chair, and by a well-deserved tribute to the generosity and obliging qualities by which Jullien has acquired the good-will of the public and especially of his fellow-musicians.

In his eleventh chapter, M. Lecomte undertakes to prove two paradoxes, namely, that in

London a shilling is exactly equal to nothing, and brandy the universal panacea. Have you a headache or a toothache, are you sick or sorry, have you cut, bruised, or scratched yourself, or are you racked with rheumatism; in short, for all the ills that flesh is heir to, brandy, he declares, is invariably prescribed. "I recollect," he says, "in Italy," (M. Lecomte has already informed us that he has been a great traveller,) "where northern usages are rarely adopted save by foreign visitors, hearing ladies of the country reply to a stranger who offered them tea: 'Thank you, I am not unwell.' Tea is a remedy still applied to many kinds of indisposition, even in France, where, however, as in Belgium, it is now generally used as a drink. In England, people drown themselves in tea, to facilitate the digestion of quantities of beef. So that tea is no longer a medicament to those used-up *(blasé)* stomachs, and brandy becomes your only remedy." Then we have the shilling misery, upon which head M. Lecomte is piteous and pathetic. "When you are told," he says, "in London, that the entrance to any place costs nothing, put it down as a *shilling!* here the two words are synonymous. Thus, at the *Zoological*, at *Wauxhall*, at *Cremorne Garden*—those establishments which here represent the Château-Rouge, Mabille, the Parc d'Enghien, &c., deducting the gaiety—the entrance is usually half-a-crown, something more than three francs, and upon the least pretext, or without any, it rises to five shillings. The distance is too great to go on foot; carriage another three shillings, and to return the same. Then, to see the balloon, shilling; to see the menagerie, shilling; to sit down in the Kiosk, shilling; to approach the music, shilling; to see the female savage, shilling; if you are thirsty, several shillings; if you are hungry, a great many shillings," &c., &c. M. Lecomte, there is no difficulty in perceiving, has thought more of making humorous sketches, than of giving correct information. But this, of course, since he does not profess to write a guide-book, he has a perfect right to do. We can imagine his less-travelled countrymen reading, with mingled consternation and amusement, his account of the monstrous expense, in London, of anything in the shape of recreation, and vowing that when they roam abroad on pleasure bent, it is not to costly Albion they will turn their vagrant steps. There is more truth and justice in this lively traveller's strictures on the Italian Opera in London, on the exorbitant prices and compulsory full dress —even in the pit—this latter requirement being carried to such a vexatious extent that the slightest deviation from the prescribed black and white in cravat and trouser, entails rigorous exclusion. It is quite refreshing to turn to a place where M. Lecomte finds something cheap. He evidently attaches great importance to the discovery, for he devoted the greater part of a chapter to it. "There are three things, and literally only three things," he says, "which are cheap in London, and those are, flannel, pots, (earthern or iron,) and lobsters. By an association of colour I may add oranges. And yesterday I paused before a sight which would have drawn a mob in Paris, a cartload of pineapples at a shilling a piece! This reminded me that last winter we greatly alarmed a celebrated artist, at a grand dinner he gave, by offering to cut a pineapple, placed at the summit of a pyramid, and which he had hired at Chevet's for five francs, in preference to purchasing it for sixty."

It is hard to fix the exact degree of knowledge of a language, without possessing which none should venture to criticise, at least in print, the people by whom it is spoken. If a perfect colloquial acquaintance with it were made a *sine quâ non*, the restriction would be excessive. But it surely may be fairly claimed of a man of letters, who sits down to write a book about a foreign country he has visited, that he should have at least a complete reading knowledge of its tongue. That M. Lecomte, literary man and journalist though he be, does not possess this qualification, is evident in various parts of his diverting but flippant volume. For instance, when reflecting upon what he ironically terms "The delicacy of the English mind (*esprit*)," and stigmatizing the excess and exaggeration which everywhere strike him, he turns to the advertising columns of the *Times*, and has a hearty laugh at what he designates the charlatanry of our advertising system. Hitherto we had thought his countrymen at least our equals in that respect. We have not yet got to printing advertisements on the drop scenes of our theatres, nor can the most artfully disguised and tardily developed puffs of a Nicol or a Moses vie with the admirably ingenious *reclames* daily contained in every paper published in Paris—paragraphs so cleverly concocted that it requires long initiation to detect the mercantile intent. M. Lecomte, however, gives the palm to the English advertiser. He stumbles upon the announcement of *A substantial family-house*, this meaning, he adds, "a house in which families are treated substantially." *A very desirable house to let*, he paraphrases into "a house in which one cannot help desiring to live, as soon as one has seen it." Excepting in the case of a few notorious puffers, English advertisements are generally straightforward and business-like in their wording. M. Lecomte would have had better ground to go upon, had he taken up and illustrated the fact that large fortunes are constantly making in England by dint of vaunting, as first-rate, inferior goods sold at prices apparently low, but very high when compared with the real quality and value of the merchandise. The prodigious nuisance of the advertising vans, monster carpet bags, and the like, might also fairly have excited the animadversion of a French censor.

After showing up so many of M. Lecomte's vanities, errors, and misapprehensions, it is but fair to give a specimen of his more sensible style. There is both truth and self-knowledge in the following comparison, or rather contrast, established between French and English. After speaking of the material and positive nature of English ideas and tendencies, he continues thus:—

"This is exactly what constitutes the strength

and power of England. These qualities—which we, people of subtile sensations, who do not need to be struck so hard in order to vibrate, designate as faults—result in the English, (who are all iron and coal,) in that positiveness which makes them the ruling nation of the globe. I repeat it, we have the form, but they have the substance. We are ingenious in trifling things, delicate, refined, full of taste, fickle, fond of words, seduced by sparkle, turning to every breeze of pleasure and caprice, and paying dear for our follies. We get up revolutions for the sake of *change*, without knowing if we shall be *better off*, and very often finding ourselves *worse*. We laugh at the laws. We laugh at everything! The Englishman, who laughs little, respects *that force which he loves, and which he puts into everything he does;* so that his very faults and foibles, amusing to notice in individuals, in the practice of social life, form, when applied to the collection of men united in a nation, that which constitutes the greatness of a state and its preponderance in the world. Our wit, our frivolity, are charming gifts, by the aid of which we ruin ourselves . . . . most gracefully! The *positivism* of these beef-eating people, who have a bad ear for music, who fill themselves with beer, make everything of iron, and physic themselves with brandy, has given them one hundred and twenty millions of subjects in every quarter of the globe."

During his residence amongst the beef-eaters, M. Lecomte frequently solaced himself by a visit to a fellow-countryman, who, unlike himself, found means to endure and even to enjoy, for a considerable term of years, London's climate, kitchen, and manifold disagreeables. This was the late Count d'Orsay, upon whom M. Lecomte passes a high eulogium, extolling particularly the zeal and charity he displayed in the establishment of the Society for the Relief of Destitute Frenchmen in London—extolling, also, the grace, accomplishments, and social qualities of the fascinating man of *ton*. He then tells, at some length, an incident he himself witnessed—an exploit, much in the style of Sheridan, which D'Orsay once performed in his presence. He was sitting one morning with D'Orsay, who was in his bath, when a dun made his appearance—a City jeweller to whom the Count owed a few hundreds, but who was much less uneasy on that score than on account of a large credit, for twice as many thousands, which, at D'Orsay's recommendation, he had given to an Indian nabob, reputed immensely rich, but who had suddenly disappeared, leaving the Hebrew unpaid for his costly service of plate. The creditor was clamorous and even insolent, demanded guarantees, and would not be pacified, talked of writs and arrest. The Count reclined in his bath, pensive and silent. 'Suddenly, just as the man had put on his hat and was about doggedly to depart, D'Orsay bounded out of the warm water, exclaiming that he had thought of a guarantee to give him. The tradesman took off his hat. The Count, naked and dripping like a triton, seized a penknife, and went to a glass-fronted wardrobe in which was rather pompously displayed a general's uniform.

"'You see this coat,' he said, opening the wardrobe, 'this embroidery, these decorations. It is the dress in which my father died! to me it is as sacred as the uniform in which fell Nelson, on the *Victory's* deck, in the hour of triumph—!'

"The jeweller stared, not exactly knowing what was coming, and already rather daunted by the Count's great words and imposing tone.

"'Well?'—muttered he.

"'Well!' repeated D'Orsay, 'to satisfy you, I make up my mind to an enormous sacrifice. Here!' he continued, cutting one of the buttons from the coat, and majestically offering it to his astonished creditor,—'here is one of the nine buttons which fastened this noble uniform on my father's breast—I entrust you with the one nearest to his cross of honour—a cross given to him by Lord Byron, and which was found upon the battle field of Waterloo. Go; that button is a better guarantee than the signature of all the lords and peers in the three kingdoms. In less than a month you shall be paid.'

"Having said this, the Count again plunged into his bath, turned quietly to me, and resumed conversation.

"'But—but—if you do not pay me in a month?' timidly remarked the jeweller.

"'Well! Then—then—you may keep the button from my father's uniform!' said D'Orsay, pulling the bell and pointing out the stupified jeweller to his *valet de chambre*, who bowed him out.

"I could not but admire such an exercise of the gift of fascination, which nearly made me forget the comic feature of the case. The Count's grand air, his almost desperate act, his confident and resolute tone, the great words and names he introduced; uniform, general, father, cross, and Nelson and Byron, and Waterloo, dragged into the affair—all this had fascinated and subjugated the Jew from the city, who departed—partly turned out, certainly, but still with a vague conviction that he held excellent security for his money. And good enough it proved, for a fortnight later, the Indian, who had merely gone upon an unforeseen excursion to Scotland, returned and paid him, and D'Orsay wrote me word that he had had the button re-sewn upon the paternal uniform."

Before we take leave of this retailer of tales, more or less improbable, let us take his arm and step with him, for a few minutes, into the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He is surprised to see so much that is good. Unquestionably he tells us, courteously but confidently, we are inferior to the present French and Belgian schools, but nevertheless we have considerable merit. He applauds Landseer, whom he designates, not inaptly, as the La Fontaine of painting; he admires David Roberts (a painter, by the bye, who is generally appreciated in France); he tells us that *Sir Colicot* (he probably means Calcott) reminds him of Cuyp; and bestows high and well-merited praise on Webster and Stanfield, Creswick and Frost. And he lauds to the skies Turner's original and poetic effects. After which he men-

tions that Turner, after refusing enormous prices in cash, for pictures which he would not have been called upon to deliver till his death, left a will by which he desired that all his works, in his own possession, should be buried with him. A testamentary disposition, on the part of the eccentric Academician, which we now hear of for the first time. It was not carried out, M. Lecomte adds, the will being considered as a valueless document, on the ground of insanity, or at least of monomania.

After which last specimen of the anecdotes scattered through this entertaining volume, we take off our hat to M. Lecomte, extend to him our cordial forgiveness, and bid him a friendly farewell. Until our climate is amended, our atmosphere clearer, our furniture more convenient, our shillings less prompt to evaporate, we fear there is little chance of our shores being again graced by his presence.

JOE LOCKHART'S DREAMS; OR, A TALE OF THE NEUK STICK.

BY W. CARLETON, ESQ.

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

(Concluded from page 341.)

The next morning the first person to acquaint her family with the mishap which had befallen Mary was Cullinan himself, and their dismay and anguish, on sending over to the Neuk Stick Farm, and finding that she had not been there at all, could not be described. This was dreadful. The alarm was immediately given, a rapid search instituted, and the whole country raised to ascertain if any trace of her could be discovered. All, however, was in vain; they found nothing with the exception of her cloak, bonnet, and shawl, before alluded to, which were picked up in different parts of the river below the bridge. Its sides and banks were then examined, and from the nature of the foot-prints and other marks that were visible, it seemed almost a clear case that violence of some sort had been used. In fact appearances were very strong. In addition to the traces of struggle from which it was obvious that she had been lying on the ground—it also seemed evident that she had been dragged back towards the river. It is true all these circumstances were explained by Cullinan, who accounted for every mark that was observable, but, then, what had become of the girl herself? The only account he could give of her was, that having found herself upon the old stone Causeway already noticed, Mary absolutely and peremptorily refused to allow him to accompany her farther. She said Honor Burke would come round to meet her, and that in a day or two, if she had life, her friends should hear from her.

The fact of Cullinan having parted from her at the Causeway could in truth be neither proved nor disproved. It commenced within about a perch of the spot where Cullinan, in order to restore life, had been obliged to place her in a recumbent or lying posture, and as it was paved with stones, every one of which was considerably larger than a quartern loaf, it was consequently impossible, from the testimony of any footmarks, to say whether, either separately or together, they had gone by that way, or not. In addition to other proofs, Cullinan's staff was found upon the spot, and although he had changed his shoes the following morning, when joining those who sought for the body, yet it was found that whilst those he now wore did not exactly tally with the footprints made the preceding night, on sending home for those he had worn on that occasion, they were found most exactly to correspond. It is true he accounted for this very clearly, having put on his Sunday shoes that morning, because the others were too wet and dirty to be worn. There was a broken row of nails in one of the soles, which was also visible in the mark of the foot. All this he admitted; but although his mode of accounting for it might satisfy many who had known his previous amiable and humane character, still the suspicion against him was very strong, in consequence, especially, of the dark and vindictive threats he had on the very day of her disappearance held out against Mary. There was a reluctance, however, to take into custody a young man who had been for some time past looked upon as her intended husband; and as hundreds of people were out in all directions, scouring the country for intelligence of her, it was deemed proper merely to watch him well, without taking him for the present into custody. She had promised to write, besides, to her friends in a day or two, if she had life; and it was harsh, moreover, to suppose that Cullinan could or would murder a girl whom he loved so much.

In this way ineffectual searches were made every day for more than a week, but as no trace of her could be discovered, we may scarcely say that the sorrow, grief, and distraction of her family and friends, were loud and vehement. The proofs, too, were deepening against Cullinan, in the opinions of the people, for her family now discovered that she had taken her fortune along with her, and her mother declared that she (Mary) had told her on the day of her disappearance, that she would never marry Cullinan, and that she said, she had already made him aware of that circumstance.

On the day which was to close their searches for her body, a large crowd was once more assembled at the Neuk Stick Bridge, when George Lockhart, who had been one of the most active and indefatigable in these searches, was seen making his

way towards the Bridge; and having enquired if she had been found, was answered in the negative.

"No—she has not been found, George," replied her father, wringing his hands; "no—no, this bitter day, she has not been found."

"No, nor never will, a living woman," replied Lockhart. "Come here, constables," he added—pointing to Cullinan—"Go and take this man into custody—he's her murderer—if ever man murdered another."

Cullinan was then at length taken into custody; and the substance of Lockhart's testimony was to the following effect:—

He had been about to cross the Neuk Stick, to sit awhile in the house of a friend of his own, Jeremy Campbell, when on looking before him near the Bridge he saw either two or three persons entering on it, as if to pass over. He could not say whether it was two or three, but thinks it was only two—for he was not able to see distinctly, in consequence of the darkness. He cannot say why, but he suspected something, and listened for a few moments, but could hear no sound except the roaring of the flood. After that he ran over to the bridge to examine a little more closely, but the night had now got so dark that he could scarcely see anything. He thought, however, that he heard a splash in the water, but he did not pretend to be quite certain. Whereever they went after that, he knew not, but he neither saw nor heard any living thing about the bridge subsequently.

The constabulary were about to take Cullinan before a magistrate, when poor Joe, who had been looking on all the while, suddenly came forward to the constables, and in his own imperfect manner said, laying his hand upon Cullinan, "him no do it—let him go—here," he added, laying his hand upon George's shoulder, "him kill her—him bury her;" as he uttered the last words, he turned his eyes on his brother with a look of wild, but melancholy and mournful remonstrance.

George smiled at him, and merely said, laughing, "You poor fool, what puts such nonsense as that into your head? He doesn't know, of course, what he's saying," he proceeded, addressing himself to the bystanders; "these are not my footsteps—that isn't my staff—and I did not go home with dripping clothes, did I?"

The words of the idiot, indeed, went for little or nothing. It was known on some occasions that when his brother used to steal his few halfpence from him, or rob him openly, he was in the habit of charging him in those simple ebullitions of disappointment, sometimes with murder, and sometimes with robbery, or, in fact, with whatever crime came first to his imagination.

In the mean time one fact was certain, that George Lockhart's testimony was not farther corroborated than by the footmarks, &c., &c., and staff, circumstances which Cullinan himself admitted. When asked to account for his presence there at that hour, he stated that it was at the entreaty, even to tears, of no other than Joe Lockhart, that poor innocent, that he undertook to see poor Mary over the wooden bridge. "The poor boy," he said, "told me he had a dream about her, and indeed he seemed to have had a feeling or forethought on the subject, that looked as if it came more from God than from man; and it is very well known that God often speaks through such instruments." He did not know, he said, whether George Lockhart saw him that night or not; nor did he care. At all events, he did not see George Lockhart, but was strongly under the impression, that if any foul play had happened to Mary Cosgrove, Lockhart himself would be much more likely to have had a hand in it, especially as it appeared now that she had the money about her.

Be this as it may, the neighbouring magistrates upon the fullest possible investigation, did not feel themselves justified in committing Cullinan for a murder, of which there was no legal proof, the body having never been found, and the possibility existing that the girl might be still alive.

A period of six months had now elapsed since Mary's strange and mysterious disappearance, and nothing had occurred to throw any light whatever over that melancholy circumstance. A rather remarkable change had in the mean time taken place in Joe Lockhart. It was supposed that he would have manifested much grief for the absence of her for whom he had felt such a singular and almost unprecedented attachment. This, however, was by no means the case. In the course of a week or fortnight's time he appeared to have almost forgotten her; and it seemed that, to a mind so feeble as his, love required the presence of its object. On the other hand, his manner was essentially different from what it had ever been before. He became quite silent, timid, and easily alarmed by anything his brother said or did. In fact, a deep fear of George seemed to have come over him; he rather avoided him, he never contradicted him, but moped about by himself, and kept uttering low, unintelligible soliloquies that seemed to fill him with pain.

In this way matters stood until about the close of the seventh month, when one morning he went to his mother, and whispering to her, "Me had a drame, mother—me had drame last night."

"You had a dream, Joe? and what was it, child?"

"Me scared an cry—me feared—two times drame it. One time when Mary Cosgive lost, oder time last night—me feared—me cry."

"Why then sure enough George says you were crying in your sleep last night till you wakened him; but what was the drame, Joe?"

"Me no tell now," he replied, "me feared o' George—him no like me—me like him—but afeared of him."

Joe now disappeared for some hours, and his mother having occasion to go to the garden for vegetables, felt a good deal surprised at seeing the inhabitants of the country all in motion, and hastily directing their steps to one particular quarter. On enquiring from some who were passing near enough to be spoken to, she asked what was the matter, and why the people were running in such haste, and where they were going to.

"It's reported," they replied, "that the body of Mary Cosgrove's found, and that it was your son Joe that brought the constables from Roslea to the spot she was buried in. The coroner is there, and they're now holding the inquest."

This was simply the truth. Joe, after going out that morning, directed his steps to the little town of Roslea, where, on seeing the constables, he told them that he wished to show them where there was a dead body buried. First they laughed at him, but on the sergeant being made acquainted with the circumstance, he sent three men along with him, to ascertain the fact. Whether Joe then knew the name of the person buried, we are not in a condition to say. At least, if he did, he permitted no one to become the wiser, but kept the matter altogether to himself; neither would he give them any information as to the means by which he had discovered the place of interment. He trotted on before them, wild, pale, and agitated, and kept them at a brisk pace until he came to a long stone ditch about half a mile above the Neuk Stick. Having reconnoitered the place, he went over, and pointing to a particular spot on which lay three or four large stones, he said, "body there." The constables, on their way, certainly took it for granted that they were trotting after Joe literally on a fool's errand, and on this account they mentioned the cause of their excursion, and the very authentic information by which it was imposed upon them. This was sufficient, however, to gather a crowd; and when Joe and the constables reached the place there were at least two or three hundred people about them, prepared with spades and shovels, to test the accuracy of his information, and dig up the expected corpse. With commendable prudence and foresight the officials sent for Mary Cosgrove's parents and family, that they might have the best opportunity of identifying the body of their relative, if it should unhappily prove to be hers. In this, however, they found, alas, but little difficulty. Her unhappy parents knew her at once by her dress, by the colour of her hair, and, most certainly of all, by her late uncle's ring which she wore on her finger. The features too, as far as the collapse of death and the maceration occasioned by time and the grave enabled them to form an opinion, were the same; but the ring and dress set the matter at once beyond any doubt.

It was clear, on examination, that she had died by violence. In her hand she held clenched the greater portion of a shirt-collar, and in her neck was found the blade of a pen-knife, broken and sticking in one of the vertebral joints. Here then was the distressing and melancholy problem solved at last. The body was brought home to Cosgrove's, where it lay for a short space amid such grief and indignation as could rarely be witnessed. The coroner came—Lockhart repeated his testimony—Cullinan's rage at being rejected as a suitor for her hand—his threats, the marks of his feet, and all the other circumstances connected with her disappearance, now became significant, and conspired with fearful force against him. In fact, such a chain of evidence was adduced, as left the jury but little difficulty in making up their minds upon the subject; and when we say that a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned, we are certain that our readers will not feel surprised. He was forthwith committed to Monaghan Gaol, under the custody of the celebrated Johnny Short, where he lay in no enviable state until the Assizes should come round. During this whole time, however, and under all the proofs and charges that seemed so clear against him, he confidently asserted his innocence, and maintained that he was guiltless of ever having taken away, or wished to take away, human life. This, however, is so common a case with the most hardened and notorious criminals, that it went for nothing here.

At length the Assizes came, and George Lockhart, as the principal witness, was first upon the table. He appeared to give his evidence with regret, and from time to time looked upon the prisoner with an aspect of compassion—a circumstance which gave it more force, and made it much more destructive to the hopes of the latter, if he had any.

It is useless now to recapitulate circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted. It only remains to say that Cullinan was convicted to the satisfaction of every one present at his trial, with the exception of his own friends and relatives. The Judge, in pronouncing sentence, told him to prepare for death, as all hopes of mercy in this life were out of the question. He believed he was about to die by a just and fair verdict, and he did not think it possible that guilt could be more satisfactorily brought home to any criminal, and established against him, than it was in his case. The sentence of the Court, after the usual exhortations to repent and acknowledge his transgression, was, that he should be brought to the front drop of the gaol, on such a day, between such and such hours, and there hanged by the neck until he should be dead, and may God have mercy on his soul!

We shall not dwell upon the grief, shame, and distraction of his respectable family, on whose name and reputation neither stain nor stigma had ever before rested. They could not compel themselves to believe in his guilt, neither could they altogether attempt to deny it.

Time, when he brings death or evil to man, is swifter than the sun by whom he measures his paces. On this occasion, at least, Cullinan found it so; for without any hope whatever of earthly pardon, he had now nearly fulfilled the allotted term of his devoted life; in other words, only four days stood between him and that appointed for his execution.

It is difficult to say, however, what one day, much less than four, may bring forth. We have already mentioned to our readers that Tom Cosgrove had another wealthy bachelor-brother in America, by whom he and his family had been pressed to join him, with every assurance that they should inherit his property and partake of his abundance. It wanted just the four days we

have alluded to, to close Cullinan's unfortunate existence, by paying the dreadful penalty annexed to his crime, when one forenoon, three persons arrived in a hack-chaise at the head inn of Monaghan, which was not kept at that period with such comfort, care, and attention to the wants of the traveller or guest, as it is now by my old friend and schoolfellow, honest Peter M'Phillips.

The party in question consisted, firstly, of a bluff, honest, good-looking old fellow, rather portly in personal appearance, and with a face decidedly Milesian; secondly, of a handsome well-dressed and rather gentlemanly-looking young man; and thirdly, of a very pretty girl, with light brown hair, a pair of bright eyes that danced with glee and innocence, and a figure somewhat below the middle size, but at the same time of exquisite proportion. A small group of loungers stood a little before the open hall-door of the inn, one of whom made the following observation, as the strangers were passing to the door.

"Say what you will," observed the fellow who spoke, "I'll never believe that James Cullinan murdered Tom Cosgrove's daughter; and, mark me, do you come on Thursday next to see him hanged, and you'll find he'll stand up for his innocence to the last."

The female, on hearing these words, paused on her step, as did the younger of the two men, who supported her on his arm. Then both hurried into the coffee-room, where the female had scarcely been assisted to a chair, when she fainted.

"What, in God's name, is the matter with you, Mary?" asked the old man. "Has she taken ill?"

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the other, "this is dreadful! Here is an innocent man about to be hanged for a murder he never committed; but I don't nor can't understand it. Mary, my love, be a woman. Cheer up! There—that's a good girl. Now don't be alarmed. I know how you feel, for I heard distinctly what the fellow said. Here, put a little water to your lips, and it will relieve you."

"Call in that man, dear John," she said feebly, "till we hear these dreadful circumstances at greater length. Poor James Cullinan about to be hanged for my murder! How can such a thing be? but call in the man, and let him explain it."

We trust it is unnecessary to say more than that the female in question was Mary Cosgrove herself, living, and well, and happy. But we must proceed with our *denouement*.

When her husband brought the man in, as she had desired him, she put to him the following questions:—

"As we came in, my good man, I heard you say that there was a person named Cullinan about to be hanged for the murder of a girl named Cosgrove—one Mary Cosgrove, I think? Do you know the circumstances?"

"Why, yes ma'am," said he, "they're pretty generally known now. Some months ago Miss Cosgrove disappeared one night, at a place called the Neuk Stick, as she was going to look after the place and house of an uncle of hers, who had been some time dead. The next morning there was the appearance upon the soft banks of struggling, and in the course of the same same day, her cloak, shawl and bonnet were found floating in different parts of the river."

He then detailed the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, with tolerable accuracy; but when he mentioned the identification of the body by her own mother and family, in consequence of her dress and the ring—her uncle's—that had been found on her finger, Mary's amazement and distress were indescribable.

"Ah, my dear John," she said, "I know it all; I am afraid I know it all too well, and that a foul murder has been committed upon poor Honor Burke."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "do you mean to say, Mary, that there's an unfortunate being about to be hanged for your murder, my girl?"

"Indeed, uncle, I fear as much."

"Then, in that case," he replied, "we must not lose a minute. Let your father and mother be instantly sent for, and I'll go to the sheriff, for of course under these circumstances the execution must be stopped." The sheriff, who was at that time no other than the well-known Dacre Hamilton, of Monaghan, upon being made acquainted with the circumstances, and also upon satisfying himself by the testimony of Tom Cosgrove, his wife and family, that Mary was his daughter, and that a mistake, for which she herself accounted, had been made in identifying the body, sent an express to the Lord Lieutenant of the day, the Duke of Richmond, who dispatched a reprieve, that arrived barely in time to save Cullinan's life.

After the reprieve, and before a subsequent pardon arrived, Mr. Hamilton had a fuller and more satisfactory investigation, the principal facts of which we now subjoin:—

Mary Cosgrove, while living with her late uncle, had become acquainted with young Murray, whom his friends had destined for the church. Murray, in whose immediate neighbourhood there was no classical school, had been sent to a relative's, who lived adjoining the old bachelor Cosgrove near whose place a man, named Magrath, who subsequently became deranged, taught classics. In this manner Mary Cosgrove and young Murray had become attached without the knowledge or even suspicion of their respective families. At the period of her lover's intended, or rather pretended, entrance into Maynooth, it was arranged that they should both start for America, and throw themselves on the kindness of Mary's transatlantic uncle, who had frequently before written to her to come to him either with a husband or without one. She was about to place a full and unreserved confidence in Honor Burke, whom she was about to ask to accompany them; but, having observed some unexpected traits of bad feeling, if not of utter hardness of heart in that plausible girl, she resolved to bring her with her only a short distance, and then to send home by her an account of the steps she had taken—and this for the purpose of relieving the minds of her family from any undue alarm. The

accident at the Neuk Stick, however, had well nigh disarranged her projects, and closed her life. As it was—having recovered her bundle after the accident, she got rid of Cullinan, and soon was able to keep her appointment with Murray, who was waiting for her with a chaise about half-a-mile from the bridge, and as this was the very day on which his friends were under the impression that he was on his way to Maynooth, no earthly being suspected their design.

That the body found was that of the unfortunate Honor Burke, there could be little doubt, now that Mary was in a capacity to give her testimony on the subject.

She herself on that evening before they set out, as it was supposed, for her uncle's, brought Honor into her own room, where she clothed her in one of her own dresses, having put that which she took off into her bundle. When, however, Honor by pretended fear of crossing the Neuk Stick, proposed to go round by the stone bridge and meet her, she desired her not to do so—but to tell her aunt in Roslea that if she were alive, she would write to her friends in a day or two, for such was her intention. She then gave the girl her uncle's ring as a keep sake, and took farewell of her with an impression that as the Atlantic was soon to roll between them, she would never see her again.

Mary never liked the ring in question. Her uncle, as we have said, had bought it for a young female who had jilted him, and by whom it was returned to him after her marriage with another. How she had changed her dripping garments in a small uninhabited house of her uncle's, and how they had barely time to secure a passage to America in the only vessel then sailing for that country, it is scarcely necessary to detail to the reader. They had not even time to write home until they reached America, and when they did, it unfortunately happened that the vessel, which bore their letter, as well as many others, like the President, was never afterwards heard of nor seen.

Murray's friends never once dreamt of his trip to America, for in order to lull their suspicions, he had given them a touch of the long-bow by stating that the students of Maynooth are not permitted to write to their friends oftener than once in every six months; a piece of fiction, however unjustifiable, yet not greater than love has resorted to in similar emergencies. Both families, however, were instantly reconciled to the elopement and union, inasmuch, as Mary's reappearance, as it were from the dead, put them all in good humour and a disposition to be pleased with everything.

Now all this was plain and intelligible enough; but who murdered Honor Burke? and this brings us to Joe Lockhart's third dream.

About a month subsequent to Mary's return from America, Joe one morning, after unusual agitation, paid another visit to the constables of Roslea. "What Joe," said they, "you have a second discovery like the last to make?"

"Me had a drame," replied Joe, "an me'll show you, come. Poor George, him kill her."

"Kill her! Kill who?"

"Honor Burke; me drame it again—dat's tree time—and now me seen *her face*—seen George kill her, an' hide clo'es an' tings."

"This is both serious and extraordinary," observed the sergeant. "I shall accompany you myself," he added, addressing himself to his men "Come, Joe, we are ready to attend you."

"It is very odd," said one of the men, "that the day his brother charged Cullinan with the murder of Mary Cosgrove, Joe insisted it was not Cullinan but George himself who had done the deed."

"Oh," said Joe, "me drame him kill a woman and bury her, but me not see her face den—me seen it last night—was Honor Burke."

Murder, unquestionably, has its infatuation and oversight, or it would otherwise destroy the very mechanical instruments and traces of its own guilt. This neglect, however, is, we apprehend, an over-ruling of Providence, brought about for the purposes of ultimate discovery and punishment, that the shedding of blood may not pass unavenged. Be this as it may, Joe led them directly to an outhouse of his father's, where he pointed to a part of the wall exactly beneath the eave of the thatched roof. The sergeant himself mounted a little ditch that ran against that portion of the wall, on which he stood, and guided by Joe's directions, he pulled out a shirt stained with blood, and wanting the greater portion of the collar. From this bloody garment there fell a penknife, rusting with what seemed to be blood, but having one of its blades broken across.

We have said that Lockhart's family were of presbyterian extraction, and all their habits were proportionably neat, tidy, and clean. As a proof of this, there were found on the shirt in question, the letters well wrought in cross-stitch that constituted the name of George Lockhart, No. 5. He was immediately arrested, and on a painted deal trunk or small chest of his being searched, there was found in a false bottom of it, the very sum of money that had been paid by Bob Gott, with his name written upon every one of the notes, to unfortunate Honor Burke in Lockhart's own presence among others on the day she went to join Mary Cosgrove, who, most probably, had herself been prevented by the seasonable appearance of Cullinan from becoming a victim to the murderous rapacity of Lockhart and Honor. The collar that had been found in her death grasp, and the broken blade of the penknife were both found in Cosgrove's possession, who had brought them home as testimonies, that might be useful in any subsequent discovery, which they considered as connected with his daughter's murder.

The proof against the plausible villain Lockhart, was direct, flagrant, and conclusive. At the ensuing assizes he was convicted, and in a few days afterwards paid, by his life, the full penalty of his unmanly and remorseless crime. Owing to the respectability of his family connections, and in consequence of the warm interest that was made on the occasion of his execution, the body was permitted to be taken home, and interred in

their own burying-place, which was not more than a quarter of a mile from their residence.

Joe, on seeing the body, was deeply moved; he became pale and trembled, and as he touched his brother's features, and tried to make him speak, he appeared to suffer a strange, and unprecedented kind of emotion. The only words his father ever said to him, in connexion with George's fate, were upon the day after his interment—

"Joe, you have murdered your only brother."

It was singular that the wild, fantastic and capricious affection which he had entertained for Mary Cosgrove never again returned to his heart or remained in his imagination. In the case of his brother, however, it was otherwise. From the moment he saw his grave closed he never raised his head, nor did a single day pass that he was not to be seen about the grave-yard where he had been buried, "muttering his wayward fancies" to himself, and either sitting on or poring into the grave. He had always been known to indulge in a habit of speaking to himself, but now the habit became stronger than it had ever been before, and it was observed that there ran through these soliloquies a tone of sorrow, so singular and wild, and heart-rending in its expression, that it was difficult for such as were acquainted with the discovery through his means of his brother's murder, to listen to him without being deeply affected. The absence of reason, and the presence of much natural affection, had impressed upon those fitful wailings a spirit of such unearthly agony, as was doubly touching—especially when it was known that the poor creature was beyond the consolations of either reason or religion. His grief was, indeed, the natural and untutored sorrow of the heart, which, whilst unconscious of crime, was yet capable from the mere humanity of its instincts, of experiencing deep and powerful repentance.

"George never hate me no more—no—he never—never hate me any more—wish him would—Joe kill poor George—Joe kill him—me can't see George, 'kaise him in grave—George me love you now—me love you *now*, George;" and the wild and startling paleness, by which he ever expressed emotion, would settle like the shadow of death upon his countenance.

Sometimes he would approach the grave and address his brother in language, whose very simplicity made it pathetic in the highest degree, with an evident hope that he might be induced to speak to him, and it was pitiable to hear the innocent creature striving to coax and flatter him into conversation.

In this way he went on for nearly three months, in a state of natural, but somewhat unregulated sorrow, that might be said to resemble those wild but beautiful and melancholy notes, which the breezes of heaven draw out of the few and simple cords of the Æolian harp. The heart of poor Joe, though like the instrument in question, wild and simple in its cords, was yet capable of uttering through its sorrows many soft and affecting tones.

His appetite had, for some time past, begun gradually to fail him; his strength, consequently, soon went, and he tottered about quite feeble, and ultimately nearly mute—the only words he latterly uttered—and uniformly with the unusual deep and alarming paleness over his features, being—

"Poor George! me kill poor George!"

His father was now obliged to strip him at night, and dress him in the morning, like a child; and what crushed the old man's heart was the impossibility of reasoning with him, so as to mitigate his grief.

We have said that when under the influence of these strange and indescribable excesses of emotion caused by his brother's death, he was seldom known to shed a tear, but on the other hand that his complexion became careworn and ghastly. His father was preparing to help him to bed one night about four months after the calamity that had befallen them, when he found that poor Joe had collected together his brother's clothes, and having been put to bed, he asked to have them placed in bed along with him. The father and mother felt a good deal surprised, and for some time watched him. He gathered the clothes up in a bundle, and having taken them into his arms, he kissed them repeatedly, and for the first time they perceived that the tears ran down his cheeks. In a few minutes however, he fell asleep with the yet undried tears on those worn cheeks, and a smile of faint but sorrowful satisfaction on his features,—a striking and affecting picture of innocent remorse, that touches the soul beyond the pale of reason.

One evening in autumn, better than four months after his brother's death, he was missed from the supper-table, and as it was well known that his haunt ever since that melancholy event, was the graveyard where the unfortunate malefactor lay buried, and which was not quite a quarter of a mile distant, his father put on his hat, and went over to fetch him home. The evening sun was just sinking, and the crimson beams of his rich but fading light, fell upon the silent graves and gray time-worn tombstones that were everywhere around him, and lengthened their shadows across the graveyard. The sight was calculated to fill the heart with a sorrowful consciousness of the vanity of human life. The heart-broken old man felt this deeply, and after pausing a few moments to indulge in the reflection, he proceeded to the grave of his son. Over that grave, with his arms extended about it, as if striving to embrace its tenant, lay poor Joe—the victim of an affection too feeble for the throes of repentance—freed at last from all sorrow for his brother—and the pulses of that unregulated but affectionate heart stilled for ever. He was dead, and in a few days the innocent and the guilty slept side by side together. Such good reader were the singular and providential consequences of Joe Lockhart's three dreams, by which we see how truly the awful words were verified, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE PIONEERS OF LONDON.

Living where town and country join, it is my fate to witness many desperate battles between these two great potentates, which, we may safely say, divide our world between them. In the East, I am told by men of learning who have studied books of travels, that the country, in these combats, generally gets the upper hand; in proof whereof these learned men refer to Palmyra, Babylon, Nineveh, once populous cities, now shapeless ruins intermixed with shifting sands.

It is fortunate that the weaker side comes off victorious in some parts of the world, otherwise this planet of ours would speedily be *all* town; but I must say, in the course of my experience, which is considerable, having been expelled from the edge of the town to a further edge fifteen times within the last thirty years, I never saw the country about London getting the better.

On the contrary, I have seen her beaten in the most cruel manner, every time she has come in contact with that terrible fellow Town. Indeed, after a tustle, with her green dress torn off her back, her face plastered with mortar, and her eyes blackened by brick-bats, I defy her most intimate friend, to recognise the face of our once charming and ever-youthful acquaintance.

I confess I tremble for her, when, taking my solitary walk along the suburban meadows, I behold the Goddess of Building—not of architecture by any means, with a scaffolding pole in one hand, and a ten-foot measuring rod in the other, attacking the Rural Deities on every side, pitching into them, to use a metaphor the most appropriate and literal, like "a thousand of brick."

Terrible she looks, the Goddess, in her bricklayer's apron and mural crown—close at her heels a body-guard of agile Irishmen armed with what, at distance, appear fearful clubs, but which on a nearer approach, we ascertain to be so many hods of mortar. With her comes a pale consumptive creature, neither woman nor man,—fish, flesh, nor good red herring—the Genius of Stucco; with plasterer's hammer, precisely like the Indian tomahawk, does this fearful thing seize upon a wood-nymph, chop to pieces her laurel locks, and with his abominable whitewash, change her verdant robes into one dull unmeaning mass of Roman cement—petrifies her, in short, like the Gorgon, into a false pretence of stone.

Where I pull cowslips and daisies in spring, hear the rich flowing notes of the thrush, and startle the blackbird from the hedge, in autumn I stroll along a half-made street, with its policemen, tax-gatherers, gas-lamps; dimly seen through plate-glass windows are gorgeous picture-frames, and other signs of exclusive splendour; footmen lounging in scarlet plushes in the halls, and well-appointed equipages blaze before the doors.

Twenty times have I removed my flock bed, my table, and double the number of chairs—my box of books, my bundle of wearing apparel, in vain; Cubitt, like an avenging deity, is for ever at my heels; wherever I turn my longing eyes, "This ground," I find, "to let on building leases;" wheresoever I fly, the cry is still "They come," meaning Cubitt and his men.

A wise man, I have heard from eminent politicians, never links his fortunes to a falling cause. Giving up the cause of the country, therefore, as hopeless, I have compromised the matter by taking up my residence on the debateable land; in other words, I lodge where the country has not altogether surrendered, and where the town does not think proper, for the present, to take undisturbed possession.

Here it was that I became acquainted with the pioneers of London.

In America, we learn that town, or what is the same thing, habitation of civilized man, encroaches on country at the rate of fifteen miles westward per annum. Taking the county of Middlesex to represent a portion of the United States equivalent to two and a half millions of population, I question whether our back-woodsmen do not back into our prairies at a more rapid rate in proportion.

The laundresses, who are the back-woodsmen of London life, wash and hang out, I find, at the rate of about a mile *per annum* towards the exterior in every direction.

Let us suppose that the uncultivated land of Middlesex bears the proportion to that of the United States of America as one to one hundred—say, ten miles of Middlesex to a thousand of the back-woods; we shall find that our back-woods-women clear and go a-head at least fifteen times faster than the axe-men of Missouri and the Illinois.

Our metropolitan laundresses, we have said, are the pioneers of London. They are squatters, and occupy those temporary towns which, after the departure of the country, await the coming of Cubitt, and the permanent erection of mansions for genteel families.

Nothing like their habitations are to be seen anywhere else than in the neighbourhood of London.

Agar Town, Kensall Town, and a great many other towns of the temporary class, are occupied by these pioneers of civilization. An unpaved, unlighted, unwatered clump of temporary tenements, some hundreds together, with temporary beer-shops, chandlers'-shops, Methodist chapels—we wish we could add, schools—here flourish in the expectation of, at least, two years more of the lease unexpired. The cottages of these squatters are built generally of a single brick in thickness; two small, damp, cold, badly-ventilated rooms; water, with much mud, to be carried from the neighbouring canal; dust and dirt to be flung into the central dunghill doing duty for a road; as grass of the field, to-day these tenements are, and to-

morrow are tumbled down, and cast into the cart of the contractor.

The roads are unpaved, the streets unlighted: nothing is ever repaired, for the population, like a poor woman sitting at a door-step, is in hourly expectation of being ordered to "move on;" terraces, squares, crescents, and carriage company are coming. The whole colony speaks volumes as to the transitory nature, not only of all sublunary, but of all suburban things. The grand attraction next to the necessity of having a home *somewhere*, appears to be the bit of garden-ground surrounding each wigwam. Here the coarse and fine things of all genteel London—London that puts its washing out—flutter in the drying air; here mangles, for a while, dispute the ground with expectant pianos; here are trucks to let, by the hour or day, until expelled by the inevitable brougham and pilentum; every second cottage deals as largely as possible in a nectareous fluid, at one penny and two pennies the bottle, called ginger beer; wherever you go, somebody's donkey is sure to stop the way. The natives are always in the suds; the elders of the hamlet at their mangle; the youthful hope—or young hopefuls of the place are away in all quarters of the town with donkey-carts, perpetually coster-mongering to and fro. These gentlemen invariably sport brown velveteen jackets of a greasy texture, and display a cast of countenance forcibly reminding us of Epsom races, Newgate on a hanging-day, and other places of fashionable resort.

The government of these villages would seem to be purely popular and democratic; a policeman may on many occasions, indeed, on most occasions (except when he is wanted), be seen, prowling, as if lost, among the various groups of huts; commissioners of sewers, paving, lighting, and the other usual authorities do not as yet exist. The society is purely Jacobinical; he who would look for that infinite gradation of rank and wealth that characterizes England, would not look here; everybody pays exactly five-and-sixpence a week for a cottage, or two-and-sixpence for a room. Even the aristocracy of Drink is here unknown; the Licensed Victualler will come in due season with the crescents and crescentic company; meanwhile, the humble beer-shop, undistinguished from its neighbouring cottages, flourishes upon "Stunning Ale at 4d., and Prime XX. Porter at 3d. in your own jugs." The swell mob seldom visits these primitive habitations; an occasional dog-stealer—we beg the gentleman's pardon, *fancier*, honours us with his presence, but otherwise we struggle each, as we can, to obtain a living, honest or otherwise.

We boast nothing in the way of romantic scenery; indeed, the sites of our villages, like our beers, are usually flat; and but for the mountain of cinders belonging to the dust contractor, who, like Eolus, god of winds, advertises, "Breeze for sale," and the particular dust-heaps in every street, we have nothing that may justly lay claim to be considered as bordering upon the picturesque.

In architectural design our habitations are unrivalled; Palladio himself might take example, or at least warning, by our freaks in building. Some resemble summer-houses at the ends of gardens; others sport verandahs, behind whose ample shade they peep, like a little boy from beneath his father's hat; some are Gothic—very Gothic; some a mixture of Gothic and Saracenic; one is like a line-kiln, and another exceedingly akin to the structures erected by children on that solemn festival of which you are reminded by being invited to "remember the Grotto." We disdain in these regions the arithmetical method of distinguishing by numbers our several habitations. Our cottages have each a specific name, as Providence Cottage, Shilo Cottage, Smith's Cottage, Shamrock Cottage, Thistle Cottage, Jane Cottage, Albert Cottage, Victoria Cottage, Todd's Cottage, Howard Cottage, Muggin's Cottage, and so forth.

The great solace of our compatriots would seem to lie in their gardens, where, like Isaac, they walk forth, with pipes in mouth, meditating, and sometimes digging, at even-tide. A paling of iron hoops, or the staves of old barrels, defends our fifteen lettuces, ten mouldy cabbages, and three curls of parsley, from the incursions of an enemy; with spun-yarn, oakum, or thread we festoon our boundaries, in the summer, educating in fantastical wreaths crops of scarlet runners—the poor man's vine. Some of us have been known to progress in horticulture as far as hollyhocks, or even a dahlia; and one transcendent genius went so far as to establish a cucumber bed. He might just as well have let it alone; for before his cucumber bed was quite finished, our leases ran out, and down upon us came Cubitt with a cubic acre of bricks, an ocean of stucco, and a building-lease from the Bishop of London.

It was in a sweet valley by the banks of the Bayswater river. Never shall I forget the day we got notice to quit.

> Good Heavens! what sorrows gloomed the parting day,
> That called us from our native fields away.

In the agitation of the moment, several cottagers forgot to pay three weeks' arrears of rent; many families' washing remained unaccounted for; one youth we observed so overcome by his emotions, that for two successive minutes he did not once belabour his donkey. Like another destruction of Pompeii, a flood of lava—*concrete*, I should say—overwhelmed our pastoral abode; of that congregation of once happy homes, nestling by the brink of an odoriferous river—you may smell it a mile off—streams which give the Serpentine birth—nothing remains but a portion of a washing copper, a gin bottle (empty), and an Italian iron, all in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society.

Some migrated one way, some another. For our own part, we settled a mile further westward, at Notting-hill; at least we *should* have settled, but a thing called the Norland Estate, coming down upon us, in a whirlwind of squares, crescents, villas, detached and semi-detached, put us to flight. Nobody is allowed to live anywhere about London, under sixty pounds a year, taxes not included. Hence we migrated to a populous city of pioneers, called Agar Town, not far from the

fashionable neighbourhood of Battle Bridge. Here we hoped to be permitted to remain for some months at least; but our laundress, who is also our landlady, the other day intimated her intention of removing farther into the back settlements, the leases having run out, and the neighbourhood being about to be built upon, and made respectable. Since then, in common with the rest of the industrious poor of London, we occupy a room in a dwelling originally intended for a genteel establishment, where a small colony of twelve families, finds at exorbitant rates, as many rooms, with other conveniences, suitable for us, if you deduct from our number eleven families of the twelve, who are allowed no other conveniences at all.

The manner in which the labouring classes are lodged in London, and the hard necessity that forces them to become pioneers of civilization, in the manner we have stated, often leads us into train of curious meditation.

We cannot help pondering with admiration, and with somewhat of awe, upon the magnificence and independence of wealthy London. Magnificence that covers miles upon miles with palaces for the rich, and independence that can afford utterly to *ignore* the habitations of the poor.

Nor can we fail further to admire the extraordinary perfection we have attained in that cardinal virtue of the nineteenth century—Cant—by which we are enabled, in the most commiserating whine, to deplore the absence of domestic virtue in our labouring population, while we abandon to the cold hand of charity, or the hard suggestions of sordid speculation, the first condition and corner-stone of domestic virtue, the opportunity, in clean, commodious, and convenient habitations, of domestic comfort for our poor.

RAGS AND WRETCHEDNESS, AND A HUMAN HEART.

An accidental visit to Field Lane Ragged School, whither a friend led us last Sunday evening, has aroused again a train of reflections which the circumstances of our social condition here in London never suffer to remain long dormant. Humanity in rags is a sorry and sickening spectacle, and were it not that the familiarity which breeds contempt breeds also indifference, we had never become the calm and contented spectators of the misery and moral debasement of which rags and filth are almost invariably the index. Of the desert of the misery—of the guilt of the debasement—it may be that the world, by which of course we mean the respectable, and, in that particular, the impeccable part of it, has issued a one-sided verdict, which it may be one day expedient to revise and reconsider.

The accumulation of wealth, and the collateral decay of men are thought by some to be the characteristic features of our national progress, from the days of the Reformation up to the present hour. Big, burly, brutal Harry, the great devourer of religious houses, hung up seventy thousand thieves upon the gallows during his reign: it is more than probable that he manufactured the major part of these himself, by his own monstrous theft of church property, upon the revenues of which, in some way or other, it may be safely inferred that a million at least of his poorer subjects were more or less dependent. Granting that he banished the wolves and cormorants from the sheepfold—it must also be granted that he was himself the mammoth wolf, who swallowed up the fold with all its garnered fodder, and turned the poor sheep adrift, to become victims to starvation, or to his own authorized butcher—the hangman. Society has been imitating his example for the last three hundred years: the great have grown greater, and the rich more wealthy, by plundering the poor of their property—their rights—their offspring—their lives. Ignorance and helplessness have been driven into crime, and crimes have been disproportionately punished with exile or death. A sanguinary code has multiplied sanguinary deeds; and just as surely as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church—and perhaps by the same natural law—the blood shed on the judicial scaffold has been the seed of multiplied villanies, demanding and meeting multiplied punishments. Even within the recollection of thousands now living, our government has been seen sending forth organized bands of man-stealers, to drag husbands and fathers from their homes and kindred, and deliver them over to murder at the cannon's mouth, and at the same time, under the sanction of law, strangling the bereaved wife and mother, because in the absence of her natural protector she had sought in an illegal way to provide the necessaries of life for her unprotected offspring. Under a system, of which such an extreme case shows but its perfect development, it is no marvel that the broad sink of social vice, misery, destitution, and degradation of every sort, which everywhere underlies our closely congregated communities, has gone on deepening and widening in our land, until it has grown into a portentous phenomenon, raising the loud and well-merited outcry of shame and reproach from distant nations, and covering our ancient homes of England with an obloquy too well deserved not to be deeply felt and mourned by her true sons.

We have cast out millions of our demoralized population upon America, Africa, and India; we have overrun our distant colonies with the scum and refuse and dregs of mankind, until they groan beneath the burden, and shake it off in our faces in defiance of our threats. We crowd our country with prisons, which vie in magnificence with our palaces, and far exceed in extent our strongest

fortresses: we have a standing army of police, ever lynx-eyed, on the watch night and day against the domestic enemy; and we have enlisted all the aids of art, and the discoveries of science, against naked and hungry wretchedness that prowls starving on garbage amidst the horribly stinking purlieus into which plausible respectability has elbowed them, out of its comfortable path. With all this, the degraded class, as they are ever found to do, have multiplied in numbers in proportion to their degradation. If wretchedness and want are seldom moral or provident—they are always fruitful. It is the law of nature that when circumstances oppress the animal creation, be they human or brute, they fecundate the more. The numerical increase of the children of Israel under the persecutions of the Egyptian taskmasters was no miracle, no marvel, but the result of an universal decree. Deprivation is favourable to increase: and this fact is worthy of recognition, because it carries a signification along with it which will not be always overlooked, but will force its own acknowledgment in the fulness of time. With us that time is now come—and here, now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the reign of Queen Victoria, we find ourselves forced to attempt at least to repair the blunders of past centuries—to medicate the social wounds inflicted by past misrule.

Alas! we have come but late to the rescue. Poor humanity lies deformed as well as disfigured at the feet of us tardy Samaritans. The image of God is trodden out of myriads of human faces, no longer divine—and the image of something else, not God, nor at all God-like, is there stamped, life-deep, in indelible characters. Look around in this ragged-school in Field-lane, on this summer Sunday-evening, and read, if you are skilled in physiognomy, the life-histories of children who know nought of childhood save its helplessness—of boys and lads who, from their infant years, have been driven to emulate the cunning of the fox or the rapine of the wolf to satisfy the claims of hunger. Where is the countenance upturned to heaven, of which the banished Roman boasted for the human race? Where is the calm front and tranquil eye, that speak the *mens divinior?* Where the innate nobility of the free-born man, of which we are forced to hear so much from time to time? These things are all reversed here. The savages of England's refined civilization know nothing about them. "Bread to eat, and a board to lie on; and, if more, then strong drink that we may forget our sorrows," such are the aspirations of our social outcasts. We can read that much at least on many an else meaningless face here stooping stolidly over the Bible-lesson, or listening to the earnest instructions of that brave forlorn-hope of volunteers who stand manfully, like heroes in the breach, in the declivitous path between them and perdition—Labour, by God's blessing, not all in vain, however stubborn the soil and long-deferred the harvest. More than one face we can see beneath the shadow of whose unshorn and tangled locks a moist eye glistens; and when the psalm, to a popular tune, rises in hoarse and sonorous unisons, there is more than one voice that quavers in our ear with ill-controlled emotion.

This ragged-school is a strange sight to a stranger. The order and decency of conduct that prevail are not at all in accordance either with the costume or countenances of the inmates. The originators and sources of riot out of doors are here the subjects of orderly control, maintained without any apparent exercise of authority, which perhaps might be inefficient were it commandingly asserted. The inmates are of both sexes, and of all ages, from three months to threescore years or more; infants being admitted for the sake of receiving their parents or guardians, who could not otherwise attend. An upper-room behind the master's desk is appropriated to the use of females, many of whom, we observe, are far advanced in life. Instruction is imparted by means of division into small groups or classes, each clustered round its own teacher, who, in a subdued voice, reads, explains, and catechizes upon a portion of the Word of God. The lesson over, there is another psalm and a short address, and a closing prayer. Then those who have homes to go to, go home, and those who have none descend to the dormitory beneath, where, in little boarded troughs, some twenty inches in width and hardly five feet in length, they make their bed for the night, with a rug for a covering, after a meal of six ounces of bread. More or better than this cannot be offered to a class wanting the stimulus of self-respect and the habit of industry, and to whom the mere exemption from the direst want is an absolute luxury. Were the dietary increased, or the comforts enhanced, it would but tend to extinguish exertion, where self-reliance is a virtue unknown.

From the Ragged School to the ragged city which supplies the scholars, it is but natural to revert; and here we shall take the city-missionary for a guide, who will show us, not so much the filthy and fetid haunts of the poverty-stricken wretch—the stifling, straw-strewn chamber where, in times of pestilence, the living, the dying and the dead, rot in company—not the crowded cellar, where the vicious and unfortunate of either sex huddle together in hunger and nakedness, to escape the piercing blasts of winter—nor the yawning, gas-glaring man-trap, baited with alcohol, where the starved beggar hastens to find relief from the pangs of famine, in the excitement of intoxication—nor the dark den of the Jew fence, sitting like a bloated vampyre in his lair, waiting for the prey which, at the risk it may be of their lives, his acolytes are hunting down for him—not such things as these; these we know already, but little it is to be feared to our profit. But he shall show us how, in the midst of deprivations such as these, and surrounded by temptations and snares, and goaded by sharp want and sharper pain, born of sore and immedicable disease, the human heart is yet not trodden out of the human breast, and with what hopes and what despairs it beats and battles still in spite of them. He shall show us, too, the miseries of ignorance, and the shackles of vice, and the wages of intem-

perance; and how disease and death deal with the friendless and the penniless, in the murky retreats of want and woe.

Lead on, Mr. Vanderkiste,* and let us commence at once with that classical district, known in late years as Jack Ketch's Warren, whence, in the memory of many of the inhabitants yet living, men, and women too, were hung at Newgate a dozen at a time before breakfast, for the forgery and issue of one-pound notes—when Bow-street officers were accustomed to march in brigades, with drawn cutlasses, to the capture of their's and the law's victims—where once lived Smashing Nell, who survived the hangman's work, having gone to the gallows with a silver pipe in her gullet—where, in the days of the old Charleys, the thieves and housebreakers had it all their own way, for want of an effective police, until, having grown into valuable prizes, with blood-money upon their heads, they became worth the capture by a Bow-street myrmidon, and were good for forty pounds—and the dissecting table. But the forger of notes has died, or been killed, out, and the "cracksman" has disappeared, and instead of to these our guide brings us to the squalid apartment of an old fortune-teller, whose boast it is that she "speaks her mind and tells no lies." He prevails upon her to leave off the practice of deluding the silly public, though that is her only means of obtaining "a bite, or a sup, or a bit of bacca;" she promises to refrain, and keeps her promise to the end of her life. The parish will not allow her out-door relief, and she refuses to go into the workhouse, because she likes to keep a home for her only son who travels the country doing the "Wild Indian!" and flourishing his tomahawk at fairs and races on the stage of an open-air theatre. When the savage is at a discount Jim turns pedlar, and travels the country round about. He comes home perhaps once in three weeks, when he pays the old lady's rent, spends a day or two in her company, and sallies forth again, leaving a stock of bread and cheese, with perhaps an ounce of tea and a screw of tobacco behind him. "I likes to keep a roof for him," says the feeble dame, "and to see his face when he comes to London . . . . . . for I am his mother you know, though he is sixty years old." A *beggar-woman* who lives close by, "washes out" the quondam fortune-teller, getting up her "bits of things," because, as she says, "the poor old critter couldn't do it herself." A little straw spread upon an old shutter, raised upon a few bricks, is the aged woman's bed, where, being "so thin, she gets very sore *a layin* in winter, with scarcely any food, and often none," sometimes relieving the pains of hunger by "a smoke of tobacco." Death at length looks in, even upon such a shabby establishment as this. In the last agonizing pangs delirium seizes the racked brain—but the sight of her benefactor, the missionary, recals her scattered senses; and she murmurs a benediction upon his head, and looks into his face with a smile—and so dies. Jim, the Wild Indian, doesn't like the notion of his mother being buried by the parish—can't stomach it any how—so he goes to a philanthropic undertaker, and enters into a contract, pledging himself to pay him eighteenpence a week for doing the decent thing, and "berrin' of his mother respectable,"—and having first seen it done, constituting himself both chief-mourner and funeral procession, shoulders his tomahawk, and with all the alacrity of three-score starts on a campaign to earn the money, and get himself out of debt. Wishing Jim all success, and much more than he is in search of, we shall next look in upon a chimney-sweeper.

This poor fellow is struggling in the grasp of that terrible disease, so fatal to the members of his craft, the sweeps' cancer. The stench arising from his tumour, which drips upon the floor as he sits, is almost insupportable. He is listening with every appearance of attention to a visitor, who is reading and explaining a portion of the New Testament, and he answers readily to common-place inquiries with an air of intelligence. But the missionary interferes—"My friend," says he, "has taken much pains to instruct you, and now I will ask you a few questions. Do you know who Jesus Christ was?" "Well, no," says he, after a pause, "I should say that's wery hard to tell." "Do you know whether he was St. John's brother?" "No, that I don't." "Can you tell me who the Trinity are?" "No, sir." "Are you a sinner?" "Oh, certainly, sir, we are all sinners."—A pause. "Have you ever done wrong?" "Why, no, I don't consider as ever I have." "Did you never commit sin?" "Why, no, I don't know as ever I did." "But do you think you're a sinner?" "Oh, certainly, sir, we're all sinners." "What is a sinner?" "Well, I'm *blest* if I know rightly; I never had no head-piece." This unfortunate is rapidly hastening to inevitable death. A few short months at furthest, and the earth will close over him. He is a used-up sweeping-machine, and has little if any idea at present that he is anything better. He is one of the outcast children of mother-church, who, until very recently, has never condescended to tolerate any of his kind, but has been shamed in these latter days into a tardy acknowledgment of his claim to kinship. His ignorance, extreme as it is, is nothing extraordinary. He is but the type of his class—a class numerous enough to overpower all authority, and sack the metropolis, had they a will to the deed, and a leader with talent to plan and courage to head a domestic insurrection. A hungry and vermin-plagued democracy they are—more fed upon than feeding: yonder is one gnawing away at something black, which upon examination you find to be a bone which he acknowledges to have picked from a dunghill, and charred in the fire—a fire kindled with cinders, culled from a dustheap. Here is another who has had long experience of starvation, and can describe practically its every stage:—"The *fust* day," says he, "'tain't so werry bad if you has a bit of bacca; the second it's horrid, it is—*sich* gnawing; the third day it ain't so bad agin, you feels sinkish like, and

* See this gentleman's "Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission."

werry faintish;"—of the fourth and fifth days, perhaps, the coroner could render the best account.

Let us climb these rotten stairs, to which an open door invites us, and ascend to the garret in which a light is sometimes seen glimmering faintly through nearly the whole night of winter. Who is she that sits awake, while others around her sleep, between these "walls so blank" "plying the needle and thread," long after the most belated of footsore vagabonds is slumbering in his lair? Hardly more than a child herself, she is the deceived and deserted mother of an infant six months old, for whose and her own sustenance she is endeavouring to provide by shirt-work and shoe-binding. Before she was betrayed and abandoned by the unmanly scoundrel who is the father of her child, she was a comely, interesting girl, happy and comfortable in respectable service. Now "sharp misery has worn her to the bone," and starvation and trouble have done the work of years on her slender frame. It is only by the extremest toil that she can pay the rent of part of a room, and obtain a scanty meal of bread and tea twice a day. She cannot bear the shame of appealing to a magistrate, who would compel her heartless seducer to contribute to the support of his offspring, and she struggles on alone in the unaided and hopeless task. The unweaned babe, not half nourished by its starving mother, is peevish, fretful, and restless, and will not submit to be out of her arms, and so hinders her in her work that she earns next to nothing, and is almost famished. She complains little, but sheds bitter tears when recalling the consequences so sad to her of one false step. She tells us that she has been the subject of a horrible temptation. "The child was so cross," says she, "I was prevented from working in the day, and had to sit up in the night, hungry and cold, to stitch shirts and bind shoes, or I could not get a bit of bread at all; and when I looked at that little thing, and thought how miserable and starved I was on account of it, and if I hadn't it, I might be well fed in a comfortable place, as I was before, I felt horribly tempted to destroy it, and it seemed—oh! it seemed to come so strong upon me, I was almost doing it; when one night I dreamed I *had* done it, and the baby was lying dead in a little coffin. I felt dreadful—and I heard a voice say, it seemed like God, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' Well, when I woke up, and found the child was not dead, and that I had not killed it, oh! how thankful I was! and I didn't have those horrid thoughts afterwards." That temptation and that dream haunt her recollection still, as she presses the unconscious infant upon her breast, and rains tears of gratitude upon its sleeping face. She will not affiliate her child, and therefore the parish will not receive her; so she battles on with want and privation till fever comes upon the heels of famine—and then we have the spectacle of the child-mother raving delirious in the grasp of Typhus, and the hapless babe crawling and playing over her—the true ideal of helplessness and misery.

We turn from this sad picture, to one of a scarcely less melancholy aspect. In the district of Clerkenwell many strange pursuits are resorted to for a livelihood. The excrement of some animals is used in the preparation of Morocco leather for the bookbinders, and this is collected in the streets by men who generally add bone-grubbing to the occupation—obtaining a scanty livelihood by the union of the two trades. One of them, a man in language and address quite the gentleman, tells us that in his youth, he was travelling agent to Bish, the great lottery speculator. In the service of this now forgotten celebrity he saved money enough to enable him to set up in business on his own account; but unfortunately he failed in his commercial speculations, and afterwards became reduced to the occupation of a bill-sticker. That also failing, through scarcity of employment, he took up with the business alluded to, in connexion with bone-picking and rag-gathering; but even from these, in consequence of the number of persons engaged in them, he could make but the scanticst living. When the sprat season comes on, he is in the habit of attending the Billingsgate Market, where, in company with others present with the same object, he will collect a dinner of sprats by picking up the fish which are dropped in the process of unloading the vessels, and transporting the cargo to the proprietors, and to which nobody lays claim. He is an aged man, and might find a shelter in the workhouse, but prefers, he says, being in the fresh air as long as God is pleased to give him his health.

Another of this tripartite craft, ignorant as a Hottentot, but delighted at all times to hear the Bible read to him, was seized, amid the awful stench of his accumulated gatherings, with cholera in 1849. In the tortures of the death-cramp he could not speak, but he smiled and nodded his head in answer to the appeal of the missionary, and died hopefully.

A third is a quondam strolling-player, who has abandoned travelling theatricals for this unsavoury profession. His account of his own experience is characteristic: "When Richardson was alive," says he, "I used to go round the country with his company. Richardson, your reverence knows, was the greatest man in the line. He was a *very religious* man, Richardson* was, and wouldn't have not so much as a nail knocked in his booths on a Sunday. He wouldn't allow no bad songs, nothing of the sort for him. His company was married people principally, he didn't like single

* This great aristarch of the peripatetic drama, had a singular way of judging of the merit of the performers whose services he engaged. It was his practice, when the fun and frolic of the fair were at the highest, to wander away to a distance, in order to ascertain whose voice, among his own showmen or those of a rival establishment, could be heard the farthest. With him the loudest bawler was the finest actor. He loved a man with what he called a "bould vice," and, estimating histrionic merit by the force of the player's lungs, always paid those best who roared the loudest. It is said, that if a rival theatre rejoiced in a Stentor of extraordinary powers, Richardson seldom failed, by the offer of an advance of wages—we beg pardon, salary, to enroll him as a member of his own company.

ones. If you went along with Richardson you must behave yourselves, I can tell you, or you wouldn't do. As to the rest——and so on, its quite different with them; nothing's bad enough; the goings-on is awful; I can't express what I've seen, sir, it's too bad—such songs too. I'm not what I should be, and I know it, but thank God, I'm not bad enough for that. When I was at your tea-meeting, what was said, and the prayers, made the tears come into my eyes. It put me in mind of *several* things. I took a stable, by Shoreditch Church, some months ago, for a *gaff;* that's some of the scenery what you see in the corner, sir; there was the boy there and another young man. Me and the old woman did the comic business. I only took the stable for a week, but I was forced to close it up in three days, it didn't answer; first night there was lots; but when they found I wouldn't suffer no blackguard goings-on, and there wasn't no bad songs—nothing's bad enough—they wouldn't come, and the third night there wasn't half a dozen. I consider it honester to go about getting dung and bones than to be a theatrical; I hate it—it's worse than I can repeat. You know, sir, I'm a tailor by trade, but I never properly learned the business, worse luck!"

Let us listen now to the story of a drunkard, from his own lips. The man was born in Clerkenwell district, and early in life went to sea before the mast. Returned, after an absence of between twenty and thirty years, diseased, penniless, and friendless — he thus answers the questions of our guide.

"Where did you go when you left England?"

"To the United States, in the American, your reverence; then I went a whaling."

"Where did you return to from your whaling voyage?"

"To New Bedford."

"How much did you bring back as wages?"

"About sixty pounds."

"How long did that last you?"

"Not long, (jerking himself up) I may as well tell the truth. Oh yes! — about a fortnight."

"What did you drink chiefly?"

"Brandy and rum. I liked champagne — treated everybody."

"Did you go to New Holland from the United States?"

"Yes, and went from there to the coast of New Guinea, for sandal-wood and tortoise-shell, in a cutter; capital wages, first-rate! We went ashore for water, and the sailors left aboard thought they'd like to come ashore too, so they left the vessel at anchor; when we came back, she was gone swamped."

"How did she get swamped?"

"Oh! the natives watched us all ashore, and went and plundered her, and swamped her. They're very treacherous, them New Guineans; they is cannibals, too; they killed one of our men."

"Have you been shepherding in Australia?"

"No, not shepherding, but hut-keeping. At that time the wages to a single man was thirty-five pounds per annum, and rations."

"You used to come down to Sydney to take your wages, I suppose, as usual. How often?"

"Once a year."

"How long would your wages last you at Sydney?"

"Not long" (shaking his head).

"How long did your money last you?"

"About a fortnight."

"How did you spend it? In drink?"

"Oh yes! and the publicans, when you was drunk, would score you two for one. I wasn't robbed of it—oh no! I've laid in the mud in Sydney streets all night, with notes in my pockets. I wasn't robbed though. Drank it up."

"Did you stop ashore for many years?"

"Oh no! Went trading to the Cape, to the Isle of France, and from port to port in New Holland, Sydney, Adelaide, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, and to New Zealand."

"Why you might have saved at least £800. Drank it all?"

"Oh yes! When I was ashore I went to the public house and stopped, maybe, till eleven at night, sometimes went back again by three in the morning—treated anybody—drank till it was all gone."

"How came you back to England?"

"Why we went to the Isle of France, and there I was seized with this here complaint in my side. Went to the hospital; Dr. —— said there was nothing the matter with me, but Dr. —— showed him better; he examined my side, and squeezed it, and him and the other doctor talked together in their lingo, in course I didn't understand it, and then he see what it was. I'd nothing the matter with me till I come to the Isle of France. It's a shocking unhealthy place; always people being buried at Port St. Louis. They asked me which I'd like, to come to England, or go back to New Holland. I said, for England; so they made an inscription, as I wasn't able to work my passage, and I came home in the Carnatic; but I didn't know what a poverty-struck place London had become."

"Why did you come to England?"

"Why I wanted to see my old mother, and my friends; and when I come I found her dead, and my relations dead too."

"You should have written to see if they were alive."

"So I did, but I never got no answer."

"Did you get your letters back?"

"Oh no! I didn't put them in the post. They play such tricks with the letters. I used to sew 'em up in a bale of wool. I was put up to that by my mates."

"Do you know the cause of your disease?"

"Well—not exactly."

"It's the result of long continued drunkenness."

"Well, that's what the doctor said it was. So I suppose it must be so."

This poor fellow has been all his life a thoughtless, reckless sailor, at the mercy of every rogue, and is full of the drollest sayings imaginable, in spite of his misery. The missionary advises him to get out to Sydney, where he is well known, as fast as possible, and to obtain a hut-keeper's place, far up the bush, where he will be out of the way of temptation. "Ay," says he, "I shall take your reverence's advice, it's for my good, it is; and you're lucky to me. When I was out of reach of the *cussed* drink, I did very well, I did, sober and solid, as you may say." It is to be hoped that he will adhere to his resolution: from the condition of his liver, it is clear that if he recommence drinking he will very soon die.

One more brief narrative—a tale of a broken heart—and we have done with these sketches from the biography of the poor. The missionary is sent for by a wretched mother stretched on a bed of pain. On visiting her, he finds that her disease is occasioned by mental anguish on account of her children, two daughters who have been seduced from her side and are leading a life of infamy. "They are breaking my heart," she cries, "they are breaking my heart! Do go and seek my poor girls; let me get out of bed to go down on my knees to you to try and bring back my

poor girls." Such an entreaty is not to be resisted; and, in company with an aged friend, the missionary is off to explore the obscene haunts of loathsome and miserable profligacy. The elder girl is found, with a couple of companions, in a squalid garret in an obscure court in Golden Lane. The messengers are received with insolence and laughter, but they penetrate to the filthy garret, and after three hours of persevering efforts, not unmingled with prayer to Him who showed mercy to the Magdalen, they depart from the stew, amid the hootings and mock cheers of the neighbours, accompanied by the three women. One of them has a child, which its grandmother is induced to receive. All three of the women are placed in a probationary asylum. The second daughter of the heart-broken mother, a mere child, is also discovered, and induced to return home. Relieved of her intolerable anguish by the reclamation of her children, the mother improves in health, and looks forward to peace and comfort in her declining years. It is not to be. The eldest daughter leaves the asylum, and returns to her vicious courses; and the younger, perhaps instigated by her example, first robs and then abandons her mother, who is thrown again on a bed of sickness, and after a brief illness, during which she exclaims frantically that her heart is breaking—her heart is breaking—dies.

We might multiply these annals of the poor to an indefinite extent, without trenching upon any other materials than those afforded by the diary of a city missionary. Were we to follow him in his daily rounds, we should find that though often crushed beneath the force of evil circumstances, human sympathies are not always, as in the last sad case, to be trodden out by human depravity, however desperate, nor quenched in the common suffering which is the lot of our degraded masses. We should see that virtue will sometimes flourish in the very hot-bed of vice, and kindness and generosity will dwell even with destitution the most extreme. We should find children in rags themselves combining their halfpence and farthings for the relief of their outcast brother in tatters—and boys and girls contented with a bed of straw or a bare board beneath a roof, clubbing their mite to provide a shelter for those who have none. We should see the love of cleanliness prominent amidst all the unavoidable surroundings of filth and squalor—boys washing their one shirt with their own hands, and drying it at a lime-kiln—and men, and women too, lying in bed while their single garment is undergoing the cleansing process, thus practically preferring the claims of cleanliness to those of appetite. And we might chance to find the love of knowledge urging men to the pursuit of it under difficulties all but insurmountable, and by means which nothing short of the ingenuity of absolute poverty could devise.

But we have seen enough—enough to show us that the vast moral quagmire in which our fellow-creatures are wallowing in slime and feculence, abysmal and dreary though it be, has yet some spots of solid ground—some stepping-stones here and there—on which a man may fix a firm foot while stretching out a helping hand towards his fellow-creatures in distress—enough to show us that the attempt so often decried as hopeless, to uplift the fallen, is not in vain, when dictated by Christian charity, and carried out in a kindly spirit. It might be easy to show that the moral degradation of the lowest classes in our land, is at once the fruit and punishment of the proud and exclusive spirit of the several orders above them; and that it could not exist, as it certainly does not exist in the same overwhelming degree, in any country where poverty is not practically punished as a crime, as it is with us. But the proof would do no good that we are aware of; and it is much more to the purpose to invite attention to the remedy, the way to which is pointed out in the preceding details. In carrying instruction to the lost and abandoned, by means of Ragged Schools and City Missionaries, Society is but making a faint endeavour to undo its own evil work. We have denied education to the million, until the conviction has forced itself upon us, that their ignorance, while it is perdition to them, is more expensive to us than the costliest teaching they could have had; and we are now beginning to find out, that it is a matter of economy to do justice even to those whom the usages of the world in which we live have taught us instinctively to despise—or, in other and older words, that honesty is the best policy, after all. We are not going to enlarge upon this text—at any rate for the present—but take our leave of the subject here—wondering as we lay down the pen, whether, had the different partizans of educational systems, "voluntaries" especially, showed one tithe of the zeal for teaching the untaught which they have manifested during the past half-century for preventing each other from doing it—there would have been any need of Ragged Schools in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-three?

PLANCTUS TREVIRORUM:

A DISTRESSING EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.

PALLIUM TREVIRIS PERCOLENDUM FURTO NUPER ABLATUM FUISSE FIDELIBUS ENARRAT ARCHIDIACONUS.

Accipite—primò autem præmonendum
Istud facinus mihi, Latinè, scribendum;
Cùm externis, utcunque peritis sermonum,
Contingat ipsum ignorare Teutonûm—
Accipite—inquam—fratres, quàm dilecti,
Vos, scilicet, falsis nequâquam infecti:
Accipite—reitero—iterumque—
Libellum amicum—Pol! mirabundumque.

Super cæteras relliquias, Trevirorum
In templo habemus Pallium Palliorum:
Cujus nihil refert vobis mentionem
Facerem, nonulli quamvis contentionem
Illius super gestis sacris suscitârint—
Falsa, immò, *excocta*, declarârint!
Ad oves redeamus. Tametsi de nostro
Pallio locuturus, tinctum sive ostro,
Seu nigrum, seu non foret, sive imbutum
Coccis, inquinaverit aut vile lutum,
Tinctorum est scire: his super garrire
Judicari potest mihi haud convenire.

Nunc, demùm, lentè redeo ad inceptum—
Ad finem, vel potiùs; cùm furto abreptum,
Ut perditum, dudum, nos luximus pallium;
Cùm et noster si prehenderet Vetus Ballium
Prædonem, diebus multò minus trinis,
Scelerato daretur cum laqueo finis.
Denuò—conservavimus in pulvinario
Pallium, et ostendimus, festis, denario:
Fuit non inter omnes relliquias ulla
Pluris æstimanda; cùm sint et ampulla
Noæ nobis, et clavus, quem primum infixit
In Arcâ, ut toties Mystagogus edixit.
Quoque etiam cùm habeamus candelam
Quam Moses extinxit, exinde querelam
Protulit, quippe, perinnocentèr miratus
Subitis quòd foret tenebris obumbratus.

Illo, sedulè, invigilavit Curator,
Sobrius, cunctis enim nequâquam potator
Benè notus: illi, alioquì, faxemus
Injurias, et ipsum judicâssemus
Noxæ participem—Adeonè fuisset
Fungus arbitrarem—is cum percepisset
Proventûs dimidium, ubi spectaculum
Monstrârit, cùm et fabricârit miraculum?

Eâ nocte, cui dies illuxerat damni,
Insedens noster homo in specie scamni,
Pallium in genu scopulis cum extersit,
Propter et tineas, piper album adspersit.

A CERTAIN ARCHDEACON RELATES THE ROBBERY OF THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.

Receive (I'm afraid, tho' I'll have all the "fat in
The fire," unless I indite ye in Latin;
For, whatever your Polyglot knowledge, my sermon
Might possibly pose ye, if written in German).
Receive—you, I mean, by the Virgin protected,
Not you, with heretical doctrines infected,
Receive, I repeat, this epistle, and wonder,
For startling it is, (quoth the Yankee) "By Thunder!"

Among other knick-knacks, mundane and angelic,
At Treves we've undoubtedly got a great relic;
The Coat, which has challenged a world-wide attention,
By name, to the Faithful, I only need mention:
Tho' some wicked men have the shocking assurance
(I can't speak of the wretches with common endurance)
To question its sanctified nature—"*The Varmints*,"—
And make it a jest—this *most holy* of garments!
Révénons à nos moutons, I hardly profess
To treat of the Coat as a portion of dress;
Whether blue, black, or brown, is a point for a dyer,
Whether dipped in the vat, or bedaubed in the mire,
Abstractly, is nothing, such things you might doubt,
For a friar, were proper to chatter about.

Once more I return to my first proposition,
I fear I'm obscure, but I'm not a logician,
My beginning I mean, but confusedly blend
All my faculties, when I reflect on the end
Of the scoundrel, whose morals are fashioned so frailly,
If once he is caught in the clutch of Old Bailey:
I opine, nay, religiously venture to hope
For the thread of his crimes, they will give him a rope.
The Coat we exposed on our feast-days—they're many—
And showed for the *very small charge of A Penny*.
Of all our fine relics, which heritics scoff at,
None brought us more credit, none half so much profit;
Though we've got the first nail Noah knocked in the Ark,
And the candle that Moses blew out; in the dark
When he found himself, once, in the midst of the night,
And wondered to think what had gone with the light.

The Coat, I should tell ye, was watched by the Beadle,
A stead and sober man, sharp as a needle:
Trustworthy, or else we should straight have accused him,
As though an accomplice, dismissed and abused him.
But how could we think he would be such a blockhead,
The man who put half the receipts in his pocket,
When, after a flaming discourse panegyrical,
He paraded the relic, and *we* cooked a miracle?

The night ere the day of such scandal and shame,
This Beadle, or Showman, 'tis one and the same,
On the eve of the Feast, thought he'd make it a rule,
Took the coat on his knee as he sat on his stool:

Quò fit ut olim quod et scabrum et hirtum
Visum erat; cujus, usque adhuc, opertum
Malè fuerat decus, nunc planum, politum
Exstitit, tum et paululùm modò attritum.
Postridiè, ritubus sacris peractis,
Mystagogus, denariis multis exactis,
Dedit signum, statim tinniit tintinnabulum,
Accurrêre fideles, ut porci ad pabulum;
Levitèr subminister tapetem levavit,
Et "Ecce Sanctissimum Pallium;" clamavit.

At horrorem pium quà possim narrare,
Medullitùs quem, ut gelu, percolare
Sensimus—quà metum indescribabilemque
Exponere? Non si et mille decemque
Annos vixerim. Extumuêre pupillæ
Oculorum nobis, ut frixorio hillæ;
Quæ et nuper individuæ, exstitêre
Comæ, separatim, et post cecidêre.

Tum vidimus unctum verò et sarcitum
Amictum; de more, et cœno linitum:
Discoloribus manuleis, tum scatentem
Pediculis, foedè et graveolentem.
"Ecce, edidit Pallium pro sesê miraculum!"
Clamare audivimus quendam loquaculum.
"Ecclesiæ significat paupertatem—"
Dixit alter—"et addocet humilitatem!"

Fuêre autem qui pullos computârint
Priùsquàm ex ovis ipsi pullularint.
Miraculum id fuit non modo nostro,
Offensum quod coràm altari et rostro.
Pugnis, homo tempora, demens, pulsavit,
Ululans, voce raucissimâ, exclamavit
"O damnum! sanguis! tonitru! O et clades
Funesta! O Baälzebobe!! O Hades!!"
Eripuit foedum; primò et in crumenis
Manus, tremefactus, injecit obscœnis.
Gossypinum illitum, inde, peniculum
Extraxit, papyrium, atque, fasciculum;
Quid intus foret, nescio, tum figlinum
Parvum tubulum, indicis instar; lupinum
Bicipitem; duas et, inde, quadratas
Chartulas, nomine "*Schmidt*" innotatas.

Ex illis, suboluit nobis quid rei
Esset. Quendam, impietate provehi,
Pernovimus nostro suum permutâsse
Pallio, turpe, paucis, furtum perpetrâsse.
Sordidus, pulicibus et adesus,
Macie tenuatus, seu piger, obesus,
Nil interest, pessimus quispiam cunctorum,
Palladium abstulerat Trevirorum.

Urbis decem, mox, custodes advenêre
Nobis, qui—"Quidnam esset"—postulavêre.
Infanda narravimus: Fortes, rogati
Quid opus facto esset, nasos palpati,
Omnes respondêre, ad unum homunculum,
"Eundum est, primò, meum ad avunculum."
Tum Pallium multiplicatum fuisse
Putavimus, unum et abripuisse
Avunculos singulos decem virorum.
Tum diximus—"Dies est miraculorum."

He brushed it well, smoothed it wheree'er it was
wrinkled,
And pepper, for fear of the moth, he besprinkled;
So that what, hitherto, had looked shaggy and rusty,
Its beauty obscured, shabby, mouldy, and dusty,
Came out with a nap, like a cloth newly shorn,
And an elegant gloss, but the *least morsel* worn.
After mass, on the morrow, the folks got an inkling
Of something to come, for the bell fell a-tinkling,
And each bustled up from his knees, or his seat,
And ran to the relic, like pigs to their meat;
The Beadle, quite gingerly, lifted the curtain,
And cried—"Here's the Holy Coat—nothing more
certain!"

Can I ever the horror describe—like an arrow
Of ice piercing sensibly through to our marrow;
Can I ever the vague indescribable fears—?
Never—not if I live for a thousand long years!
Then started the eyeballs of every man,
And swelled just like sausages fried in a pan,
Hair knotted, and bushy, befrizzled so fine,
Stood on end like the quills of a wild porcupine!!

'Twas a Coat, to be sure, that we saw, and it please ye,
But a bundle of rags, faded, threadbare and greasy;
The sleeves of two colours, the whole, in fact, forming
A picture of wretchedness, stinking and swarming.
"I'm a Dutchman!" cried one, with an accent
satirical—
"If the Coat hasn't actually started a miracle!"
"The beauty of poverty clearly it teaches,"
Said one—"and humility silently preaches."

At conclusions these fellows too hastily snatched,
And reckoned their chickens before they were hatched.
If a miracle 'twere, 'twasn't one of our sort,
Who *never* preach poverty, only in sport.
With his fists, on his temples, the poor Beadle
hammered,
Like a dog at the moon madly howling, he stammered—
"Death alive! blood and thunder! thieves, burglary,
murther!!"
(He swore so profanely, I can't repeat further.)
When his eyeballs had settled a bit in their sockets,
He seized it, and first thrust his hands in the pockets.
He pulled out an old cotton wipe, brown and blue;
Then a small paper packet, done up in a screw;
And a little black pipe, about three inches long,
Of tobacco that smelt most offensively strong:
A sixpence, 'twas bad, we could see by the milling,
And a ticket, or card, inscribed—"Shirt"—"Smith"—
"One shilling."

To cut matters short, as I don't wish to task all
Your patience, we found that some impious rascal
Had stolen our coat, (it had vanished or fled)
And had left us his own filthy jacket instead.
Yes—some flea-bitten sweep, and the blackest of
thieves,
Had boned it—The holy Palladium of Treves.

When the news out of doors, 'gan to spread, and
increase,
There came to us ten of the City Police:
We stated our loss; then began they to stroke
Their noses, and then, in a breath, they *all* spoke—
"I'm certain,"—cried each—"and I don't the least
doubt it,
My Uncle's the man who knows something about it."
Then we said, "Sure the Coat must have been
multiplied
Into ten, which already have flown far and wide,
And the Uncle of each of you City Police,
By some means or other, has got one apiece!"

Subrisit Decurio. "Est tropus jocosus;
Modus atque loquendi impensè mendosus,"
Dixit. "Sunt homines qui Pigneratores
Vulgò vocantur—sunt fœneratores.
Pecuniam commodant, ita ut putem
Si vos excorietis, acceperunt cutem.
Hinc, vobis censuimus hoc adnotandum,
In Pigneratoribus est indagandum:
Amictus, nî fallor, (ut sæpe indutus
Furtivus) jam est in mappâ involutus;
Quam super est titulus, forté, quadratus,
Non raro cum nomine '*Schmidt*' innotatus."

Effatus Decurio hæc pauca, facundè,
Assensimus, plausimus atque abundè.
Constituimus utì foret procedendum,
Pigneratores inter exquirendum;
Videlicet, ego, et tres monachorum,
Pro et præsidio, manus decem virorum.
Ipsâ die sexdecim, nequidquam, rogati,
Cœnosas urbis trivias pervagati.
Tunc verò, Sanctis quasi insusurratum,
Incidimus, demùm, in *ipsum sceleratum.*

Ad unum, intravimus: abdominalem,
Terrigenam, virum, merè nominalem,
Vidimus: immò, exsanguem homunculum,
Immensum habentem, in naso, carbunculum.
Subuculam manû tractavit, et pernam,
Quas investigavit, cautè, ad lucernam;
Quas et illi, jam tunc, oppignerare
Venerat quidam, indigus, quem exprobrare
Cœpit. (At tam malè hominem dejerâsse
Vix crederem posse, vili et de asse)
Iracundia, nostrûm aspectû, defluxit;
Pauper, suspiciosè, se subterduxit.

Nobis, cùm de illo Pallium sciscitati
Sumus, et Vetus Ballium, modò, minitati,
Arrisit: tum—"Vi'n' habeatis!" clamavit.
'Pallium agnovisse se Sanctum negavit;
'Si et pignora, nomine Schmidt, recusaret
'Accipere, idem foret ac si cessaret,
'Omnino, negotiis: ad hoc, id vulgare
'Duxit, levitèr clientes rogitare.'
Facilè extulisse rem potuissemus,
Nî scandalum valdè pertimuissemus,
Idcircò, lætati quòd Pallium nacti
Essemus, et ferre sumptum sumus pacti.

En illa, quam scripsi, titillans historia
Pallii Trevirorum—Irradiet Gloria!
Potiamur quòd iterùm, sumus gavisi,
Veruntamen, restat et aliquid dici;
Crudeliter inopes sumus; non quivimus
Tacere: nam multa de Anglis audivimus—
Pavimenta, Londini, confecta denariis—
Vicies, decies repetita, ærariis,
Auri!!—Viritìm, puerum, et puellam
Omnem, à primis, ad Judæum Apellam,
Litibus monacho distento donâsse
Aureos, et catenis eum liberâsse.
Placeat loculos cumulatos mulgere,
Buculis Trevirorum stipem adhibere;
Usque dum et præclarus amictus durabit,
Bonitatis memoriam semper servabit,

Quoth the Sergeant—"I'm sorry to find you so green,
For 'tis clear that you don't comprehend what we mean;
When we mentioned my Uncle, we didn't pretend
He was any relation, or scarcely a friend:
For a Pawnbroker 'tis a cant signification,
Who lends, for a tangible consideration,
His cash, as for instance, your Coat—aye—your skin,
Take it off, and the odds are that he'll take it in.
The truth flashed across all our minds, in a moment,
The fellow that boned it has pledged it—'twas so meant.
Depend on't, 'tis snugly wrapt up in a clout,
And has travelled, the way of most coats, up the spout:
The ticket they'd give to whoever might pop it,
So the first thing to do is to make haste and stop it."

When the Sergeant had done, as he put it so wisely,
With his view we at once coincided, precisely.
We started, myself, and three monks, shaven-pated,
And the ten of the City Police, before stated.
Pawnbrokers, sixteen, we had routed in vain,
In mud to our ankles, and soaked in the rain,
When at last, ('Twas as tho' by the Saints we were haunted)
We found the identical man that we wanted.

Pell-mell, we pushed in, and a creature we spied,
Who'd have puzzled a "Cuvier," sitting inside:
A cross 'twixt a frog and an owl, was this fellow,
As round as a barrel, carbuncled, and yellow;
A hat in his left hand, a shirt in his right,
Which, now and again, he held up to the light;
Browbeating a starveling, pent up in a box,
With—"Not one stiver more for your rags—What a pox!"
But we cut short his Billingsgate, savage, and saucy,
And staggered the knave with the sight of our *posse:*
The pauper decamped, like a shot from the closet,
Suspiciously leaving behind his deposit.

The Sergeant demanded, all roundabouts scorning,
The Coat "Mister" Smith had pledged there, in the morning—
"Don't you wish you may get it?" responded this joker
Profane—(May his next bit of tripe be a choker)
"I've a legion of Smiths on my books; 'tis a flock
That owns, pretty nearly, nine-tenths of my stock:
Then no questions we ask; 'tis the worth of each lot
We examine, nor care if 'tis Holy or not."
We might have replevy'd the coat if we chose,
But the thought of the noise, and the scandal arose,
And so joyful I felt to have found it again,
To redeem it, I spouted my beads, there and then.

You have here then, my brethren, the soul-thrilling story
Of all that befel our dear Garment of Glory;
'Tis a comfort to see it once more on its perch;
But there's one little point, for the good of the Church,
I will quietly hint. What we've had to disburse,
To recover the Coat from the broker perverse,
Has come at a moment quite *mal à propos,*
For our funds, I lament, are remarkably low.
Now you English, we hear, are *so* rich, and *so* frank,
(Only think, *Twenty Millions of Gold* in your bank!)
That you clubbed, from the Queen, down to Aaron, the Jew-man,
Your thousands, to pay law expenses for Newman.
Don't you think you could manage a Thousand or two
For your brothers at Treves? A few Hundreds might do:—
And as long as the Coat, or a button endures,
We'll remain—My dear Friends—Ever Gratefully, Yours,

FAMILY ROMANCE.

There is in the world a somewhat numerous class of individuals, who regard with a kind of sanctimonious horror everything that may properly pass under the denomination of romance. Having formed their own theory of human life from the scantiest data and the most contracted circle of observation, they dogmatically condemn and attempt arbitrarily to ignore every transaction or incident that will not square with their mechanical notions. These are the men who, with the inexorable shears and pruning-knives of rigid propriety, would cut down to predetermined shapes and dimensions, all the luxuriant outgrowths, and exuberant blossomings of human nature. Capable, perhaps, of taking a tame, ox-like pleasure in the prose of life, they altogether eschew its poetry, and would fain induce us all to despise it as sovereignly as themselves. Society, in their hands, would soon become a huge army of rank and file, drilled, disciplined, straight-laced, steel-cravatted, and barracked to a state of faultless mechanical organization; supposing, of course, that they could confine and manage the strong passions of their subjects as easily as the engineer controls the prodigious powers of the steam compressed within the iron sides of his engine-boiler. But, unfortunately for these well-intentioned drill-serjeants, whose hopes are doomed to perpetual disappointments, the human passions and the human will cannot be either imprisoned within iron walls, dragooned into unmutinous subjection, mesmerized into a *coma* of unagitated quiescence, or fused and fixed into some approved and unalterable shapes. They have proved themselves every bit as intractable and liberty-loving as the Ishmaelites of the desert, from a period long anterior to the origin of that wild race. And it is owing to this circumstance that there has always been romance in the world, and that there always will be so long as the world stands. For while love or hatred continue to inspire and heat the bosoms of men and women—while ambition or revenge rouse the slumbering powers of the soul to a pitch of almost superhuman strain and strength—while eminent virtues or great vices shed their blissful or baleful influences upon families or communities—while sudden and startling vicissitudes of fortune are continually occurring among us — romance will never die out; the novelist need not despairingly anticipate the doom of his vocation, the poet sigh for a theme of song, nor the moralist lack facts wherewith to point a proverb, or whereon to hang a homily.

Nor is romance restricted to any particular country, age, state of civilization, or state of society; although some lands and some epochs of history, from various appreciable causes, do certainly yield a much larger contribution of the wild, the adventurous, the strange, and the marvellous, than others. Antiquity and distance, though by no means essential to the creation of that species of interest which we are wont to represent as romantic, are nevertheless eminently serviceable in deepening and intensifying it. Castles, dungeons, palaces, old ruins, pathless forests, caves, monasteries, and convents, have always been the chosen haunts of the spirit of romance; while a disorganized state of society, characterized by feuds between great families, and the prevalence of sanguinary contests, depredations, violence, murders, abductions, and constant dangers and alarms, has presented the most inexhaustible field of exciting materials to the bard, the chronicler, or the novelist. Regarding romance as synonymous with the more uncommon events, the tragical aspects, and the heroisms of history, we are surprised rather to find the world's annals so full of it. The camps and courts of all nations, ancient and modern, furnish examples in abundance in illustration of this assertion. Some of the great events of European history, too—such as the Crusades and the conquest of Spain by the Saracens—have been steeped in its deepest colours, and will always exert a sort of magical charm upon those who follow the footsteps of the hermit-warriors to the sunny and sacred East, or who contemplate the marvellous exploits of the fierce fanatics of Islam, in the rich valleys of Grenada. Then, leaving out of account the fabulous escapades of Munchausen, and the allegorical explorations of Lemuel Gulliver, who can deny that the wonderful discoveries, the mysterious revelations, the thrilling adventures, and the hair-breadth escapes of the great travellers and explorers of all ages, are sufficient in the potent elements of romance? The "Pilgrimages" of old Purchas are equal, even now, to many a weird legend of the olden time; while the account of the recent captivity of Captain Bourne among the giants of Patagonia, cannot be read without considerable excitement. A revolutionary era is always prolific of those social and political vicissitudes, and sudden elevations and downfals, that appeal most irresistibly to the organs of wonder and veneration; and no doubt the recent commotions of the European continent will supply numberless tales, both touching and terrible, to the future romancist. Who will fail to detect a tinge of romance in a statement which we lately met with, to the effect that M. Flocon, formerly a member of the French Provisional Government, is now, through reverse of circumstances, reduced to the necessity of living upon eightpence a day; to which it is further added that he refuses profferred subcriptions, saying that he has sufficient for his wants. Even America—that land "practical" *par excellence*, and whose inhabitants have been so satirically designated the "worshippers of the almighty dollar"—is beginning to discover in the martyr-like privations and sacrifices of its early settlers, its wild struggles

and intercourse with the Indian tribes, as well as in the hazards and valiant achievements of the celebrated war of Independence, to say nothing of the revolting system of slavery, a mine of singular facts and incidents out of which her children of genius will fabricate a storied literature rivalling that of any old-world countries. But, perhaps, after all, Australia is destined to achieve in this respect an almost fabulous notoriety. Here we have nearly all the elements essential to the production of romance of the highest and least exceptionable order, and which only require the consecrating touch of time and the mellowing halo of distance to render it captivating to the imagination. Great changes, the rupture of old family ties, self-expatriation to an untried land, the excitements of a new life, the workings of an adventurous spirit, the herculean strivings of new-born ambitions, the sudden creation of great fortunes, astounding leaps from penury to affluence, with the converse to this picture, of well-bred and highly-stationed emigrants stooping in this strange land to menial employments, and thus most properly laying afresh the foundations of a safer social status amid quite a new order of things—these are the marked characteristics of Australia's strange novitiate in national history; and these are just the stuff of which legitimate romance is composed.

But, after all, we need not travel to courts or camps, to castles or convents, to primitive times or medieval ages, to the holy East or the gold-hunting West, in search of the extraordinary. We may find it often much nearer home. There are few families, perhaps, that do not possess some traditions and legends of wonderful occurrences, that have happened to some of its members, at some period or other in their past history, and which, if they could see the light, would add many astonishing recitals to those that are now before the public. Ever and anon from some of these more occult passages of human life and experience, the veil of secrecy is dropped, by either a friendly or unfriendly hand; they form the plot of an entertaining tale in some popular serial, or get embodied in the heart of a three-volume novel, or find their way into a cyclopædia of anecdote, and henceforth become the common property of the world. Somewhat in this manner, the friendly office of a literary *accoucheur* has just been performed for a number of curious family traditions, by Mr. Bernard Burke, the well-known author of many interesting works upon the aristocracy of our country. From this gentleman's extensive acquaintance with some of the most private sources of domestic English history, and the free access and intimate intercourse which he enjoys with many noble families, every fresh production of his pen, in this rich field of romance, is eagerly watched and welcomed, and perhaps by none more than by the scions of aristocratic houses themselves. His last work bears the promising title of "Family Romance; or, Episodes in the Domestic Annals of the Aristocracy;"* and will, perhaps, fully sustain the reputation earned by its predecessors. "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." "The Landed Gentry," &c. The genealogical details, often spreading over several pages in succession, are all *caviaire* to the general reader, intent on the gratification of his appetite for the romantic and the wonderful, although we can imagine the interest with which these pedigrees of illustrious houses and intricate ramifications of "blue blood," will be scrutinized by the jealous exclusives of Belgravia and its circumjacent regions. With the treasure-full quarry at his command, we are justified in expecting from Mr. Burke much amusing and even exciting reading, and we have no hesitation in saying that whoever takes up the two volumes in question, to wile away the vacant hours of a winter's evening, or, which is more in season, to enhance the enjoyment of a sea-side ramble, will not be disappointed. Some of its relations are pleasant and refreshing; others are pervaded with an interest deep and tragical; others, again, recounting the intrigues and conspiracies of successful crime, are almost too terrible to dwell upon; while a few there are in which supernatural agencies prominently figure, and which we should not, by any means recommend to the attention of the inmates of lonely dwellings, or the possessors of shattered nerves and hypochondriacal fancies. The only fault we feel disposed to find with Mr. Burke's performance is, the tone of disrespect in which he speaks of earnest religion, which he usually stigmatizes by such names as enthusiasm, fanaticism, superstition, bigotry, and so forth. The Puritans, who occasionally cross his path, are almost invariably assailed by the shafts of his calumny and caricature; while their royalist foes are represented as the only virtuous and saintly people of the time. His sympathies are strongly with the faithless Charles the First, in behalf of whom and his cause he exhibits a degree of "flunkeyism," which we could not have anticipated from any writer who has been brought at all into contact with the public opinion of the present day. This may be attributed, we presume, to his aristocratic studies and associations. In the misfortunes of the exiled family he quite loses sight of their great crimes and flagrant perfidies, and speaks of their sufferings as having atoned for their "imprudence." Every reader of history knows, that notwithstanding their reverses and tribulations, they remained unhumbled, unchanged, untrustworthy to the last. Long and patiently and magnanimously were their duplicities borne with, by an insulted nation, until it became clear to well-nigh all men that there was no alternative to an enslaving despotism but to shake them off for ever. Stage morality, moreover, finds in Mr. Burke a whole-hogg defender. Although we fully believe that much more has been stated, in wholesale terms of reprobation, concerning the improprieties of theatrical professionals, than could ever be substantiated, yet we are by no means inclined to give credence to the representations of their superior purity and virtue which our author ventures to make.

* London: Hurstand Blackett, 13, Great Marlborough-street. 1853.

But, in order to afford to our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves as to the flavour of the highly-seasoned viands now before us, we will present to them a few morsels from some of Mr. Burke's more piquant dishes. At a time when "spirit-rappings," "table-movings," and communion with the manes of both the mighty and the gentle dead, are driving men to their wit's ends for a satisfactory solution of these acknowledged marvels, any new facts, or old facts revived, bearing upon this subject, may be supposed to be acceptable. In the volumes before us, there are two or three remarkable and apparently well-attested stories of the appearance of the spirits of deceased persons to their relatives, immediately after their liberation from the flesh. Although far from being dupes to a superstitious credulity, yet with so many respectably authenticated cases of supernatural visitation on record, and such startling approaches as have been made of late towards the borders of the mysterious spirit-world around us, we think it both wise and reverent to abstain from dogmatizing too confidently, on a subject so solemn, or rejecting as undoubted delusions such facts as we are about to relate. It is well from time to time to check our shallow dogmatizings, by recalling the profound and celebrated saying of Hamlet, that

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Even Mr. Burke, though clearly disinclined to believe in the reality of apparitions, frankly admits that there are many such tales on record, "supported by as clear and strong evidence, as ever was produced in a court of justice to convict or acquit a prisoner." Of such a description is the one that follows, which is known as the "Wynyard Ghost Story."

The chief human actors in this strange adventure were two young officers, afterwards known as Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard, who at the period under consideration were employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. They were both of a studious turn, of great similarity of tastes, and remarkably free from all intemperate indulgences, which latter circumstance is of great importance in relation to what was about to happen.

It was their common habit to retire from the mess-room immediately after dinner, and betake themselves to the apartments of one or other of them, where they would sit together for hours, each employed upon his own studies. Such was the case on the day of our story, when they met in the rooms belonging to Wynyard. It was about four o'clock, the afternoon bright and clear, with far too much of daylight remaining to veil any spectral illusions. Both had abstained entirely from wine. The apartment had only two doors, one of them leading into the outer passage, the other into the bed-room, from which there was no second way of egress; or, in other words—for this matter cannot be made too clear—it was impossible to go in or out of the bed-chamber, except by passing through the sitting-room.

They were both placed at the same table, occupied as usual, when Sherbroke happening to look up from his book, was surprised to see a tall emaciated youth, about twenty years of age, standing beside the door that opened into the passage. There was something so striking, or so unusual in the stranger's appearance, that he almost involuntarily called the attention of his friend to him by slightly touching his arm, and pointing with his finger to where the figure stood. But no sooner had Wynyard raised his eyes and fixed them upon the strange visitant, than he became agitated in the most extraordinary manner. "I have heard," says Sir John Sherbroke, "of a man's being pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment." Both for awhile remained silent; the one under the influence of some untold but powerful feeling; the other from surprise at his friend's profound emotion, which, in some degree, became communicated to himself, and made him also regard their strange visitant with something akin to awe. . . .

While the two friends continued to gaze, unable to speak or move, the apparition—if such it were—began to glide slowly and noiselessly across the chamber. In passing them, it cast a melancholy look upon young Wynyard, and immediately after seemed to enter the bedroom, where it was lost to sight. No sooner were they relieved from the oppression produced by this extraordinary presence, than Wynyard, as if again restored to the power of breathing, drew a heavy sigh, and murmured, as it seemed unconsciously, "Great God! my brother!"

"Your brother?" repeated Sherbroke; "what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; but follow me, and we'll soon know the truth of it."

In saying this he caught his friend's hand, and preceded him into the bedroom, from which, as we have already observed, all egress was impossible. Great, therefore, was the surprise—of Sherbroke at least—upon finding, after the narrowest search, that the room was absolutely untenanted, though he still believed they had been mocked by some illusion. Wynyard, on the contrary, was now confirmed in his first impression that he had actually seen the spirit of his brother. Neither of them was perhaps wholly satisfied of his own opinion in a case where the reason and the senses were so much at variance; but in the hope that time might afford a clue to the mystery, they took a note of the day and hour, resolving, however, not to mention the occurrence to any of their brother officers.

As the impression of this strange event grew fainter upon the minds of the two ghost-seers, not only did Sherbroke become more confirmed in his idea that a trick had been played upon them, but even Wynyard was strongly inclined to agree with him . . . . Still he could not help feeling the greatest anxiety with regard to his brother. His solicitude to hear from England increased every day, and at length attained such a pitch that it attracted the attention of his brother officers, who, by their importunate sympathy, wormed from him the secret. From one the story quickly spread to another, till it became a matter of almost as much general interest as it was to the parties principally concerned. Few indeed of them but inquired for Wynyard's letters before asking for their own, so eager were they, for the most part, to obtain a clue to this strange mystery. . . .

At length the vessel, so long and anxiously expected, arrived, and the letters that came in her were delivered to their respective owners, while sitting in the mess-room at supper. No letter for Wynyard! the disappointment was general. The newspapers were eagerly searched, but nothing appeared in the obituaries, nothing in any part, or in any way connected with the family, that could supply a solution of the ghost-story. All had read their letters except Sherbroke, who had yet one remaining unopened. It almost seemed for a moment as if he hesitated to break the seal; but he did break it; and a hasty glance at the contents was quite enough. With a look of much pain and surprise, he started up, and beckoning his friend to follow him, left the mess-room. The officers at the supper-table all came to the conclusion that the letter had some relation to the event about which all were so curious . . . . After the lapse of an hour, Sherbroke again made his appearance amongst them, his mind evidently full of thoughts that bewildered

and oppressed him. Instead of seating himself at the mess-table, he went up to the fire, where he leaned his head against the mantel-piece, without noticing any one, and, bent though all were on learning something more of the mystery, none liked to question him. At last, after a long and painful silence, he said in a low voice, "Wynyard's brother is no more. He died, as I learn from the letter you saw me open, on the very day, and at the very hour his spirit appeared, or seemed to appear, to us!'"

Here this wonderful relation might properly terminate, were it not for another singular circumstance connected therewith, and which deserves to be mentioned. Notwithstanding the general belief among his friends in the reality of the apparition, Sherbroke still obstinately clung to the idea that he had been deceived by human agency—one of those paradoxes in human credulousness of which we need never look far to find abundant examples. After years had swept by, this sceptic returned to England; and while walking one day with two friends in Piccadilly, lo! he beheld on the other side of the street, the perfect image of his Nova Scotia spirit, except that it was neither so pale nor so emaciated. "Now then," said he to himself, "we shall have that singular affair unravelled." And forthwith darting across the way, he at once accosted the stranger, excusing the liberty he was taking by a hasty narrative of the circumstances which had led to it, and dwelling not a little upon his close resemblance to the supposed phantom. The gentleman accepted his apology with polite frankness, but declared that he had never been out of England, and therefore could have been no party to any deception, such as that implied, even had he been so inclined. "For the likeness," he added, "you will no longer be surprised at it, when I tell you that I am the twin brother of him whose spirit you saw in Nova Scotia. While he was living we were always considered to bear an extraordinary resemblance to each other."

This marvellous occurrence, as it appears to us, admits of solution only in one of four ways. Either we must suppose that two high-minded and conscientious officers concocted a cruel falsehood in relation to the deceased brother of one of them; or, secondly, that they were the dupes of a trick played upon them by their brother officers; or, thirdly, that in the light of day and at the same moment, they both became subject to the same illusions; or, finally, that they did actually see what they fancied they saw, which would at once establish the possibility of supernatural appearances, and give indirect confirmation to many similar tales of mystery. As regards the first and second hypothesis, we do not suppose they will be for a moment entertained; Mr. Burke, with many signs of vacillation, affects to receive the third conjecture as the explanation forced upon him, though the illustrations and analogies he quotes are utterly unsatisfactory and some of them irrelevant. For our part, unless we are to abandon our persuasion of separate spiritual existences altogether, the last theory seems to us to present the most obvious solution, and quite as conceivable as either of the rest.

The next family tradition (to which we propose to refer) is current in Wiltshire, and has been incorporated in Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall," under the title of "Lady Barbara and the Ghost;" although the bard, misled by popular exaggerations, and indulging in poetic licence, has loaded the narration with many absurd additions, and even mistaken some of the principal actors. These, according to Mr. Burke's version of the incident, which he received from a descendant of the family, were the Earl of Tyrone and Lady Beresford. We will allow our annalist to relate the circumstance in his own language:—

At a very early age, Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford had been on terms of intimate friendship, such as can only exist in extreme youth; and with a romantic spirit, not at all surprising at their age, entered into a mutual compact that whichever of the two died first, should, if the thing were possible, appear to the other. Years rolled on, the lady had married and become a widow, and had, probably, forgotten her youthful promise, when she was suddenly reminded of it in a manner that was impressive, if not awful. It was on the 19th of August, 1704, for tradition has preserved the day with wonderful exactness. Lady Beresford went to bed in full health, as it seemed, without any one remarking or herself being conscious of the slightest depression of spirits, or change in her usual habits. After a time she woke from her first sleep, and to her infinite surprise saw Lord Tyrone standing by her bedside. While she yet continued to gaze in disturbed wonder, the figure informed her that she saw the ghost of Lord Tyrone, that he was then in bliss, and had only come in fulfilment of his promise. To convince her that it was no dream, he wrote his name in her pocket-book, twisted the curtains through a great ring in the ceiling, left the print of his hand upon a wardrobe, and finally, laying his finger upon her wrist, made an indelible mark, in further testimony of his nocturnal visit. He then foretold that she would marry again, be exceedingly unfortunate in her marriage, and die at the birth of a child, in her forty-second year. Sleep soon again came over her; but, upon awaking in the morning, the events of the night burst at once upon her memory. They could not have been, as she at first imagined, the shadows of a dream; there were the curtains twisted through the ring in the ceiling; there was the print of a hand upon the wardrobe; there was the singular mark upon her wrist, and so indelible that she was fain ever afterwards to hide it with a band of black velvet. If, after such proofs, any doubt could still have remained, it was removed at breakfast by the arrival of a letter announcing Lord Tyrone's death.

The ghost turned out to be a veracious one, evidently possessing a clear insight into futurity. The soothsayer who predicted to Julius Cæsar his death at the Ides of March, was not a truer prophet. For a time, as Crabbe sings—

> It had such influence on the widow's mind
> That she the pleasures of the world resigned,
> Young as she was, and from the busy town
> Came to the quiet of a village down;
> Not as insensible to joys, but still
> With a subdued, but half-rebellious will.

At length, however, the impression of the spirit's warning had so far faded, that she listened to the addresses of a General Gorges, whom she eventually married. Though ardent enough as a lover, he proved to be a faithless husband.

> His day of love—a brief autumnal day,
> E'en at its dawning hasten'd to decay.

Disputes at length became so frequent and fierce as to necessitate a separation. With strange inconsistency and perverseness, however, no sooner

were they divorced, than they began mutually to regret their quarrels, and found no peace until they came together again, more in love with each other than before.

"Lady Beresford," says Mr. Burke, "soon proved *enceinte*, and was now near the time of her confinement. Being her birthday, she had invited a party of friends, and, in the overflowing satisfaction of the moment, chanced to remark, "Well, I never expected to see this day; I have now completed my forty-third year." "Not so," replied the old family clergyman; "I officiated at your ladyship's christening, and can certify that you are to-day only forty-two." She had not, then, passed the fated and fatal limit; she might yet die, as the ghost had predicted, at the birth of a child, and in her forty-second year! The shock thus occasioned, was too much for one in her delicate situation; she was immediately seized with the pains of premature labour, and died that night. Brief as the interval was, she is yet said to have related the ghost story to her son, Sir Marcus, who afterwards so far verified it, that upon uncovering her wrist, he found the impression of a finger.

Several other legends of a yet more wonderful and incredible character will be found in these volumes; passing them by, however, we quote, as a fitting pendant to the preceding stories, two remarkable instances of sympathy between twins, which, whether, as psychological or physiological phenomena, strike us as being quite as astonishing as the preceding, although, in all probability, they will be far more readily believed. We know of no principle upon which the mysterious effects about to be related are explicable, unless it be that recently suggested by some of the more eminent students of the science of animal magnetism; namely, that there exists a subtle and universally diffused fluid or force, which is the medium of all intercommunion between mind and matter, and which is capable of receiving and transmitting impressions with more than electrical rapidity, and through vast distances. If this view, supported by such men as Reichenbach and Gregory, be borne in mind while reading the following statements, some clue may be afforded to what otherwise might appear incredible. The first story refers to Louis Blanc, the well-known French Communist, and exile of the last Revolution.

Louis Blanc and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person, and features, and, what is still more remarkable, they were connected by one of those mysterious sympathies, the very existence of which we are all too apt to deny, because we cannot comprehend its nature. "There are no tigers in India," says a French traveller, writing to his friend, "for I have seen none;" and so will the sceptic say, when he is told that however separated might be these two brothers, no accident could happen to the one, without the other having a sympathetic feeling of it. Thus, it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among a party of friends, he was suddenly observed to change colour; and upon being questioned, he complained of a sensation, as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother then in Paris. The company generally laughed at this as a mere imaginary notion; but some more curious than the rest, made an exact minute of the day and hour, to see how far this warning was justified by the actual event. And what was the result? At the precise moment thus indicated, Louis, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. So severe was the blow, that he fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped.

Our next instance gives a similar picture in reverse.

Louis Blanc had found it prudent to seek a temporary asylum in England. As had happened in the preceding case, he one day experienced a strange feeling, as if all was not right with his brother, and that, too, at a time when he was sitting in the company of friends, and was least likely to be influenced by such sensations in the common order of things. Here again, the very minute was noted down, and a short time after, a letter came from his brother in Paris, stating that he wrote then as he might never be able to write again. It appears that a pamphlet had been published in France bitterly reflecting upon Louis, and that his brother had, in consequence, called out the author, who in the duel was severely wounded. Such is the tale, which, we are told, Louis Blanc is in the habit of relating to his friends.

This singular circumstance appears to have been the actual prototype of that ingenious melodrama of the French dramatist known as the "Corsican Brothers," and which has lately been rendered so popular by the inimitable acting of Mr. Charles Kean. The story, moreover, is confirmatory of a similar anecdote of two brothers in our own country, and which cannot be denied, if there be any veracity in monumental records:

Nicholas and Andrew Tremayne were twins and younger sons of Thomas Tremayne, a Devonshire gentleman, of good estate and well connected. So perfect was their likeness in size, shape, feature, and colour of their hair, nay, the very tone of their voices, that it was impossible for the nicest eye to find out any point of difference. Even their parents could not tell one from the other, and were obliged to distinguish them by some secret mark, which the twins would oftentimes amuse themselves by changing. Wonderful as was this external similitude, it was yet more surprising to find them governed by precisely the same feelings and affections. What one liked, the other liked; what one loathed, the other loathed; if one was ill, the other sickened; and if one was pained, the other suffered in the same part and in the same degree. These sympathies occurred at whatever distance they might be apart, and without any intelligence or communication with each other.

In the year 1564, these twins served in the wars at Newhaven, or Havre de Grace, as it is now called, upon the French coast. Of their previous fortunes we have no account, nor is there any conjectural mode of explaining the very great difference that we now find in their respective positions. The one was captain of a troop of horse, while the other was only a private soldier. This, however, made not the slightest difference in the strong sympathy that had previously existed between them, as was now speedily to be seen. In the fierce battle that ensued, one of the twins was slain. The other immediately stepped into his place, and, fighting with the utmost gallantry, fell dead upon the body of his brother.

Having in the preceding presumed examples of supernaturalism ministered to the peculiar *penchant* of clairvoyants, rappists, connoisseurs in ghostology, and such like mystery-mongers, we next commend to the attention of that numerous and constantly increasing class of persons who strenuously maintain the curative powers of mesmerism and electro-biology, a case so surprisingly illustrative of their views as to be liable to be scouted as fabulous, were it not by unquestionable testimony placed beyond all reasonable doubt. This is to be found in the extraordinary life and beneficent labours of Valentine Greatraks. An outline of the history of this singular man appeared, we remember, in a former work of Mr. Burke's, the "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy;" but since the

issue of that publication, a mass of fresh materials of great interest, has come into the hands of our author, through the kindness of one of Mr. Greatraks' lineal descendants. This person was an Irishman by birth, and figured during that period of unwonted national excitement—the middle of the seventeenth century. At the time of the terrible Rebellion of 1641, he was thirteen years of age, when his mother fled with him to England, his father being dead. Having enjoyed the asylum afforded by a relative during the perilous times that ensued upon this sanguinary out-break, he returned to his afflicted country in 1647. After the subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell, two years later, he accepted a lieutenancy of a troop of horse in Ludlow's regiment, and continued in the discharge of his military duties until the disbanding of the army in 1656. On retiring from active service, he took to a country life, and employed many of his poor countrymen in either agricultural or mining operations; while such was the respect in which he was held, that before long he was made both clerk and justice of the Peace.

About the year 1662, an extraordinary change came over him, which we give in his own words: "About four years since, I had an impulse, or a strange persuasion in my mind (of which I am not able to give any rational account to another), which did very frequently suggest to me that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing the King's Evil, which, for the extraordinariness of it, I thought fit to conceal for some time; but at length, I communicated this to my wife, and told her that I did verily believe that God had given me the blessing to cure the King's Evil; for whether I were in public or private, sleeping or waking, still I had the impulse." His wife not crediting him, he did the most sensible thing that was possible—put his fancied powers to the test, and with the most triumphant results. Some of his neighbours having afflicted children and relatives, they were brought to him and healed. The method employed by Mr. Greatraks in effecting his cures, was simply *rubbing the affected place with his hand,* and offering, at the same time, prayer to Jesus that the sufferer might be healed. From the former circumstance, he was called by his contemporaries, the "Stroker."

In 1665, says Mr. Burke, on the Sunday after Easter-day, he felt that these powers were much enlarged, and that the "gift of healing" was communicated to him by God for the removal of other sicknesses. On the Wednesday following, he healed a poor man of an ulcerous leg; and on the next day he went to Colonel Phaire, at Cahirmony, who was very ill of ague, which was immediately taken away by stroking. "When Mr. Greatraks came to my father's," writes the Colonel's son, "the court was crowded with patients, whom he attended all the afternoon. Many were perfectly cured, without any return of their disorders, and most received benefit. I have heard my two eldest sisters (who were women grown), and my eldest brother, and my father and mother, and many other honourable people, that would speak nothing but truth, often say that they have many times seen him stroke a violent pain from the shoulder to the elbow, and so to the wrist, and thence to the tip of the thumb, and by holding it strongly there for some time, it had evaporated. There are many wonders of this kind, which, though assuredly true, have so much the air of romance, that I have no pleasure in relating them."

Such crowds of the sick now resorted to the demesne of Affane (Mr. G.'s residence), that its remarkable owner found himself left "no time to follow his own occasions, nor enjoy the company of his family and friends." He set three days in the week apart, from six in the morning till six at night, to lay hands on all who came; and so continued some months at home. "But the multitudes which came daily were so great, that the neighbouring towns were not able to accommodate them; whereupon, for the good of others," writes Mr. Greatraks, "I left my home and went to Youghal, where great multitudes resorted to me, not only of the inhabitants, but also out of England; so that some of the magistrates of the town told me they were afraid that some of the sick people that came to see me out of England might bring the infection (the Plague) into the place; whereon I retired again to my house at Affane, where I observed three days by laying my hands on all that came, whatsoever the diseases were (and many were cured and many were not); so that my stable, barn, and malt-house, were filled with sick people."

It can hardly fail to have occurred to some of the readers of these marvellous recitals—of which we know but of one parallel, that it would not be orthodox to mention—that no intimation has yet been made of any opposition either from "the faculty" or from "the cloth." That the former class, with all their pecuniary interests, to say nothing of their professional reputation, at stake, should stand idly and dumbly by, and witness these astounding feats in therapeutics, was not to be expected; still our diligent compiler records nothing to their discredit. Would that we could say as much for the priestly order, who have ever been the bulwarks of "things as they are," and the ruthless persecutors of every man, however eminent and God-gifted, if he has not derived his diploma and certificate from their consecrating hands. It happened in the present case, as it has happened in thousands of instances before and since. It was but a new version of a very old tale. We all remember the inquisitorial question addressed to the apostolic wonder-workers, "By what authority doest thou these things?" In this case, the bishop was the Caiaphas of the occasion, and the dean of Lismore's court was the Sanhedrim before which the offender was summoned, and by which he was prohibited from laying hands on any sick people for the future.

This order, we are told, Mr. Greatraks obeyed for two days; but going into the village of Cappoquin, he met many poor and sick persons come to him out of England, and he could not, out of compassion to their misery, stay his hand from them. The bishop, himself, now sent for him, and demanded "where was his license for curing, as all physicians ought to have one from the ordinary of the diocese." To which he replied, "that though he had no such licence, he knew no law which prohibited any person from doing what good he could to his neighbour." The bishop renewed the prohibition in yet stricter terms; but Mr. Greatraks refused compliance with the order, and at home, in Dublin, and wheresoever his occasions called him, he continued the exercise of what he believed to be his "gift."

The fame of his beneficent exploits having spread to this side of the Irish Channel, Mr. Greatraks was sent for by Lord Conway, then residing at Ragley, in Warwickshire, for the purpose of relieving his lady of a violent headache. Here he stayed about a month, incessantly em-

ployed in his works of compassion; but although many astonishing cures were effected, the obstinate malady of his noble hostess seems to have defied his skill. In a remarkable letter, addressed by Lord Conway to his brother, occurs the following passages. "Very few have failed under his hands of the many hundreds that he hath touched in these parts. I must confess that, before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth part of those things which I have been an eye-witness of. This morning the Bishop of Gloucester recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him, for a leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly, that is, from a moist humour; 'twas immediately dried up and began to fall off; the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration . . . . . I am far from thinking these cures miraculous; but I believe they are done by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*, which extends not to all diseases alike, as he doth despatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of pains."

From Ragley, Mr. Greatraks went to Worcester, where, on his arrival, a letter reached him, conveying the royal mandate that he should appear at Whitehall. Obeying this summons, he proceeded to London, where he took up his residence in Lincoln's-Inn-fields; and having been presented at Court, he returned to his lodgings, where he publicly cured the sick, and filled the whole city with amazement. Nothing was spoken of in London, for some time, but the prodigies that he wrought. Dr. Lloyd, the chaplain of the Charter House, having issued an abusive work against the "Stroker," entitled, "Wonders no Miracles," Mr. Greatraks, in reply, wrote his "Brief Account," which he inscribed to the philosophic Robert Boyle, who, together with Cudworth, and other celebrated men of that age, did not hesitate to throw the shield of their authority and influence over the "Irish Prophet." How long he remained in London does not appear. He was in Dublin in 1681, which appears to have been his last public appearance. He is described by some of his contemporaries as having been a man of large stature and surprising strength. "He has often," writes one, "taken a handful of hazel-nuts and cracked most of them with one gripe of his hand; and has often divided a single hazel-nut by his thumb and forefinger. He had the largest, heaviest, and softest hand, I believe, of any man of his time; to which I do attribute the natural reason of the great virtues of his hand above other men." This "largeness" of the Stroker's hand, has always been a tradition in the family.

We urge this remarkable example of Nature's curative powers upon all who are interested in mitigating the maladies to which flesh is heir. We regret that Mr. Burke did not feel it incumbent upon him to show how strikingly the facts he has collected serve to exemplify the recent discoveries of electro-biologists, to whose modes of operation Mr. Greatrak's manipulations seem to bear an almost exact resemblance. If talents of this wonderful and beautiful description do indeed lie buried in these mysterious bodies of ours, surely it is high time that they should be disinterred, and consecrated to the service of suffering humanity.

We pass now, in conclusion, to a very different theme, and one of the most singular passages of family romance which we have ever met with. We well remember — and the circumstance, perhaps, also fell beneath the notice of many of our readers—that a short period after the death of the ex-King of the French, Louis Philippe, and when the chances of the elevation of any of his sons to the throne were being rather anxiously considered, a mysterious sort of paragraph was going the round of the newspapers, insinuating that the dethroned monarch was an interloper into the Orleans family, and that neither he nor his heirs had any right to royal honours. There was just enough in the obscure announcement to awaken and stimulate curiosity, but not sufficient to afford to the judgment data for the formation of a decisive opinion. It looked like a wanton scandal flung into the fallen sovereign's grave, or a reckless expedient of political animosity, intended to damage the dynastic interests and prospects of his aspiring family. Strange to say, however, if we may credit the startling revelations given in one of the sections of Mr. Burke's work, there is more truth in the significant rumour than we were disposed to admit. According to these disclosures, Louis Philippe was the changeling son of an Italian jailor, while the real heir to the throne had been defrauded of her royal heritage, and died with her wrongs unredressed. But without further prelude, we proceed to give a condensed view of the facts upon which these startling allegations rest.

It was about the close of last century that Lord Newborough, an Irish peer, lately widowed, while residing at Florence, was fascinated by the grace and beauty of a youthful ballerina, named Maria Stella Petronella Chiappini, whose performances he was accustomed to witness at the opera. An acquaintance commenced between them, and after negotiating a bargain with the reputed father of the charming girl, she was transferred to the mansion of her noble admirer. The conduct of Lord Newborough towards his prize was honourable and delicate in the extreme, for he immediately made her his wife, notwithstanding the disparity of years, and, returning to England, introduced her to the highest circles as Lady Newborough. By her he had two sons, who succeeded to the peerage.

On the death of the old Lord, 1807, Lady Newborough felt a natural desire to revisit her Italian relatives, which she accordingly did, taking with her her two boys. On arriving at Florence, her first care was to seek out her father, whom she found settled in a much superior condition to that of his earlier career. He and all the members of her family treated her with profound respect, but with a distance and reserve that was inexplicable, and that distressed her affectionate heart excessively. The only exception to this was her father;

but all freedom of intercourse even with him was prevented by the constant impediments thrown in the way by her other relatives, who for some mysterious reason would never leave them alone together. Vexed and annoyed by this restraint, she removed to another part of Italy, where she dwelt for several years, until news was brought to her that old Chiappini was at the point of death. She flew to Florence, and arrived a few days before the old man died. He was delighted to see her, and was anxious to be left alone with her, as he evidently had something important to impart. But, as before, all unrestrained intercourse was denied, the brother, especially, never leaving them for a moment. At length the poor man died, with the harassing secret of his bosom undivulged.

This scene, as might be expected, made a painful impression on the mind of Maria Stella, and excited vague suspicions of a strange mystery enshrouding her. The only link that bound her to the family being now broken, she bade them farewell for ever, and again quitted Florence. Six months afterwards a packet was put into her hands, of which the superscription made her start, as it was in the well-known handwriting of her father. Her whole attention was at once riveted. The letter had been written by Chiappini after the commencement of his illness, in anticipation of the difficulties of making any oral communication. It disclosed to her the astounding fact that she was not his daughter, and bitterly bewailed the injustice and wrong to which he had so long been a party. "But if I was guilty," remarks the conscience-smitten man, "how much greater was the guilt of your real father!" He then proceeds to divulge the dazzling secret of her birth as follows:—

About four months before your birth, a great foreign nobleman and his lady arrived in our town, with a numerous Italian retinue, and hired the principal house from the Marchese B—— and Lord ——. It was said that they were French, and of illustrious rank and great wealth. The lady was far advanced in pregnancy, and so was my wife. I was much astonished by the affability of this great foreigner, who sent for me, gave me money, made me drink wine with him, and expressed a wish to serve me in every possible way. After repeated conversations he disclosed his purposes to me, with large bribes and commands to secrecy. He told me that it was absolutely necessary, on account of the weightiest family reasons, that the child which his countess was about to produce should be a son; and therefore he urged me, in the event of her giving birth to a daughter and my wife bearing a son, to allow the children to be exchanged. It was in vain that I attempted to dissuade him . . . . . He assured me that in the event of the exchange, my boy should be nobly provided for, and that he would fill one of the noblest places in Europe. Everything turned out according to the count's precautions. His lady had a daughter, and my wife a son; the children were exchanged; I was made comparatively rich; the countess speedily recovered; and she, her husband, my boy, and their numerous Italian suite, speedily left our quiet little town, and were never more heard of. For the course of seven years large sums of money were remitted to me, with the strictest injunctions to secrecy, and terrible threats were held out to me in the event of my divulging the facts—especially to you.

Such are the essential points of this strange story—this real palace romance. What a potent appeal was here to two of woman's most powerful passions—curiosity and ambition. She had yet to unriddle the mystery of her parentage, and learn the greatness and glory of which she had been defrauded. The only clue possessed by her at present was the name of the little Tuscan town where she had been so unnaturally abandoned by the mother that bare her. Giving herself at once to the search, she started in quest of the old Marchese and his steward, who were the only individuals capable of affording her the desiderated information. Happily, she learned that both were living, though very aged. She sought the steward first, and discreetly disguising her object, she elicited the important fact that her parent was the Comte de Joinville. She next attempted to sound his master, but found him quite impenetrable. After considerable perplexity as to the next step to be taken, she visited the town of Joinville, in France, where, to her mingled astonishment and delight, she learnt that the object of her search was no less a person than his Highness the Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood. With magnificent prospects opening in her imagination, she now hastened to Paris (during the reign of Louis XVIII.), and establishing herself in a handsome hotel, published widely the following advertisement:—"If the heir of the Comte de Joinville, who travelled and resided in Italy in the year 1773, will call at the Hotel de——, rue——, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

Having laid this trap, Lady N. waited at home next day to watch the result. She had not to wait long; for in the course of the morning, a corpulent ecclesiastic, supported on crutches, was announced, whom she soon found to be the confidential agent of Louis Philippe. Though generally a wary diplomatist, yet on this occasion, stimulated by a hope of ministering to his master's well-known cupidity, he unwittingly disclosed just the facts which Maria Stella was so eager to elicit. The Comte de Joinville was better known among his contemporaries as Egalitè, Duke of Orleans; and it was admitted by the courtier that he had sojourned in Italy at the period stated.

Maria Stella was now thoroughly persuaded that she was, indeed, the eldest child of the late Duke of Orleans; and, in fact, along with Mademoiselle Adelaide, his only surviving child; Louis Philippe, the present Duke, being, in her estimation, only a changeling, and all his younger and real sons having died. It may be supposed that she was not a little elated at having, as she thought, made the certain discovery that, next to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, *she* was first princess of the blood of France, and the rightful heiress of immense wealth.

But this discovery was the ruin of her happiness, and produced nothing to her in after-life but discomfort and misery; so that it would have been well for her, if she had ended her days in the persuasion that she was nothing more, by birth, than the daughter of the low-born Chiappini. The prosecution of her princely claims caused the destruction alike of her fortune and her peace of mind. She appears to have had no judgment, and no knowledge of character. She allowed herself to be imposed upon by one swindler after another. She was betrayed and made a prey of. Her claims never met fair play. As to whether they were true or false, we will not venture to pronounce an opinion. But it is very evident that they never received that support or consideration to which they were entitled.

In her untiring efforts to have her romantic claims investigated, Maria Stella received no countenance or support from either her son or her husband; for it ought to be known that, previously to her visit to Paris, she had contracted a second matrimonial alliance with a Livonian nobleman, the Baron Von Ungarn-Sternberg. In explanation of this circumstance, it has been stated by a nephew of the Baron, that his uncle was in the receipt of a large annual allowance from Louis Philippe, whilst King of the French, to induce him to withhold his aid from any measure for enforcing the rights of his energetic wife. In a little volume, now very scarce, put forth by Lady Newborough, in relation to her claims, she mentions two curious facts, which, certainly, simple as they are, would seem to be in her favour. On visiting Paris, she went as a stranger to see the Palais Royal, then the residence of Louis Philippe, while yet Duke of Orleans. On arriving before a full-length portrait of him, her little boy, by whom she was accompanied, exclaimed involuntarily, "Oh! mamma, here is a picture of grandpapa!"—being struck with the remarkable resemblance of the Duke to old Chiappini, or, if this account be true, of the son to the father. The second circumstance referred to by Lady Newborough is this: when Louis Philippe was brought to the baptismal font, his weight, it is stated, was a matter of astonishment to those who held him, he being as heavy as a child of five or six months. And this would have been about his age if he had been born in the Tuscan provincial town, and secretly smuggled to Paris.

Such are the particulars of this extraordinary story. We can add no material evidence, either in proof or disproof of the validity of the claim thus asserted by a comparatively feeble lady against the wealth and overwhelming influence of a royal house. Things as strange have happened in noble families, as we could relate, and therefore there is no insuperable improbability in the tale of substitution we have here referred to. If true, it affords another illustration of the indurating influence of state policy, political expediency, and family ambition, habitually pursued, upon the natural affections. But we must now conclude. Any moralizing remarks would read insipid after the piquant details through which we have been feverishly hurried. The volumes, from whose stores we have drawn somewhat prodigally, are by no means exhausted of their glittering ore. We have scarcely tythed the produce of their pleasant pages; and to those who have been gratified by our cullings, we would recommend the perusal of the entire work.

TURKEY, AUSTRIA, AND RUSSIA; OR, ISLAMISM, THE ROMISH, AND RUSSO-GREEK CHURCHES.

The extinction of the Roman Empire in Eastern Europe by the Ottoman or Oghusean Tartars forms, perhaps, the most awful fall and conquest recorded among the degradations and ravages of mankind.

That terrible event was successively preceded by the Institution of Christianity—by persecutions—by the loss of all liberty—by the vilest corruption—anarchy, massacres, and assassinations in ancient Rome—by the removal of the supreme seat of Empire to Byzantium—by the venality, pride, and scandal of the churches in Asia Minor, Egypt, Africa, and Rome; by the advent of that extraordinary fanatic or impostor, Mohamed—by the religion which he founded, and which rapidly extended over Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, and westward into Egypt over Africa to the pillars of Hercules, and into Spain, where it founded a mighty and civilized kingdom.

The Saracen conquerors and kaliphs were in their turn destroyed by a fierce race who came forth from the mountains and valleys of Central Asia as brigands and conquerors, until they finally devastated the countries to the south and east, and became the conquerors and rulers of China and of a great part of India; while other hordes of the same race marched and conquered to the south and west, until, having embraced the religion of Mohamed, they became masters of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt; and in the fifteenth century devastated Thrace and Dacia—subverted the Greek Empire—stormed and captured Constantinople, and transformed the Christian Basilica of St. Sophia into an Islamic Mosque.

The Crusades, instead of arresting the progress of the Ottomans, accelerated the advances of those furious warriors and dauntless fatalists. The princes and nations of Christendom, impoverished and enfeebled by the expenses of, and the vast multitude who perished either on their journeys to or from, or in the battles of, the Crusades, became powerless; and they abandoned the Eastern Empire to the attacks and inroads of Mohamedans. The Ottomans, therefore, rapidly subdued the degenerated inhabitants of Greece, Macedonia, a great part of Hungary, and Transylvania, and established themselves in Buda. Their last great attempt was in 1683, when Vienna was besieged by Kara (or Black) Mustapha, with an army of 100,000 men, including cavalry, foot, and artillery. He cannonaded Vienna for nearly three months, but was finally defeated with great slaughter by the celebrated Polish king, John Sobieski. From that period the Turkish power has been gradually wasting into comparative

decay. The Ottomans were, during the last century, completely driven out of Hungary and Transylvania. Greece has since become independent—Egypt is merely tributary—and Wallachia and Moldavia, even Servia, Montenegro, and the Herzogovina, are under the protection of Russia. The latter power has by conquest, or by treaty, wrested the Crimea, and other countries bordering the northern shores of the Black Sea, as well as all Bessarabia, from the Turks. During the five years' war with Russia and Austria, which ended in 1761, it was estimated that the Turks lost at least 200,000 men. Among the events which succeeded was the war of 1806, which ended by the treaty of Bucharest, extending the boundaries of Russia to the Pruth. A French historian has remarked that the government of Turkey was "despotism moderated by assassination." In 1807 the Sultan, Selim, was deposed and imprisoned by the Janissaries. Many persons of distinction were massacred at the same time. Selim was succeeded by his cousin, Mustapha IV., who immediately renewed the war with Russia, the fleet of which was defeated by the Turkish admiral near Tenedos. The short reign of Mustapha was a period of insurrections and bloodshed. He was deposed by the Pasha of Roustchouk and the Mufty. Before surrendering he murdered Selim and flung his corpse among the troops. Mustapha was then imprisoned, and his brother Mahmoud was proclaimed Sultan. And the grand vizier strangled Mustapha in November, 1808. On the following day one of his wives gave birth to a son. She, with her son, were drowned by the new Sultan in the Bosphorus. The eventful reign of Mahmoud was stained by many crimes, the most atrocious of which was the massacre at Scio of 40,000 Greeks, men, women, and children. This is the most horrible butchery on record since the time of the first Tartar conquests in Europe. Thirty thousand beautiful young women and boys were alone saved, and reserved as slaves, of the whole population of this flourishing place; all the rest were barbarously slain. Thousands were burnt alive in their dwellings; every building was rased or set on fire. Even 7,000 Greeks, who were prevailed to return, on a guarantee of safety given by the English, French, Austrian, and Russian consuls, were afterwards most treacherously butchered by the Turkish fatalists. The violations of chastity, and the other cruelties perpetrated by the Mussulmen, are too shocking to modesty, decency, and humanity, to permit us to relate. By the peace of Tilsit France secretly abandoned her alliance with Turkey, on which Russia declared war against the latter, marched an army into the Danubian provinces, and drove the Turks from their strong hold of Silistria; but General Bragation was afterwards defeated, after losing about 10,000 men, slain by the Ottomans; the Bosphorus being at the same time in possession of a British fleet in consequence of the Sultan having demanded the protection of England. The Pachas of Damascus, Bagdad, Widin, and Roumelia were, during the wars with Russia, always creating disturbances, enfeebling the Sultan's power, and endeavouring to effect their independence. After the peace with Russia he suppressed those disorders and humbled the Pachas. Atrocious massacres were also perpetrated at Belgrade and other places. Bloody and formidable insurrections broke out in 1821, in Moldavia and Wallachia. The fierce Pacha of Janina was, however, after a long and desperate resistance, destroyed. The Greeks revolted, and the Greek patriarch was put to death the same year at Constantinople.

Mahmoud, having on his accession strangled the only son, and drowned in the Bosphorus four wives, supposed to be pregnant, of his brother Mustapha, he remained the last of the descendants of Othman. His assassination would have terminated the Turkish Empire. The Sultans were usually strangled by the Janissaries. He therefore disbanded, massacred, or removed, the whole body of that peculiarly Turkish and dangerous soldiery. He then resolved to model his army on a plan approaching to the European system of military science. After the fatal battle of Navarino, 1827, by which the English, Russian, and French fleets destroyed the naval power of Turkey, the Greeks achieved their independence. The Emperor of Russia soon after led his armies against the Turkish forces, and captured Brahiloff and Silistria. The Sultan in desperation roused the Turks into religious enthusiasm by unfurling the sacred banner of Mohamed. Their ancient courage, vigour, and ferocity seemed to have revived, and the Russians were compelled to retreat with great loss before Schumla; but afterwards rallying, they gained the battle of Kaletscha, and soon after crossed the Balkan and entered into and occupied Adrianople. On the 29th of August, 1829, an armistice was agreed upon, and followed by the treaty of September, which secured the Protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia to Russia, and, *de facto*, the possession of the mouths of the Danube. The treaty of Adrianople was indeed humiliating to the proud soul of Mahmoud. Moldavia and Wallachia were as sovereignties rendered independent on paying a small annual tribute. Six leagues of the south banks of the Danube facing Bessarabia were ceded to Russia, together with 200 leagues additional of the coasts of the Black Sea,—besides which it was stipulated that 110 millions of silver piastres should be paid to the Czar. All the remaining ports of Greece were ceded. The Turkish Admiral treacherously abandoned his master and sailed to Egypt with his small fleet, which was retained by the Pacha.

Mehemet Ali meanwhile nearly became an independent prince over Egypt, and his able son and general conquered Syria, marched over a great part of Asia Minor, and in July, 1832, after the great battle of Koniah (Iconium), advanced to within eighty miles of Constantinople. By the treaties of Konia and Unker-Skelessi, Mehemet Ali was invested with sovereignty not only over Egypt, but over Syria and Candia. If left to himself the Pacha of Egypt would in time probably overthrow the power of the Sultan. While again preparing

for war in 1839, after having reconstructed a fleet, Mahmoud suddenly died. True Mussulmans secretly rejoiced at the death of the innovator of their superstitions and customs; but the loss of Mahmoud was disastrous for a time, and the subsequent interventions of Russia may prove precedents fatal to the Ottoman Empire. He was succeeded by a youth, the present Sultan Abdul Medchid.

In September following, the Russians again marched over the Danubian Principalities, crossed the Balkan, and under the pretext of protecting the Sultan and preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, they occupied Constantinople.

Ibraham Pacha was defeated and driven out of Syria in 1840-41, in accordance with the Convention of London in 1840 between England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. The authority of the Sultan was re-established in Jerusalem, Syria, and Asia Minor, and with the exception of the recent war with Montenegro, his dominions have not since been disturbed either by internal or foreign war. The revolution of 1848 did not extend to the Ottoman Empire, and the asylum and protection afforded to the Hungarian fugitives speak highly of the hospitality, truth, and honour of the Sultan. But meantime fiscal, moral, and physical maladies have greatly enfeebled the Ottoman power, while Russia at the same time has been gaining additional strength.

Austria, from her geographical position, her 35,000,000 of subjects, her military superiority, and the remarkable fertility and rich products of her soils, ought naturally to be the mistress of all the countries below Vienna, drained by the Danube. But Austria has not only less power, but far less influence than Russia, in the regions between the Carpathians and the Balkan—between Croatia and the Black Sea.

The Austrian Empire, comprising numerous states and antagonistic races, is comparatively weak, not only offensively, but in regard to her domestic security. The fact of her requiring the aid of a powerful Russian army to suppress the Hungarian insurrection of 1848-9 is a convincing proof of weakness. That aid was not only momentous at the time, but it may possibly become a precedent which may hereafter cause the disintegrity of the dominions of the house of Hapsburg-Loraine.

The comparative condition of the Austrian and Russian Empires may be summed up as follows:—

First, as to Austria.—If any country owes, in a superior degree, to the bounty of the Creator all the elements of wealth, generally distributed in great variety and profusion, that country is comprised within the boundaries of the states which, as settled by the treaty of Vienna, together with those appertaining by hereditary succession to the house of Hapsburg, constitute the Austrian Empire. They comprise an area of 225,496 English square miles, or 194,672 geographical square miles; or 105,400 geographical square miles more than all the United Kingdom, which with all its islands comprises only 91,300 geographical square miles.

No country in Europe is more extensively drained, fertilized, or more benefited by running streams and navigable rivers, than the Austrian Empire. Her climate and soil yield all sorts of grain and farinaceous productions, all kinds of delicious fruits and vegetables; wine, oil, and honey in abundance; iron, coal, and other precious metals; excellent timber for all purposes; flocks and herds of sheep and horned cattle; excellent horses—plentiful fresh and salt water fisheries: in fact, all the natural advantages which constitute the elements of riches, power, and happiness.

Yet Austria is comparatively poor and powerless. The absence of an intelligent, just, and wise government, appears the radical cause of this poverty and weakness. But there are other and almost incurable causes. Naturally, each nation speaking the same language, would constitute a distinct independent state with its own government. Violence, injustice, conquest, or inheritance have originally and usually given to princes or nations, sovereignty over countries to which they had no other right. Since the downfall of the Roman Empire, Austria constitutes the most prominent example of this fact. The Sclavonians of Bohemia, Gallicia, Hungary, and other states, have no affinity in language or race, no affection for the Germans or Italians; nor have the two latter any bonds of unity, the latter naturally and justly hate the former; who are also detested by the other races.

The population of all the Austrian States, as set forth officially in 1852, amounts to 36,514,446 inhabitants, divided nearly as follows:—*Sclaves*, or Sclavonians in Gallicia, Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, Dalmatia, &c., at least 17,000,000. *Magyars* in Hungary, Transylvania, &c., 5,300,000; Italians, 5,200,000; Germans in Austria Proper, Bohemia, Styria, and the Tyrol, 7,000,000; Jews, 730,000; Dacians or Wallachs, 2,900,000; Armenians and Gypsies, 1,700; or about 37,000,000. The religious divisions are stated to be, Roman Catholics including Italians and most of the Magyars and military, 26,357,172; Greeks, 6,856,601; Protestants, only 3,448,564; Unitarians, 50,541; Jews, 729,005; Gypsies, &c., 2,353.

Austria, therefore, has no great union of religion, no more than of language; for, although the Roman Catholics number two-thirds of the whole population, religion does not bind the Italian, Magyar, and Sclavonic Roman Catholics to each other, far less with the Austrian Germans.

It is true that the present Emperor has given absolute authority to the Pope over all the prelates, priests, and monasteries; and of education to the Jesuits, who had been expelled ever since the days of Joseph the Second, until 1848-9. They have been restored, together with the most tyrannical absolutism, and the most *darkening (Verfinsterung)* and *silencing (Verdummung) system* of government and bureaucratic administration, by the notorious Prince Felix Schwartzenberg and the present Imperial young tyrant.

Therefore, with ruined finances, a bankrupt treasury, a despotic and barbarous government,—a darkening ecclesiastical hierarchy,—a Jesuitical education of the people—no liberty of the press or of speech, and a population of antagonistic races, Austria is internally and externally the very reverse in power and strength of a country like France, with 35,000,000 of people, all speaking the same language, and, as a nation, formidably united either for good or for evil.

From the first days of Joseph II., until the untoward and calamitous revolution of 1848,—untoward and calamitous, because the Austrian people were not educated or prepared for constitutional self-government,—the administration was paternal, and the people, although not enjoying political freedom nor representative government, were in practice, governed with tenderness, and no people possessed in a greater degree the means of physical enjoyment. This was especially remarkable during the long and mild administration of Prince Metternich. But the error was not having prepared the national mind for the progress and necessities of the times. Prince Metternich had long perceived, and had seriously reflected on this great moral weakness. But his power internally (not externally), was so completely limited by Francis I., that he found it utterly hopeless to cure the dangerous and fatal malady of national ignorance. Yet as far back as 1821, writing on the state of Europe to a Foreign Ambassador, Count Berstett, he said, "*Le Temps avance au milieu des orages: vouloir arrêter sa démarche sera un vain effort.*" "Time" said he, meaning civilization, "advances in the midst of storms: to attempt to arrest its progress would be a vain effort."

Russia, since the days of Peter, called the Great, has become the most gigantic Empire territorially in the world. But Russia, though formidable either to Austria or to Turkey, is not like France dangerously powerful, with respect to the rest of Europe. The vast dominions of the Czar and some of his acquisitions, such as Poland and the German Baltic Provinces, really constitute elements of extraordinary weakness. The government of the Czar is an absolute despotism. Probably he could not rule otherwise, when we consider that his subjects are neither educated for, nor are their traditions such as would make them appreciate, free government; the Germans and Fins, perhaps, excepted. The European subjects of the Czar are given officially as amounting to 54,092,300, exclusively of Poland and Finland. The first has a population of 4,781,355, and the latter 1,412,315. His Asiatic subjects are estimated at 5,500,000, including Georgia, Siberia, &c., altogether about 66,000,000 inhabitants.

The Greek Emperor, near the end of the tenth century, (A.D. 989) gave his sister Anne in marriage to the Czar Vlodimar. The women, especially Queens, have always, at least so the monkish writers tell us, been famous in making converts. In England Queen Bertha in 590 converted her Saxon and Pagan husband, Ethelbert, and St. Augustine baptized him. In France, Clotilda, in the beginning of the same century, persuaded Clovis, her idolatrous husband, to become a Christian. Anne, in like manner, allured her heathen Muscovite into the Greek Church; and marvellous has been the effect of her piety, for no less than 50,000,000 of the subjects of the present Czar are devout believers of all the doctrines of Greek Catholicism, dutiful to the ecclesiastics, and scrupulous observers of all the ceremonies of the Greek Church. It is, moreover, this hierarchy of which the Czar is the Pontiff, that renders him formidable to the Ottoman power. Besides Greeks, there are 7,300,000 Roman Catholics, chiefly in Poland; 3,500,000 Protestants; 2,500,000 Islamites; 1,500,000 Jews; 1,000,000 Armenians; and about 1,000,000 of Idolaters within the Russian Empire.

With respect to Turkey, the Russian army is formidable; nor can the fleet in the Black Sea be considered insignificant if Turkey were left alone to oppose the Czar. The Russian Treasury would not serve long in a general war, but the revenue is more than sufficient to maintain a war against the Sultan; and even against the Austrian Empire.

Although the Ottoman Government has no national debt, the finances are in a state of miserable disorder, and greatly dependent upon the tributes from Egypt and the Danubian Provinces. The latter, though small, would cease the moment a Russian army crossed the Pruth.

The Ottoman Empire is inhabited by numerous races, professing different religions. The total number of inhabitants is estimated at 35,350,000, of which, 20,550,000 are estimated to be Islamites. But these include nearly 5,700,000 Arabs in Egypt and the adjoining parts of Arabia; and 10,700,000 scattered over Asia Minor, Syria, and other parts of Asia, and 1,900,000 Turkmans, also in Asia. In European Turkey, including Wallachia, Moldavia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Thrace, &c., the whole Ottoman population, greatly mixed in blood, amount to no more than 1,100,000, while the Sclavonians, Dacians, &c., amount to not less than 11,200,000, all of the Greek religion; the Greeks, &c., to 2,500,000. The whole number of Turkish Mussulmans, in Turkish Europe, amounts, it is true, to about 3,500,000; but two-thirds of them or their parents were renegade Christians.

It must also be observed, that the most active and enterprising subjects of the Porte are Greeks and Arminians in religion; and although the Sultan considers himself the Kaliph of the Mohamedans, yet the Greek hierarchy, of which the Czar is the head, is not only dominant in the Danubian Provinces, but in Russia; and the Romish hierarchy, of which the Pope is the nominal, but the Emperors of Austria and France are the real heads, all meet in spiritual antagonism along the banks of the Danube.

With the Russian policy of assuming Supremacy over all the professors of the Greek Church, religion forms the ground of the unwarrantable demands recently made by the Czar on the Sultan. France obtained since the accession of Napoleon

III., the privileges stipulated by the treaty of 1740, over the *holy shrines*, in Palestine, for French Roman Catholics. The Czar claimed and obtained the same for his subjects of the Greek Church; not content with this concession, he has demanded treaty stipulations for the Sultan's subjects of the Greek religion, which would render the latter the subjects of the Czar, rather than of the Sultan.

The latter has refused to accede to these degrading and insulting demands. By the last treaty (*Sened of Baltan-Liman*) between Turkey and Russia, it was provided that in the event of *a dangerous* state of disturbance, within the Moldavia, or Moldavea, each power might occupy those provinces, each with an army not exceeding respectively 15,000 men.

There has not been, there is not, any dangerous commotion within the Danubian provinces; yet the Czar has marched a formidable army across the Pruth.

The Standing Army, in effective force, of all Turkey, exclusive of Egypt, is stated to be 138,000 strong. If we can rely on the statements recently made by a Prussian officer, who until lately had served in it, and Marshal Marmont gave the same testimony, the discipline is miserable and inefficient; but the Turks, who are Islamites, will now fight, as they have done before, with the dauntless fury of zealots and fatalists, especially if the Sultan unfurls the standard of the Prophet.

The Pacha of Egypt with his forces and fleet can also, and will no doubt, extend very efficient aid to the Sultan; and the Turkish fleet though not consisting of many ships, may be considered a fair auxiliary force.

The integrity of the Ottoman Empire cannot however be maintained, unless England and France defend the dominions of the Sultan. Austria having called in the Russians to subdue Hungary, will neither offend nor oppose the Czar.

England and France, united, might defend the Sultan, and humble Russia; but the calamities and expenses attendant on and consequent to, a new war, would be incalculable, not only with regard to the possible but the probable results. The funds, public and private credit, manufactures, trade, and navigation, and the peace of all Europe would be hazarded and perilled by a war between Russia and Turkey, in which England and France would in arms interfere.

But looking at Egypt with reference to India and the Australian Colonies, no other European Sovereign can be allowed to have exclusive power over the route from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The great question to solve,—the great policy to follow, is how to preserve peace in Europe,—whether we cannot preserve Egypt without intermeddling either with Russia or Turkey in Europe.

If the Czar invades the dominions of the Sultan, if England and France oppose him, the commerce of Russia in the Baltic and Black Sea, as well as his fleets, would no doubt be annihilated. The Poles would probably rebel, the Georgians and Circassians would become formidable to his south-eastern dominions, his treasury would become exhausted, his finances disordered, and his credit ruined.

Russia, thus enfeebled, a revolution in Hungary and Italy would certainly follow. It would be impossible, therefore, to estimate the calamities, revolutions, and consequence of a war commencing in the East, but which would inevitably extend to the nations of Central, and be injurious to the true interests of Western Europe.

M'G.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCIPALLY DEVOTED TO THE AFFAIRS OF THE LADIES.

The events which I have undertaken to relate, occurred in the city of Philippi, situated in that extensive tract of Western Territory, denominated the Valley of the Saskatchawan. Lest these names of places should prove puzzling to the modern geographer, we may take occasion to warn the reader, that having certain reasons for ambiguity—reasons which he may chance to perceive in the course of our narrative—he may spare himself the trouble of looking to the map for the exact scene of the events which we are about to detail.

The manufacturing city of Philippi, more manifestly than many others of its class, was a spot where man seemed to be exerting his utmost efforts to deform and disfigure the face of beautiful nature. It occupied a site at the confluence of three noble rivers—the "Muddy Water" from the south, ploughing its way through the mountains, was a restless and turbid stream, till it mingled with the "Clear Water" approaching from the fertile plains of the North;—when they flowed away towards the West, forming the Ha-wah-hah or "Slow-rolling Water,"—a bright, blue, noble river, upon whose broad bosom came and went the internal commerce of the Western Continent.

Overhanging these meeting rivers and the flat promontory where the city was built, was an area of hills wooded and clothed with verdure to their tops. In the immediate vicinity of the town on one side, they rose into steep acclivities, and on the other stretched away into a wide amphitheatre of eminences, among whose rounded

and graceful summits, the eye at length found its way to the horizon. Amid all this panorama of mountains and rivers, the city rose a vast agglomeration of iron forges, smelting furnaces, brick kilns, cotton manufactories, lead works and salt works, shrouded in an eternal twilight of smoke.

To entertain a just idea of it, we must mount to the clear summit of one of the environing hills; and far down in a hollow beneath us, like a pit, of which the ridges on our level form the mouth, we behold a den of brown smoke, through which the tall mill chimneys, black spires and buildings, loom shadowy and spectral; and the smelting furnaces cast upwards in diverging rays, strong livid gleams of white heat. With the roar of machinery, ascending hollow and muffled as from under ground, the hammering of iron, the agonizing cough of high pressure engines, we shall find, as we stand here, our thoughts recur to those regions of "black Tartarus," more vividly than ever they did, since struck into terror by classic visions of the place of punishment in school-boy days.

Some of the iron manufacturers of Philippi are Merchant Princes. Their wealth is immense and inexhaustible; at least in so long as their bituminous coal-tracts are so; and the hills of iron ore, which extend over a district of country as large as the area of England three times multiplied. Wealth brings luxury, and all along the banks of the beautiful Ha-wah-hab, far out of the smoke and din of the city, arise those white villas where the richer citizens of Philippi surround themselves with the comforts and joys of life. They are usually of light Grecian design, with portico and colonnade, suited to a clime more genial than our own, and surrounded with gardens and groves. Here the vine grows in terraces in the open air, as well as the peach and the nectarine, without the sheltering necessity of a wall, so disfiguring to an English garden.

Melons and gourds in their infinite variety flourish in the open sun; and the magnolia, the myrtle, the cactus, and the geranium, without the aid of a green house, display their beauty among the common flowers of the garden.

Our story opens at one of the villas. It is situated two miles from the city of Philippi. The broad bright rivulet at a few hundred yards distance, winds at the foot of the grounds. These, at the back of the buildings, slope up into a lofty elevation, where the locust tree, and the wild orange, and the shumac, blossom in the early summer over the grass, and where clumps of forest trees ornament and diversify a scene to which a certain degree of wildness and luxuriance imparts a charm more than compensating for all the trim orderliness of an English park. The time is an evening in mid-autumn, when the heat is oftener intenser than at any season of the year. It is growing late, and in one of the suite of rooms which lead into each other as well as out upon an open balcony—the doors meanwhile standing wide to permit a free circulation of air, are a cluster of young ladies. They are just escaped into this the woman's quarter from the restraints imposed by the presence of gentlemen in an atmosphere of ninety-eight Fahrenheit—and are at their ease. The conversation is of course of that instructive kind generally maintained with each other by young ladies in their hours of relaxation.

One fat young lady who has a very ill-used look, is complaining violently of the persecutions of the heat. "I wonder how long this is to last," said she, breaking out into violence against the tormentor. "Do you know what I have been thinking all day? I have been thinking myself an oyster shut up in a shell, and thrown to dissolve into a bed of hot sand."

"Alas, that no pearl—such as sweet temper—should have become visible in the process"—replied another. "Poor Caroline," rejoined a third, "you would die if you had nothing to complain of; for my part I strongly affectionate the heat; it gives one an excuse for being idle, and sitting in a rocking-chair all day and doing nothing but rocking up and down, up and down," and suiting the action to the word the young lady began to rock violently.

"The first sign I feel within me of returning existence," said the fat young lady, "is a revival of the sense of appetite; and this for your especial information, Blanche Tremont, our hostess and entertainer."

"Very good," said another, "we are all of Caroline's opinion; issue your orders, Blanche."

"What shall it be?" interposed another.

"Sugar and spice, and all that sort of thing," said a plain-looking girl, with a slight Irish accent.

"No," said the fat young lady, "here's your bill of fare—A large green water-melon, full of pink and yellow juice, a side dish of grapes of the true Muscatel sort, another of round-cheeked, red and golden peaches, and a fountain of water, and a mountain of ice. Does that meet with your approbation, Blanche Tremont?"

The young lady thus addressed had a gravity in her countenance strangely at variance with her years, and at present with the radiant and exuberant spirits around her. She gave no reply; but they proceeded to accomplish their wishes all the same, she, of course, having been only consulted for form's sake. She maintained a remarkably reserved and chilling deportment for a young hostess entertaining a party of friends; but it was probably her natural manner, for it made no difference in the species or extent of their enjoyments. Never was that quality denominated "dignified reserve," if, indeed, in Blanche Tremont's case it were such, more lost than it was upon her present associates, as indeed it is a quality perfectly unrecognisable by the American mind in general; and they treated her in the free and easy style common to all young ladies in their intercourse with each other. Yet was there a something that separated them in spite of the community of station, pursuits and youth and long associations; a something which both felt, but which long custom had divested of any

mingling of external restraint. They had been neighbours and companions from infancy; and by a custom common to America when hot weather prevents the intercourse of visiting, had gathered in a bevy at the residence where Blanche Tremont reigned as *maitresse de menage*, orphaned as she had been on her mother's side from infancy. Her father was an iron merchant—a wealthy one—and she was his heiress and only child.

In due time the desired fruits made their appearance, and the girls became very animated over peaches and melons; but Blanche touched nothing.

"Why don't you eat, child?" enquired one—"Oh, I see—past twelve o'clock, and to-morrow is a *jour de jeune*. Why don't you do as Charlotte O'Gorman does, and who has a much better right to fast than you, being from that most Catholic country, Ireland, and a Coadjutor's sister to boot. See what a round red face she has, which could not be if she was a stranger to beef and mutton on Fridays and every day. Pray tell me, Charlotte O'Gorman, how many days of the year do you go fasting to bed?"

Charlotte who was a jolly good-natured creature, made answer with a song, the delivery of which was in no way improved, and the words rendered quite unintelligible, by a mouthful of melon.

"Charlotte, dear, what would you take and be a nun?" again enquired the fair questioner.

"Not for St. Agnes, or St. Catherine, or St. Cecilia, or the eleven thousand holy virgins—I am going to be married whenever I can."

"I wish *somebody*" (the somebody pronounced with significance), "could see the cormorant Carry can make of herself over water-melons," said another. "At the supper proper, in the drawing-room, this evening, when *somebody* was all devotion and duty, pressing upon her acceptance all the delicacies of the hour—not a morsel would she suffer to pass those sensitive lips. I suppose she wished to persuade him she was a sylph, who lived upon air and dew."

To which the fat young lady, putting her finger into her ears, exclaimed, "Oh, how your tongue rings!"

Blanche Tremont had suddenly dissevered herself from the group.

"Where is Blanche?" inquired the fat young lady, who got into extravagant spirits. And there was Blanche, in the midst of all the mirth and clatter, discovered, in no way disconcerted or discomposed, kneeling in a corner of the room. In a recess before her was a little waxen image of a saint, and to this she was paying her devotions, with a string of black beads in her hand, and muttering some Latin formulary as fast as her lips could go. It was, probably, quite accordant to custom, for the young ladies took no further notice of her than if she herself had been a waxen image; and continued their revels quite regardless of the solemnity of her occupation. They pelted each other with *bon-bons*; they launched grapes, and, even peaches, at each other's heads, seeming resolved to make amends for the languor of the day in the renovated spirits of the hour. Blanche seemed in no manner discomposed, but continued for a long time her mutterings, and crossings, and fumblings with beads. Custom had, perhaps, familiarized her with this sort of accompaniment, or she might have considered it as comprehending the privileges of martyrdom, for certainly many other places might have been imagined more suitable than this for the purposes of devotion.

And now the revel began to arrive at spring-tide. Joining hands, the young ladies formed themselves into a corps-de-ballet—all singing at once, by way of orchestra, and in different tunes and varying keys—the mirth was waxing "fast and furious," when the door opened, and there entered—a Tartar. The Tartar was in the shape of a lady of fifty, or thereabouts, the first glance at whom told of that unmistakeable entity, an old maid. She was tall, lean, straight, and stiff. She had a face like a man's, garnished on either side with a little bunch of thin wiry curls, a long sinewy neck, and a pair of spectacles. She stood for a moment or two at the door, waiting the effect of her presence. As soon as the appearance of this solemn apparition had caused a temporary lull, Miss Spicer spoke—

"Young ladies!"—said Miss Spicer—"young ladies, I am astonished!"

This phrase of Miss Spicer's was one which she only used upon extreme occasions, and which, on these occasions, she prided herself upon pronouncing with dignity. And so it was, whether from consciousness of being "fairly caught," or surprised at the unexpected sight of this gaunt figure at such an unwonted hour, that they instantly stopped, as if stunned, and a dead silence reigned. Delighted with her success, Miss Spicer followed up the charge with her person, which she drew forward and seated in the midst of them, convinced that nothing else would be so effectual in causing rout and dispersion to their various bed-rooms. Turning her head slowly from side to side, and bringing the upper part of her body along with it, so as it seemed as if the said member rotated from her waist, and looking from one to another of the guilty ones from the lofty heights of her spectacles, she had the satisfaction of soon seeing the room cleared. Miss Spicer was always a woman of few speeches; she trusted much to the effect of a certain wordless immobility of manner—and she was quite right.

"I hope my father has not been disturbed, Miss Spicer," said Blanche, who only remained behind, "there has been a great noise, but you must allow for the exuberance of youthful spirits."

Miss Spicer, of course, allowed for nothing in which she was so remarkably deficient, and looked as stern as a glacier.

Blanche was retiring, when she was interrupted by the voice of Miss Spicer. "Pray remain a moment, Miss Tremont."

Miss Tremont did as requested.

"I have made my appearance in your apartments to-night," said Miss Spicer solemnly, "not less for the occasion of enquiring into the causes of the

late noisy scenes, than for the purpose of recommending early hours to yourself. Your father having observed a certain degree of paleness and languor in your looks of late, attributes it to what he calls your old and inveterate habit of night vigils, of which he has desired me to recommend the relaxation."

Blanche, having scarcely ever heard from Miss Spicer so long and so fluent a speech before, was quite at a loss, from surprise, for a suitable reply.

"I shall attend to this,"—she said at length; "but let my kind father be at ease, I shall always take as much repose as is necessary for me. Good night, Miss Spicer." And now lest my readers should be curious as to the position of Miss Spicer, let me here inform them that she holds the office of duenna and housekeeper in the household of Mr. Tremont, one which, by her honest and punctual habits, she fills with honour to herself, and profit to her employer.

CHAPTER II.

A PORTRAIT.

A slight elegant figure of the middle height, remarkable for the grace and ease of its motions; a pale calm face, to which dark grey eyes fringed with black eye-lashes, imparted tone and character; features delicate and regular; an air rendered distinguished by the aristocratic contour of the head and neck—such was Blanche Tremont—one to whom at first sight, and when in repose, eminently belonged the appellation of "a beautiful girl." Repose was the prevailing characteristic of her expression, and that from which it derived its chief interest. No playfulness, no lights and shadows, none of the graceful and impulsive changefulness of the warm blood of youth—little feeling, perhaps, could have been detected by her most constant associates upon those still features. And yet it did not seem a face without feeling. It rather told of feeling repressed, and schooled, and tamed down, by some overmastering preoccupation of the mind, or by some habitual and mysterious discipline. A something ever overhung the face like a shadow—a something which was neither gravity nor solemnity, but rather mysticism and impenetrability, looming strangely like the hard worldly-wise expression of mature life across the radiant lines and colours of youth. It followed her everywhere, and was never charmed away. In society where she mingled with the gayest, and her step was the most elastic, and her voice the sweetest in conversation or in mirth—it never left her. In the domestic circle where her heart naturally warm, unbound all its springs of affection for the comfort and solace of her sole surviving parent's declining years;—with her companions and friends whose name was legion—it came between them like a dark cloud, chilling the sunlight of confidence, and throwing a gulf between them, all the more dreary, that in the midst of all external kindliness and good fellowship, it issued in an isolation of the heart.

Yet was there somewhat of late to which this dark cloud had begun to yield—a mighty magician before whom all things fall prostrate, when he has for his field of operations a young and loving heart. What is the name of this Magician? Can ye divine, O friends? Of the battle he undertook to fight, and how he fared in that battle, it will be in part the subject of these pages henceforth to speak.

CHAPTER III.

THE REVERIE.

Two of the young ladies who slept in the same apartment, were awakened in the night of which the circumstances related in the first chapter occupied the commencement, by the rustle of a figure passing near them.

"Who is there?" said one, waiting in vain for a reply.

"Oh!" returned the other, settling herself again to slumber—"I suppose it is Blanche—you know she never sleeps. Don't you remember at school, when she used to wander about all night, when it was moonlight, and we nicknamed her 'the Watch.'"

"Odd creature," said the other.

"Blanche not in bed yet?" said Charlotte O'Gorman, as she half rose up and saw Miss Tremont sitting by the window, and looking out into the darkness.

Charlotte O'Gorman, probably convinced from experience of the improbability of reply, had in two minutes reasumed that repose conformable to the habits of so stout and tranquil-minded a young lady.

And so with busy brain, Blanche Tremont sat alone beneath the undisturbed sway of her own thoughts. Our reading of them on this occasion can only be explained by a reference to that remarkable faculty of clairvoyance, peculiar to authors, when dealing with the creations of their own brain.

"Be thankful, child,"—thought Blanche—on hearing her companion's low and measured breathings,—"that your lot has been differently cast; and enjoy while you may, calm dreams. And why should not I? All the world deems me fortunate, and in this last event of my life peculiarly so. My father has blessed it—my heart consents—and yet. Perhaps it was not altogether strange in the first hours of our intercourse, when we were more solicitous in searching for things to unite us, and upon which we could agree, than anxious about points of difference, that the opposition in our faiths should have been lost sight of. In sooth I thought not of it at all; or if in part—had little difficulty in persuading myself that I who had so much influence with Denning, might in time have persuaded him to traverse the line which divides us. I judged him quite indifferent in matters of religion; and thought it would have been an undertaking of ease. And in taking my father's advice at the time of our engagement, he thought the point one of entirely secondary importance; said that if I could not persuade him, he saw no objection to Denning's continuing a Protestant—he saw in it nothing to

interfere with our happiness or harmony—he had a great respect for right-minded Protestants—and at any rate it should make no difference in the place Denning would occupy in his affections or in the reception of his favours.

"My father being too little strict, as we all lament, I did not concur in these sentiments; and my chief hope lay in making a capture for the true faith of this noble and brilliant soul, as I have done of his heart for my unworthy self. How have I fared? Alas! alas! But, perhaps," continued she, "I do not proceed by a right method, and my anxiety on this subject is so strong, and I see so much in these differences threatening the future destiny of both of us, that my mind is obscured in the use of the most probable means to set them at rest. I think so much on this subject, that I too often involuntarily recur to it in my intercourse with him; and though he is as delicate as possible, yet he speaks enough to let me know that our sentiments are as opposite as light and darkness; and to-night, excited doubtless by the agitations in the city and elsewhere on the subject, he betrayed much that was in his heart of disrespect for themes and personages around whom are entwined my best and devoutest feelings.

"I marvel much if the time is fixed for the arrival of the Coadjutor. Heaven knows I never needed a spiritual adviser more than now. The struggle in my bosom has all the intensity of that ever raging between the heavenly and the earthly. Poor Denning! to distress him would break my heart! and then, when I read engraven on the walls of our church, 'There is no fellowship between a believer and an infidel; there is no communion between light and darkness;' the voice of duty overpowers the voices of the heart, and bids them be still. Report speaks much of the fascinations and talents of the new Coadjutor; who knows what effect he may have on poor Denning? It is true that my father has invited him to take up his residence here on his arrival, until his palace is habitable, and Denning and he shall meet every day. He is so learned, so pious, so benign; and Denning so liberal-minded and so generous, I have great hopes. His arrival cannot be long delayed now—perhaps not many days—everything being in readiness for his inauguration."

With such comfort as Miss Tremont could derive from this last consideration, she at length retreated to her room, threw herself above the bed-clothes, and slept about two hours. Then she rose, dressed herself in some sort of coarse clothing, and transformed herself in a few minutes, so as to be unrecognisable by her best friends, called a large dog which lay sleeping outside the door, and went out into the grey twilight of the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

PRIESTS.

On the same evening in which the foregoing scenes were passing in the villa on the banks of the Ha-wah-hah, a solitary figure might have been discovered in one of the apartments of a house adjoining the Roman Catholic Cathedral, seated at a table, poring over scrolls and papers. He was apparently about thirty, or thirty-three years old; though, the wordly-wise and astute cast of his countenance might well have matched with maturer age. His hair was black, eyes large and glittering, features high and finely cut; and the face would have been regularly beautiful but for a certain expression of sleekness and rigidity that lurked in strange contrariety at the corners of the mouth, and instantly gave an impression of a character both inflexible and cunning. The eyes, though so bright, were singularly passionless, and in their cast of determination seemed to tell tales of one, who, to acquire mastery over the passions of others, had subdued his own. He wore the common priest's dress of black serge, buttoned from the feet to the chin, with an iron cross suspended from his neck.

He was deeply engaged over some book of accounts, examining page after page, by the light of a dim lamp, and at length rung a small hand-bell. Another priest appeared in a moment, entering with a reverence. He had a round, Hibernian style of countenance, in vulgarity and coarseness of feature the very reverse of the other; but with the same characteristic expression—the result, doubtless, of the same mental training.

"Do you suppose these estimates to be perfectly correct, Dollard?" said the sitting priest. "I am quite agreeably surprised with the secular wealth of the diocese, but don't find the church so much the richer for it, as she ought to be."

"Just so, my lord," replied Dollard, who seemed in a very humble, acquiescent frame; "to divert the wealth into the channels of the church, let that be the task of an abler and more eminent individual than myself," bowing amiably in the direction of his companion. "My calculations, I think, you will find pretty correct. From the nature of the business, they took a world of trouble and an age of time; but success followed; and of the five-and-seventy thousand individuals composing the flock, not a man, woman, or child possesses to the amount of a dollar, but that amount stands against his or her name."

"These property-holding names are wondrous few, then, as usual, though counterbalanced by some three or four very wealthy ones. That is good, for our expenses are heavy. The sum for the new palace has yet to be dug out of the earth, for all I see whence it is to come. I see you have Tremont down at two millions; fortune must have doubled his means since the last estimates were sent to Rome."

"The iron market has been prosperous," returned Dollard; "and Tremont is coining as fast as he can coin."

"But Dollard," said the Coadjutor, almost fiercely, "you have committed a blunder there—an infernal blunder; that girl is betrothed—and to make worse worst—to a Protestant."

Dollard cast down his eyes, and looked ashamed and rebuked.

"Why did you let such an event be compassed, and with such means at your disposal—my sister, could she not have afforded you information, at least, of what was going on?"

"Miss Gorman"—said Dollard—"you are mistaken in her; she refuses to be instrumental."

"Hem," said the Coadjutor, "but it is not yet too late; and I confide in our efforts and prayers. You see, we calculated on this property of Tremont's, in framing the estimates of the buildings—for the new convent, the new colleges, and all the other etceteras attendant on the establishment of a new see. It is a rule, that every diocese, if possible, should pay its own expenses; and debt is a thing totally disallowed. It lowers the position of the clergy, and occasions contempt. If I had not been sure of Tremont's property, I should never have allowed the nunnery buildings to be undertaken; and calculated upon the circumstance of the daughter's assumption of the veil as settled long ago. It is an infernal blunder," said the Coadjutor, quite departing from his propriety, "and I can no otherwise characterize it."

Dollard hung his chin on his breast, and looked mutely penitent.

"Are you sure of his age?" enquired the Coadjutor, abruptly.

"Quite so,—sixty-two."

The Coadjutor turned over the leaves of a book, as if examining a ledger. Then pointing to the place, he read, "general health, good; temperament, impetuous, plethoric; religious principles, careless, verging on the sceptical; disposition, acute, self-sustaining, not to be influenced."

"A-hem," said the Coadjutor, turning to another place in the ledger, "Blanche Tremont—in person, attractive, graceful; devotional, proud, reserved, impassioned, enthusiastic. Who is the *fiancé?*" lifting his eyes from the ledgers.

"An Englishman, naturalized here—high-spirited, poor; though greatly favoured by old Tremont."

An oath was rising to the Coadjutor's lips; but he checked it. "You may retire, Dollard," said he; and do not neglect to call me when she comes to early confession. That must be henceforth my task alone. You have so mismanaged her—you are too coarse, too rude. And mark me, Dollard, not a soul knows of my arrival."

"That is already understood, my lord."

"When I arrive from Europe—you understand, it is to be at Tremont's. I am to make my abode there until the furnishings of my new house are completed—you need not hurry the furnishings—six weeks, at least."

"Miss Tremont rejoices in the honour," said Dollard, "the apartments are already fitted up for your lordship's accommodation, and she is impatient for your arrival."

"Indeed! it may suit me to arrive very soon—in a week at the utmost; meanwhile, I must feel my way. At what hour may she be expected to confession?"

"Usually at six o'clock."

"Good soul! that argues a zealous frame, and betokens a happy result. You may retire, Dollard."

He went away; and the Coadjutor, with his thin, ascetic, though handsome face, continued poring over those books and papers till nearly morning. No one could tell what was passing beneath that still, schooled brow; and the cold, impenetrable eye had an expression like that of an icy-lake—nothing could agitate it, or disturb its frozen calm.

It was nearly six o'clock, when a boy knocked at the door of the apartment. "A penitent waits at the confessional, my lord," said the boy, as he entered.

"It is well!" said the Coadjutor; and, while the boy disappeared, he followed him with noiseless steps.

He descended; he went out into the cold morning air; he threaded his way by the narrow path which led to the private-door of the church. He reached it, descended the subterraneous staircase which led to the private chapel, which having gained, he sprinkled himself with holy water, and continued for a moment in devotion opposite the crucifix of the altar; took his way up the steep steps that led to the cathedral—issued from the vestry—let himself into the little box with the thin partition, where the secrets of hearts are laid bare at the confessional; placed his head at that orifice, whence so many a mysterious avowal and solemn whisper have issued, and listened with all his soul.

* * * *

Three or four devotees were on their knees in different parts of the church before the pictures, as Blanche Tremont, with noiseless steps, retreated through the aisles. Across that "thin partition" she had not seen, but she had *heard;* and, as she took her way homewards, she was aware of the echoes of a voice lingering in her ears and swelling through her heart, whose unmatched sweetness had thrilled through her, as she thought nothing ever had before. Of the owner of the voice she thought not; she knew him not, nor did she at present feel as if she cared to know. What hopes that voice had excited—what troubles it had soothed—what visions of hope or joy it had perchance opened up to her, we cannot tell! But she felt as if it had done all this, delivering itself the while in such sweet cadences of utterance, as if no words or music had ever been so deliciously adapted before. Never had she seemed till then to have felt the power of that wondrous instrument, the human voice! How the living soul can pour itself through it, in its own immortal tones, and stir that of the listener to its most mysterious depths.

She pursued her way homewards by a retired path, calm and grave as she ever was, with the voice murmuring still in her ears, and taking slow and listless steps as if still listening to its sweetness. She reached her home, but the rich tones followed her; and she hastened to her own apartments, lest the household noises which had begun at early morning should mar their music. She heard the merry voices of her family and companions, as they assembled to the occupations or amusements of the day; but she remained on in

the retirement of her own room, that she might hearken to that shadowy voice in silence and undisturbed, perhaps half unconscious of the cause which kept her so apart. She felt under the influence of a delicious spell—a spell which she thought it would be sacrilege to disturb by the necessary intercourse and converse of life; it would be the disenchanting of the celestial by the contact of the earthly.

It rang in her ears all day—it wandered through every chord of her heart, till they were all ringing and trembling like a wind-harp in a summer storm.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIANCÉ.

The absence of Miss Tremont from the family circle occasioned no surprise. It is common during the fervid summer days of that South Western clime to pass much of the time in the retirement of one's own apartments, in the languor and listlessness with which solitude best accords.

Towards evening, when the coolness permitted windows and doors to be opened, to admit free currents of air, the family and those guests whose acquaintance we made the previous evening, assembled in the drawing-room. The lord of the mansion was lolling and smoking on the verandah into which the room opened. He was a large, well-built man, with a short neck and broad shoulders. He wore no waistcoat, and his shirt collar was turned over a loose neckcloth which increased the rather intelligent aspect of his figure, and gave full scope to the rotundity of his good-humoured though intelligent face. His coat was turned back to the shoulders on account of the heat, and altogether he looked like a man who, with the addition of beard and caftan, would have done honour to the habits of a Turk.

"Where is Blanche, Miss Spicer?" said Mr. Tremont, taking the cigar from his lips, and talking with his mouth full of smoke, "have not seen her to-day."

Miss Spicer who was seated bolt upright as usual, on a chair between the open glass doors leading to the verandah, and doing nothing, for being a person of precise habits, she made a point of doing nothing after a certain hour of the evening, to atone for the business in which she kept herself and others through the day, signified from the height of her spectacles that she did not know—"Miss Tremont had kept her apartment all day."

"Early prayers again, Miss Spicer, eh?"

Miss Spicer denoted her consent by a "hem."

"Confound these early prayers. I wish she would learn to say her prayers at home. She is becoming a perfect devotee."

Miss Spicer did not commit herself by another "hem;" and Mr. Tremont puffed away at his cigar, and Miss Spicer sat bolt upright in her chair. Meanwhile in the interval of smoking, and with his cigar between his fingers, Mr. Tremont began muttering away to himself, and thinking aloud, apparently for his own edification—a habit which he had, and quite excusable when in the presence of an audience so unsusceptible as Miss Spicer.

"That absurd flim-flam devotion, bewildering her brains—too idle—too few solid duties to occupy her mind—must introduce her to some new sphere of occupation—get her married, there is an end." Such and like ejaculatory expressions reached the ears of the stolid Miss Spicer.

A brighter scene presented itself within the apartment. There, in a brilliant light, the young ladies were amusing themselves with two or three gentlemen over some new prints. Charlotte O'Gorman sat by herself on a lounge, busied in an intricate pattern of knitting. Bye and bye Miss Tremont glided into the room and joined her. She seemed in a quieter and more listless mood than was even usual with her; when a face was turned upon her from the gay group at the table—a face in which there was so much vivacity, affection, and intelligence, as might have sufficed to warm the most ungenial spirit into sympathy and light. He came directly towards her, and all reserve or misunderstanding, or whatever it was, seemed dispelled in an instant, and she seemed to have forgotten everything but the happiness which his presence diffused. They all three sat chatting thus, Denning alternately assisting Miss O'Gorman to decipher the scale of her knitting pattern, or holding Blanche's silks, while she disentangled them, and helping to make the process as difficult as possible—till Charlotte at length was summoned away and they were left *tête-à-tête*.

"Do you know," said Denning, drawing his chair closer, "I fancied last night, when we parted, that you did not look so satisfied as usual—and I thought I might have expressed myself too strongly, or unfeelingly, or something of the kind: but for that and for everything else that I may have ever said or done to cause you a moment's uneasiness, you must now promise me free and entire forgiveness; because I am going away for a few weeks, and I could not be happy if there was aught that remained unexplained between us. Besides, to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much—you know the old text, Blanche."

"I have really so little to forgive," said Blanche, playfully, "though you certainly don't deserve I should do it, for making such a formal speech."

"But I am quite serious," said Denning, "you will promise to be true to me till my return—to think of me with no thoughts but those of kindness—to entertain no suspicions," and he appeared to warm in an unaccountable manner as he proceeded, "to listen to no insinuations—to suspend at least all sentiments, but those of regard and trust, till you can prove me unworthy of them by my own conduct and at my own words."

"Bless my heart," said Blanche, laughing, "what reverie is this? One would positively think there was a conspiracy against us. I will pledge myself to do all this and more—in any solemn way you please—if you will only not look so very serious."

"Blanche, do you believe in presentiments?" said Denning.

"Not a whit," returned she; "but tell me where you are going, and how long you are to remain away."

"Down the river, to Thebes — on some necessary business of the firm. I would rather not have gone, but it is indispensable. In three weeks expect me. I shall write every day. And you—and tell me everything—do be less reserved, dear Blanche;"—and Denning, with his athletic figure, his fair curling hair and young English face, looked so very handsome while he uttered these words in a half beseeching, half reproachful tone, that Blanche wished she could be everything that was perfect for his sake; and looked her thoughts in her eyes. The lovers were very happy, and a long vista of unclouded brightness seemed opening to their mental vision.

Here Blanche was called away to sing. She was glad to be so called; for, for such bright moments, music seems the only fitting occupation, and the only adequate utterance of the harmonies of the heart. And who that had heard those rich pathetic tones, while she sang to the accompaniment of her harp, could have accused her of coldness or insensibility—and the *shadow*—it was vanished now utterly, lost in the spell of that ineffable, subduing harmony!

> Thou art the victor Love!
> Thou art the fearless, the crowned, the free,
> The strength of the battle is given to thee,
> The Spirit from above!

Thus she sang in the words of one of the sweetest poetesses; and Denning as he gazed upon her wondrous beauty, through which, in the ingenuousness of this highly-favoured moment, so many rich and rare inward attributes seemed to shine, felt himself on that proudest pedestal of every man's fortunes, when he knows that he has won the future presiding star "worthy of his home and his heart." How happy had he been on that evening! He thought of it long afterwards!

Denning took his leave, as it was necessary to make preparations for an early journey. While he was going out, a servant came to say that Mr. Tremont wished to see him in his study. On descending into that apartment which was in the basement story, he found the gentleman in question in his rocking chair, with his legs on the table, smoking and luxuriating in the cool air which open windows brought. There were few people that enjoyed life more than Mr. Tremont.

"I wish Mr. Denning," said he, as soon as the latter was seated—"to speak about my daughter—her happiness is of very great consequence to me. I should not wish to part with my daughter, indeed I never could consent. Since her mother's death, my domestic happiness, indeed all my happiness, has been solely owing to her."

"Miss Tremont will do nothing, I am sure, without your consent," returned Denning, "since you were pleased to give the seal to my hopes and sanction to our engagement, I did not trouble her with further importunities—I saw she was reluctant to leave home."

"But my dear boy," said the old gentleman, "there is no occasion she should leave home; why should you not come and live here? You are my son, my heir, God permitting—why should not one house hold father and son? We shall not quarrel—I am not difficult to please—and I have every confidence in you. Besides it will save the expense of an establishment; and you are yet young and beginning the world."

"The advantages are so much on my side, and the favours on yours," said Denning rather falteringly, "that I am quite at a loss—but when you permitted one of so slender a fortune as myself to aspire to the honour of your daughter's hand—"

"Pooh, pooh, man! the girl likes you and what pray you, else could I do. But to be frank with you, you are quite in a mistake about these advantages and favours, as you choose to call them. You are not in England, where a man may aspire to the dignities of society as well with his coffers empty as with his brains blown out. Here we want industry, intelligence, and good conduct—and little dread of the ultimate rewards of respectability and abundance. Here where there are so few occupations and amusements for idle men, it is a positive disadvantage for a young man to be left with a fortune. In nine cases out of ten, such young men become profligate and dissipated; to the extent, that young men of fortune, the girls will tell you, are quite at a discount in the matrimonial market. Besides I am not altogether free from selfish motives in this proposal. I am becoming an old man, and will in a short time find this extensive iron concern too much for me. Your talents for business, already so well proved in the service of the firm, will be of the utmost consequence. Once my son-in-law, you are of course immediately partner in the firm."

Denning was quite stunned with these generous proposals—"I have indeed no room left for disinterestedness," said he, "in the acceptance of so much kindness; but in consecrating my life to the happiness of Miss Denning, shall I not too do so to yours, her father and my generous benefactor?"

"Benefactor! Oh no, my dear sir. Even if you had not happily won my daughter's affections, and I had been called upon to choose for her an adequate protector and friend, who would have stood her in my stead when I shall have gone the way of all the earth, there is none of all my knowledge to whom I would have more readily entrusted my child."

"Have I then your consent to endeavour to persuade Miss Denning to our immediate union? Her desertion of you, the main objection, being out of the way, I have no fear."

"Do, my dear boy! you go to Thebes, tomorrow."

"Yes, and shall return in three weeks! Good night, dear sir."

"God bless you, my dear boy."

CHAPTER VI.

AN ENEMY IN THE CAMP.

Denning wished to make some final arrangements with Mr. Strong, the other partner in the firm, previous to his morning journey, and called on that gentleman at his hotel in Winter Street, on his way home. He found him at supper with a small knot of friends, all, at the moment of his entrance, in the full hilarity of oysters and champagne. And so Denning must sit down and join them. He always found it difficult to resist the fascinations of oysters and champagne; in short, it was a weakness of his—beside the spell of so many jovial faces—and he placed himself at the table, resolved to cast the cares of business and love and all the world, into an hour of happy oblivion. The party, consisting of five, were all well known to him, on a sort of "hail-fellow-well-met footing." The presence of Father Dollard, the Irish priest, one of Mr. Tremont's circle, and of course one of Denning's, formed no exception. Neither did the presence of the Father, upon this occasion, operate as any species of constraint upon Denning, nor upon any of the party. Indeed, if we are bound to say the truth, the rubicund countenance, and joyous twinkling eyes of the reverend gentleman, were an incentive to, and inspiration of mirth rather than the contrary. The reverend gentleman was seated with a large napkin across his knee, his round face radiant with warmth and good cheer; and cutting Irish jokes with such an effect as none but a pure Hibernian tongue can impart. In fact he was the soul of the party, and the pet of these jolly companions, in such a fashion as falls to the lot of few, except clergymen, when indulging themselves in the hilarities of gay circles.

No one seemed to welcome Denning with more ardour than Father Dollard. He took him in a manner under his protection, made a seat for him beside himself, slapped him on the shoulder, and gave him such and similar marks of affection. The oysters went round, and so did the champagne; and Denning began to feel in a state slightly Elysian, and disposed to be contented with himself and all the world. Nothing could have ruffled his supreme equanimity at that moment.

After some talk on general topics, "I propose," said the host, "that we offer Mr. Denning our congratulation in a full bumper on the present interesting crisis in his affairs." All comprehended the allusion; for his engagement with Miss Tremont was now publicly talked of; and the glasses were readily filled—and emptied.

"Lucky dog!" said Mr. Rhaum, a young man connected with the firm; "but I wish you all joy, my boy; such a prize in the lottery of life falls to few—a prize in more senses than one."

"Miss Tremont is a prize in herself," said Father Dollard, "and would be so, if discovered in a log cabin; but fair bride is none the worse for a fair dower; and I am sure, than Mr. Denning, none is more richly deserving of all he obtains."

Mr. Denning was covered with smiles and blushes, and made no reply.

"I say, Denning," continued young Mr. Rhaum, who was a very young gentleman indeed, "when you come into possession, you must keep a jolly table, and be the best of good fellows. We of the firm expect that, at least. Wine and walnuts, the free entry of the stables, hounds, and billiards, and all that sort of thing, we shall look for as naturally as babes for their mother's milk. Do you promise?"

"Oh, certainly," said Denning, "who could presume to contradict such spirits as you?"

"And if you keep such a sharp hand over us as the old governor, I'll call you out, and get Strong to be my second; won't you, Strong?"

Strong, in whose eyes was the glitter of champagne, assented with a nod.

"For shame, gentlemen," remarked Father Dollard, in a proper tone of rebuke.

"Don't you see, old boy, I'm only in jest," said Rhaum, "I only desire to impress upon our friend the necessity of being considerate, and liberal, and generous, when he becomes Master of the Mint. Lucky dog! I wish the happy day were nigh at hand, for his sake and ours. You will treat his reverence to a good bottle of wine, too, won't you, Denning?"

"Assuredly," replied Denning.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the jolly father, while his face became rosy and glistening, at the contemplation.

"And the first thing you must do, Denning, as an earnest of future favours," continued Rhaum, "is to send each of us here present—a great wedding cake. To me, as representative of the *employés* of the firm; to Strong, as one of the heads; to the reverend father, as chaplain in ordinary; and so forth, and so forth; and nothing paltry be sure. A rich fellow like you should do something handsome. Do you engage?"

"Assuredly," reiterated Denning, who felt, at this moment, too much satisfied with himself and all the world, to take offence at anything. A sort of twinkle in the eye of the reverend father which he noticed fixed upon him, made him feel as if he had been caught in an impropriety, or had committed himself in some manner, or had given an unfair advantage over him by one disposed so to use it. True he had taken no part in the conversation, beyond what was merely ejaculatory; but the very fact of his presence made him in part responsible. But the best understanding possible, existing, as he was convinced, between himself and those present, he felt re-assured in an instant. Suddenly, however, recollecting his early journey, he took leave of the party, and repaired to his hotel.

(To be continued.)

A POET'S MORNING.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Tis sweet to watch the dawn
Glide slowly o'er the lawn,
And steal upon the hare in her soft sleep;
Nor hurt that timid thing,
So gently slumbering,
Nor wake the feathered brood that solemn silence keep.

'Tis sweet to wander then,
Thro' dell and bosky glen,
Till comes the lark to hymn the rosy day;
While o'er the sedgy mere
Mists rise and disappear,
Like shadowy shapes, that come and flit away.

'Tis at this hour the bard
Will meet his best reward
From nature's hand—his mistress dear—for she
Loves then to court his eyes
With beauteous mysteries,
Which to the untouch'd heart must age-deep riddles be.

Then o'er his soul she flings
The radiance of her wings,
And wakes within his heart a solemn hymn;
Flowers, birds, and bees are waking,
And night is slowly taking
Her sleepy farewell o'er the horizon's brim.

Then Dryads bathe their tresses
In the sweet dewinesses,
That net all o'er the world of forest flowers;
Whilst morn comes, slyly creeping,
To check night's balmy weeping,
And Phœbus kisses up her tears from leafy bowers.

Then through the moss-lined antres
The musing Oread saunters
In search of cool springs hidden from the sun;
Where Dian may recline
And sip the creamy wine
From the lush clusters of cloud-berries won.

'Tis sweet to wander, where
Some valley stretches fair,
Hugging a river in its verdant arms;
And while Apollo sheds
Upon the mountain heads
His first smile, gaze upon earth's glowing charms.

Perhaps the eye may glide
On Naiads, in their pride
Floating upon the bosom of the wave;
Or, by some streamlet's side,
May see thro' vistas wide,
Troops of gay wood-nymphs in the ripples lave.

For then, those spirits old,
Of whom great Bards have told,
Are visible to him whom nature loves;
And every flower that springs
Around his footsteps, brings
Mem'ries of storied shapes that haunted ancient groves.

And every wood's recesses,
And dingle's leafinesses,
Are gushing o'er with bright and ærial things;
O'er which he loves to think
At eve, by runnel's brink,
When twilight o'er the globe her dreamy mantle flings!

A BRIDEGROOM'S VISION.

My love and I were newly wed—
Sad from the busy day's unrest,
At eventide I laid my head
Fondly upon her breast.

Her curls played on my brow—I felt
Upon my cheek her calm-drawn breath;
Slowly the scene appeared to melt
Into a dream of Death!

Creation's hour had come at last;
I saw the Angel of her Doom—
His lightning-sword made, flashing fast,
Red scars upon the gloom.

That Terror breathed—the moon and sun
From the round sky were blotted out;
The stars, down-smitten one by one,
Like marsh-fires reeled about.

The April Queen gave up her bow,
And greedy chaos claimed the prize—
All that was beautiful must go,
It seemed, before my eyes!

He touched the earth, and underneath
His tread, the lucent streams dried up;
Each flower was scorched in Summer's wreath,
Though dew was in its cup.

My blood grew frozen at its spring;
Stifling, I could not utter word,
To say, O spare one beauteous thing,
Star, flower, or stream, or bird!

I thought, O God! if marked to die,
All that is fair must shrivelling go;
My bride, upon whose breast I lie,
Must from me perish so!

I heard strange voices far above,
And one which spoke in passionate breath—
It was the voice of Life-in-Love
Pleading for Her with Death.

Nor long the strife—my bride and I
Into a hurrying car were caught,
Which bore us up, from sky to sky,
Swifter than mortal thought.

Strange lights we saw on turrets pearled,
And to a solemn voice gave heed,
That said, "To the eternal world
Of Life-in-Love ye speed!"

Then a soft pressure on my lips
Awoke me; through the window-pane,
The moon and stars showed no eclipse,
The sky no lightning stain!

My love and I have long been wed,
And, weary from the day's unrest,
Often at night I lay my head
Fondly upon her breast!

GOLDING PENROSE.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

HOME politics have held but a secondary place in public consideration, during the last month. The Turkish difficulties, the scheme of Government proposed for India, and some personal matters, have, to a great extent, withdrawn attention from the slow but sure progress of the Financial Bills through the House of Commons, in the face of a pertinacious but ineffectual opposition. As was to be expected, the strongest resistance was made to the measure by which the duty on successions is extended to all descriptions of property; but the large majority (268 to 185) by which, on the 13th of June, the House decided upon going into Committee on the bill, left no doubt of the ultimate success of this most important of the proposals comprised in Mr. Gladstone's budget.

The measure has received a new and satisfactory development in the Minister's explanation of the method by which it is to be rendered applicable to the property of corporations. As corporations never die, some mode must be found of imposing upon their property a tax equivalent to the succession duty. This might be done either by levying the duty once in twenty-five or thirty years, or by diffusing it over the whole term in the shape of an annual tax. The latter is considered to be, for many reasons, the most convenient method; and the amount of the tax has been fixed at 3d. in the pound, until the 5th of April, 1860, after which date it is to be 6d. in the pound. Thus, so far as the property of corporations is concerned, the income tax will be transmuted into a property-tax. The suggestion at once occurs, that the same transformation may hereafter be effected in all the succession duties, which may in like manner be commuted to an annual impost. The course by which we seem to be arriving at a general and equitable property tax, is curiously circuitous. In the first place, to supply a deficit, and obtain a basis for tariff reforms, we impose an income tax, which presses unequally upon incomes derived from permanent and from precarious sources. This inequality makes it impossible to retain the income tax, which is therefore exchanged for a succession duty, more equitable, but having the disadvantage of falling most heavily on the tax payer, at the time when he is least prepared to meet it; and this grievous pressure, it is already anticipated, will, in a short time, lead to the conversion of the duty on successions into a tax upon property. The more direct and rational method would have been to have adopted a property tax originally, instead of an income tax; but property was guarded from taxation by a strong body of landlord-legislators, and it was necessary to make approaches to it in zigzag, as in attacking a well-defended fortress.

If Ministers have evinced their Liberal tendencies in their Budget, they (or most of them) have maintained their reputation as Conservatives by opposing the ballot. Why opposition to the ballot should be the accepted Shibboleth of the *juste milieu* party, it is not easy to perceive. This, however, being the case, it is not surprising that Mr. H. Berkeley's annual motion should have been rejected by 232 votes to 172, the majority being composed of a few Ministerialists combined with the mass of the opposition. Last year, in a House of 390 members, the majority against the motion was 102, the votes being 246 to 144. This year, in a House of 404 members, the adverse majority is but 60. The gain by the last election has been larger than could have been anticipated, considering the unfavourable circumstances which attended it. In justice to the Ministers who opposed the motion, it must be remembered that they frankly avowed their intentions on the hustings, before they were elected. But the electors, who overlooked this hostility to a most popular and desirable measure, in consideration of the merits of the candidates, have at least a right to expect that the new Reform Bill, promised for next year, will comprise some means of checking the intimidation and other unfair influences to which the voter is now subjected. If any method can be discovered more effectual for this purpose than the ballot, so much the better. But if, as is probable, no such substitute can be found, the

popular demand for this means of protection will acquire a new strength, and become irresistible.

Mr. R. Moore moved, on the 31st of May, for a select committee "to inquire into the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland, with the view of ascertaining how far they were made applicable to the benefit of the Irish people." The House showed no inclination to plunge into this Slough of Despond, at the present time, and the motion was negatived by 260 votes to 98. Some remarks made by Lord John Russell, in the course of the discussion, to the effect that the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy had of late years been exercised, in this and other countries, in a manner adverse to the general cause of freedom, gave offence to the Roman Catholic members of the Administration, Messrs. Sadleir, Keogh, and Monsell, whose resignation was only averted by a disclaimer from Lord Aberdeen, on the part of himself and "many of his colleagues," of any sympathy with the sentiments expressed by Lord John Russell. The disavowal was received by the latter, with the good-humoured indifference of a statesman too well assured of his own position and reputation, to be sensitive to personal annoyances. The result of the imbroglio was creditable, on the whole, to the good sense and spirit of all the parties concerned in it. On the general question, there can be no doubt that the sympathy of the nation at large, is with Lord Aberdeen's tolerant views, since otherwise, his lordship would not now be Prime Minister. It is quite true, that in certain countries of Europe, the Roman Catholic clergy does exercise an influence adverse to liberty; but in those countries the Roman Catholic church is the State-church, and State-churches are everywhere intolerant. In Ireland, on the other hand, the Roman Catholic church is maintained on the voluntary system; the influence of the clergy, particularly in elections, is known to be very great; and yet the members of Parliament, elected under this influence, are generally found voting on the Liberal side. Still, it must be expected that some of the obnoxious characteristics which distinguish all State-churches, will everywhere be manifested in a greater or less degree, by the Roman Catholic clergy, owing to the fact adverted to by Lord John Russell, that the spiritual head of their church is also a temporal sovereign.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The war in Burmah, it seems, is not yet at an end. Preparations were making in India for an advance upon Ava, in the probable case of the rejection of the treaty proposed by our negotiators. This costly, aimless, and mismanaged contest has produced at least one good effect, in drawing public attention to the defects of our Indian administration, which have been so strongly exemplified in the commencement and throughout the whole progress of the war. Under these circumstances, the ministerial scheme for the future government of India was looked for with anxiety, and has been criticised with much severity.

The scheme, which was explained by Sir Charles Wood in an elaborate and instructive, if not an impartial speech, naturally divides itself into two parts, the one relating to the Government to be established in India, and the other to the Government, or rather the controlling authorities in this country. In India, the supreme power will be vested, as heretofore, in the Governor-General and his Executive and Legislative Councils. The four members of the former Council are to be appointed by the Court of Directors, subject to the approbation of the Crown. The Legislative Council is to be considerably enlarged, and will consist of either twelve or fourteen members. It will be composed of the four members of the Executive Council, with the Chief Justice and one other Judge of the Supreme Court of Bengal, and one member for each Presidency and Lieutenant-Governorship; the latter to be appointed by the Governor, or Lieutenant-Governor, and to be persons who have been ten years in the civil service of the Company. In addition, the Home Government may authorize the Governor-General to appoint two more members, who shall also be civilians of ten years' standing. This Council is to have the sole power of making laws for India; but no law passed by it shall be valid, until it has received the assent of the Governor-General.

In this country, the "double Government," as it is styled, is to be preserved, the Board of Directors and Board of Control retaining, in general, the same powers which they at present possess. There are to be only eighteen Directors, twelve of whom will be elected as at present, and the remaining six will be appointed by the Crown. The latter, as well as six of the elective members, must be persons who have been ten years in India, in the service either of the Crown or of the Company. The Directors will be chosen or appointed for the term of six years. One-third will go out of office every two years, but they may be immediately re-elected or re-appointed. The salary of a Director will be £500 a-year; of the Chairman, £1,000. Directors appointed by the Crown may sit in Parliament. Candidates for Directorships will be forbidden to canvass for votes. Appointments to Haileybury College and Addiscombe, or, in other words, to the civic service and the scientific branches of the military service, as also the appointments of assistant-surgeons, will no longer be in the gift of the Directors, but will be thrown open to general competition, under regulations to be made by the Board of Control.

Such is the outline of the proposed system of government, which, it is to be remembered, is not to be established as on former occasions, for a specified term of years, but only "until Parliament shall otherwise provide." If, therefore, this system should be found on trial to be defective, as is likely enough to be the case, there will be no obstacle in the way of amending it. Most of the criticisms to which the plan has been subjected, have been levelled at the rather complicated apparatus for managing the Home Administration. The Government in India, though a far more important matter, has almost entirely escaped notice. A few remarks concerning it may, therefore, not be out of place.

We are not in the habit of regarding India as a colony. Yet it is evident that the local government of that vast country is going through the whole series of changes, which have been usual in the history of our conquered dependencies, or "crown colonies," such as Canada, the Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, and various others. Immediately after the conquest of such a dependency, a military commander exercises for a short time the sole governing power, limited only by the instructions which he receives from home.

After a while the Home Government appoints a few councillors, either British civilians or military men, whom the Governor is required to consult,—their meetings being commonly held with closed doors, and a solemn affectation of privacy. The next step is to enlarge the Council considerably, sometimes adding native members to it, and to throw it open to the public, allowing newspapers to report its discussions. Presently, the native inhabitants begin to demand representative institutions; and after a good deal of squabbling with the Colonial Office, their wishes are partially gratified. Sometimes they are allowed to elect a portion of the members of the Council; at other times, a Representative Assembly is established for their behoof, and the nominated council is retained as an Upper House. This state of things lasts until the colony is considered to be sufficiently advanced in constitutional knowledge and practice, to be qualified for the exercise of complete self-government, after the British model. Only Canada and the other North American Colonies have as yet attained this final stage. How greatly they have prospered in it, and what valuable customers they have consequently become to this country, are facts well known, and highly significant in connection with the present question.

It is deserving of notice, that while persons who have never before been in India are generally inclined to suppose that it will be impossible to qualify the natives for self-government, those who are well acquainted with the country and the people, are commonly found to entertain the directly opposite opinion. Some curious illustrations may be cited from the debates which took place on the introduction of the bill. Mr. T. Baring, for example, in a speech evincing no unkindly or illiberal feelings towards the natives of India, announced a very dismal conclusion at which he had arrived in regard to this particular point:—"He must say, that looking into the vista of futurity, he could see no prospect of the native population ever being fit to exercise a government of their own, which would afford security from dissension at home and from foreign attack, and that on account of their differing among themselves in such a way that the union of the various tribes would seem to be impossible." Sir James Hogg, however, who has resided many years in India, and knows a good deal about these "various tribes," has no notion of any such impossibility. "He did not," he declared, "entertain the apprehension that some did, with regard to the enlightenment of India. Our great mission was to educate and improve India, irrespective of results; and it would be a glorious monument we should leave behind us, if ever we left India, if we had advanced the people in education and knowledge, and rendered them fit for their own self-government." Again, Sir Charles Wood, in his able exposition, briefly expressed the opinion that, judging from the evidence which had been taken, "it would not be desirable to place natives in the Council." Sir Herbert Maddock, formerly Deputy-Governor of Bengal and President of the Council of India, regretted that this conclusion had been adopted. "He had not the slightest hesitation in saying, that if there was any position in which they could with advantage place the most distinguished of the natives, it would be in legislating for their countrymen."

The authority of Sir Herbert Maddock ought to be decisive on this point. Why, indeed, should we suppose that the natives of India, after the requisite instruction and practice, will be incapable of comprehending and working a system of representative government? They are ready scholars in all the other arts of civilization. They make excellent ship-builders, printers, artificers of every kind, merchants, surgeons, and good public officers in every situation in which they have been tried. What is there to disqualify them for performing the duties of electors and legislators? Perhaps it will be said that they lack the moral qualities essential for self-government. But this is a mere assumption. There is no reason for supposing them to be much inferior in intelligence and morality to the Brazilians, or rather to what the Brazilians were thirty years ago, when they separated from Portugal, and for the first time made a trial of representative government. That form of government having been founded (so far as the free population is concerned) on a tolerably sound basis, has succeeded very well in Brazil. The country has flourished under it, and greatly advanced in wealth and civilization. Mr. Bright, in his speech on the India bill, remarked that "Brazil had a population of 7,500,000 souls, half of whom are reckoned to be slaves; yet the consumption of British goods was greater in Brazil, in proportion to the population, than in India. If India took but half the quantity of our exports that Brazil did, in proportion to her population, she would take then five times more than she now took. Our exports to India, analysed, represented but 1s. 3d. per head per annum, whereas those to Brazil were 8s. 8d. per head." The moral to be drawn from this example is, of course, that if the people of India are to be made good customers to this country, their intelligence must first be quickened, and their energies aroused by education and self-government.

As a transition stage leading to this result, the plan proposed by Sir Charles Wood seems to be by no means ill advised. It is true that no natives are to be admitted into the Council at present, either by nomination or by election; but Sir Charles can hardly be blamed for not advising

so unexpected a step to be taken without further consideration. As it is, the Council, composed in part of members nominated from the several Presidencies and Lieutenant-Governorships, will offer to the natives a sort of rudimental model of a representative assembly. The discussions, carried on in public and reported in the journals, will familiarize them with the idea and practice of constitutional government. In a few years we shall have petitions from the principal cities of India, praying for the privilege of sending representatives to the Council. There will probably be little or no hesitation in granting these requests. The number of constituencies will gradually increase, and the Council will, perhaps, at length be divided in two, and transformed into an Indian Parliament, resembling in character and powers the legislature of Canada—which, in fact, does not greatly differ from that of Brazil.

This is the only way in which the result desired by Mr. Bright and his friends can be brought about—that of improving the condition of the natives of India, and raising them, both as producers and consumers, to an equality with the inhabitants of the South American States, and of the self-governed British Colonies. Changes in administrative bodies in London, and improvements in the civil service, may be highly desirable, but they will do little towards securing the object for which they are proposed. Indeed, it is conceivable that they may rather retard than promote the concession of self-government to the people of India.

FOREIGN.

The aggressive attitude assumed by Russia towards Turkey has excited some anxiety and much indignation throughout the west of Europe. The demand made by the former power, of the Protectorate of all the Greek Christians in the Ottoman dominions, is one which is so entirely unwarranted by any recent proceedings of the Turkish Government, and so manifestly aimed at the existence of that Government, that it has secured for the Sublime Porte the prompt and active support of the two principal western powers, and the sympathy of all the other states not immediately under Russian influence. The greater part of Christendom is thus placed in the singular position of sustaining a Mohammedan ruler in his claim of absolute supremacy over a conquered Christian people. The explanation of this anomalous state of things is found in the fact, that the aggressive Government, though nominally Christian, is in reality more barbarous and tyrannical than the Government which it would displace, and that the success of this aggression would imperil the independence of every other European state. A colossal military power, occupying half of Europe, from the Arctic ocean to the Mediterranean, and presenting its western front towards disjointed and feeble Germany, would be already far advanced towards the goal of universal dominion, at least on the Eastern continent. At the best, the disturbance of the balance of power would be so great, that the presumption of peace would become, under such circumstances, always difficult and precarious. It is obvious, however, that if constitutional Government were firmly established throughout western Europe, these apprehensions of danger, from the progress of Russian dominion, would, in a great measure, disappear. Whenever freedom and despotism are fairly pitted against one another, on anything like equal terms, little fear need be entertained of the result. Our own policy, at the present time, is to maintain, at all hazards, the integrity of Turkey, to encourage the disposition of the Sultan to bestow free institutions upon his subjects of all races; and, finally, to preserve, as far as possible, the existing boundaries and relations of European states, until the reactionary torpor, which now oppresses the nations, shall be thrown off, and the reviving spirit of liberty shall set a natural limit to the advance of Russian domination.

LITERATURE.

Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852. By John Forbes, M.D. F.R.S., Physician to Her Majesty's Household. In two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

The substance of these Memorandums embraces every subject of importance relative to the sister country. The author landed in Ireland unfurnished with a single letter of recommendation, with the design of deriving just impressions from his own observation, and of gathering information from such accidental sources, least likely to be biassed, as came in his way. He planned and executed a most comprehensive journey—starting from Dublin as far south as Skibbereen—then through the route of Killarney to Limerick—thence to Athlone, and westward to Galway—thence through Clifden, Castlebar, and Sligo to Enniskillen; then northward to Londonderry and Coleraine, round by the coast to Belfast, and then southward to Dublin again, through Armagh, Newry, Dundalk, and Drogheda. He had thus ample opportunities of seeing Ireland and the Irish, the ever varying scenery of the country, and the social, domestic, and religious characteristics of its inhabitants. That he turned his advantages to the best account, and made excellent use of his time, no further proof is needed than these two interesting and well-filled volumes. Nothing which, being of any real and solid importance, it was possible to gather in the course

of his long and rapid round, seems to have escaped him. With an educated eye and a mind ever impressed with the beauties and sublimities of nature, he combines a ready aptitude for statistic details, and a facility in arranging and producing them, which more than half robs them of their dry and repulsive character. Though we may indulge in no poetic raptures while reading his written landscapes, we feel assured of their fidelity, and long to test them with the originals; and though we never laugh involuntarily at any graphic or exaggerated sketches for which Ireland is supposed to afford such abundant material, yet it is impossible to yawn over his book, or to lay it down without the conviction that the author has done good service to the public in publishing it. Its distinguishing features are, the remarkable candour with which all things are judged, and the kindly and Christian spirit in which the whole is written. We cannot pretend to follow Dr. Forbes on his route; our readers must do that for themselves; they will find him an excellent guide, and will part from his company much wiser than they were before.

The doctor is a great admirer of the Irish country girls, with "their pretty little naked feet," beautiful countenances, and upright carriage; he is warm too in praise of their generally good and virtuous conduct—remarking that the unmarried mothers among this class in Ireland are very rare exceptions, a statement, however, which at a later period of his journey he finds himself compelled in some degree to modify: still the statistic table which he quotes in reference to the subject is confirmatory of his verdict. This fact he very fairly regards as a practical refutation of the assertions so generally made by no-Popery writers, that the practice of confession tends to demoralize and debauch the female mind: that it can have no such tendency is evident from the universality of the practice among Irish catholic females, coupled as it is with their well-known modesty and good conduct. The doctor is also a teetotaller, and while he is one of the most strenuous advocates of the system, he is certainly the most sensible one we have happened to meet with. We shall quote a passage expressive of his own opinion and ours.

Although myself a rigid, but unpledged, teetotaller, now of old date, I by no means regard all indulgence—even of the most moderate kind—in every form of strong drink, as necessarily injurious to human health and human happiness, and therefore to be repudiated as a positive crime in social economy and morals. I certainly believe that mankind, in general, would be healthier and happier without the use of intoxicating drinks, in any form or amount; and that there are very few persons to whom they are really useful, as a part of ordinary regimen of health; yet, I see no great harm, either of a physical or moral kind, in a strictly moderate or temperate use of them by those by whom they are relished, and with whose bodily health or mental comfort they do not immediately interfere. The human constitution is much too elastic, and too well fitted by nature for sustaining influences of a varied kind, to be seriously injured by such small deviations from the rule of strict propriety. But I will go further than this, and say, that the man who uses them—that is, the man who adheres inflexibly to the rule of rigid temperance in their use—may claim the merit of a higher and more philosophical resolution than the man who entirely abstains from them; inasmuch as it is infinitely more easy to practice total abstinence than rigid temperance.

The author makes careful inquiries in every town which he visits, relative to the yet remaining results of Father Matthew's mission. It is encouraging to remark, that although everywhere the practice of total abstinence has enormously declined—in some cases as much as from thousands to tens—yet, everywhere, also, its good effects are yet visible in the prevalence of temperate, though not always teetotal habits. The rapid decline of the system is attributed, no doubt justly, to the effects of the famine years, and the recklessness which destitution invariably produces. But a new phase has come over Irish character since the apostle of total abstinence commenced his career—and, according to Dr. Forbes, the lower orders of the Irish are no longer justly describable as a drunken population. In some instances he even found that publicans and dealers in distilled liquors, were themselves teetotallers, though of course under the obligation of a modified pledge.

Our kind-hearted traveller has a habit of entering the cabins of the poor, where, if it is wanted, he will give medical advice, and where, at any rate, he sees with his own eyes the condition of the inmates. We shall follow him into one, for the sake of seeing an Irishman as he is not generally represented, on or off the stage, in England:—

I went into a cottage belonging to a young labouring man and his wife, and which, with the exception of two chubby and half-clad infants, could boast no other wealth than a couple of chairs, a potato-pot, and a few dishes of coarse crockery. I here met with one of those strong-headed men, not seldom to be found in the lowest rank of society, who at once arrest the attention and command the respect of every one, by the unconscious display of natural talent, good sense, and good feeling. He was a working mason, of about forty years of age, and seemed to have come into his neighbour's house for a little morning's gossip. It was early, and he had not yet begun to prepare himself for chapel. Soon finding that my friend in the flannel jacket and lime-burnt hat was one of nature's gentlemen as well as philosophers, I gradually got into an interesting discussion with him on the everlasting theme of Ireland—her evils and their remedies; the young labourer and his wife standing by the while, now joining in a sort of confirmatory chorus, and now serving my friend as living illustrations of his theme. . . . . . He was a strong Catholic, but without bigotry. He seemed to regard his Protestant neighbours without the least ill-feeling; and the great question that so agitates the Catholics of the middle and upper classes—I mean the monstrous anomaly of the church of the minority being the exclusive recipient of tithes—seemed hardly to affect him at all, because, in reality, it scarcely touched his class practically. He thought his own creed the true one, but he did not blame others for preferring that they had been brought up in. Being somewhat of a scholar, he now and then referred to passages in the Bible; and on my expressing my surprise at this, he told me that he had an English Bible, and that he had not only the sanction of the priest for keeping it, but for reading it. He offered to show it to me, if I would go with him to his house, which was hard by. His possession of this book was shown to be an exception to the general rule, by a circumstance mentioned by him, namely, that he had won a bet from a Protestant neighbour, on the question whether the priest would allow

him to retain it. The general practice was evidently against him; but, probably, he relied on his own strength of character and known soundness of belief.

He condemned *the elections* as most injurious to the peace of the lower classes, stirring up ill blood between Protestants and Catholics, which never was moved at other times. He himself had no vote, and hoped he never would have one. He spoke with kindness of the landlords as a body, but condemned some of them bitterly as oppressors of the poor, both in their minds and bodies, sometimes directly, but much more frequently through their agents. He had often known a poor man's cow or horse, or other goods, taken for rent at the very time of the year when they were most needed by their owner, and thus the poor tenant be broken down entirely; whereas, if the agent had waited for a short time, say till after harvest or after ploughing time, all the rent or the greater part of it would have been paid, and the poor man would still have held his place in the world. . . . . He avowed himself to be strongly attached to the English government, as being in itself not only the best form of government, and the Queen the best of Queens, but as being far better for Ireland than Repeal and so-called independence. But he strongly insisted upon the fact that there was still something wrong between the two countries which ought to be made right; though he confessed that he did not know the precise root and essence of the evil. Practically, however, he said he knew it in many ways, and most of all and most painfully in the palpable fact that a large proportion of the working men in Ireland, men able and willing to work, could either get no work at all or insufficient work, or getting sufficient work could not get adequate remuneration. A country properly governed and properly managed ought, he truly said, to exhibit no such fact as that; "nor ought a man like *him*," he said (pointing to the stalwart labourer beside him) "to be compelled to labour for 6*d.* or 8*d.* a day, with a wife and children to maintain, food and clothing to buy, and rent to pay." And yet he was far from extravagant in his ideas as to the remuneration of labour, bounding his estimate at one shilling, or at most eighteen-pence, for the daily allowance. Surely in all this the good man was right; and surely, distresses so patiently borne, and sought to be allayed by means so moderate, cannot much longer be the lot of this unfortunate people.

The concluding chapter of this work is devoted to the consideration of the past, present, and future condition of Ireland. The want of capital, of enterprise, of a respectable middle class, and of popular education, is shown to be the source of much of her social misery and degradation: other and serious oppressive evils exist, but these and all the wretched disorders beneath which the prostrate country languishes and groans are yet curable by a proper regimen. Above all, Dr. Forbes would have the grand religious grievance equitably settled *by placing the two Churches on the same footing in relation to the State.* "Tinkering and cobbling and botching politicians," says he, "may stitch and patch, and pin and paste, and rivet and solder, and shorten and lengthen, and straiten and widen; but all will be in vain towards attaining the end desired—all, save the measure here enunciated, that shall place the rival churches on the same level." For the means of accomplishing this he looks to the same wisdom and zeal and noble resolution which carried the Abolition of Slavery, the Emancipation of the Catholics, the Reform Bill, and Free Trade. We are afraid they will find it a much tougher task than either of the four above mentioned, whenever they set about it. Wisdom and zeal may do a great deal, and legislative authority may do more, but we defy them, all combined, to touch a single bristle of the parson's tithe-pig. The Church, which is in connexion with the State, virtually controls the State in all matters ecclesiastical, and will save her bacon in spite of Dr. Forbes and all his philanthrophy—and in spite too of all the common sense and common justice that ever actuated human conduct—"Fiat *in*justitia, ruat cœlum," says she, and she does it too, as her own catechism says, "with all her heart, and all her mind, and all her soul, and all her strength."

We have given a very inadequate idea of these volumes. The rich variety of their contents must be our excuse.

Manuel Pereira; or the Sovereign Rule of South Carolina. With Views of Southern Laws, Life, and Hospitality. By F. C. Adams. London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co. 1853.

The circumstances of the imprisonment of Pereira in the Charleston Gaol, on the ground, real or assumed, of his being a negro, are tolerably well known to the English public. They are here made the basis of a narrative, of some four hundred pages, containing many spirited and characteristic sketches of life both at sea and on shore. The state of society in South Carolina, if it at all resemble the portraiture here given of it, must be atrociously vile and demoralized. Among the citizens of Charleston, according to Mr. Adams, justice is a mockery, the law a lie, hospitality a sham, office a theft—their gentlemen "almighty snobs," their matrons bawds, and their beautiful women transferable "property;" while the only recognisable realities are cruelty and sensual excess. To inflict torture and to get money, and to accomplish the latter by means of the former, would appear to be the sole serious avocations of the Carolinians, for whom the best thing that could be done were to hang up one half of them by the neck, to serve as an example to the remainder. We do not happen to have the means of testing the truth of these delineations; but would fain hope that they are at least a trifle overdrawn; we are not sure that they help the writer very much in his laudable attempt to arouse the general indignation against the infamous law of which Pereira, as well as many others, was made the victim; but he has made out a good case, and furnished grounds for a very pretty quarrel, whenever John Bull shall happen to be in a combative humour, which will not be just now. The author describes low life admirably, and seems equally at home on board ship as on terra-firma; but he wants dramatic power, and damages the effect of his story by dry political preachments, which will tell with but little effect at least on this side of the Atlantic. We must take exception, too, to his use of words in some indefinable sense which we have not the wit to fathom; the word "mendacity," for instance, is used half-a-dozen times in a sense not synonymous with "falsehood;" and what signification the writer attaches to it we cannot even guess.

Our Coal and our Coal Pits; the People in them; and the Scenes Around Them. By a Traveller Underground. Parts 42 and 43 of the "Traveller's Library." London: Longman and Co. 1853.

In the prefatory observations to this most interesting and useful work, the author undertakes to tell us where coal is found—of what it is composed—how it was deposited and how it lies in the earth; how it is reached, obtained, and brought to us for use; what a great colliery establishment comprises—at what cost capitalists engage in it—what are their hopes, defeats, and profits; what appearance the great Newcastle coal district presents; how the metropolis of coal arose; how the coal is shipped, when it has been extracted; how the rivers became coal carriers; how the surrounding scenery is affected by this trade; how men of various grades thrive in various ways; what kind of place a deep northern coal-pit is; what you see before you go down, how you go down, what you behold and feel when you are down, and what you look like when you come up; what sort of people the pitmen and pitboys are; what opinion the author formed of them, and what information, of varied interest, he elicited from them; what he thought and learned of their manners and customs, and morals and religion, or irreligion; their lives and their deaths—natural or accidental. This is a large promise, but large as it is, it is excelled in the performance, many other important particulars being added, and the whole subject honestly gone over. We can recommend this book as the work of a practical man, who describes his own experience; and as one, too, in which every one of our readers will find matter to interest him.

The Half Century: its History, Political and Social. By Washington Wilks. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

But little more than a year has elapsed since we had the pleasure of recommending the first edition of this work to the notice of the reader. We are glad to find that the public have endorsed our opinion of its undoubted merits, and by the call for a new issue of the book given the author the opportunity of revising and adding to it some valuable matter. As a record of the events of the past half century, and a popular digest of its politics, it stands without a rival, and should be in the hands of all to whom the history of their own time is a matter of interest.

The National Miscellany for May and June, 1853. London: J. H. Parker.

We have here the two first numbers of a new monthly periodical, got up in a style, as regards paper and print, of unusual elegance. On the whole it promises well. The articles which are well-chosen, though the very reverse of "loud," are for the most part replete with good sense and sound philosophy. We would instance especially the paper on Slavery in America, written by a clergyman who has exercised his function as well in slave states abroad, as among British labourers at home, and whose candid testimony on both sides of the question is just now of especial value. The second paper on Social Life in Paris, is faithful and life-like, as far as it goes. To the light literature of these numbers we cannot award much praise.

The Finger of God. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. F.R.S.E. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

This little volume is an attempt in a brief and familiar manner to "vindicate the ways of God to man," by tracing the operations of his overruling Providence in controlling the destinies of the world. The object of the writer is plainly to combat in the simplest possible way, the spread of the rationalist and pantheistic notions with which all classes of society are brought more or less into contact; and this he does by a brief but comprehensive review of the facts of the history of Christianity, in connection with the designs of its author, as exemplified in their sequences and results. The work is calculated to be exceedingly useful and should be widely circulated.

Usque Adeo? or what may be said for the Italian People; &c. By an Ionian. London; Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

An Ionian, stung by indignation at the injuries of his country, in this bulky pamphlet denounces the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ward, in his capacity as Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, in terms, which if they be at all deserved, stamp him at once and for ever as a cool, heartless, and blood-thirsty scoundrel, deserving only of the execration of all honest men. We are not going to judge the case; but we want to know whether it be true, as an Ionian says it is, that the quondam representative of Sheffield *did* despotically stop the Cephalonian press and banish the editors without the form of trial—*did* shoot and hang twenty-one persons for a mere local disturbance—*did* flog with the cat no less than three hundred persons, of whom numbers died—*did* burn down the houses of suspected persons—*did* put two persons to the torture to obtain testimony—&c., &c., &c.—and *did* dishonour her Majesty the Queen by causing her to be ranked by foreign journalists beneath Haynau and the Austrian tyrant, for having sanctioned such atrocities. These are distinct charges, and there are plenty more of them; and we want them, and the English people want them, distinctly replied to. Mr. Ward is bound to come forth and answer plainly for himself, if he would not have judgment go by default.

The English Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version: newly divided into Paragraphs. London: Robert B. Blackader. 1853.

We have here the first part, including the book of Genesis, and a body of notes occupying as

much letter-press as the text, of a new edition of the Bible. A handsomer volume than this will make, it would be hardly possible to execute, paper and print being of the very first order, and the arrangement of the text, and notes all that could be desired. The re-division into paragraphs on a new and excellent principle greatly facilitates the understanding of the text, which is further elucidated by an abundance of marginal notes. The appendix contains, besides the most important variations, critical notes and elucidations from modern discoveries and travels. The appendices to each book are printed separately, and can be bound separately if required.

A Week at Bridge of Allan, comprising an Account of the Spa, and a Series of Six Excursions to the interesting Scenery of Scotland. By C. ROGER, F.S.A., Scot. Second Edition, with Thirty Engravings. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1853.

THE professors of literature have bestowed no small degree of labour and attention, of late, in the preparation of sterling and handsome volumes for the convenience of the traveller and health-seeking tourist. The old guide-books of the last generation, which had, for the most part, the appearance of being cooked up by the printer's devil, have given place to goodly volumes, vying, as regards the value and voluminousness of their contents, with the old county chronicles, and excelling them in real utility and beauty. The volume before us is a specimen of the very best of the class. Rich in illustrations from the pencil of a clever artist—portable and pocketable in size—it is yet a veritable thesaurus of information of that interesting kind, which your traveller ought to know, and wants to know, and is so nettled at not knowing at the right time. The most sensible way to travel, is to learn all about the place you are going to visit before you set out; and this you cannot do more readily, than by availing yourself of such a guide as Mr. Roger's book. He has left nothing untold, which could impart interest to the scenes he describes. For this reason, we would recommend our friends bound to Bridge of Allan, to buy his book a week or two before they start, and having pondered well its contents, carry their guide with them in the character of an old friend. The work is admirably prepared, and will repay its cost over and over.

The Young Scholar's Companion to the Latin Accidence, &c. By a Master in a Grammar School. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1853.

THE Author of this work has recognised the real difficulties of teaching, and has not shrunk from resorting to the simplest means of obviating them. The suggestions contained in his introduction are of the highest value, and his book an excellent example of the way in which they may be carried out in practice

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Song of the Spheres. By ELIZA HUSKINSON. London: Whittaker and Co. Nottingham: Dearden. 1853.

THIS is too bad. Miss Huskinson summonses the Spirit of the Sun and the Spirit of the Earth, sets them to talking nonsense by the hour together, and calls it the Song of the Spheres. This is the way the boobies go at it:—

> Child of the skies
> Awake! Arise!
> Awide proclaim
> Thy deathless name:
> The Gods of war
> Are fain to mar
> Thy earth, thy paradise!
>
> Rise from thy trance,
> Return the glance
> Of the great sun!
> For thou hast won
> His favour, child,
> And I am wild
> To show thy radiance!
>
> Too fair to die,
> That from the sky
> Incarnated
> By the God-head,—
> And here thou art,
> Thy deathless part
> Fondling eternity! &c., &c.

What could have induced the publication of such unmitigated rubbish, it is difficult to imagine.

History of Religious Intolerance in Spain, &c. Translated from the Spanish of Senor Don Alfonso de Castro, by THOMAS PARKER. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

THE title of this book is in some respects a misnomer. Of the religious intolerance of the Spanish rulers it certainly treats, though in a rather discursive way, and it shows in a manner sufficiently clear, that the decline of Spain as a nation may be traced to the all but omnipotent rule of the Papacy and its myrmidons over her unfortunate and besotted peoples. The book is, however, rather a collection of materials for a portion of Spanish history, compiled from various sources, many of them not available to the general reader; but the author has not allowed himself sufficient space to produce them to the best effect, and his narrative suffers from the undue compression of his matter. No reader of history will question the value of the facts here recorded, many of which are now for the first time made known to the English public; but the tyro may find it difficult to keep the author's leading idea in view, and to follow the thread of a story which details events from the middle of the fourteenth century down to the present day, in the narrow limits of about two hundred pages. Those chapters which discuss the acts of Philip II. are the most interesting and important, and will repay a careful perusal.

Wiltshire Tales. By JOHN YOUNGE AKERMAN. London: J. R. Smith, 36, Soho Square. 1853.

WE can personally vouch for the fidelity of these

comical representations of country life in Wiltshire. The characters and customs delineated in some of the sketches are familiar to us as the faces of old friends, and the dialect is rendered in a manner as near to the truth as it can be done by ordinary printing types: nothing short of the phonetic alphabet would express all the sounds of the Wiltshire tongue. The following is a specimen, narrated by a Wiltshire patriarch:—

"How far d'e cal't to Zirencester, my friend?" zays a Cockney genelman one day to owld Pople, as a wor breakin' stwones on th' road. "Dwont kneow zich a please," zays he, scrattin's yead, "never yeard on't avore!"——"What!" zays th' genelman, "never heared o' Zirencester?"—"Noa," zays he, "I aint."—"Why it's the next town."—"Haw! haw!" zays Pople; "you means *Ziszeter*; why didn't 'e zay so? it's about vower mile off."——He was a rum owld customer, thuck owld Pople. One day zomebody axed un how var 'twas to Ziszeter. "Ho! dree miles this weather." (It was nation dirty and slippy.) "Why so?" zaid the man to 'n; "ho, it's about two miles in vine weather; but when it's hocksey, like this, we allows a mile vor zlippin' back."

The Philosophy of Atheism examined and compared with Christianity. A Course of Popular Lectures, &c. By Rev. B. Godwin, D.D. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

These lectures were delivered before an audience composed principally of working men in the town of Bradford, Yorkshire, during the latter part of the last and the spring of the present year. The attendance was densely crowded throughout the whole course, and they were heard with attention and interest maintained to the very last. The object of the lecturer is to combat the vague and unsubstantial notions which under the name of Secularism have latterly found admission among the working ranks, and, for the last few years especially, have very widely spread. It is gratifying to know that this energetic attempt to withstand and roll back the tide of infidelity has been attended with unequivocal success in the locality in which it was made. We should have expected nothing less from the known talent of the lecturer, and his admirable knowledge of the class to whom his labours have been devoted. His liberality and large-heartedness have taught him where to take his stand in reasoning with his erring brother: he never drives nor dogmatizes, but hand in hand with the inquirer, clears his way for him to the perception of the truth. His book is a most excellent performance, familiar and popular in style—close, sound, and unanswerable in argument.

History of the Byzantine Empire, from 716 *to* 1057. By George Finlay. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1853.

The History of the Byzantine Empire for a period of three and a half centuries, during which it flourished in its greatest vigour, and exercised an influence limited only by the bounds of civilization, is a grand and noble subject worthy of the pen of the most accomplished writer, and demanding the profound attention and cautious judgment of the student. Mr. Finlay has brought no ordinary powers to the task he has essayed. Perfectly master of his subject, well read in the works of ancient and modern authors, and imbued with a thoroughly philosophical spirit,—he is at the same time master of an admirable style, clear, terse and vigorous, which renders him a most agreeable companion through the devious, and at times portentous and terrible route he has marked out for us. He divides the Byzantine history into three periods; the first commencing with the reign of Leo III. in 716, and terminating with that of Michael III. in 867. This period records the predominance of the Iconoclasts in the Church, and the re-instatement of the orthodox in power—the defence of law and religion, from the attacks of the Saracens—the struggle between the government and the people, represented by the contest concerning image-worship, in which the former sought to secure a despotic authority in matters ecclesiastical and civil—and it affords us the stirring spectacle of a "declining empire saved by the moral vigour developed in society."

Never (says the author) was such a succession of able sovereigns seen following one another on any throne. The stern Iconoclast, Leo the Isaurian, opens the line as the second founder of the Eastern Empire. His son, the fiery Constantine, who was said to prefer the odour of the stable to the perfumes of his palaces, replanted the Christian standards on the banks of the Euphrates. Irene, the beautiful Athenian, presents a strange combination of talent, heartlessness and orthodoxy. The finance minister, Nicephoras, perishes on the field of battle, like an old Roman. The Armenian Leo falls at the altar of his private chapel, murdered as he is singing psalms with his deep voice, before day-dawn. Michael the Amorian, who stammered Greek with his native Phrygian accent, became the founder of an imperial dynasty, destined to be extinguished by a Sclavonian groom. The accomplished Theophilus lived in an age of romance, both in action and literature. His son, Michael, the last of the Amorian family, was the only contemptible prince of this period, and he was certainly the most despicable buffoon that ever occupied a throne.

The second period is that of the Basilian dynasty, which endured nearly two centuries, or from 867 to 1057. Under the Sclavonian groom and his descendants, the empire attained to its greatest power and prosperity. The Saracen enemy was repelled—the Bulgarian conquered—and the Russian twice defeated. Commerce rose to a pitch of unexampled prosperity; and, in the words of the historian, "respect for the administration of justice pervaded society more generally than it had ever done at any preceding period of the history of the world—a fact which our greatest historians have overlooked, though it is all-important in the history of human civilization." The third period would extend from the accession of Isaac I. (Comnenus) to the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204, which put an end to the Roman Empire in the East, not before the oppressive rapacity of successive rulers, and the general corruption of the administration had made way for its final overthrow. It is of the two first of these periods only, that Mr. Finlay treats in the present volume. The narrative is full of interest and action—of heroic, and cruel, and terrible deeds—of bloody wars and bloodier punishments—of strange individual and

social portraitures—and of wise, moderate and earnest reflections, expressive of the manly philosophy of their author. The reader will find in this book not a few of the time-honoured fallacies of medieval chronicles, reduced to their original flimsy elements; facts are drawn forth from their fabulous covering; and valuable authoritative data are furnished for the judgment of character, too often unjustly aspersed by the rabid bigotry of ecclesiastical writers. As a specimen of the author's narrative powers, we may refer to the account of the Taking of Thessalonica, in Book II. ch. 1., a description of a siege not surpassed in the works of any living writer. It is to be hoped that Mr. Finlay will complete his subject, and in a subsequent volume bring down the history to the conquest of the Byzantine empire by the Crusaders.

A Review of the "Spiritual Manifestations." Read before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. By Rev. CHARLES BEECHER. London: T. Bosworth, and Clarke, Beeton, and Co. 1853.

THE Rev. Mr. Beecher, proceeding on the ground that the "Spiritual Manifestations" are admitted realities, and repudiating the very notion of imposture as a thing not for a moment to be thought of—sets about accounting for them by an examination of various hypotheses, which it appears have each their advocates. Thus there is the Odyle hypothesis, the Apneumatic, the Pneumatic, the Cerebral, the Mental Automacy, &c., &c.;—and lastly there is the scripture argument, which appears to have most weight with him. So far as we can follow the reverend gentleman (and we confess our inability to grapple with all his hard words), he is very much of opinion that the demons of the Old and New Testaments were birds of the same feather with the modern rapping spirits, and that inasmuch as they contradict the testimony of Scripture, they "incur the almost certain stigma of false Christs which should precede His coming." We shall quote his summing up. Says he,

All who bow to the authority of the Bible, who know in their own hearts the work of the Holy Ghost, and who love Christ's appearing, must feel instinctively that here moves a mighty antagonistic influence. Mighty as the deep yearning of mankind in all ages to penetrate the tremendous secrets of the dead; mighty as the conception of departed worth, the unutterable longing of bereaved hearts for the unforgotten, and the ecstatic delight of souls suddenly restored to converse with the idolized whose loss made life a desert,—*they* weave the spell of exciting novelty; *they* excite the vague presentiment of boundless discovery, and unveil a dazzling horizon of an elysium without a Cross, where mankind shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. Drunk with this elixir, the millions surrender themselves to the implicit sway of—WHAT POWERS? Powers unseen, powers aërial, under the masterly guidance of some one mind of fathomless ability and fathomless guile. (*The* Devil, of course.) If then, the nations of this unhappy planet, before their ultimate redemption, are to be rallied to a moral Armageddon battle-field against the simple gospel of Christ; if nominal Christendom must be semi-paganized, to prepare for the fraternal embrace of Pagandom semi-christianized, here is *one* agency, which with others, is eminently adapted to do the work. Whether such be its character and its destiny time will show, and every man must judge for himself. The question of practical moment for us is, how shall the movement be met? Obviously with kindly courtesy. Whatever be the character of the powers communicating, there is no objection to hear all they have to say. If they can logically destroy the authority of the Word of God and the truth of evangelical doctrine, let them do it, &c., &c.

We have twice italicized the pronoun *they* in the above extract, because we do not know who *they* are. The only antecedent is "All who bow to the authority of the Bible," but the sense does not admit such a construction. Passing by this queer specimen of American grammar, we beg leave to demur to the amazing courtesy of the American divine. If, as he chooses to hint, the Devil and his imps be at the bottom of the rapping business, we see no reason for extending our courtesy in that direction; and we beg leave to be excluded from any challenge risking the authority of the Bible and the truth of Christianity upon a logical encounter between two gentlemen in black; seeing that he with the horns and tail is a desperately clever fellow, and we have not precisely that opinion of the Newark divine.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-law, the Rev. W. HANNA, LL.D. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

PERHAPS a man's epistolary correspondence, more than any other of his writings, is the reflex of his most cherished sentiments and opinions. The biography of such a man as Chalmers would hardly be complete without a liberal use of such documents testifying as they do to the earnestness, sincerity and continuity of purpose which was his unvarying characteristic, when, by his means or any means that he could move, a righteous purpose was to be effected. In this supplementary volume we have a compendious and judicious selection of letters on various subjects, all furnishing evidence of the zealous and disinterested character of the writer, and tending not a little to illustrate the loftiness of his aims and the depth and sterling quality of his friendship. The Correspondence on the Church Question, and especially the letters to the Marquess of Lorne, are the portions of this collection which will afford most satisfaction to the general reader.

Mazzini, Judged by Himself and by his Countrymen. By JULES DE BREVAL. London: Vizetelly and Company. 1853.

DETRACTION is one of the conditions of fame. No man ever yet distinguished himself from the common crowd without incurring the hatred and resentment of the miserable race whom nature has cursed with ambition, while she has refused them capacity. These wretches wriggle and revel in the slime of slander. They can see nothing but spots in the sun. To discover a stain in a good man's character is more to them than the discovery of the law of gravitation was to Newton; and they would rather bespatter the object of other

men's praise with the filth in which themselves are wallowing, than move a foot to extricate themselves from it. With them Howard was nothing but a domestic tyrant—Washington nothing but a slaveholder. They have no eyes but for defects—no instincts but those of the maggot and the dung-fly, for what is loathsome and corrupt. Luckily, they defeat their own ends, the public having pretty generally come to the conclusion, that their rancorous anathemas are about equivalent to the commendations of honest men. M. de Bréval, by the reproduction of old calumnies long ago refuted, runs the risk of being ranked with this despicable class of beings; and he need not expect that any man of sense or candour will give his angry production a momentary importance by condescending to reply to it.

Infidelity; its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies: being the Prize Essay of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance. By the Rev. THOMAS PEARSON, Eyemouth, N. B. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

IT is the habit of the present age to pry into everything. Things visible and invisible are dragged forth from the recesses of Nature, where they have remained for ages unrecognised, and are submitted to analysis and experiment; and results such as the world in times past never dreamed of achieving, reward the scheming heads and daring hands that have not shrunk from meddling with her mysteries. Science, within the last half-century, has levied such astonishing contributions upon the world of matter, that it is in fact no longer the same world as that in which our fathers lived. We hardly breathe the same air that they breathed, or tread the same ground which our sires trod. We do not move to and fro upon its surface by the means they used; we neither eat the same food, nor speak the same language, but in part; and we revert to the days of our ancestors with more of commiseration than of reverence, because they failed to pluck the fruits of the tree of knowledge, and went down into their graves all unknowing of the feast that was spread before them. It is not to be wondered at that, in the world of mind, the intellect of man has been no less bold and active. Things sacred have been plucked from their shrines, and handled as irreverently as the ore from the mine, or the timber from the forest. The Book of Revelation has been hardily subjected to the test of metaphysics—the eternal truth of God weighed in the balance of man's fallacious philosophy, and found wanting. The desideratum which human wisdom has thus discovered she has as confidently undertaken to supply. Mushroom creeds, with very mottled aspects, and combined of elements partly new and partly old, jostle one another in the market-place, the forum, the lecture-room, and the church. They grow old and die out ere mankind is half aware of their existence; and, designed to regenerate the human race, they are dead, buried, and obsolete in one section of society before another has been hailed to rejoice in their glorious advent. Every succeeding system has, of late years, boasted more of the rational and less of the supernatural in its constitution, until at length a simple, unquestioning faith in God's written Word, is denounced as a "dead superstition" unworthy of an enlightened people in an enlightened age. Myths and symbolism are pushed boldly forward to supplant historical Christianity; and men are exhorted to believe that, after blundering for eighteen hundred years, the world is to be made wise, for the first time, by the sages of this generation. The utilitarian spirit which marks the character of modern energy, has crept also into what seeks to become the popular phase of modern theology, and attempts to substitute a moral code for a vital religion. Man, according to the gospel of the new prophets, is to recognise in himself his own lawgiver and judge, and, for all we can see, his own God; or he is to see God in everything save and except the Creator of all things, who is quietly put aside; or he may acknowledge a Deity, and yet not allow Him to interfere in the government of His own universe; or, allowing that, may refuse allegiance and disown responsibility to Him; or, professing to tender both, may yet discredit the virtue and acceptableness of such obedience. In short, there is a creed, backed by some erudite authority, ready-made for every possible phase of the religious sentiment; or, where that is wanting, for so much of the instinctive habit of worship as may chance to survive after running the gauntlet through all the new philosophies.

The author of the present volume takes a comprehensive view of the aspects of modern infidelity in each of their varieties. Thoroughly well versed in the writings of the speculative philosophers, both in our own country and on the Continent—strong as a giant in the advocacy of evangelical truth, and well-skilled in the use of logical weapons, he is the very man to deal with the pretentious apostles of modern scepticism. He resolves into shape their vague and mystic theories, strips them of their plausible ideality, lays their lean and lifeless forms upon the dissecting table, and reveals to the eyes of common sense, what ill-contrived and worthless abortions they are. We have not space in our columns to give even an outline of the course of his argument; but we must earnestly call the attention of our readers to the work itself, as one altogether unrivalled in this branch of literature, and demanding the special attention of all earnest seekers after truth, at this critical period in the history of our common Christianity. We may perhaps return to this subject when we have more space at our command.

The Museum of Classical Antiquities: A Quarterly Journal of Ancient Art. No. VIII., and Supplement. London: Richards, 37, Great Queen-street. 1853.

THESE two numbers of this valuable and interesting work are devoted to an elaborate inquiry as to the True Site of Calvary. The author, who enters upon the investigation *con amore*, recites the testimony and arguments of previous writers, and then advances his own conclusions, which few

who consider the subject deliberately will be disposed very much to question. The essay evidences much learning and research, and equal moderation and candour, and no doubt will be regarded as a solid addition to our knowledge of the Holy City. From a notice on the wrapper of the Supplement, we are surprised to learn that this important work, which is a credit to the literature of the land, languishes for want of that support which it is so richly entitled to receive. This must surely arise from the fact, that the existence of such a work is unknown to many individuals, and public bodies, who would be glad to welcome its quarterly visits. The issue of a few thousand circulars addressed to our literary institutions, and the mansions of the landed gentry, might perhaps remedy the grievance.

The Footmarks of Charity: Sketches of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Elizabeth Fry, Joseph John Gurney. By Mrs. THOMAS GELDART. Norwich: J. Fletcher. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1853.

WE have here three brief biographical sketches of three excellent persons, written in a plain, simple, and affectionate style, for the use of children. The authoress is evidently at home in the company of miniature men and women, and knows the readiest way to appeal to their sympathies, and command their attention. Her little books are, we understand, pretty general favourites with little folks; that they are calculated to be of eminent use to them, no parent who reads the volume before us, will question for a moment.

The Marine Botanist; and Introduction to the Study of the British Sea Weeds, &c. By ISABELLA GIFFORD. Third Edition, with Illustrations. Brighton: R. Folthorp. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

THIS is really a very useful and charming book, opening up a world of novelty, and beauty, and wonder, of the existence of which the greatest part of mankind are unaware. Miss Gifford deserves a general vote of thanks for directing the attention of our wives and daughters to an interesting and elevating study, as fascinating as it is instructive. Now that all who can be spared from home are migrating to the sea-side, let us counsel them to pack this little volume in their reticules. It will give zest to their enjoyment, by adding a pleasurable occupation to the vacant hours passed upon the sea-beach. The work is admirably got up—the illustrations exact counterparts of nature, and the information all that an amateur botanist could desire.

The Poetry of Geography: a Journey round the Globe. By PETER LIVINGSTON. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1853.

THE idea of this book is not a bad one. The science of geography is doubtless suggestive of sentiments strictly poetical, and a great deal might be said upon our author's text which he has omitted to say. His journey round the globe may have been conceived in a poetical spirit, but the execution falls short of the design—and in spite of liberal quotations from dead and living poets, declines into a series of dry statements of no great value, and no sort of novelty. A man of average education expatiating to his child over the map of the world, could hardly deliver himself less to the purpose than Mr. Livingston has done. A subject so extensive was, perhaps, never discussed in a smaller space. The whole Continent of Asia is dispatched in fifteen small pages—Africa in ten, and Australia in three. The writer has an undeniable claim to the merit of brevity—and that is something at least in his favour.

Poems. By JOHN DENNIS. Brighton: R. Folthorp. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

WE must be candid with John Dennis. He is one of that innumerable army of versifiers, who, satisfied with the mechanical facility of rhyme and metre, find an elegant pastime in dressing up common-places in a poetical garb. His ear is correct, his taste unimpeachable, his language pure for the most part, and his grammar respectable; but, as is the case with the whole host of his compeers, the soul of poetry is wanting within him. Fifty years ago, when in matters poetical sound was very much taken for sense, he might have shone like a star,; but we have changed all that now, and learned to con with keener eyes the pretensions of every new-born Vates. Of Mr. Dennis's skill as a versifier we shall extract the following sample:—

THE BUTTERFLY. *(From the German.)*

My mind is like a weather-vane,
From east to west it ranges,
Now here, now there, devoid of pain,
Each wind its fancy changes:
I know not if *my* heart alone,
Such fickleness confesses;
Where'er I go, I frankly own
I seek for love's caresses.

To-day I take to flaxen hair,
To-morrow brown enraptures;
And then, without a thought of care,
A raven lock encaptures:
No beauty holds me long in thrall,
But if a black eye harms me,
I seek a remedy for all,
And find a blue that charms me.

Thus quickly pass the moments by,
Nor leave a trace of sorrow;
I sing while craven spirits sigh,—
Too careful of the morrow.—
With dance and jest and lightsome glee,
Each hour will have its blisses;
And every day brings songs to me,
And every evening kisses.

There are a few other translations from the German, equally well rendered. They are by far the best pieces in the volume. Next to these, some few of the sonnets are most to be commended.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

The National Temperance Chronicle. No. 24. London: W. Tweedie.

Infidelity: its Cause and Cure. By Rev. David Nelson, M.D. London: Routledge and Co. 1853.

Count Arensberg; or, the Days of Martin Luther. By Joseph Sortain, A.B. Brighton: R. Folthorp. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

The Age of Christianity. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford. 1853.

Cranford. By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.

Willich's Popular Tables for ascertaining the Value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, Renewal Fines, &c. Third Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

A Tour on the Continent, by Rail and Road, in the Summer of 1852. By J. Barrow, Esq. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

Mechanics' Institutions. By A. Kilgour, M.D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1853.

All are Living: a Discourse by W. Arthur, A.M. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and John Mason. 1853.

Home Thoughts. A Monthly Magazine for the use of Families. Kent and Co.

The Journal of Health. A Monthly Magazine. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Priestly Despotism rampant in the Wesleyan Conference. By W. Martin. London: W. King, Whitefriars Street. 1853.

The World's Greatest Benefactor. A Lecture by Alex. Wallace. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

Explosions in Coal Mines, their Causes, &c. By J. Kenyon Blackwall, F.G.S. London: Taylor and Francis. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Medical, Legal, and General Mutual Life Assurance Society.—At the fourteenth half-yearly general meeting of the members and shareholders of this Society, held on the 13th May, 1853, the Secretary read the following Report:—"The accounts which the Directors now submit to the members and shareholders at the fourteenth half-yearly general meeting exhibit a healthy and improving condition of the Society, warranting the continued support and patronage of the public at large. The number of proposals brought under the consideration of the Board, during the past year, has been 232, covering a sum of £92,872. Of these, 180, averaging £370 per policy, have been completed, representing a sum assured of £66,683, and yielding an addition to the revenue from premiums of £2,810. The income of the Society from premiums alone, on the 25th of March last, was £9,868 per annum. At the present time it is at the rate of £10,100 per annum, an amount of revenue which not only tends to inspire confidence in the stability of the Institution, but which has been obtained by a gradual and steady progress without the adventitious employment of a lavish expenditure. It will be satisfactory to the members and shareholders to be informed that as compared with former years, the business of the past year includes a larger proportion of healthy lives. Of the 232 proposals submitted to the Directors, only 12 have been positively declined by the Board. This fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon the consideration of Assurance Agents, who frequently incur the trouble of a preliminary investigation without effecting their purpose, and thereby probably render the life uninsurable. The Directors have much pleasure in announcing to the members the allotment of a bonus larger in amount than that of the preceding year. From the report of the Actuary we learn that at the first declaration of bonus in December, 1851, there remained, after discharging all outstanding claims and liabilities an available balance of £9,158 3s.—and that the business of the Society for the past year has increased the balance to £10,642 8s. 4d. The balance-sheet presents a statement of the financial affairs of the Society, which, testifying to the economy and good management of the Directors, cannot fail of being highly satisfactory to all parties interested in its welfare and progress."

Equitable Fire Insurance Company.—At the second annual general meeting of this Company, held at the London Tavern, in May last—after some comments on the recent management—a Report was read by the Secretary, from which we select the following particulars:—"The Directors have great pleasure in meeting the shareholders at this general meeting, as they are very desirous of placing before them a full statement of all the affairs of the Company, being confident that the proprietors will feel that they have every reason to be well satisfied with its present condition and its future prospects. The Equitable issued its first policy on the 8th of August, 1850, and up to the end of last year the policies issued had reached the extraordinary number of 9,652, showing an amount of business which is believed to be without parallel in the experience of any similar institution. The Equitable, although in all respects perfectly distinct from the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society, was brought out under the powerful auspices of that Company, and immediately upon coming into existence found itself in possession of first-rate agencies, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but also the British North-American Provinces, the United States, and also of agencies in France and Belgium. The expenditure in the establishment of the business was very great, but this your present Directors have no desire to dwell upon, as they have the more pleasing task to perform of placing before you features of subsequent prosperity more acceptable to their own feelings and yours. The Directors are sorry to be obliged to refer to the unworthy efforts that have been made by rivals to injure this Company both at home and abroad. In the first instance, by making a most unfair use of the balance-sheet up to the end of 1851, and then by exaggerating the amount of our loss at Montreal by the July fires, and using this at the very time the Company was paying every farthing of its losses, as a weapon by which to injure, and, if possible, to destroy it. However, as is almost invariably the case, these efforts to injure us have only recoiled upon those who have been ungenerous enough to make them. Since the month of July, 1852, there has been a complete re-organization of the Board of Directors. Archibald Campbell Barclay, Esq., Charles Bennett, Esq., Frederick Morris, Esq., Edmond Sheppard Symes, Esq., M.D., Thomas West, Esq., and Francis Valentine Woodhouse, Esq., being duly qualified, have, since the last annual general meeting, been severally elected Directors by resolution of special courts, according to the provisions of the deed of settlement, in room of T. Lamie Murray, Esq., W. Richardson, Esq., M. C. Maher, Esq., E. S. Symes, Esq., M.D., A. Vigne, Esq., and Stephen Mills, Esq.; and Archibald Campbell Barclay, Esq., has been duly elected Chairman of the Board of Directors and of the Company. There has been also a complete re-organization of the agencies, and generally of the whole business of the Company. The agencies at Paris and Belgium, being found too burdensome to be continued, have been brought to a close; and the agency at Edinburgh has been organized, and placed upon a more economical and efficient footing. The Secretary has been employed in introduc-

ing a better system into his department, especially with reference to the Home Agencies, and has prepared a book of instructions for the guidance of the agents, with tables of rates of premium, while the Accountant has brought up the books in his department, and succeeded in disentangling the neglected accounts of the Company, so as to bring them to a perfect balance, and to present to the Directors a clear, and full, and detailed view of the business of the Company at all its agencies. Besides the important result of restoring a healthful tone to the whole business of the Company, there has been a very large reduction made in its current expenditure by the work of re-organization and the changes above alluded to. The 10,000 shares issued up to the end of the last financial year, distributed as they are amongst a most respectable and wealthy proprietary, proved sufficient for all the purposes of the Society; but the magnitude of the business already attained, and which is still so rapidly extending, makes it desirable to increase the amount of capital in hand. Your Directors have, therefore, determined to issue 10,000 additional shares at par; they have already received applications for a considerable number, and have every reason to believe that the whole will be awarded within a very short period. The present shareholders will of course have the preference; and it is not intended to make any further issue, except at such premium as may hereafter be determined upon. It is only necessary to state further, that during the four months terminating on the 30th April, the number of policies issued has been 1,545, making a total of 11,197: the premiums received during these four months have reached the large amount of £9,865, while the claims paid have only amounted to £2,450. The directors have pleasure in declaring a dividend for the half year at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which will be payable to shareholders on and after the 1st of August next."

Palladium Life Assurance Society.—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of this Society was held on the 12th of May last. The Report then read exhibited a tabular statement comparing the progress made during the last septennial period with the three which had preceded it. By this table it is shown that the progress of the business of the Society during the last septennial period, if estimated by the number of policies in force, or by the sum assured, greatly exceeds that which was made in the first septennial period, when the Society was in the vigour of its youth. That the divisible surplus and the portions of that surplus payable to proprietors as policy-holders respectively, as well as the reserve and Proprietors' funds, have undergone a proportional increase during the last septennial period. In a word, the figures indicate a return during this period to the activity and consequent success which characterize the first vigorous efforts of the Society. The result of these recent operations of the Society is, that the Directors are able to declare a divisible surplus of £48,085 4s. 6d. This surplus is the result of calculations, not made as heretofore according to the Northampton Tables, which would have given a larger amount by nearly £8,000, but by the Experience Tables, which the Directors, after careful and mature consideration, saw reason to adopt, with a reservation of £6,000 a year for future bonus and expenses. In these calculations the interest of the money has been taken at the very low rate of three per cent. The Deed provides that one-tenth of the surplus shall be set aside to form a protecting fund. This leaves £43,276 14s. for the proprietors and policy-holders; and of this sum one-fifth, or £8,655 6s. 10d., is allotted to the former, and four-fifths, or £34,621 7s. 2d., to the latter. The proportion allotted to the proprietors is ordered by the Deed to be added to the capital stock of the Society, or the so-called proprietors' fund, which is now increased from its original amount of £52,056, to £74,951, or upwards of 25 per cent. Each proprietor is accordingly held by the Deed to have subscribed, beyond his first deposit of £2., the additional sum of 10s. per share; and the office value of the shares is thus raised to £2 10s., being an increase of 25 per cent. on the original subscription. Under these circumstances the Directors feel justified in declaring a dividend, free from income tax, at the rate of 2s. 6d. per share, being an increase of 25 per cent. upon the dividend paid during the last twenty-one years, and 50 per cent. on that paid in the first septennial period. As this dividend is paid out of interest receivable on the funds set apart for the protection of the proprietors, in contradistinction from those appropriated to meet claims on policies, no loss is thereby entailed on the Assurance Fund. All claims accruing during the last seven years have been promptly settled without litigation or compromise. It is with deep regret that the Directors have to conclude so favourable a report by announcing to the meeting, the death of their highly esteemed colleague, Mr. Harvey, whose vacancy is now to be filled up, and for whose seat at this Board, the following gentlemen have announced themselves as candidates, viz.: Lord Bateman, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Hereford, and Mr. Charles Balfour, 39, St. James's Street.

London Indisputable Life Policy Company.—At the annual general meeting of this Company, held at the London Tavern, on Saturday, the 11th of June, 1853, the Board presented their report and balance-sheet; from which it appears that after providing for the payment of every policy and every outstanding debt, and every other expenditure, there was at that period a balance of £39,398 0s. 1d. in favour of the Company. The difference between the value of current premiums and future claims is, of course, not yet realized; but a low rate of interest, only 3 per cent., having been assumed as the basis of the calculation, and as the rate of mortality adopted has been found to be higher than the Company has experienced, and no part of the profit to arise from discontinued and surrendered policies has been included in the valuation, the estimate must be regarded as sufficiently low. The first declaration of profits (which belong exclusively to the assured) will be made at the annual general meeting of 1854, and will be applicable to those who shall have paid five annual premiums; thereafter the profits will be apportioned annually,—the Board expect that the first reduction of premiums to be declared at the next annual meeting, will exceed 25 per cent. In the year embraced in the accounts now presented, 570 proposals have been received, for the assurance of £177,628 2s., of which 430 have been accepted and completed, being rather more than that of the preceding year, assuring £115,201 12s. 6d., and yielding, in annual premiums, the sum of £4,263 12s. 5d. The number of policies issued since the establishment of the Company, up to the first instant, has been 1831, and the total sum assured £531,115 1s. 6d. After deducting the policies that have become claims, those that have expired, and those discontinued, there remain 1,347 policies, yielding an annual income of £15,262 14s. 2d. The claims of last year amounted only to £2,550, making the total amount of the claims, from the commencement of the Company, £6,491 14s. The premiums received upon expired and lapsed policies, which no longer continue obligations on the Company, have amounted to £3,260 16s. 4d. The Directors and Members cannot but feel highly gratified at seeing the position the Company has attained; and the members are again reminded that the profits, which belong exclusively to themselves, may be much increased by their own individual exertions.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1853.

ARISTOPHANES.

In recent numbers we took occasion to delineate the literary character of the great comic dramatist of France, and, as a companion picture, we now propose to devote some pages to the writer who holds the corresponding place in the literature of Ancient Greece. The strain is at once of a higher and of a lower mood. With Aristophanes, we ascend into the very brightest heaven of invention, and dive into the lowest depths of buffoonery, with scarcely a pause in any intermediate region in which Molière could have breathed freely.

The mere remoteness of ancient times places us at a disadvantage in speculating upon their elements of comic delineation. As no age appears poetical to itself, so, none appears humorous to another. The distance which lends the enchantments of imagination to the view, robs it of those minutely personal features in which the comic lurks. Great objects loom grander through the mists of antiquity, while smaller are altogether lost in its haze. Here and there, a few bright spots have been lit up by the rays of genius, but, except where these have rested, the old world appears to us under even a sombre aspect. Nor is this altogether the effect of mere distance; for there is reason to suppose that the people of the first golden time, though often gay, were not humorous. Etty painted them to the life, but they were not subjects for either Hogarth or Wilkie. The pallium and the toga probably do not differ more from our grotesque costumes than man does from himself in ancient and in modern times. While Addison calls him the merriest, Homer calls him the saddest of animals, and they speak with equal accuracy of their several contemporaries. The pictures of the race that exist in its earliest records, with all their brilliancy of colouring, seldom excite a smile, and almost never a laugh. The Hebrew Scriptures, which contain such picturesque descriptions of the state of the earliest oriental society, furnish not a single scene of humour. In the Iliad, and still more in the Odyssey, where they would have occurred so naturally among the pictures of domestic life, the absence of such scenes is almost equally remarkable. Thersites is the nearest approach to a comic character, but he is rather scurrilous than either witty or humorous. One richly comic scene occurs among the immortals, when, acting the cup-bearer at court,

> Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
> And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

And yet there must have been funny enough doings on the top of Olympus, if we can believe all that is said of these roistering divinities. Of the comic materiel in the ancient world, long after the period when authentic history commences, we have the following sketch by Lucian, a humorous writer though not a dramatist: Menippus, looking down upon the earth from the moon, thus describes what he saw: "When I looked towards Getica, I could see the Getæ waging war, and when I passed over to the Scythians I could behold them wandering about in their waggons; directing my eyes a little to the other quarter, I saw the Egyptian tilling the ground, and the Phœnician was trading, and the Cilician was robbing, the Spartan was a flogging, and the Athenian engaged in his lawsuit." There is nothing very piquant in those national characteristics, but the litigious Athenian is upon the whole the most humorous. And, undoubtedly, Athens was the place of all others of antiquity where comedy was most likely to thrive. It was the heart as well as the eye of Greece, where there was a constant palpitation when the other states seemed to be inert. And at the chief period of its greatness, it was not only the focus of political intrigue, and the centre of refinement in the civilized world, but by the freedom of its political and social institutions it afforded the greatest scope for all the varieties of individual energy and caprice.

It was shortly after that period, and when the decline of public virtue, and the growing corruptions of civilization had created subjects both for the humorist and for the satirist, that Aristophanes flourished; but before we speak more particularly of him, we must shortly trace the progress of his art. The worship of Bacchus gave rise to the comedy as well as to the tragedy of Greece, the germ of both being a processional song with which

were celebrated at vintage time the riotous honours of the god of the vine. The entertainment probably began with a traditional ballad in Iambic verse, chanted to a solemn march, but before it ended, the march became a dance, and the ballad a roundelay. With the mystic grossness of oriental superstition, the Phallic symbol of productive power was carried about by worshippers disguised as satyrs, their faces besmeared with wine lees, and their temples crowned with ivy. Amid the universal excitement, it was not to be expected that the Muse, the mistress of the revels, should alone keep sober. Dialogue and repartee, the latter no doubt something more than was "set down," conveying coarse jokes and sarcasms upon each other, and upon the object of their worship, lent a dramatic character to the entertainment, in which the most successful performer was rewarded with a cask—not an inappropriate prize for the occasion. Such was the rude origin of the favourite forms of the most exalted poetic genius—gorgeous tragedy, "the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems," as Milton avers; and comedy, less dignified and assuming, but not less intellectual or interesting. The latter was not originally of Athenian growth, but, long cultivated in the rural districts in the rude state we have described, it was in the hands of Epicharmus the Syracusan that we hear of it first attaining artistic excellence. His comedies, now almost entirely lost, are supposed to have been regular in their structure and mythological in their characters, affording a curious combination of devotion and ridicule. But on being introduced among the fierce democracy of Athens, comedy assumed a tone less resembling the refined Sicilian drama, than the boisterous sallies of the rustics. Without altogether losing sight of its devotional origin and purpose, or its lyrical form, but imitating, or rather parodying tragedy in both respects, it was found to be a convenient vehicle for personal invective, and ultimately it became the general censor of the manners, politics, literature, and philosophy of the day, running a muck and tilting at all it met, wherever it found any thing amiss, whether among gods or men. It is not improbable that originally its satire was well directed. According to Horace

> Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
> Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
> Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.*

But plentiful as might have been such objects of censure in a metropolis such as Athens, it was not to be expected that either the satire or the ridicule would be long confined to what was proper, in an entertainment originating in drunken country revels, and only altered in its character to suit the still more licentious tastes of the town. It was at once the licensed censor, and the chartered libertine. With unbounded freedom, it represented on the stage in person and by name, and exposed to the ridicule of the vast audiences that frequented the theatre, whatever either of public or of private character best suited its purpose of raising a laugh. Not a blunder in public affairs, not a slip in morals, not a personal defect, not a peculiarity in taste, opinion, or behaviour, could escape the merciless castigation of a muse that was sure to please most, if not when most scurrilous, at least when the merriment was most boisterous. Its paramount characteristic indeed was its mirth, for however powerful an engine it might be in politics, manners and taste, and there is reason to believe that it produced considerable effects in all of these, it made every other object subordinate to its merriment. It was a sacrifice nominally to Bacchus, but really to the goddess of Mirth, and he who laughed loudest and longest was the most devout. As in tragedy, above and beyond the Olympic divinities, and even the mightier Titanic race which preceded them, there hung ominously like a thunder cloud, a mysterious and awful power—FATE; so in comedy, the corresponding influence paramount to all considerations of politics, morals, or æsthetics, the conduct of the plot, or the development of character, was—FUN.

Two dramatists of great power and audacity, Cratinus and Eupolis, both contemporaries of Aristophanes, but his seniors, are recorded to have carried the freedom of the comic stage to the utmost height. Shortly before he began to write, the law had interfered to curb the extreme licentiousness; but this check seems not to have been continued beyond two or three years. Into his hands, therefore, fell this powerful engine for good or for evil, without limit to its exercise, further than what the dramatist chose to impose upon himself; for there is no reason to suppose that his audience would have prescribed any whatever, so long as he succeeded in amusing them. It is to the honour of Aristophanes, that, upon the whole, he exercised this power well. As a public censor his aims were always patriotic. With very few exceptions, and only one apparently flagrant one, the objects of his satire and ridicule deserved his castigation. And though he descended to the very lowest depths of filth and buffoonery, he was in these respects at least, not worse than his contemporaries. But besides being a patriot, and, in a sense, a moralist, he was a poet, and a poet of the first order, destined to render Attic Comedy as famous as Attic Tragedy; and there can be no higher praise to an ancient dramatist. It is in that capacity that he is now chiefly interesting to us; for noble as are his sentiments as to public affairs, and curious as are his pictures of Athenian life, they would not have repaid a search for them amidst so much filth, but for the imagination, the wit, the humour, the diction, and the melody, which combine to rank his plays among the most interesting monuments of Grecian Dramatic Literature.

The time at which he wrote was favourable to such a writer. The arts and arms of Athens had attained their meridian splendour, and begun to give indications of decline. The result of the Persian war in which Attica had attained the

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* Was there a villain who might justly claim
A better right of being damned to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They freely stigmatized the wretch in rhyme.
FRANCIS.

first honours, had been to stimulate in a wonderful degree, the intellectual energy of the Athenians. In military prowess, they stood first among the Peloponnesian States, with only Sparta that could be called a rival. Commerce, agriculture, the working of their mines, and foreign tribute, a more equivocal source of gain, had introduced great luxury in the habits of private life. Already had been sculptured for public use the marble wonders of all posterity, and the models of modern architecture had been erected. A succession of great statesmen and commanders had shown how history could be best acted, and Thucydides how it could be best written. Pericles had at once ennobled it by his deeds, and adorned it by his eloquence. In poetry the lyrico-dramatic form having absorbed every other, Æschylus had carried it to the highest pitch of sublimity, and Sophocles of artistic refinement. Speculative science was cultivated by Plato and Socrates. Within a few years, more world-renowned names in arts, literature, philosophy, and political affairs had adorned Athens, than had ever before, or have ever since been congregated within the same period in one city. Nor was it more such names that rendered her illustrious, than the genius of her ordinary citizens, to whom philosophy was a pastime, literary and artistic taste an instinct, and law and government the daily business of life.

But the culminating period of Athenian greatness had passed. The usual effects of luxury and the sudden accession of wealth, had appeared in the general degeneracy of manners. The triumphs of the Persian had been succeeded by the calamities of the Peloponnesian war, to which plague had twice added the deepening tints of its horrors. The death of Pericles had left the arena of public affairs open to the incursions of a host of unworthy demagogues, and incapable generals. The republican institutions, consolidated if not introduced by Solon, which had carried democracy not only into the legislative assemblies but into the courts of law, had subjected equally public questions and private disputes to the decision of an irresponsible multitude. And this radical defect in the constitution had been vastly aggravated by the perilous innovation of Pericles in awarding a small payment of three oboli, to each of these numerous judges, large enough to tempt the poor, but not the rich, to give up their time to the trial of private causes. Litigation became the common occupation of the great body of the people, and gave rise to a class of informers, or sycophants, as they were called, who at once flourished under public encouragement and sank under public contempt. Another class, the sophists, indicated the corruption of speculative science and education. They converted philosophy into a dialectic exercise, and having the training of youth to a great extent in their hands, in a city where philosophical speculation was cultivated by every class of society, they rendered universally popular an art which professed nothing short of levelling the distinctions of the beautiful and the true.

Here was ample scope for a public satirist; and the peculiarity of Greek comedy in the hands of Aristophanes was, that while it never lost sight of its strictly comic character, its objects of attack were not unworthy of the satire of a Juvenal. His comedies, therefore, though dramatic in form, and truly comic in character, bear little resemblance to the productions of the comic drama of any other period. We look in vain for the well-bred declaimers, the Dorantes or the Dorimènes of Molière, the Graciosos of the Spanish drama, or even the roguish slaves of Menander and Plautus. In place of these we have the actualities of Athenian life, in all their breadth and vitality. We have Cleon, with his burly figure and red face; Socrates, with his pug-nose; the generals Lamachus, Demosthenes, and Nicias; Pericles and Alcibiades, in all but the name; and the Sovereign People itself personified by Demos, the prototype of those personifications by which most civilized nations good-humouredly but characteristically satirize themselves, and of which we have in the English John Bull a character closely resembling the Athenian Demos. And scarcely less real than these to a Grecian imagination, we have Jupiter, Mercury, Bacchus, Plutus, and other mythological personages. In the Parabasis, the most peculiar feature in the form of the play, we have the poet himself addressing the audience in his proper person, to the great detriment of dramatic effect and the great elucidation of the object of the piece. Then in the choruses we have such dramatic vagaries as clouds, birds, frogs, and wasps, besides citizens, villagers, husbandmen, sycophants, and the other stock characters of Attic life. Equally bizarre as the dramatis personæ are the dialogue and action. True to the Dionysiac origin of the entertainment, fun and frolic predominate, but true also to the practical object of the dramatist, the fun and frolic are always directed to a public purpose to be served. The termination of the war, the humbling of the demagogues, the exposure of the sophists, the recurrence to the simple virtues of the olden time, the disgrace of the sycophants, the ridicule of pseudo-poets, the sarcasm of the assemblies and courts of law, and the satire of the general frivolity and litigiousness of his countrymen, are the chief objects of Aristophanes, and they must be admitted to have been worthy and patriotic. But never were so miscellaneous means adopted to attain any objects. Wit and banter, satire and buffoonery, sense and nonsense, poetry and obscenity, religion and dirt, are all used indiscriminately, as occasion requires or caprice dictates. No weapon is too foul, no aim is too noble for a dramatist, who was as unscrupulous in his means as he was earnest in his purposes, and who to patriotic motives added literary ability of the highest order. It is in this literary excellence and lofty purpose that his comedies differ from modern farce; while, on the other hand, they equally differ from modern comedy, in the breadth of their humour and the extravagance of their conception. There are no intricate plots to unravel, no profundity of character to develop. The

dramatis personæ are generally few (excepting the chorus, but which, though more numerous than in tragedy, can only be counted as one); and though the action is often tumultuous, it is never complicated. The scene seldom changes; and yet all the unities are forgot in the systematic disregard, or rather contempt of probability, and the prosaic occurrences of common life. Such a production cannot be designated strictly as comedy, or farce. It was both of these in one, combined with the music of opera, the dancing of the ballet, and the poetry of tragedy. It was, in short, a nondescript EXTRAVAGANZA.

But it was not a mere trifle calculated to raise a temporary laugh and then to be forgot. In the hands of Aristophanes it was an enduring literary monument embodied in language scarcely equalled in the purity of its Attic dialect, or in the melody of its versification, and which repays not merely perusal but study, and indeed it is only through study that it can be appreciated, or even understood. The dialogue is one galaxy of wit, and probably no modern can detect, or at least thoroughly appreciate more than a half of the individual points of light which make up the brilliancy. In almost every line there are sallies, often when least expected, and allusions to customs and passing events, which can only be detected by an intimate acquaintance with these. Parodies upon the tragedians, and upon Homer, occur frequently, implying great literary culture on the part of the audience. For the most part these are playful, but with Euripides it is otherwise, and the acerbity as well as frequency, not merely of the allusions to him, but of even the most direct and elaborate personal attacks upon him, show that there must have been great animosity of feeling between the two dramatists. But whoever may be the butt, he is unmercifully sacrificed to the love of a joke, and no delicacy of feeling or sense of propriety restrained the satirist from giving full scope either to his humour or to his spleen. Once he gets upon the track, he is at no loss to discover objects of sarcasm, or occasions for a laugh. The most unlikely circumstance often explodes into a train of associations of the most ludicrous character, and when the whip is once swung round, there is no foretelling where the lash will fall, except, perhaps, that it is most likely to fall where least expected. Unrestrained by any of our notions of decorum, the dramatist did not scruple to sink into the filthiest abyss, but directly from that, he often wings his flight into the loftiest regions of imagination, or assumes the sternest tone of the moralist. Nor is it altogether a solecism to speak of morality in connection with such entertainments. Depraved as they seem to us, there is reason to believe that Aristophanes to some extent elevated their moral tone. He indeed boasts of having done so, and it is certain that he discarded the unseemly dance which had formerly been common on the comic stage. Like the court jester of later times, the Attic comedian was privileged to speak a great deal of unpalatable truth, provided he joined it with a great deal of agreeable nonsense, and of course the character of the nonsense depended chiefly on the taste of the audience. It is by the better parts of his productions that he should be judged, and from these we find reason not only to admire Aristophanes, as a great poet and dramatist, but to applaud his patriotism, and to respect his comparative virtue.

We cannot afford space to enter into details of the various pieces, eleven in number, which have come down to us, but a short notice of one or two of them will illustrate our general remarks. One of the most elaborate is the *Acharnians*, acted in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war, to promote the cause of peace. The principal character is Dicæopolis (signifying a worthy citizen), who is introduced soliloquizing on his discomforts, relieved only by the exquisite pleasure of seeing Cleon forced to regorge five talents he had taken as a bribe. He sighs for his country residence at Acharnæ, a borough a few miles from Athens, and he comes to the Pnyx determined to oppose all who were in favour of the war. The assembly opens, and Amphitheus, who has pretensions to be descended from the gods, introduces himself in an elaborate parody on Euripides, and proposes to go to Sparta to negociate a truce, provided he is supplied with money, which, immortal as he is, he acknowledges he is in need of. This is rejected by the assembly, and Dicæopolis sends him to Sparta to make a separate truce for himself. Mock ambassadors who are represented to have been to Persia and Thrace for assistance, are then introduced, which gives occasion to an amusing exposure of the tricks, by which the Athenians were gulled by their foreign ambassadors. This ended, Amphitheus returns (within a space that sticklers for the unities might demur to) bringing with him specimens of truces of various lengths, that Dicæopolis might choose one. He takes the largest, but has scarcely made his choice when he is assailed by the Acharnians, who will not hear of a truce, and with their chorus while in pursuit of him, the first act closes.

The second opens with Dicæopolis now restored to his farm, preparing to celebrate the festival of Bacchus along with his wife and daughter. Their presence does not prevent the exhibition with due pomp of the Phallic emblem, and the chanting of a Phallic hymn scarcely translateable for modern pages, however poetical the colouring. These rites are interrupted by the Acharnians, who reproach Dicæopolis for betraying his country by his truce, and so being as bad as Cleon himself. Blows ensue, in which Dicæopolis defends himself successfully by a wicker basket, which is at once an object of veneration as the symbol of the trade of the Acharnians in charcoal, and of ridicule, as alluding to a scene in Euripides. The combatants are brought to terms, and Dicæopolis is allowed to begin his defence, having agreed to forfeit his head should he fail. To propitiate his enemies he applies to Euripides for the rags and other habiliments of wretchedness, which the latter had introduced on the tragic stage to excite pity. These are given up one after another with a grudge, Euripides complaining that he has thus

been deprived of the finest parts of his plays, and Dicæopolis, after getting from him all that he can by the utmost importunity, in conclusion insults him by asking a pot-herb, of which he must have a store, since his mother sold them! Equipped in his rags, Dicæopolis enters upon his defence in a strain of dignified patriotism which became Aristophanes well. Identifying himself with the character, through one of the strange licenses of the stage, he defends the Comic Muse as knowing what is right, though uncouth in her speech. He boldly imputes the origin of the war to an affront on Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles, whose eloquence on the occasion he characterizes by words which gave Cicero the most complete idea of its grandeur, and suggested to Milton his famous description of Athenian oratory;

'Εντεῦθεν ὀργῇ Περικλέης Οὐλύμπιος
ἤσταπτεν, ἐβρόντα, ξυνεκυκα τὴν 'Ελλάδα.

Then in his ire, Olympian Pericles
Thundered and lightened, and all Hellas shook.

The defence is so far successful, that the Acharnians are divided, and the interference of the vain-glorious Lamachus is called for. Many are the hits at his coxcombry, and still more severe is the satire on his grasping at the highest offices, without going through the gradations of service. The Act concludes with the chant of the chorus of Acharnians, in which is introduced the Parabasis, the most peculiar feature in these plays, as in it, the poet directly addresses the audience, and on this occasion he nobly defends himself.

As Lamachus insists on continuing the war, Dicæopolis establishes on his farm a market open to all except the General himself. Informers are excluded as pests. A Megarian enters with his two daughters, overjoyed at a sight, now so rare, of an open market. He asks his daughters whether they prefer continuing to starve, or being sold, and they eagerly accept the latter alternative, which entirely coincides with their papa's notions of propriety, but a practical difficulty arises from the want of a purchaser for so indifferent a lot. This is got over by the Megarian disguising his daughters as pigs, and enclosing them in sacks, from which they utter most sacrificial grunts. A treaty for the purchase ensues, but Dicæopolis is not so easily deceived; and, notwithstanding the assurances of the father, and the energetic grunts of the daughters, the worthy citizen surmises that, by and bye, they will be fit for sacrifices to Venus, and with that view willingly concludes their purchase for a little garlic and salt. The vendor is equally content, and declares he would sell his wife and mother on the same terms. His hilarity is somewhat interrupted by an informer, who threatens to bring him under the law; but he is driven off by the Acharnians, who finish the third Act by a chorus, directed against informers.

The fourth opens with a fresh attack upon the informers. A Bœotian arrives with a very miscellaneous store of commodities, among which are Copaic eels, a delicacy peculiarly dear to Athenian palates. Dicæopolis seizes upon them for his market dues (not before they have supplied a parody on Euripides and a burlesque on Æschylus), and then treats for the barter of the Bœotian's other commodities. Nothing however that he offers will please the Bœotian who wishes something that Athens and no other country has. That, says Dicæopolis, is a sycophant, and the Bœotian is tickled with the notion of making money by the exhibition of so rare a monster. He indeed demurs to his diminutive size, but he is told that such as he is, he is every inch a rogue. The party so ushered, gives an illustration of his craft by threatening to inform upon the Bœotian for selling candlewicks, which he says implies a plot for burning the citadel, upon which he is bundled off as a nuisance, with the assistance of the chorus. A servant of Lamachus now asks leave to buy some Copaic eels, which are refused, with a parody upon Æschylus, descriptive of his master; and the Acharnians, at last convinced of the evils of war, chaunt in its dispraise, while Dicæopolis adds a beautiful little lyric, which in these piping times when Empire itself is Peace, we may translate for the especial use of the Emperor of the French, and the members of the Peace Society.

Peace! thou who erst with Venus bred,
Art foster-sister of each Grace,
Can I that lovely forehead trace,
Nor form a wish with thee to wed;
By Love united, garland-crowned,
As Zeuxis once the boy-god drew—
Nor say, I am too old to woo:
Were once my happy fates upbound,
Old though I haply be, with thine,
With three fair arts I thee could please,
Circling our rustic home with trees;
First, plant in lengthened rows the vine,
The fig-tree's tender blossom nourish,
Then from the olive press the oil,
To grace our new moon's festal toil;
Such arts with thee, I fain would cherish!

A herald announces the celebration of the Feast of Pitchers, and Dicæopolis sets about his culinary preparations for it, to the admiration of the chorus who compliment him on his skilful and feast-like ministrations. In the midst of them he is accosted by a husbandman who unsuccessfully applies for a share of the truce. A paranymph or bridesman on behalf of the bridegroom, who wishes to remain at home, is equally unsuccessful, until the bridesmaid whispers a communication from the bride, which induces Dicæopolis to send a truce, accompanied by a box of perfumed ointment, with directions for its application, in the grossest strain of buffoonery. Two messengers next arrive; one to summon Lamachus to repel an incursion of Bœotians, and the other to call Dicæopolis to the feast. The general and the citizen make their usual preparations, the one with reluctance, and the other with glee, in a line for line dialogue full of humour and equivoque, the one being a constant travestie of the other, the chorus breaking in to heighten the contrast with a pretty snatch descriptive of the hardships of a camp-bed, and the comforts of a home one. The act concludes with one of those unexpected turns common in such pieces, a humorous attack on Antimachus, the leader of the chorus, who, besides being a bad poet and a dull historian, offended his countrymen still more by

giving shabby entertainments in his official capacity. We can imagine the glee of the uproarious Athenians at finding the tables thus turned on the unfortunate choragus, not improbably assisting at the representation.

The fifth and the last act is very short, proportion being of no importance in a piece where regularity would be out of place, and where there is really no plot to mature. Lamachus returns wounded and covered with filth, having fallen into a gutter, and lost his fine equipments. His servant precedes him, calling for warm water and cloths, and describing his master's mishaps in a parody on the tragedians. When the general himself arrives, not the least part of his mortification arises from his appearing in such a plight before Dicæopolis, and that worthy citizen soon makes his appearance in a way that will relieve our readers of any remaining doubts they may have of his worth. He has got drunk at the feast, and he returns supported by two courtesans, to whom his talk is such that we cannot attempt to abridge it. The lamentations of Lamachus who is carried off to a surgeon, alternate ludicrously with the hiccuping hurrahs of the citizen, and the cheers of the chorus. The play ends abruptly, though it is understood that it closed with a mock procession.

The *Knights* is probably the noblest of the plays of Aristophanes, being replete with lofty poetry and patriotic invective to such a degree as almost to lend it a tragic interest. It was written to expose Cleon, the chief of the demagogues, who swayed the Athenian democracy after the death of Pericles. He was originally a tanner, and attained the highest offices, in spite of, perhaps by means of, the coarsest manners. He affected an honest bluntness of speech, and was remarkable in the assembly for the vehemence of his harangues, and the extravagance of his gesticulations. Withal he was a cunning and unscrupulous knave, without ability, and without modesty. The quarrel between him and Aristophanes was of old standing, for he had resented the boldness of the dramatist by impugning his right to citizenship, a charge which Aristophanes successfully repelled, quoting in his defence, it is said, a line of Homer, which Father Brumoy has happily turned into a French epigram :—

Je suis fils de Philippe, à ce que dit ma mère;
Pour moi, je n'en sçais rien; qui sçait quel est son père?

At the time the *Knights* was brought on the stage, Cleon was at the height of his power, and no actor could be got to personate him. Aristophanes himself boldly undertook the part, without a mask, but besmearing his face to make it resemble that of the demagogue. It was in this piece that Demos was introduced to ridicule the sovereign people itself. The following passage put into the mouth of Demosthenes the general, describes both the demagogue and his dupe, with covert allusions in every line, which, however, we cannot stop to explain.

Pri'thee now; we have for master here
Old Demos, who lives hard by in the Pnyx;
Feeding on beans, a rough, hot-headed, deaf,
Morose curmudgeon. Last new moon he bought
A Paphlagonian tanner for a slave,—
Right foul of mouth, and fit for anything,
Who knowing well the weak side of his master,
Flattered and fawned upon him like a hound,
Baiting with leather parings and soft words,
As thus: "Good Demos, now that you have tried
"A cause, will you go bathe? pray taste this cake;
"Or will you please to sup? Take these three obols,
"They are your due, good judge." Thus would the knave,
This Paphlagonian currier, and straight
Whatever we had for our lord prepared
He takes it from us, and presents to him.
'Twas but the other day that I had kneaded
A Spartan pudding for our master's table,
When lo! at Pylus this light-fingered knave
Steals it from me, and serves it as his own.
There's none but he must wait upon our master;
He drives us off, and with his leathern fly-flap
The public orators he puts to flight,
While the old man sups; or if he finds him bent
On the Sybilline leaves, he chants his oracles,
Watching his time, and when he finds him stupid,
He slanders us all round, and then we're whipped.
Anon to us the Paphlagonian comes,
Browbeating and cajoling us by turns,
For a douceur. "See," says he, "how I caused
"Hylas be beat. Something still worse remains
"For you, unless you wisely take the hint."
And that we do, choosing to pay the slave,
Rather than have the master on our rear.

This is playful, however, in comparison with the fierce invective of the choruses, which far exceeds the ordinary limits of comic satire.

In the *Clouds*, which was written to ridicule the sophists, the principal character is Socrates. Strepsiades, a rustic and somewhat roguish father, is plagued with a spendthrift son—Phidippides—whom he wishes to go to the schools of philosophy in order to learn how to get quit of his debts without paying them. The son (in whom Alcibiades is supposed to be pointed at) prefers horse-racing to philosophy, and the father himself seeks the abode of Socrates to be initiated into the mysteries of his craft. First a disciple explains some of the wonders of the academy, and then the neophyte is introduced to the philosopher himself, who is seated in a basket among the clouds, a burlesque on the sublimity of his speculations, which are too transcendant to rest on the earth. These clouds, deified by comic license, and no doubt exhibited on the stage in some grotesque shape, form the chorus, and give occasion to some most exquisite poetry throughout the piece. They are thus invoked by Socrates :—

Oh, Air, in whose despotic grasp is held
This globe, aloft in space illimitable!
Bright Æther! and ye reverend deities,
Clouds! by whom thunders roll and lightnings flash,
Arise sublime, and to my studious eye
Reveal yourselves in your divinity!

Strepsiades, who has neither imagination nor sentiment in his composition, but who knows that clouds are apt to beget rain, recollects that he has left home without his cap, and exclaims against their appearing before he has wrapped himself in his cloak. Socrates resumes—

Come, then, thrice-honoured Clouds, reveal yourselves!
Whether upon Olympus' snow-crowned heights

You sit enthroned, or in the garden caves
Of Father Ocean lead the mystic dance,
With sea-nymphs sportive; or, if chance it be
That in Nile's wave you dip your golden urns,
Or by Mœotis' lake, or on the steep
Of snowy Mimas hold your misty seat,
Hear me, and on my sacred offering smile!

The clouds, thus invoked, reveal themselves, and commence a choral strain—

Eternal Clouds, arise!
Agile in your dewy forms,
Leave Father Ocean with his storms,
For your home amid the skies!
On the mountain's wood-clad brow,
Thence scan the landscape wide below;—
The sacred earth, with riches teeming,
The holy rivers in their noisy course,
The sea, resounding with its murmurs hoarse;
For Æther's restless eye is gleaming
With glittering ray!
Casting aside our showery veil,
We our immortal forms reveal,
And, with far-seeing eye, the earth survey.

Socrates adores, and Strepsiades is so struck with terror, that he becomes grossly coarse. The chorus proceeds:—

Shower-bringing Virgins, hear!
Come we to Pallas' fertile land,
Come we to Cecrop's well-loved strand,
The dwelling of earth's noblest band,
The precincts where
Holy worship and rites divine,
Not to be uttered, proclaim the shrine,
The mystic temple, where are shown
Things to eye of sense unknown;
The gifts of the celestial race,
Their images, their high-roofed fanes,
All sacrificial pomp ordains,
And all that can adorn a place,
In which one constant holiday
In every season festive reigns;
And in the springtime, blithe and gay,
Bacchus with ivy crowns his head,
And many a merry roundelay
From pipes in well-contested play,
Incites the dancers' airy tread.

Socrates explains to Strepsiades, that clouds, instead of being mere vapours, as he had supposed, are the nurses of all the sophists, fortune-tellers, quacks, spendthrifts, dithyrambic poets, and astrologers—a race of idlers who repay their care by celebrating their praise. The old man, after being initiated into the sophistical learning of the Socratic school, induces his son to learn it also. Phidippides shows himself an apt pupil in roguery, by beating his father, and then defending himself by the sophistry he has learned. The father, now convinced that he has been deceived by the philosopher, sets his house on fire, and burns him and his scholars out. This simple plot, besides its main purpose of ridiculing the sophists, is the vehicle for a great deal of satire upon the degeneracy of the age, not a little poetry, and the usual quantity of fun, frolic, and filth.

It has long been a problem of great interest, how Aristophanes could so far misrepresent the character of Socrates, as to exhibit him as the chief of the sophists whose pernicious arts the philosopher laboured so hard to expose, or to hold up to ridicule of any kind one who has come down to us invested with the attributes of the most exalted philosophy. None of the many solutions which have been offered seem to be satisfactory; and were we to venture a suggestion on so obscure a subject, it would be that perhaps the solution may be found in the anomalous character of the old comedy, which is not to be judged of by any ordinary rules even of satirical composition. The supposition that the *Clouds* led to the impeachment and death of Socrates has long ago been exploded, and it would not surprise us to find that no one enjoyed the representation more than the philosopher himself. There is reason to suppose that he and Aristophanes lived on the most intimate terms. Plato, in one of his dialogues, represents them as in habits of convivial intercourse. Or if we are driven to bebelieve that the *Clouds* was a real attack on Socrates, though we know that it was misdirected against him as one of the sophists, we are not so sure that the ridicule was equally misplaced in other respects. His magnanimous death has been his apotheosis to posterity, but he certainly did not appear in the same august point of view to his contemporaries. An unprepossessing figure, crowned as Plato says with the head of Silenus, and owing little to the adornments of manners, dress, or even cleanliness, gave no exterior token of mental dignity; while a constant circle of pupils, and his catechetical mode of teaching them, marked him out, at least to the superficial eye, as one of the very sophists whom he systematically opposed. Nor are we without reason for suspecting that notwithstanding his practical philosophy, his character was stained with vices which even in his own times were not practised without obloquy, and in ours are altogether infamous.

Contrasted with Attic art, otherwise so chaste and severe in its principles, these plays of Aristophanes seem like a Punchinello grimacing in the portico of the Parthenon,—and yet they are among the most valuable remains of antiquity. They give us a strange insight into the every day life of the men for whom Plato thought, Pericles thundered, Phidias sculptured, and Æschylus sung. They show us one side of those of whom the other is to be seen in the annals of Marathon and Salamis. Had they come down to us divested of their grosser elements, and merely as works of art, they would have been classed with the noblest efforts of the tragic muse; had they reached us without their artistic adornments, we would have supposed they had been the amusements of the dregs of the population unworthy of the name of Athenians. It is the combination in them of the highest literary excellence with the lowest buffoonery that makes them so precious, for they teach us that no degree of merely intellectual cultivation is incompatible with the grossest immorality. They show us what the world has gained as well as lost as it has advanced, for while we have good comedies and abundance of poetry, no modern stage could exhibit, no modern audience could tolerate what

seems to have not merely been tolerated but highly relished by the Athenians. But while we deprecate their licentiousness, let us be just to Aristophanes, who corrected the evil rather than aggravated it, and withal dignified his art by the purposes of a patriot and all the resources of a poet.

HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF LIFE ASSURANCE.*

It is impossible in the present day to escape the conviction that the public are becoming more and more alive to the important advantages held out to them by Institutions, which step as it were between them and destiny—which deprive accident and misfortune of their calamitous elements, and death itself of half its terror. If any man harbour a doubt on this subject, he need but look around him, wherever he may happen to find himself, and he will meet sufficient evidence at every turn to prove the fact which more, perhaps, than any other, asserts the superior moral aspect of the speculative spirit among the men of our own generation, compared with any that has gone before. The reckless greed and insatiable avarice that characterized the commercial transactions of a period not very far remote, if they yet survive in individuals, may be regarded as exceptional phenomena, and not as the acknowledged and tolerated motives which actuate business men. The old usurers and annuity-mongers who, three centuries ago, plundered and swindled the public with impunity, if they have their representatives among us, lurking in bye-places, and way-laying the thoughtless and extravagant in the purlieus of gambling dens and sporting resorts, have them, at least, no longer in the recognised haunts of commerce. With us integrity is as much, nay more, a part of a man's or a company's capital, as gold in coffers or securities in the bank; and it is becoming from day to day more difficult for the needy and unprincipled villain to levy contributions upon the simple public, by artifices however specious and plausible. We are far from supposing that this improved tone in the morals of commerce is owing altogether to a change for the better in the moral character and convictions of commercial men. In fact, if it were so, however much we might congratulate ourselves upon it, it would be of far less value and importance to the community than if it had resulted, as we believe that in the main it has resulted, from other and different causes. Experience, no one will deny, has had a great deal to do in gradually effecting the change, however much, looking to the periodical returns of bubbles and manias and their resulting panics, one might be inclined to doubt it: but competition, we imagine, has effected a great deal more; and while it has furnished the people with every good and desirable thing at the minimum cost of production, it has led to the sifting of all pretensions and the weighing of all claims to responsibility. This may not as yet be very evident in matters of trifling import—in fact in the petty details of ready-money trade the contrary is but too palpable in whatever direction we chance to turn; but yet where confidence is demanded and reposed in affairs of serious import, there has been sufficient pressure from without to ensure a tolerable amount of security in general transactions. This amelioration is nowhere more apparent than in the improved systemization and conduct of Assurances of all kinds, which owing to the advance of scientific knowledge, backed by observations and registries carried on with rigid exactness for a series of years, have at length become fixed on a permanent basis, and having already conferred immense advantages upon society, promise infinitely more. Experience has shown that accidents, probabilities, and what we call chances, of every kind, though singly they could only offer the ground of a gambling speculation to the assurer, are yet in the aggregate reducible to laws as unvarying in operation throughout a long course of years as those which govern the ebb and flow of the tide, or the recurrence of the seasons. The same experience has taught the average duration of life at any age when calculated in the aggregate of the population. It is obvious, therefore, that accident of any kind, and death itself, though in individual instances unknown to all but Omniscience, may yet be safely and certainly predicated in the mass—and as safely and certainly guarded against, so far as human agency can avail. To this end union only is wanting—that numbers should combine in confronting the ills that flesh is heir to with such remedies as humanity can bring to the relief of the sufferer, or in the case of death, to the solace of the survivors. Such a union of parties for such an object is an Assurance Society, and we look, as we have already said, upon their general prevalence in the present day, as an indisputable sign of an improved spirit in relation to pecuniary matters.

We need not inform our readers of the advantages derivable from the system of assurances. Most of them have long ago made up their minds on that point, and we could refer to not a few who have reaped the benefit in their own persons, and whose descendants will reap it after them. But by the aid of Mr. Francis's interesting volume, we design to take a very brief retrospect of the history of Life Assurance—noticing some few of the very curious details now for the first time made known to the public.

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* Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: A Chronicle of Life Assurance. By John Francis. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

There were no means of arriving at the value of life in this country until about a century ago. In the reign of the Charleses the mortality of London was, even in healthy seasons, proportionately more than double what it is now; and when the periodical plagues came round, which they did about every eleven years, the slaughter was terrible. But there were no accurate registers kept of births and deaths; and whoever insured, as there were no companies, did it by making a bargain with a speculating banker or capitalist, who was often found wanting when the sum assured became due. The first English writer who threw any light upon the subject was John Graunt, whose "Natural and Political Observations on the Bills of Mortality" was published in 1664. He was a man of business, though but a tradesman, and his volume touches upon almost every question in political economy. He may be said to have laid the foundation of the science of Life Assurance, as his work led to a taste for the study among men of thoughtful minds; and to him was owing the care with which parish registers have since been kept, the materials of which have been of so much use. Sir W. Petty, his cotemporary, by the publication of a work on the growth of the city of London, made a further movement onwards.

At this time marine insurance had been practised in England for a century, and perhaps more; and travellers going long voyages were accustomed to insure in sums payable on their return, if they ever returned at all. The great merchants and corporations of the day were not unwilling to accept such deposits and responsibilities. Annuities were also at the same period common enough, and usurers grew rich by trafficking in them. Audley, the notorious shark and millionaire, described the system of doing business happily enough in the following reply to the remonstrances of one of his victims: "If you don't pay me my annuity," said he, "you cheat me; if you do, I cheat you." This worthy died, amid the curses of the people he defrauded, worth a million, which went to a stranger.

That, notwithstanding the labours of Graunt and Petty, little or nothing was known of the chances of life, appears from a pamphlet printed in 1680, in which the life of a healthy man between the ages of 20 and 40 is estimated at seven years only, and that of an aged or sickly person at five or six years—these being the two extremes of the various limits. Then came the Astronomer Royal, Halley, to whose general formula for calculating the value of annuities was owing the germ of our subsequent knowledge. His table of the probabilities of the duration of human life was published in 1693, not before it was wanted, as in the year before, annuities were granted for seven years' purchase, and government were so ignorant as to change life annuities into annuities for 99 years for the consideration of 4½ years extra purchase.

In 1698, the Mercers' Company commenced a scheme of assurance for lives, which was accounted a very notable one. Considerable sums were subscribed, and the Corporation fancied it was a capital speculation. They had fixed their payments to annuitants at the rate of 30 per cent., which they were soon obliged to lower. Afterwards they stopped payment, and petitioned Parliament for assistance. They learned prudence by misfortune, and are now among the most flourishing in London. The Government of the day was not a whit more wise than the Mercers' Company. William III. raised money on life-annuities, and gave fourteen per cent. to all alike—the man of thirty getting as much as the man of seventy.

In 1706, the *Amicable*, an improvement on the Mercers' Company, obtained a charter from Queen Anne. The shares were limited to 2,000; and shareholders, from twelve to forty-five, and whether in good health or dying, paid the same premium—a plan, the absurdity of which nothing could surpass. The annual income, minus expenses, was divided yearly among the representatives of those who died. The commencement of the eighteenth century was the era of the "little goes" of assurance. There were assurances for marriage portions, and children's portions, &c., &c., most of which projects were systems of wholesale robbery, the provident poor constituting the victims. Not before these bubbles had wrought a vast amount of mischief, they were put an end to by an Act of Parliament, enacting a penalty of £500 on their promoters.

Bubbles in that day were at a premium, and no sooner were the pettifogging affairs above-mentioned extinguished, than the Great South Sea Bubble arose in their place. With the history of that we have at present nothing to do; but contemporaneously with it came into existence the Royal Exchange and the London Assurance. They were resisted by the *Amicable*, now fourteen years old, as upstarts, and accused of bribing the Attorney-General. They made but slow progress at first, and were hawked in Change Alley along with companies for importing jackasses and for fatting hogs. It happened, however, that in voting the Supplies, the arrears of the Civil List were forgotten by the Committee before they were dismissed. The two new Companies took advantage of the despair of the Ministers, and offered the King £600,000 for Charters. The offer was accepted, though but half the sum was eventually paid. The new Companies proceeded on a plan similar to that of the Amicable, taking the same premium from all applicants between twelve and forty-five, and renewing policies without reference to age or health. The great bubble era threw off some strange projects, which could never have come into existence, save at a period of general infatuation. Among the rest were a company for insurance against housebreakers and highwaymen—one for assurance against lying—another against death by drinking Geneva—and a rum insurance; to say nothing of one commenced in Change Alley to insure female chastity.

De Moivre, a French refugee, published in 1718, his "Doctrine of Chances," which, though nothing more than an amusing book on gambling and its hazards, led to something better, it being followed, a few years later, by his "Doctrine of

Chances applied to the Valuation of Annuities on Lives." It was an hypothesis of his that the decrement of life was uniform from birth to extreme old age—equal numbers from a given population dying every year until they are all extinct; and this hypothesis, erroneous as it is, was adopted by Mr. Dodson, twenty years after, as the groundwork of his tables, in preference to entering on a sea of uncertain calculations. Up to 1746, Dr. Halley's Breslau Tables, and those of Kersseboom, taken from the records of life-annuities in Holland, were the only data from which anything approximating to the true laws of mortality could be deduced. In this year, M. de Parcieux added to the general stock of knowledge, by the publication of his "*Essai sur les Probabilités de la Durée de la vie Humaine.*" In the year following, Mr. James Hodgson essayed to show the value of annuities on lives, from the London Bills of Mortality. The subject now began to be interesting to mathematical men. In 1753, Mr. Dodson took it up, and Simpson, the self-taught mathematician, who had been engaged with it for some time, put forth some of the best tables which were published for many years. In 1760, the French naturalist, Buffon, contributed to the statistics of assurance in a table of the probabilities of life, estimated from the mortality bills of three parishes in Paris and two in the neighbourhood. Our ancestors were picking up wisdom by instalments.

The first known fraud in assurance, is here abridged from the account of Mr. Francis.

About 1730, two persons resided in the then obscure suburbs of St. Giles's, one of whom was a woman of about twenty, the other a man whose age would have allowed him to be the woman's father . . . Their position might be characterized by the modern term "shabby genteel." They kept little company, and little was remarked of them beyond the fact that the man was tall and military-looking, and the woman, though handsome, haughty and frigid. On a sudden the latter was taken ill in the night. The man procured assistance, and on the arrival of the leech, his daughter was found in agony, and soon became insensible, and died in his presence. The doctor laid his hand on her heart, shook his head, intimating that all was over, and went his way. The searchers came, and the coffin with its contents was committed to the earth. Immediately after, the bereaved father claimed from the underwriters a sum insured on his daughter's life, and left the place.

No great time had elapsed, when the neighbourhood of Queen Square began to shake its head at the rather suspicious connection, which existed between one of the inmates of a house in that locality, and a lady who resided with him. The gentleman assumed the title of captain and the style of a macaroni, and visited Ranelagh with the lady, who accompanied him everywhere. Being apparently wealthy, he attained a certain position —was known to be a dabbler in the funds, and was seen occasionally at Lloyd's and Garraway's, chiefly affecting the company of assurers. His house soon became the resort of the young bloods of the day, where, if they lost their money they were repaid by a glance from the goddess of the place. It was noticed that the master of the house never lost—and no doubt his current expenses were met by his gambling gains. Soon came an alarming interruption to these recreations. Any one who had possessed sufficient discrimination, might have recognised in the captain and his inamorata, the father and daughter of the suburb of St. Giles's. The same mock tragedy was again reacted. The lady was seized with spasms at the heart, which seemed to convulse her frame, and again the man was in the agony of despair. Physicians were sent for in haste; one only arrived in time to see her die; the rest, satisfied that life had fled, took their fees and departed. After a sham funeral, the gallant captain claimed and received from various underwriters, with whom he had assured the life of the lady, sums amounting to many thousands.

A few years later a mature-looking personage appeared daily on the commercial walks of Liverpool, in the character of a merchant. Deep in the mysteries of corn and cotton, a constant attender at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he soon became generally respected. The hospitalities of his house were gracefully dispensed, by a lady who passed as his niece, and for a time all went on smoothly. At length it became whispered abroad, that his speculations were not so successful as usual, and his own admissions gave a sanction to the whisper. It soon became advisable to borrow money, on the security of property belonging to his niece. To do so they must insure their lives for about £2,000. This was easy enough. Secresy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and under cover of this he effected at least ten different assurances for £2,000 each, in London and elsewhere. Again he had the game in his hands; again the lady fell suddenly ill, and died of convulsions. There was no haste in forwarding the funeral; the body lay almost in state, and was visited by numerous friends who called to see the last of her: the physician certified that she had died of a complaint he could scarcely name, and the grave received a coffin. The merchant retained his position in Liverpool, and bore his sorrows with dignity, scarcely alluding to the assurances that were due, and affecting indifference when they were named. But he had selected his victims with skill—they were safe men; and he duly received the money. From this period he seemed to decline in health, change of air was prescribed—and thus the desponding father, the gallant captain and the respectable merchant, got clear off with his enormous booty, chuckling at the success of his infamous scheme.

The Equitable Society for the assurance of life and survivorship was instituted in 1762. This company which has been the model of succeeding Societies, owed its establishment to the exertions of Mr. Thomas Simpson and Edward Rowe Mores, and its final success to the management of Sir Richard Glyn and Sir Robert Ladbroke, who superintended its working. It had to contend with numerous difficulties, and advanced but slowly in the confidence of the public. It was the first Company that ventured on what was considered the dangerous novelty of graduating its premiums according to the ages of the assured. Its continuance was a matter of doubt in 1769, and had it not been for a treatise by Dr. Price, recommending it to the public notice, it would probably have closed. The early premiums of the Equitable were deduced from a state of mortality, formed from the returns of the city of London during a period more than usually fatal to life. In 1780, Dr. Price induced the Company to reduce their rates, and in the following year the well-known Northampton table of mortality was adopted—but not without a safety-charge in addition, of 15 per cent. This latter charge was abolished in 1783. By the persuasion of Dr. Price, Mr. Morgan, his nephew, by profession a surgeon, but a man of first-rate mathematical acquirements, accepted the situation of actuary to the Equitable, which under his management rose from a capital of a few thousands to many millions, and assumed the position

which it has since retained, of almost national importance.

In 1779, Mr. Morgan published his "Doctrine of Annuities and Assurances;" and he was the first to discover the inaccuracies of the rules which Simpson and others had given to ascertain the value of contingent annuities—his own experience in the Equitable having afforded a key to more correct calculations. From the establishment of the Equitable, down to the present day, the principle of life assurance has progressed with astonishing rapidity and success. During its early struggles, and before the mind either of the public or their rulers had learned properly to appreciate it—a despotic and insolent attempt was made on the part of the state to seize the unclaimed property in Assurance offices, to meet in part the expenses of a war. But the *Amicable*, the *Royal Exchange*, the *London*, and the *Equitable* Assurance Companies, who found the "dead cash" of considerable use, manfully withstood the barefaced attempts at confiscation. A paper war ensued. Pamphlets were issued on both sides. The Companies defied the claim, and bespattered the Government with no measured terms of abuse, and, backed by popular opinion, taught them at length that arbitrary power no longer existed in England, and that for the future, honesty would be their best policy.

During the painful elaboration of a reasonable system of assurance, and while the institutions above mentioned, were slowly making their way in popular estimation, bubbles of every variety of form and constitution were blown by sharping speculators without principle, and often without capital, to amuse, excite, distract, and to fleece and plunder the public. Many of these were as diffuse and extravagant in their management as they were false and pretentious in their promises. The touters netted large premiums, and friends and kindred sacrificed each other for the sake of pocketing a share of the booty. The people, who alone were practically interested, knew nothing of the true principles of assurance, and in vast numbers became the victims of annuity-mongers, who traded upon their ignorance. The exposures of Dr. Price put an end to many nefarious schemes, to the immense mortification of their contrivers, who launched their anathemas at his head, and assailed him with torrents of abuse. These gentry, who lived by other's losses, were, however, sometimes defrauded of their prey, as may be seen from the following impressive story :—

Residing in one of the wildest districts of Yorkshire, was one of those country squires of whom we read in the pages of our elder novelists. He could write sufficiently to sign his name; he could ride so as always to be in at the death; he could eat when his day's amusement was over sufficient to startle a modern epicure; and drink enough to send him to bed tipsy as regularly as the night came. . . . . Being compelled to visit London on some business, he found there were other pleasures than those of hunting foxes, drinking claret, following the hounds, and swearing at the grooms. . . . With the avidity of a young man entirely uncurbed. . . . he rushed into the dissipation of London, where he contrived to polish his behaviour, and to appear in the character of a buck about town with some success. His estate and means soon became familiar to those who had none of their own, and he was quickly surrounded by all the younger sons, roysterers, and men who lived by their wits of the circle in which he visited. The gaming of the period was carried to such an extent that it might truly be termed a national sin, and into this terrible vice he threw himself with a recklessness which almost savoured of insanity. Mortgage after mortgage was given on his estate; but as this was entailed, it was necessary that he should also ensure his life, which was done at Lloyd's, on the Royal Exchange, and with those usurers who added to it their other branches of business. In the midst of his downward career he fell in love with a young lady of singular beauty, married her, and retired to his Yorkshire home, full of resolutions of moderation and amendment. For a period he kept them. A son, heir to the entail, was born to him, and soon after he again made his way to London. Once more within this vortex of pleasure, his good resolutions failed him, and he was led to the same pleasures, the same pursuits, and the same vices. He forgot his wife, his child, his home. He gambled, he betted, he hazarded his all, until, one fine morning, after a deep debauch with some of his companions, with dice and cards and closed doors, he arose a ruined man. He had lost more than his whole life would redeem. At the same time he was aroused to a sense of the wrongs he had suffered; he saw that he had been the dupe of sharpers, and that he had been cheated to their heart's content. Almost mad, burning with consuming fire, he determined to be revenged. Another night he was resolved to try his luck, and by playing more desperately than ever, win back, if possible, the money he had lost, and then forswear the dangerous vice. With a desperate resolve to outwit them in life or in death, he met the gamesters. He had hitherto arranged all the losses he had sustained, and his opponents were prepared to humour him. The doors were once more closed, the shutters were down to exclude light, refreshments were placed in an antechamber, and for thirty-six hours the last game was played. The result may be guessed. He retired to his hotel—ruined, reckless, and wretched. He knew that if he lived, it would be a miserable existence for himself and his wife, and he knew also that if he died by his own hand, not only would his family be in a better position than if he lived, but that the men who had wronged him would be outwitted, as the policies on his life would be forfeited, and his bonds become waste-paper. His mind soon became resolved. He evinced to the people of the hotel no symptoms of derangement; but, saying that he should visit the theatre that night, and go to bed early, as he had been rather dissipated lately, he paid the bill he had incurred, giving at the same time gratuities to the waiters. He then wrote a letter to one of the persons with whom his life had been insured, stating, that as existence was now of no value to him, he meant to destroy himself; that he was perfectly calm and sane; that he did it for the express purpose of punishing the men who had contrived to ruin him; and as the policy would be void by this act, he charged him to let his suicide be known to all with whom his life had been assured. In the evening he walked to the Thames, where he took a wherry with a waterman to row him, and when they were in the middle of the current, plunged suddenly into the stream to rise more. The under-writer who had received the letter communicated it to the other insurers; and when a claim was made by the gamblers, they saw that they had been duped by the Yorkshire squire, although at the fearful price of self-murder.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century a spirit of gambling which took the form of assurance, prevailed in the city. Policies were opened on the lives of public men. Sir Robert Walpole was assured for many thousands. When the king fought at Dettingen, 25 per cent. was paid against his return. Stockbrokers sported money on the

Pretender's movements—and the grey hairs of old Lord Lovat did not prevent them from gambling on his life. In 1765, upwards of 800 men, women, and children, lay in Goodman's Fields, in the open air, without food. They had been brought by a speculator from the Palatinate, Franconia, and Suabia, and then deserted by him. In a strange land, without friends, exposed by night and by day to the influences of the atmosphere, death was the necessary result. On the third day, when several expired from hunger or exposure, the assurance speculators were ready, and wagers were made as to the number who would die in a week. The trial and execution of Byng gave rise to a similar mania. Any public event would do for a venture. Wilkes in the tower—King George on a sick bed—or Lord North in disgrace with the people—were scheduled in brokers' books as good subjects. Successes or disasters in war—the seals of a prime minister—or the life of a highwayman—all served the purpose of the policy-mongers, if by them they put money in their purses. Large sums were paid by underwriters at Lloyds, who speculated upon the failure of a young fellow who had undertaken for a wager to go to Lapland and bring back, within a given time, two rein-deer and two Lapland females—and did it. A practice likewise prevailed of insuring the lives of great personages known to be ill; and the dissolution of some who saw themselves in the public papers insured at 90 per cent. was thought to be hastened by it. At length the legislature interfered, and by an Act of Parliament decreed that "no insurance shall be made on the life of any person, or on any event whatsoever, where the person on whose account such policy shall be made *shall have no interest*, or by way of gaming or wagering; and that every such insurance shall be null and void," &c. This statute did not, however, prevent, for some time, the continuance of the evil, as is shown by the policies determinable by the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy; and still more by those issued assuring certain sums, whenever the Chevalier d'Eon should prove to be a female. It is said that a million of money was at one time dependant upon this absurd contingency, and that £30,000 was offered to the Chevalier to divulge his sex, which he declined doing, save by demonstration of sword or cudgel, in which none could be found to engage him.

A fraudulent system of assurance was followed by a fraudulent system of annuities, and Parliament was again compelled to interfere by an act requiring the particulars of all bonds, deeds, &c., for granting annuities, to be enrolled in the Court of Chancery. This act put an end to the machinations of a horde of scoundrels who, like Salvator Shylock, fattened upon the carelessness and profligacy of youth; or who, like that pre-eminent villain and hypocrite, Daniel Cunningham, abused the confidence of the unsuspecting. This artful scoundrel was a presbyterian from Inverness, who had a gift of prayer, and "wagged his pow" in the pulpit. He appeared in London as a schoolmaster, and made use of his pious gifts to procure an introduction to the better classes of society. He succeeded—and, religion and annuity companies being the fashion, he used the former to aid him in establishing one of the latter. So plausible and persevering was his manner, that he soon procured duchesses and peeresses to herald his speculation. He varied his premiums to the position of the applicant, under pretences that his was a charitable institution. He was his own director, and represented his own board. He would sell a life annuity for whatever he could get, and never refused an offer; taking, with equal modesty, the savings of the poor and the investments of the rich. He was cunning enough to be, as long as it suited his views, punctual to his time and ready with his payments, and was respected in the city, where he was known as a devout attender on the rites of religion, and retained a prominent position in the chapel where he once held forth. His career was cut short by the publication of Dr. Price's work, mentioned above, upon the appearance of which he took the alarm, withdrew his cash in gold from the bankers, and disappeared, to be heard of no more. The "Act to prevent Gambling Annuities" crippled such adventurers, and had the effect of sending the purchasers to those legitimate offices from whom alone they were certain of receiving their due.

We need not pursue the history of life assurance further. There are now above a hundred and fifty companies in existence. The principles upon which they are or ought to be based are well understood, and the public are in possession of accurate data wherewith to test the pretensions and proceedings of all who claim their confidence. This satisfactory state of affairs has not been arrived at without the usual routine of dear-bought experience which Society seems fated to pay for everything that is worth having. The road to security has lain through frauds and hoaxes and plundering conspiracies, some of them of the most atrocious and gigantic description—and of these which constitute the Romance of Life Assurance, Mr. Francis's volume supplies a pretty abundant record. Previous to noticing these, however, we will turn our attention for a moment to the curious blundering of government in the matter of annuities. In 1809, with a view of meeting the wishes of the public, they commenced dealing in annuities, but made the fatal mistake of granting annuities for lives on the same basis (the Northampton tables) as that on which the assurance companies founded their premiums—a step about as sagacious as it would be for a tradesman to buy goods at a retail price, and to retail them at a wholesale price. This system continued ten years at a loss of from 15 to 24 per cent. When at length goaded unwillingly to correct their errors, they passed an act, legalizing a set of tables which authorized a man of 90, by paying £100, to receive a life-annuity of £62. The stockbrokers saw and seized the advantage. The rural districts were ransacked for men and women of 90, who as fast as they were picked up, were insured and made comfortable, and encouraged to live as long as they chose. Among others, the Marquis

of Hertford entered into this game with spirit, and cleared above £1,000 a head by some of his aged protegées. The good people of Scotland and the lake countries were puzzled by this crusade after old folks, and could not tell what to make of it. Everybody who had money to spare, availed themselves of the blunder of the government by which they cleared an average profit of about 100 per cent—and there is no knowing how far it would have proceeded, had not Mr. Goulburn, by availing himself of a clause in the act, put a stop to the granting of annuities which might prove unfavourable to the government.

We must abridge the author's account of one of the most remarkable villains of the past half century—Thomas Griffith Wainwright:—

In 1830, two ladies, both young and attractive, were in the habit of visiting various offices, with proposals to insure the life of the younger and unmarried one. No sooner was a policy effected with one company, than a visit was paid to another with the same purpose. Surprise was naturally excited at two of the gentler sex appearing so often in places of business resort; and it was a nine days' wonder. Behind the curtain, and rarely appearing as an actor, was T. G. Wainwright, the "Janus Weathercock" of the London Magazine, whose compositions, with those of Elia and Barry Cornwall, were conspicious in its pages thirty years ago. A literary man and a fashionable spendthrift—there was an air of mystery about his life which nobody could fathom. He had ceased to contribute to the magazine since 1825; and from this period his footsteps were dogged by death—it was death to stand in his path—it was death to be his friend—it was death to occupy the very house with him. In 1829, he went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property—and spent it. A further supply was needed. His wife's two stepsisters came to reside with him. They were the two young ladies mentioned above. Their visits to the various offices resulted in the effecting of insurances on the life of Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombie, the younger one, to the amount of £18,000 in all. She endeavoured to assure for £12,000 more, but the offices had taken the alarm, and refused her application. In the meantime, Wainwright's affairs grew desperate. He forged the names of trustees to certain funds in the Bank of England five successive times. But he spent everything, and pledged even the furniture of his house—taking apartments in Conduit-street. Immediately after this, Miss Abercrombie made her will in favour of her sister Madeline, appointing Wainwright sole executor, alleging that she was about to travel. She then procured a form of assignment from the Palladium, and made over the policy in that office to her brother in law. On the following night she was taken ill. On the 14th December, she had completed her will, and assigned her property. On the 21st she died. Wainwright now claimed the £18,000 from the various offices, but the claim was resisted; and being called on to prove an insurable interest, he left England. In 1835, he commenced an action against the Imperial. The counsel of the office dropped such fearful hints in his defence, that the jury were petrified and the judge shrunk aghast from the implicated crime. The company gained a verdict—and his forgeries having by this time been discovered, Wainwright remained in France. At Boulogne he lived with an English officer, whose life he insured in the Pelican. The officer died a few months after the insurance was effected. He went to Paris under a feigned name, and being taken by the police, and having strychrine in his possession, he was imprisoned for six months. After his release he ventured to London, intending to remain but two days. He was recognised while sitting at the window of an hotel in Covent Garden, and apprehended by Forrester. He was tried for the forgeries, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. His vanity and superfine dandyism never forsook him; and he would boast when in Newgate and the companion of felons, that the wardens dared not compel him to sweep the yard. But worse yet remained for him. As previous to Helen Abercrombie's death, she had made her will in favour of her sister, the claim of the latter was placed before the various offices. Wainwright, thinking that if he could save the Directors from paying such large sums, they would interfere to alleviate his condition, wrote a letter giving them certain information, coupled with a request that they would procure a mitigation of punishment. What this revelation was, may be judged from the united facts, that it saved the offices from paying the policies—and that it elicited an order from the Secretary of State to place the writer in irons and to forward him immediately to the convict-ship. He had played his last card and he had lost. He was transported—he who claimed for himself "a soul whose nutriment was love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy," was banished, the worthy mate of vulgar ruffians and desperadoes. The "kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock," of Charles Lamb, died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be recapitulated.

Mr. Francis gives a detailed and graphic account of the infamous career of the West Middlesex, which mulcted the innocent of near a quarter of a million of money, and which would, in all probability, have doubled its plunder, but for the manful and fearless attacks of Mr. Peter Mackenzie, of Glasgow, who, in his *Scottish Reformers' Gazette*, first drew the attention of the public to that most audacious and wholesale swindle. We must send our readers to the volume itself for this startling narrative of human impudence on the one side, and gullibility on the other.

The Select Committee, appointed in 1841, and which concluded its labours in 1843, threw much light upon the subject of Joint Stock Companies of all kinds It did not, however, lead to the adoption of any plan, nor does it appear that any plan is possible, which will prevent the systemization of fraud in such companies. Mr. Hartnoll, the editor of the "Post Magazine," has shown that even under the Registration Act, frauds are contemplated and executed; and it would appear that the chief use of that Act lies in the facilities furnished by its provisions for the detection of imposture and injustice. In fact, the protection of the public, as we stated at the outset, lies in the competition which compels honesty and fairplay. Government inspection may, perhaps, come as a pendant to registration. In the meanwhile, assurers must exercise a sound discrimination in their choice of offices. As our author observes, "a Life Assurance Office, with a respectable proprietary and a paid-up capital, is by virtue of the English law of unlimited partnership, as safe as any company can be, so far as the assured is concerned," and, therefore, all the assured has to do, is to satisfy himself of the respectability and responsibility of the office with whom he does business. The older offices, who found their rates on the known value of lives taken at random among the diseased as well as the healthy, and then, before giving policies, pick out the strongest and healthiest, rejecting all others, may well do a profitable business; but they are hardly justified in abusing the new ones, who, with more liberality and fairness, are willing to risk the contingencies

which all profess to risk, by fixing their premiums on tables of mixed lives. The letter of Mr. Christie to the President of the Board of Trade, has excited what appears to us a degree of alarm hardly justified by circumstances. That some of the societies to which he calls attention have spent too much money in establishing themselves, there can be no question; but few of them we suppose, would find any difficulty in transferring their policies and liabilities to older and more successful companies, should it turn out that they are unable to maintain their ground. We are inclined to think that of risk there is little or none with an Assurance Company, in the hands of honest men, and once fairly established; and we have no wish to see the younger societies over-ridden or bullied out of the market. The practice of life assurance, vast as is the sum already assured, and which, perhaps, is little short of two hundred millions—is probably but yet in its infancy. The time will come, and as friends to our species we wish it may come soon, when there will be life policies in every house, and when it will be thought a disgrace to any man who has wife or offspring to leave behind him to have neglected the golden opportunity offered by such institutions of providing for their wants.

We shall conclude our notice of this interesting and useful volume with one or two of the anecdotes with which it abounds.

In 1809, as Sir Mark Sykes entertained a dinner-party, the conversation turned—as almost all thoughts then turned—to Bonaparte, and from him to the danger to which his life was exposed. The baronet, excited partly by wine and partly by loyalty, offered, on the receipt of 100 guineas, to pay any one a guinea a day so long as the French emperor should live. One of the guests, a clergyman, closed with the offer; but finding the company object, said that if Sir Mark would ask it as a favour, he would allow him to be off his bargain. To a high-spirited man this was by no means pleasant, and the baronet refused. The clergyman sent the 100 guineas next day; and for three years Sir Mark Sykes paid 365 guineas; when thinking he had suffered sufficiently for an idle joke, he refused to pay any longer. The recipient, not disposed to lose his annuity, brought an action, which was eventually carried to the highest legal authorities, and there finally decided in favour of Sir Mark Sykes; the law-lords not being disposed to give the plaintiff a life-interest in Bonaparte to the extent of 365 guineas a year.

When the Corn Law League established its bazaar at Covent Garden, among others who contributed to the exhibition was a cutler from Sheffield, who visited London to see this great political feature of the day. Before he left the city, he applied to an office to ensure his life. He was examined by the medical adviser, and though he seemed somewhat excited, this was attributed to a prize which had been awarded him, and he was accepted, subject to the ordinary conditions of payment, with certificates of sobriety and good habits. The same afternoon he left town, arrived at Sheffield very late, and probably very hungry, as he ate heartily of a somewhat indigestible supper. By the morning he was dead. He had fulfilled no conditions, he had paid no premium, he had sent no certificate—but he had been accepted; and as his surgeon had declared him to be in sound health up to his visit to London, and as his friends vouched for his sobriety, the money was unhesitatingly paid to his widow, whose chief support it was for herself and five children.

At Berlin, on the 24th of November, 1848, the funeral ceremonial of the Catholic church, amid a numerous circle of weeping friends and relatives, was performed over the remains of one Franz Thomatscheck, who, however, had taken care to insure his life, both in London and Copenhagen; and who, strange as it may seem, was, in disguise, and impelled by a strange curiosity, watching the progress of his own funeral. On the 29th of September, following, the public prosecutor, the police authorities, and the priest of the Catholic congregation, might be seen standing over the grave to superintend the disinterment of the coffin, the contents of which, when opened, proved to be heavy stones, rotten straw, and an old board. A surgeon had been bribed to attest the death; his brother had aided him in effecting his escape; his disconsolate widow had followed the departed; but the Austrian police, assisted by the telegraph, had thwarted all these movements, by consigning the perpetrators of the fraud to the tender mercies of the justice they had violated.

The agent of the Rock Proprietary Company met, in the north of Scotland, with an intelligent man who farmed some thousand acres. This estate he delighted to cultivate; and though the period was long before that when science was employed by the agriculturist, he invested all his profits in the estate he rented. With great and proper pride he took the life assurance agent over his land, pointed to his improvements, and boasted his gains. When they returned to the farm-house, the agent, who saw that if his host died, all that he had done would be for his landlord's benefit, only said to him, "You must have spent a large sum on this estate."

"Many thousands," was his curt reply.

"And if you die," was the shrewd retort, "your landlord will receive the benefit, and your wife and daughter be left penniless. Why not insure your life?"

The man rose, strode across the room, and drawing himself up as if to exhibit his huge strength, said, almost in the words of one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's heroes, "Do I look like a man to die of consumption?"

The agent was not daunted. He persevered, explained his meaning, enlisted the kindly feelings of his host, persisted in asking him how much he would leave his family, and at last induced him to listen. They examined his accounts, and found that he could spare about £120 a year. The village apothecary was almost immediately sent for, the life was accepted, and policies granted for £3000. In less than nine months this man, so full of vigorous health, took cold, neglected the symptoms, and died, leaving only the amount for which he had insured his life to keep his family from want.

As the evening of an autumnal day began to close, four men might have been seen hiring a boat at one of the numerous stairs below Blackfriars-bridge. Their appearance was that of the middle order, but the reckless daring which characterized their air and manner, marked them of the class which lives by others' losses. By the time they had rowed some distance up the river, the only light that guided them was the reflection of the lamps which fringed it; and no sooner were they shrouded by the darkness of night, than, without any apparent cause, the boat was upset, and the four were precipitated into the Thames. They were close to land, and while they buffetted the tide and made their way, they halloed lustily for help, which, as the shore was now ringing with the noise of boats and boatmen putting off to their assistance, was soon rendered. Of the four who had started, only three landed together, and great was their outcry for their lost companion. The alarm was immediately given: all that skill could do to recover their friend was tried, but the night was too dark to render human aid of much avail. It was pitiable to the bystanders to witness the grief of those who were saved, who, finding nothing more could be done, were obliged to content themselves with offering a reward for the body, coupled with a promise to return early in the morning. They then went away, and the scene resumed its ordinary quiet. A few hours after this, at the dead of night, a second boat, with the same men, pursued its silent and almost solitary course up the river towards the scene of the previous misfortune. With them was a large suspicious-looking

bundle, which, when they had arrived at a spot suitable to their purpose, they lifted in their arms, placing their horrible burden,—for it was the body of a dead man,—where, from their judgment and their knowledge of the tide, the corpse of their friend would be sought. Favoured by darkness and by night, they accomplished their object, again rowing rapidly down the stream to an obscure abode in the neighbourhood of Greenwich. When morning began to break, they returned once more to the place which had witnessed their mysterious midnight visit, where, with much apparent anxiety, they asked for tidings of their companion. The reply was what they expected. A body had been found,—it was that which they had placed on the strand,—and this they at once identified as that of the friend who had been with them in the boat, and for whom they had offered a reward. A coroner's jury sat upon the remains, a verdict of accidental death was recorded, and the object of the conspirators fairly achieved. That object was to defraud an assurance office to a very large amount; for the missing man had not been drowned; the grief expressed was only simulated; and the body which had been placed on the banks of the Thames had been procured to consummate the deception.

Against a fraud planned with so much art and carried out with such skill, no official regulation could guard; and when the papers containing the report of the inquest and the identity of the body, were forwarded to the office as the groundwork of a claim for the representative of the deceased, not a doubt could be entertained of its justice. It was true that the claimant under his will was his mistress; that his executors were the persons who perpetrated the fraud, and were with him at the time of the accident; but there were the broad and indisputable facts to be disposed of, that the insured man had met with a sudden and accidental death, and this was attested by the verdict of a jury. The money was paid, and with that portion of it which came to the deceased, he went to Paris. In that gay capital, with a mistress as expensive in her habits as himself, the cash was soon spent; and so successful had been the first attempt in this line, that it seemed a pity for gentlemen thus accomplished to abandon a mine so rich. Very shortly, therefore, after the previous fraud, an application was made from Liverpool to an office in London, to insure the life of a gentleman for £2000. The applicant was represented as a commercial traveller, and permission was sought to extend the privilege of travelling to America. This insurance was effected, and when only a few months had elapsed, information was received by the company that the insured gentleman, while bathing in one of the large American lakes, had been drowned; that his clothes had been left on the banks of the water where his body had been found; and in verification of this, all the necessary documents were lodged in due time. As the death and identity of the traveller seemed clearly established, the office intimated its readiness to pay the policy at the end of the accustomed three months. But three months seemed a very long period to those who felt the uncertain tenure by which their claim was held, so, to induce the office to pay ready money, they offered a large and unbusinesslike discount. This, together, perhaps, with some suspicions created by the manner of the applicant, placed the office on its guard. Inquiries were soon instituted, and discoveries made which induced them to proceed still farther; but no sooner was it found that a close inquisition was being entered on, than the claim was abandoned, and the claimant seen no more at the office.

THE DIVINING ROD.

A good many years have passed since the "Quarterly Review" and Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," brought the claims of this mysterious implement under popular notice. Most people are now aware that it is said (truly or not) to discover, by turning, twisting, and dipping, in the hands of the person who holds it, the presence of water, or of some mineral under his feet.

It is not, however, so generally known that the divining rod has been said to have, in some hands, the power of indicating the track which has been taken by a fugitive; and that it has been used for this purpose may be seen from the following story, which, whether the divining rod had in fact more or less to do with the business, is so curious, and as to the facts seems to be so far authenticated, that we have thought it worth translating from Father Le Brun's "Histoire Critique des pratiques superstitieuses qui ont séduit les Peuples et embarrassé les Sçavans." The second edition of this work was printed at Paris in 1732; but our story, which is to be found at the beginning of the third volume of it, is in a letter from Dr. Chauvin, a physician, to Madame la Marquise de Senozan, which was printed at Lyons in 1692; that is at the place, and in the year, to which the events belong. The facts, however, detailed by Dr. Chauvin, seem to have rested rather on the statements of the Abbé de la Garde, and to have been furnished by the lady to the doctor, for arrangement and publication. The following is a brief sketch of them:—

On the 5th of July, 1692, a vintner and his wife were murdered in their vine-vault at Lyons; and the money in their shop, which was also their lodging-room, was stolen. There seemed to be nothing that offered a clue; and there was, in fact, no suspicion of any person in particular. A neighbour, either from the interest which he took in the case, or with a view to test the powers of a rich peasant with whom he was acquainted, and who professed that he could track thieves and murderers, wrote to him to come to Lyons. He came accordingly, and, on his arrival, was introduced to M. le Procureur du Roy, who was, of course, occupied with the affair. The business was proposed to the diviner; and he undertook it on condition that he should be allowed to prepare himself by going into the vault, or as it is expressed in the original, "pour y prendre son impression."

This peasant was a native of St. Veran, in Dauphiny, named Jacques Aymar. Having been born on the 8th of September, 1662, he was at this time in his thirtieth year. With a forked rod, of any kind of wood, and cut at any time,

he professed not only to do all that is generally undertaken by such diviners, but also to perform such more singular and mysterious work as that which now brought him to Lyons. The authorities, that is, M. le Lieutenant Criminel, and M. le Procureur du Roy, agreed to his condition, and sent him to the vault. When there, he became agitated, and his pulse rose as if he had been in a high fever. His rod, which he held just as if he had been in search of water, turned rapidly at the two spots where the bodies had been found. Leaving the vault he went forward through certain streets, entered the court of the Archiepiscopal Palace, and quitted the city by the Pont du Rône, turning to the right along the bank of the river.

Three persons, who formed his escort, state that during this time he sometimes found traces of three, sometimes of only two, fugitives; but his doubt was removed on arriving at a gardener's house, which he entered, and where he pertinaciously maintained that three men had sat round a particular table, which was indicated by his rod. He farther asserted, on the same grounds, that they had touched one of three bottles which were in the room. Two children, of nine or ten years old, who appear to have been left in charge of the house, seem to have been afraid to confess that having left the door open, three men, whom they did not know, had entered, sat down at the table, and drank wine from the bottle.

The pursuing party were now on the bank of the Rhone, half a league below the bridge; and the foot-marks of the fugitives which were now visible in the sand, showed that they had embarked on the river at this spot. Aymar resolved on following them, and made his companions guide the boat in their track. By so doing he caused them to take him under one of the arches of the bridge of Vienne, which was never used by boatmen who knew the river; and this led to a suspicion that the objects of pursuit had no such guide. During the voyage Aymar insisted on landing at every place where the fugitives had gone on shore. Having done so, he went forthwith to the places where they had passed the night; and, to the great surprise of the innkeepers and others who saw it, pointed out the beds which they had occupied, the tables at which they had eaten, and the vessels which they had handled. When they came to the Camp of Sablon, Aymar felt himself more powerfully moved. He was persuaded that he saw the murderers; but did not venture to apply to his divining rod for confirmation, lest he should provoke ill usage from the soldiers.

Under the influence of this fear he returned to Lyons; from whence he was again dispatched with letters of recommendation; but before he got back, the objects of his search had left the place. He pursued them as far as Beaucaire, and on the way he visited every place where they had lodged, uniformly pointed out the beds and tables which they had used, and the vessels which they had touched in drinking. While carrying on his search in the streets of Beaucaire, Aymar stopped before the gate of a prison, and positively declared that there was one of the persons whom they were seeking within its walls. He was permitted to enter; and twelve or fifteen prisoners were shown to him. Among these was a hump-backed young man nineteen years of age, who had been brought in only about an hour before, for some petty theft; and him the divining rod pointed out as one of the fugitives. The party therefore pursued their search after the other two; and having discovered (at least so the diviner said) that they had taken a bye-way leading into the high road to Nismes, they appear to have suspended their pursuit, in order to conduct the fugitive already apprehended to Lyons. This seems absurd, and is not explained.

In reply to the inquiries of his captors, the prisoner at first denied all knowledge of the crime or the criminals, and affirmed that he had never even been in Lyons. But when he got as far on his way thither as Bagnols, whether from the force of truth or from having been confronted with the inn-keepers, who declared that he had lodged at their houses in his passage down the Rhone in company with two persons, like those whose dress had been described by the gardener's children, he confessed that two Provençals had to a certain degree engaged him in the matter as their servant; but denied that he had been actually concerned in the robbery or murder They, according to his account, had done both, and given him only six crowns and a half. On his arrival at Lyons he was immediately examined, and readily confessed that two men, who spoke the Provençal dialect, had taken him with them to a shop, where they either bought or stole two woodcutter's bills. That at ten o'clock at night they all three went to the home of the unfortunate couple, under pretence of getting a large bottle, that was covered with straw, filled. That his two companions left him, and went down into the vault with the vinter and his wife. That having committed the crime, the murderers returned to the shop, opened a box, and stole one hundred and thirty crowns, eight louis d'or, and a silver girdle.

He acknowledged, also, that after this they speedily took refuge in a great court, quitted Lyons the next day by the Porte du Rône, drank at the house of the gardener in the presence of two children, detached a boat from the shore, were at the camp of Sablon; and afterwards at Beaucaire; and, further, that they had lodged in those public houses to which Aymar had brought him on his way back, and in which he had been recognised by the landlords.

This confession not only tallied with, but explained some circumstances of the case; for in the shop a woodman's bill, new and bloody, had been found, as well as a large bottle nearly full.

As soon as it was known that the hump-backed man was in custody, the whole province was occupied in discussing the matter. The greater part set it down that the peasant was a conjuror, and acted under a diabolical compact. Others ascribed his performance to the help of the Virgin, and some who preferred talking nonsense to saying nothing, discoursed of occult qualities and

the stars. In order, however, to satisfy M. le Lieutenant Criminel, and M. le Procureur du Roy, whose interest and curiosity seem to have been much excited by the facts which came before them, M. l'Abbé de la Garde, taking those facts from the relation of these functionaries themselves, undertook to show that all might be explained on natural principles, that all who were able to find springs by the divining-rod, would be found to have the further gift possessed by this peasant, and would in all time to come form a defence against the crimes of murder and robbery.

As to the speculations to which the facts gave rise, and the experiments which were tried on various persons and things, we have not room for them; but briefly add the sequel of the case, noticing first of all what really seems to be one of the most wonderful things in the whole proceeding. It gives an irresistible air of truth to the story, for surely no writer would have framed a fiction so absurd. We have seen that Aymar was originally sent out by the Procureur du Roy, that in a sort of panic he returned, and was sent out again, that thus (though it could not be helped) time was lost where time was everything. Well, this second time, he got forward to Beaucaire, where he found one of the fugitives in the most convenient place imaginable for safe custody, and got a scent of the other two. But instead of following them to Nismes, he and his escort take the safely-imprisoned culprit from his gaol at Beaucaire to bring him to another at Lyons, while his accomplices are left to pursue their way untracked and unmolested.

But we have not yet come to the greatest absurdity. It is, that after the time thus lost in returning to Lyons, Aymar seems to have been detained (or at least allowed to remain) there two days, for no other purpose than that of making experiments on him and his rod; and then the story quietly proceeds, "Deux jours après, le Païsan avec des Archers fut renvoyé au sentier dont on a parlé pour y reprendre la piste des autres complices." One would think they might have expected the scent to have been cold enough by that time. However, the story is that, having got back to the bye-way near Beaucaire, Aymar's divining-rod led him through various roundabout, intricate ways through the town, to the very same prison-gate where he had halted on the former occasion. Again he insisted that one of the fugitives was there; but in this he was mistaken; though it appeared that a man who bore a very suspicious resemblance to the supposed appearance of one of the fugitives had been at the gaol, making enquiries about the fate of the hump-backed man.

Again taking up the track of the fugitives, the party followed them to Toulon, where they found that they had dined the day before. They embarked where the fugitives had done so, and found that they had landed from time to time, and slept under the olive trees. In spite of rough weather, Aymar followed them on the waves day after day to the extremity of the kingdom. They had escaped.

In the mean time, the process against the hump-backed man had been followed up. On the 30th of August he was condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, and on his way to execution to pass by the house where the crime had been committed, and there to have his sentence publicly read. Scarcely had he reached that spot, when the culprit, of his own accord, begged forgiveness of the sufferers, whose death he declared he had caused by originally suggesting the robbery, and keeping guard at the door of the vault while the murder was committed.

It is stated that both before and after his execution, enquiries and experiments were made by which, in a short time, eight persons were found who were endowed with more or less of the same power, and who exhibited in various degrees the same symptoms as Jacques Aymar. Of course we do not vouch for the truth of this story, but it comes before the world with such authentication as to the facts, as makes it, in connection with some modern discoveries, not altogether unworthy of preservation and attention.

THE SHEPHERD OF SAINT BARBARA.

In the province of Murcia, which is notable for the stupidest people in all Spain, there lived in former times a very honest shepherd, named Pedro Cinta. Pedro's dwelling-place was the village of Saint Barbara at the foot of the Sierra Verda. It had the proudest Alcaida and the greediest priest in the province. Pedro watched his flock on the side of the Sierra, went regularly to mass and market; had a patch of vineyard and corn ground, a dirty cabin, a lazy wife, and three squalling children. In short, he was in all things exactly like his neighbours; yet the shepherd was known to be distinguished by one extraordinary particular.

When awake, Pedro Cinta told as much truth as most people, but it was an attested fact that when asleep, and no man excelled him in the length of that exercise, Pedro answered all questions, though asked in ever so low a whisper, and it was equally certain that Pedro told nothing but fibs. Some, indeed, asserted that the sounder his sleep the greater were Cinta's stories, and he never uttered such clenchers as between the snores; but be that as it would, the shepherd's sleeping

abilities for fiction brought about an event which astonished Saint Barbara, and made himself the second man in the village.

The Alcaida traced his descent direct from Ruy Dias, the Campeador. How he made it out nobody knew, but on the strength of that genealogy and the largest house in the village, half the sheep Pedro watched on the Sierra (by the way not one of them belonged to the shepherd), a vineyard of prime muscatels, with cattle and corn to match, there was not a prouder man in Murcia than Don Pedillo—nevertheless, his wife had died some fifteen years before, leaving him one son and three daughters, since which time the Don had remained a widower, chiefly it was alleged, because there was no lady convenient of a sufficiently good family to occupy the void in his heart and home. It was commonly suspected that Pedillo's entire household must lead single lives from a similar cause. The nuns of Saint Denis the Humble, had been on the look-out for his girls a considerable time, and his son was generally destined to be either a bachelor Alcaida, or a brother of Mount Carmel.

There was but one man in Saint Barbara who openly contemned the Alcaida's pride, and that was Father Josas, the priest of the parish. If his descent were quite as noble as Don Pedillo's, the neighbours never heard, but they all knew him to be much richer, and well he might, for no man in Murcia could make a real go further than Father Josas. For thirty years he had levied tithes and dues in Saint Barbara with so keen an eye to the main chance that a brood of chickens never escaped him. It required great dexterity to smuggle in the onions and garlic without his valuation, but Father Josas denounced that practice as sacrilege, and more than one unlucky wight had been threatened with excommunication for the attempt.

Father Josas preached but two sermons in the year, one at Easter, and the other at Martinmas. If his flock had ever entertained any curiosity on the subject of those discourses, it was long ago satisfied, for the Easter theme was invariably tythe with all its corollaries, and the Martinmas sermon as certainly set forth the orphan niece and three nephews, for whom Father Josas had to provide, as causes of increased liberality on the part of his congregation. The constant drop which is proverbially said to wear down the hardest rock, had, however, a contrary effect on the hearts of Father Josas' parishioners. If he had become dexterous in exaction, they had learned to hold hard in the course of that thirty years war; and though the Easter sermon was generally considered unanswerable, Saint Barbara had a standing defence against the Martinmas one, in the fact that the said orphans had been less costly than profitable to his Reverence; for the three nephews tilled his fields and vineyard, while the niece kept his house, and most people knew that wasn't an expensive process. Father Josas said he could have brought his parish to reason, but for Don Pedillo. The Alcaida was certainly the most rebellious sheep in his flock. Between him and the priest martial law had been proclaimed ever since the latter's settlement, though they were the nearest neighbours in Saint Barbara; their fields, vineyards, and gardens, bordered on each other. Their houses were within talking distance, but their bullock carts never met in the lane without a dispute for precedence. No harvest went by without a squabble concerning tithes and dues. Father Josas privately asserted that the Don's grandfather had fed hogs, and Don Pedillo called the priest a skinflint.

How long this tranquil state of things had continued is not on record; but the priest's niece, Joanna, had acquired considerable experience in housekeeping. His three nephews, Gian, Lope, and Vasco, thoroughly understood vines and corn. The Alcaida's son, Carlos, had long returned from the Royal College of Murcia, where he learned Latin, law, and sword exercise. His daughters, Clara, Katherine, and Dorinda, could spin wool, make goat's milk cheese, and dance a bolero with any girls in the province. Father Josas had taught his household economy. Don Pedillo had instructed his in the greatness of their family; but in spite of that sound education the young people could not help seeing each other over walls and hedges, and somehow began to wish for fields and houses of their own. Father Josas kept his household close at home from village dance or feast, to avoid expenses. Don Pedillo did the same on account of his noble ancestors, but neither priest nor Alcaida knew what bunches of flowers, with hearts cut out of oak leaves appended, were flung by way of *billets doux* over walls and hedges, for not a soul of the eight could write, but Carlos alone, and like a true Murcian he forgot the laborious art, as fast as possible. As little did they guess what signals were made and answered by means of goat bells and castanets. The ingenuity of youth is marvellous in such matters. What whisperings occasionally took place at garden-fence and vineyard wall, or what the good people of Saint Barbara had long ago concluded—that if the Don were not so proud, and the priest so greedy, there might be four capital weddings to dance at on the green, before their old church. Changes to that extent did not seem probable, so the neighbours gave the matter up as a bad business, particularly when greater news demanded public attention.

One morning in the beginning of the vintage, Father Josas was observed proceeding with evident reluctance to Michael the turner's cottage, where he expended two reals on the purchase of a new trencher, a drinking horn, and a spoon ornamented with the face of Saint Peter, carved from the best of old maple. Michael said he never stood so hard a bargain; but it transpired that the purchase had been made to entertain no less a guest than Senor Montaldo, the new Bishop of Murcia. Senor Montaldo was a very remote cousin to Father Josas; but counting of kindred was an art never understood in the province. He was a learned man too, and a mighty preacher, but some said his mother had been of gipsy blood;

for there had been always a roving strain in him. From his college days he was accustomed to take long journies with staff and wallet, over the wild uplands, among shepherds and muleteers. Now that he was made a Bishop, it was presumed such vulgar habits would be cast aside for ever; but rumour spoke of a progress he was about to make through his diocese, and the priest expected great things from his cousin at Saint Barbara. It was not clearly ascertained whether the perfect and final settlement of all his claims on the parishioners bounded Father Josas' expectations, or if he anticipated the bringing of Don Pedillo to subjection by that episcopal visit; but his entire house was swept, his best pot mended, and the newest coat he possessed darned for the occasion. Still the Bishop did not come. All Saint Barbara went about its business as usual. The two households gathered grapes with bunches of flowers and signals between, and Pedro Cinta watched his flock on the highest pastures of the Sierra. They had nibbled all below as bare as Pedro's own poncho, in which the threads could be counted. Even there the grass was thin, and so were the sheep. The fattest ewe among them could have run against any goat; and the shepherd sat on a mossy rock, thinking how the owners, especially Father Josas, would grumble when he took them home in the approaching winter. That wasn't a pleasant prospect; Pedro knew the priest would clip some reals off his wages in consequence, but there was no help. Far as his feet and eyes had explored, the mountain sides afforded no better pasture. The year was now far advanced, the heath was growing dry and withered, and evenings felt chill on the Sierra. All that day the sky had been darkened by heavy clouds which thickened as the sun neared his setting. Pedro knew there was thunder somewhere, and hastened to collect his flock, with the help of the shaggy, though faithful dog, which he had named San Jago, by way of precaution against the evil eye. The gathering was happily effected, and under the conduct of San Jago and his master, they were wending down a narrow path to the fold, which lay snug and warm in the shadow of a huge over-hanging crag, when a traveller, mounted on a handsome horse, with saddle and bridle to match, a fine cloak, a velvet hat, and all things requisite for a cavalier, loudly hailed Pedro across the moorland, enquiring if he could direct him to the house of the most noble Alcaida Don Pedillo, of Saint Barbara? But that he looked too young and gay, Pedro would have believed himself addressed by the expected Bishop. Horses with saddles on were not common in his village, neither were velvet hats and cloaks seen every day; but the Bishop would have enquired for the priest's house; so without quitting his ground, Pedro responded—"'Tis a long way off, and I am a poor shepherd with all these sheep to fold—your Excellency will doubtless find the path."

"Guide me safely, and I'll give you a real," said the traveller at once, comprehending his scruples.

"I will conduct you as safe as a procession," cried Pedro, and he spent little time putting up the ewes and lambs that evening. The sky was indeed threatening terribly—growls of distant thunder were heard far up the mountain, and great drops began to fall. Pedro, his dog, and the traveller hastened on; the latter asking all sorts of questions regarding the place, the people, and especially the Alcaida's household. Through which, Pedro discovered that he was a young licentiate from the college at Murcia, who had never been at Saint Barbara before, and knew nobody there but Don Pedillo's son Carlos, whose fellow-student he had been, and whom he now meant to visit in the time of vacation. The communicative traveller also mentioned that his name was Sebastian Munoz; that he belonged to a good family, and had brought a letter of introduction to the priest of the parish, from a good Franciscan, who had been his schoolfellow. Pedro naturally wishing to do something for his real, as the village was now in sight and his own hut hard by, was about to warn him how little anybody's letter would avail in securing hospitality from Father Josas, when they were overtaken by another traveller, who had ascended the Sierra too, but a different way. He was a man of more than middle age, so dark and thin, that Pedro half suspected him of being a Jew. Unlike the young cavalier, he had neither horse nor mule, but a stout oaken staff, a coarse poncho, a wolf-skin cap and buskins, little better than Pedro's own, and seemed ready to faint with fatigue and weariness.

"Good shepherd," he said, approaching Pedro, "I am a poor man whom sickness has overtaken on my journey, give me shelter in your cottage this night for the sake of Saint Barbara, in honour of whom I hear this village is named." Now Pedro knew that himself could always sup the largest half of the garlic pottage prepared for the family's supper, and thought it most fitting that the rich Alcaida, to whom he was conducting the gay visitor, should entertain the poor traveller also. He, therefore, muttered something about his wife's dislike to strangers, and Senor Sebastian broke in with, "Come along, good man, I'll get you lodging from either the priest or Don Pedillo; the best people in this village are my friends."

Thus patronized, the poor man toiled on behind, while they quickened their pace to escape the coming storm. The first house they reached was that of Father Josas: and being told of it, Don Sebastian knocked boldly with his riding-whip; when the door was cautiously opened by the priest himself, who rarely trusted that matter to any other hand, he pulled out the letter, saying, "My name is Don Sebastian Munoz, and I bring this from Brother Lorenzo, at the convent of Saint Francis, in Murcia, to the Reverend Father Josas, curé of Saint Barbara."

"It gives me joy to hear from that worthy friar," said Father Josas, taking the letter with one hand and holding the door with the other. "But I am a poor priest with a wicked parish that does not pay me half my dues; besides, I

have an orphan family to provide for. In short, there is nothing in my house to entertain such a noble Senor as you."

"It was not my intention to trespass on your hospitality, father," said Don Sebastian, with a smile, "I am going to visit my friend Carlos Pedillo, from whose good father I have some hope of welcome."

"You'll find pride enough there, any way," cried the priest.

"But," continued Sebastian, "here is a poor, sick traveller, to whom, doubtless, your reverence can give shelter in my room, for the sake of charity and brother Lorenzo?"

"No! no, young man!" cried Father Josas, gradually closing the door as he spoke, "I am every hour expecting to see my cousin, the most Reverend Senor Montaldo, Bishop of Murcia, and cannot have my house made a resort for vagrants."

"You old churl," said Sebastian when the door was fairly shut, "if you be a sample of the folks in Saint Barbara it was well worth my while to journey so far! Come along, poor man, we will both try the Alcaida!" Here the priest's door once more opened, and Joanna came out with her own supper, consisting of a crust and a draught of goat's milk, to the sick traveller, who drank the milk, put the bread in his wallet, and wished the girl a good husband.

The rain was pouring on them as it can pour only at the foot of a Sierra, when Don Sebastian knocked at the Alcaida's door, but it was opened by Carlos who gave his friend a hearty welcome, took the sick traveller in to a bench in the chimney corner, and invited Pedro to stay for supper. Don Pedillo considered it due to his noble ancestors to be hospitable, besides, with all his pride, he was a charitable Christian. The poor sick traveller, refusing all supper, was put to sleep in the state bed of the house, as the best and warmest place for him, and as Don Sebastian was known to be some way or other related to the house of Gusman, his seat was on the Alcaida's right hand, and his rest for the night assigned with his friend Carlos. As for Pedro, the salted olives, goat's milk cheese, and hard boiled eggs were such novelties to him, notwithstanding the peals of thunder and flashes of lightning which made the company in Don Pedro's kitchen start and cross themselves at times, that he was grateful for the Alcaida's permission to sleep on some hay in the granary.

Don Pedillo's house had been erected at the time of the banishment of the Moors from Spain. Like the mansions of old country gentlemen in Murcia, it had the great hall or kitchen in front, the stable in the rear, the granary on one side, the sleeping rooms on the other, and an open court in the middle, with a capacious hen-house, and a cistern to catch rain-water; all the windows looked into that court except one in the girls' apartment, which commanded the village street, and had been constructed for the special benefit of serenaders. The dormitory appropriated to the rougher portion of the household, besides the state bed, an alcove formed in one of its walls, lined with walnut wood, on which the arms of the family were elaborately carved, and covered with crimson cloth, contained two pallets, each furnished with a sack of straw and a lambskin coverlet. On one of these Don Pedillo, having bidden his guest a dignified good night, was snoring soundly as the best born will, after a hard day's work in the vintage time. The rest of the household had all retired, and Carlos and his friend, having talked sufficiently of college news, were about to follow their example, when the former recollected that the lady of his thoughts had that day lost a pet kid, which he felt called upon to search for and bring home, if possible, before either priest or Alcaida were stirring. There was a door opening from the stable into the farm-yard beyond, where free egress for man and dog might be had over the low wall; but Carlos knew that the Licentiate was a particularly light sleeper, and the delight of his days had always been to discover and reveal secrets of any kind, not from ill-nature but an ungovernable zeal to appear knowing. Had Don Sebastian been concerned in high treason he would have made somebody wonder at his knowledge of the plot. Some expedient was therefore requisite to get quit of his company for that night; but Carlos Pedillo had not been at college for nothing.

"My friend," said he, taking up the cork-wood torch which was to light them, "there is one thing I think it right to tell you before we go to rest—I have got an unfortunate habit of boxing in my sleep. The last night my cousin Henrezius spent here, my heart was grieved to see his nose like a loaf and both his eyes blackened in the morning, and what is almost as bad, I can sleep nowhere but on my own pallet; if you could think of resting in the granary, the hay is the driest we have had for many a year, and Pedro, shepherd though he be, is a good honest fellow who knows the news of the whole country."

"Say no more, my dear boy," said Sebastian, seizing his own cloak. "With this and the hay I will sleep like a prince."

Carlos handed him the torch, and pointed out the door, with many adjurations not to let the Alcaida know, as he would never be forgiven for allowing a young man of Don Sebastian's birth to sleep in the granary. Promising to keep as close as a confessor, the Licentiate entered. San Jago, lying as usual at his master's feet, welcomed the new comer with a short quick bark, the only sound in nature which could awaken Pedro, and wonder-stricken was he to see the magnificent Senor stretch himself on the hay at no great distance. Don Sebastian was tired with the long day's ride, and glad to escape the fortune of Carlos' cousin; but thinking his friend had been singularly close concerning the handsome girl who came out of the priest's house, he considered the present opportunity too good to be lost, and opened preliminaries by assuring Pedro there were more reals in his purse than the one promised him.

Under that intimation the shepherd rehearsed all that was known to Saint Barbara touching the Alciada, the priest, and the young people in their respective houses. Here there came a pause. Don

Sebastian knew not the might of salted olives, but he had framed a question.

"Pedro! I say Pedro! What makes you snore man?"

"I'm not snoring, it's only my dog," replied the shepherd, true to his peculiar custom.

"Well, then, Pedro. Do you think in your own mind is there any chance of the young people ever getting married?"

"That they will, directly," said Pedro, and there was another snore. "The priest is going to divide his land and sheep between his three nephews, and give his niece the leather wallet of reals he has been filling these thirty years. Don Pedillo will give his son two-thirds of his land, and his daughters fortunes of five hundred dollars apiece."

"That's news!" cried Don Sebastian. "And the one so proud, and the other so greedy! Now, Pedro, you are snoring!"

"I'm not," snuffled Pedro. "It's all the new Bishop's doings. He is going to take notice of the orphans, and see them decently married."

Don Sebastian slept well on that intelligence. How Carlos rested it matters not, but Joanna's kid was found next morning securely fastened to the vineyard gate with some of the most intelligible flowers of autumn wreathed about its neck. The poor sick traveller was somewhat better of the good night's rest, but the Alcaida hospitably invited him to stay a few days till his strength was quite restored. Pedro went to his fold three reals the richer, and the vintage work went on; but never did new wine in the cask ferment more mightily that the news of the night in Don Sebastian's brain. Both vineyards at least were open to him, and he took the first occasion to astonish Father Josas as that good man enlarged on his neighbour's pride, and kept a sharp eye on the grape gathering.

"Well father," said the Licentiate, quite in a matter of course manner, "Proud as he is, Don Pedillo entertains a proper respect for your family in meaning to match his girls with your nephews, not to speak of the handsome fortunes he will give them. Five hundred dollars apiece is not to be despised in these times."

The priest had guessed something of the young generation's minds, for covetous eyes are said to be quick sighted, but Don Sebastian never learned the joyful surprise his words had given, for Father Josas answered calmly, "It is not indeed; though my nephews might expect as much, Don Pedillo may be certain I will not put them off with trifles."

"No doubt of it Father," said the Licentiate, as he walked off to avoid questions touching the source of his information. Having achieved this, Don Sebastian next ventured on the Alcaida, where he gathered grapes in a corner of his vineyard, which had always been set apart for the head of the family's special plucking. With much ingenuity the young Licentiate continued to bring Father Josas on the carpet, and Don Pedillo launched forth as usual, on the priest's covetousness and contemptibility. "But this notice the Bishop means to take of the family, will raise them in the eyes of all Murcia," said Don Sebastian, "and for my part, I cannot sufficiently admire the prudence and judgment of his Grace, in making Father Josas divide his land among his nephews, and give his neice that leathern wallet of reals he has been filling these thirty years, in hopes that they may match with your nobly-born son and daughters, Senor Pedillo."

The Don's ancestors were far too illustrious for him to show any token of astonishment, but there was a sparkle in his eyes at the prospect of suitable weddings at last, as he answered, "His Grace is a most wise and learned Bishop."

From that day there was news in Saint Barbara. The priest gave precedence to the Alcaida's bullock cart, and Don Pedillo sent Father Josas a dish of his great black grapes, the equal of which were not in the province. Even the young people began to recognise each other's existence in the fashion of old Spain, and nowhere was its integrity maintained more complete than at the foot of the Sierra Verda. Watchers in the twilight saw Don Pedillo's son breathing his vows at Joanna's window, and a chair sent out for his accommodation in token of family approval. In the following evenings the priest's three nephews Gian, Lope, and Vasco, did homage to Clairie, Katherine, and Dorinda, each damsel taking her turn at the window, and a chair being sent out to each lover.

When things arrived at this point, Murcian propriety required that the priest and the Alcaida should come to an immediate settlement, and the youth of both houses being safe at the grape-gathering, Father Josas, accompanied by Michael the turner, by way of second, waited on Don Pedillo, where he sat in state on the principal bench in his kitchen, with the young Licentiate, who was now in high favour and importance. Having smoked for some time, and discussed the weather, the crops, and the markets, the priest as in duty bound opened the business, by declaring the great respect in which he held the Alcaida's family, and his wish to see his neice and nephews married into such an honourable house. Don Pedillo answered in a strain of equal compliment, but concluded by enquiring what portion Father Josas' niece would have, and what provision Gian, Lope, and Vasco could make for his daughters?

"The five hundred dollars apiece, which I hear you intend giving them, will not be thrown away," said Father Josas, wishing to deal in generalities for his own part.

"The Virgin preserve my ears," cried Don Pedillo, "is not their noble blood portion enough for your nephews? When you divide the land among them, I will consider what bridal presents to make my daughters."

"My land!" cried the priest, almost jumping from his seat, "not a toise will the young rascals get, while I live."

In spite of his lofty lineage and noble composure, the Alcaida burst into a storm on that declaration. He told Father Josas every particular

of his genealogy, from Ruy Diaz downward; assured him that he and his were mud and mushrooms in comparison, and at length demanded why he dared to tell such stories to his noble friend, Don Sebastian? Before he had finished, Father Josas fell on the Licentiate for deceiving him, and that worthy student, with many a sincere wish that he was back in the college of Murcia, was finally obliged to declare that his revelations came from Pedro Cinta. These words were scarcely uttered when Pedro himself walked in. He had been so lucky in guiding the last traveller, that when a train of men and mules passed him on the mountain, enquiring the way to Saint Barbara, as his Grace the Lord Bishop of Murcia, whose servants they were, had commanded them to wait for him at the house of the Alcaida, Pedro immediately left his flock to San Jago's care, and conducted them safe to Don Pedillo's door.

"Dog of a shepherd!" cried the priest and the student, at once falling on him, "what tales were those you told in the granary?"

"I never told a tale in my life," cried Pedro, backing out, as the bishop's men, with the poor traveller, who had somehow got amongst them from where he had been helping in the vineyard, marched coolly in.

"You did," cried Don Sebastian, "you told me that Don Pedillo would give his daughters five hundred dollars apiece, and Father Josas would divide his land among his nephews, and give Joanna the leathern wallet of reals he had spent thirty years in filling—don't you remember it, you deceitful knave, how you snored at every word?"

"Did I snore?" said poor Pedro, "then, Senor, I was fast asleep."

"Thou art a sacrilegious infidel!" cried Father Josas, "to tell fibs in thy sleep concerning a priest and a bishop. It is true that my most reverend cousin does intend to provide for the orphans; but, my service to you, noble Alcaida, without the five hundred dollars, my nephews cannot marry: and as for Joanna, she has been, I may say, proposed for by the son of a real Hidalgo—Good men," he continued, "I am sorry you have come so far without your master. He is not yet arrived, though I have been at much expense and trouble providing for the suitable entertainment of his Grace. My house is quite turned upside down, but I am sure the Alcaida will entertain you as becomes his office."

"Stop, Father," said the poor traveller, coming forward, "Don Pedillo has been beforehand with you in his hospitalities to your most reverend cousin, for I am Ferdinand Montaldo, Bishop of Murcia, and having sojourned so long with this worthy gentleman, I will now retire with you to the house which has been turned upside down for my reception, as there are certain matters, concerning which we can best confer in private."

Father Josas did follow the bishop to his house, and what passed between them was never made public in Saint Barbara; but there was an expenditure after it, hitherto undreamt of, about the priest's dwelling. The bishop's men were supplied with the best. There was a supper in the evening, to which the whole village was invited, and among them Don Pedillo, whom the bishop himself, no longer in the coarse poncho and wolfskin cap, but apparalleled as his grace should be, conducted to the place of honour. After supper, the young people danced in the meadow, while their seniors concluded a treaty, by which Joanna got the wallet full of reals; the nephews each a fourth of Father Josas' land, the remaining quarter being left to his reverence, together with his tithes and dues, which were from that evening settled to the satisfaction of all Saint Barbara. Don Pedillo, besides their noble blood, bestowed upon his son Carlos the two-thirds of his land, and promised two hundred dollars to each of his girls. So the weddings came off, and it is authenticated, that heels ached in that parish for a month, with continuous dancing. The Bishop saw the festivities out before his departure; and if he did not effect a perfect reconciliation between the Priest and the Alcaida, the village said that the Don was never after so proud nor the Father so greedy. The most troublesome business his Grace found, was to manage Don Sebastian, who vehemently insisted on demolishing Pedro; but he went back to college, and the shepherd escaped him. No one in the parish ever cared for believing any story that could be traced to Pedro Cinta, but the brides and grooms felt bound to make him presents; and as, in process of time, Carlos succeeded his father in the high office of Alcaida, his chosen staff-bearer or bailiff was none other than the Shepherd of Saint Barbara.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

In a former paper we discussed the subject of "Justice to Scotland," in so far as it related to the cutting down of national institutions, and to the withholding of grants to Edinburgh which are cheerfully awarded to London and Dublin; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our remarks have, on the whole, been taken in good part by our contemporaries of the press. That we should please all was never anticipated—but the class who condemned, and those who approved, afforded proof, both by their censure and their praise, that the desirable medium of impartiality was in some measure attained. Thus, when we ventured to insinuate that, in certain respects, Ireland had re-

ceived more "justice" than Scotland, we never imagined that our friends in the Emerald Isle could be made to understand, much less to believe, such a proposition. They never strike their harp for any other purpose except to draw forth the music of sadness, whenever the unfortunate Union is alluded to—whereas we Scotch (bating a very few wild men among us) never dream of denying that our union with England has been productive of substantial and increasing advantage; and, having a vivid perception of this fact, we can afford to discuss the minor drawbacks attendant on that Union in a calm and collected tone. The truth is, that, with the Irish, national grievances are a matter of feeling;* with the Scotch, they are a matter of reasoning, as rigid as if we were resolving an algebraic equation. We do not regard Scotland, or Ireland either, as conquered states, like Poland or Hungary, but as free independent kingdoms voluntarily entering into incorporating alliances with a neighbouring state, for the purposes of *mutual* advantage; and in this view we do not feel called on to indulge in rhetorical declamation, but simply to bring forward certain facts in a systematic form, leaving them to produce on sensible men those effects which ever attend on the exhibition of truth, when temperately stated. The prosecution of such a course will not satisfy ardent persons at either extreme of a controversy. The Irish will think the case over-stated, and young Scotland will blame us for lukewarmness. Be it so. When two forces act at right angles to each other, progress lies in the direction of the diagonal line, and we are content that our course should be in obedience to this physical law. Reuben Butler's grace, as described in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," inculcates a similar lesson. Douce David Deans, in his covenanting love for three-mile sermons, thought it too short, while the gracious Captain Knockdunder profanely declared that it was too long, "from which," argues the author of Waverly, "it may safely be concluded that the benediction was of proper dimensions."

We now, in the same spirit as before, proceed to consider the subject of Scotch representation in Parliament. It would be foreign to our inquiry were we to enter largely on the question of the new Reform Bill, as our business lies with representation considered as an internal, rather than as an external point. The area of the electing body might be indefinitely extended, and still leave untouched the anomaly which we are about to discuss. The number of electors may be increased, and even the number of representatives augmented, and still a disparity be allowed to exist as between the number of members respectively allotted to England, Scotland, and Ireland; and it is to this topic that we now venture to solicit the attention of the reader.

At the Union, Scotland was allowed forty-five representatives in the House of Commons, and the Reform Bill enlarged the number to fifty-three. On what precise theory this enlargement was granted we have no means of knowing, as we are not aware that Lord John Russell ever explained it, except in the most vague terms. Indeed, it is a matter of considerable doubt if the Whigs ever propounded to themselves, or to the world, any distinct scheme as to their rationale of representation. We know that the Tories hold that the basis of representation should be property; and we also know that the Radicals are of opinion that it should be population; but we do not know what the theory of the Whigs is on this important subject. They seem to have made up their minds that the House of Commons should consist of six hundred and fifty-four members, but the Reform Bill shows no more principle of allocation than if the names had been tossed into a lottery-bag, and the gift of two members, or one member, or no member at all, left to be decided by chance. This may appear a strong allegation, but the following statistics (which could be made stronger) will prove that it is not entirely made at random:—

	Electors.		Members.
Liverpool with	17,433	has	2
Manchester „	13,921	„	2
Marylebone „	19,710	„	2
Middlesex „	14,610	„	2
Total	65,674 electors having 8 members.		

	Electors.		Members.
Thetford with	200	has	2
Richmond „	243	„	2
Harwich „	272	„	2
Chippenham „	300	„	2
Total	915 electors having 8 members.		

It can hardly be supposed that the nine hundred in the second list, are equal in property and intelligence to the sixty-five thousand in the first. But, still, we are not disposed to blame the framers of the Reform Bill for these discrepancies. The act of 1832 was a great, a gigantic, measure, falling little short of a revolution, and, considering the difficulties which they had to encounter, it is not surprising if its promoters had regard as much to what could be passed, as to what should be passed. Now, however, we breathe a healthier atmosphere, and as popular rights can no longer be ignored, we are in a better position for the adjustment of conflicting electoral claims.

The representatives of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, as dependent on counties, burghs, and universities, and on population and electoral strength, will be seen from the following table:—

	Numbr.	Mmbrs.	Electors.	Population.
English Counties ...	40	144	471,296	9,770,618
„ Universities	2	4	7,537	
„ Burghs ..	187	319	391,130	7,151,040
	229	467	869,963	16,921,658
Wales, Counties ...	12	15	36,458	718,628
„ Burghs	53	14	11,751	287,050
	65	29	48,209	1,005,678

* The last "insult to Ireland" on record, is the statement of an Irish paper, that Chobham Camp had been got up to hurt the Dublin Exhibition.

	Numbr.	Mmbrs.	Electors.	Population.
Scot. Counties	33	30	49,962	1,731,055
„ Burghs.......	76	23	47,423	1,130,729
	109	53	97,385	2,870,784
Irish Counties	32	64	135,245	
„ Universities..	1	2		
„ Burghs......	33	39	28,301	
	66	105	163,546	6,515,794
Total........	469	654	1,179,103	27,313,914

If the ten-pound franchise be assumed as the basis of allocation, Ireland is best represented; Wales next; Scotland third; and England fourth. More literally the case stands thus:—

In Ireland, there is a member for every 1,557 electors.
In Wales, one for every.............. 1,662 „
In Scotland, one for every............ 1,837 „
In England, one for every............ 1,862 „

If, on the other hand, population be regarded as the test, Ireland does not by any means receive "justice," for according to mere heads, Wales is best off; England next; Scotland third (as before); and Ireland worst of all.

In Wales, every 34,678 of the population has a member.
In England, every 36,234.
In Scotland, every 54,165.
In Ireland, every 62,055.

It is not, of course, to be expected that the new Reform Bill will be framed on the principle of equal electoral districts, because the time has not yet arrived that we can expect a direct movement towards universal suffrage, and, therefore, a five-pound qualification although it may modify it, will not altogether obviate these anomalies; but in the meantime, we have demonstrated arithmetically that whether the guage be applied to the present elective franchise or to the wider element of gross population, Scotland is not, as compared with England, Wales, or Ireland, duly represented in St. Stephens. But we do not rest the case on these two considerations. For were express returns to be ordered so as to expiscate the comparative contributions of the three kingdoms to the Imperial Exchequer, it would be seen that, as regards its claims arising from real property, Scotland does not enjoy its due share of representation; but in the absence of such precise data, we can only give approximate results, which from their nature must always be more or less open to challenge. We shall give a few of these, just as indications of what might be adduced, were rigid statistical enquiry brought to bear on the subject.

The revenue is 52,000,000. Of this Scotland contributes at least 6,000,000.

If the revenue derived from Ireland were deducted from the 52,000,000, the balance left for English revenue would not be nine times that of Scotland, which it ought to be, if revenue were looked on as the index of representation. England has 467 members, and Scotland 53, and hence, the proportion is very nearly as nine to one.

The Income Tax Returns will not throw any proper light on the subject, as a part of the revenue derived from Scotland is thrown into the English Returns. Individual items of the Revenues, as the Customs and Excise, both show in favour of increased representations to Scotland—the two being close on five millions, while, if the shares contributed by Ireland and Wales were again to be deducted, the balance would fall very far short of forty-five millions for each, which it ought not to do, if representation and taxation as between England and Scotland were to maintain a just proportion to each other. We might proceed to other entries in the Budget, some of which would, and others would not, bear out our point; but we are not called on to do this, as it is enough for our purpose, if, massing the whole revenue together, we find that in the main Scotland contributes much more than a ninth part to the national exchequer, and yet does not participate in a thirteenth part of the representation. But there are other indications of wealth besides those furnished by the custom-house or the excise office, and we shall find that the Scotch traffic in commodities, not directly taxed, point in favour of the conclusions which we have arrived at by other paths. The shipping of a maritime country like Britain is a fair indication of the commercial importance of the three divisions of the Empire; and the strength of the shipping interests may be gathered from the tonnage of ships registered, the number of seamen employed, the number of vessels built, and lastly, the tonnage of the whole in each year. We can give separate returns for England, Scotland, and Ireland, for all these items.

Shipping in 1851.

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
Tonnage of Ships Registered.	2,803,052	536,266	262,411
Men Employed	145,222	29,587	14,155
Number Built	521	138	13
Tonnage of the above ..	109,811	38,858	968

It would put us to some trouble, and would not materially advance the argument, were these results to be thrown into a decimal form; it will probably be enough that the reader just glance at the foregoing tables, and accompany us in a few exercises in mental arithmetic on the first two columns. He need not be afraid that we shall detain him long, or carry him deeply into the mysteries of Joe Hume. We start with our all-important number of nine. Well, if ships registered were to be made square with representation, England ought to have upwards of four millions of registered tonnage, but it has not three millions. If we take seamen, England ought to have about two hundred and seventy thousand tars connected with her mercantile marine, but we find that she has not a hundred and fifty thousand members of that interesting community. If we take our stand in the building yard, England ought to have built about one thousand vessels in the year of grace, 'fifty-one,' but instead we discover that she laid the keels of not much above five hundred. And to complete the

enquiry, the calibre of those built should have been above three hundred thousand tons, whereas it is not one hundred and ten thousand. In this department of the controversy we measure swords with John Bull only, as Ireland is so far behind with shipping that it were useless to institute any comparison between it and us.

But it is possible that all we have advanced may go for nothing in the estimation of those who account land to be everything and all other kinds of commerce nothing. There be men, who, even in this enlightened age, persist, with singular mental obliquity, in maintaining that they who own the clods of the valley have a deeper stake in the country than those who hold any other description of property. We can see no philosophy in this; for, except in the solitary respect that soil is not transportable, there is literally nothing in land that should make it to differ from other human possessions. The acre-lord is as much a trafficker as a cotton-lord; but for the cotton-lord and his fellows, the land of Britain would be as valueless as the wastes of America or Australia. In savage life, agriculture never flourishes till those trades which landlords despise are called into play; and it would really be an instructive lesson for Lord John Manners, and those who think with that noble and enlightened poetaster, if the "old nobility" and their hereditary fields could be left to themselves for a few years, in order that they might clearly discover their dependence on, and connection with, the Manchesters, Glasgows, and other hives of trading industry, which they so blindly contemn. The truth is, that while the Derby school can see no glory in any other trade than in land and its edible products, the fellers of wood, the artificers in iron, and linen, and cotton—all which commodities, be it remarked, are also products of the common earth— are every whit as dignified as the owners of or producers of corn and barley; and nothing but the dregs of silly feudal prejudice could have so far perverted human passion, as to attempt to perpetuate differences between classes who are essentially traders, the one as much as the other, and recognisable from one another, simply and solely by difference in the article dealt in. The duke who lives by his rents, is as essentially a merchant, in the eye of political economy, as the Leeds manufacturer, who draws profit from his mill. However, to complete the investigation, we shall go into the statistics of the soil.

England, contains	57,812	square acres.
Scotland	32,167	do.
Ireland	32,512	do.

Here, then, in point of superficial extent, Scotland is about equal to Ireland, and more than one-half of England: so that length and breadth tell more triumphantly in our favour than anything that has yet been adverted to. But here we shall probably be told that, in Representation, something more is necessary than the land-measurer's chain, and that quality of soil must be taken into account as well as quantity. England is as a well-watered garden, while Caledonia has granite slopes so "stern and wild" that of old they were only fit for hiding-places to the Covenanters; and now, at the present time, produce no crops, save Scotch mists. Well, we are free to confess that we cannot make out so strong a case for fertility as for extent; but it is by no means desperate, and we are not afraid to look it in the face.

	Sq. Acres.	Cultivated.	Uncultivated.	Unprofitable.
England (excluding Wales, has	36,999,680	25,632,000	3,454,000	3,256,400
Scotland ..	20,586,880	5,485,000	6,062,000	9,039,930

Six millions of acres uncultivated, and nine unprofitable, does not certainly reveal a flattering state of matters; but still let the golden number of nine be for the last time applied, and we find that if it is to be held good, England ought to have under cultivation the goodly surface of upwards of forty-eight millions of acres, whereas tillage has not been extended to more than twenty-five-and-a-half millions. Besides, the computation assumed in the above table was made many years ago, and in the interval, Scottish agriculture has made greater strides than English. Many Highland lochs have been reclaimed, and the plough has been made to climb the highest mountains, since these figures were taken—and without holding out any prospect that the present generation will live to see Loch Lomond drained, or Prince Albert's turnips adorning the summits of Lochnagar, we have yet no hesitation in affirming that if Government were to quicken its snail-pace in the conducting of the trigonometrical survey of Scotland, the result would be seen to "turn," if it did not upset, the above "table," with a witness.

We have now investigated as the basis of Scotch representation, the electoral strength, the gross population, the revenue, the shipping, the superficial extent, and the available soil of Great Britain; and we submit, if we have not distinctly demonstrated, that in the impending Reform Bill Scotland ought and should have more than fifty-three members in the House of Commons. If there were any other available data for testing the subject, we should have been glad to have prosecuted it, but we must here stop procedure for sheer lack of materials. We may mention, however, before dismissing the question, that just now there are in Scotland seventy-one towns, each having a population of above two thousand, and a gross population of 243,519, with 26,443 inhabited houses which are not represented, except in conjunction with the counties in which they are situated, and which practically amounts to no burghal representation at all.

We shall now take the liberty of passing from the Lower to the Upper House of Parliament, in order that we may ascertain how Scotland has fared in the House of Peers.

At the Union, the Peerage of Scotland numbered..	154
Of those there were allowed to sit in the House of Lords, by election..........................	16
At the Irish Union, the Peerage of Ireland consisted of..................................	214

Of these there were allowed to sit in the House of Lords:—

Bishops by rotation	4	
Lay Peers for life	27	
		31

Here there is no "injustice" to Ireland—for, with only about a third more of oligarchs than Scotland, Ireland sent to Parliament double the number of coronets despatched by Scotia.

But let us see how matters have fared since the time of the Union. No Scotch or Irish Peers could sit in Parliament by virtue of their native patents, but there was nothing to hinder either of the two from being created British Peers, by virtue of which they could become hereditary members of the Upper House, with all the rights and privileges possessed by the oldest English lord who could trace his stock up to the era of the Conquest. Accordingly, this facility for manufacturing members for the second estate has not been lost sight of, as it was in some respects advantageous to introduce ready-made lords into the upper chamber, rather than to ennoble commoners by the score.

Since the Scotch Union, number of Scotch Peers who have been made British Peers	41
Since the Irish Union, number of Irish Peers who have been made British Peers	70

Still again no "injustice" to Ireland, for if the Irish permanent creations are not double, as in the case of the representative peerages, it must be borne in mind that the Scotch Union took place in 1707, and the Irish not until 1799, so that in the phraseology of that graphic delineator of the habitudes of his countrymen, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, the Scotch lords had been "boo, booing" for promotion nearly one hundred years before the Irish nobility bent their necks for Saxon ribbons.

The House of Peers now stands thus:—

Scotch Representation Peers	16	
„ Peers by creation	41	
		57
Irish Prelates	4	
„ Representation Peers	27	
„ Peers by creation	70	
		101
English Prelates	26	
Royal and Lay English Peers	257	
		283
Total House of Peers..		441

Ireland is thus twice as strong as Scotland in the Upper House, and England is nearly three times stronger than ill-fated Erin. The Irish ecclesiastical voice is weak, but as the two established churches of England and Ireland are the same, this is of less consequence. Scotland however, has no voice at all in the House of Lords. Perhaps the genius of the Scotch Church is not suited for representation in the hereditary branch of the legislature, but had some of the Scotch ministers been there, the recent disastrous split in the kirk might have been averted.

It is possible that the accuracy of the figures which have been adduced, may be admitted, and the conclusions founded on them may after all be rejected—and this, on the ground that, although Great Britain is composed of what was once three kingdoms, yet they are now legislatively one nation, and distinctions are so rapidly being fused down, that it really is no consequence to what extent ancient and obsolete land-marks are taken into account, in adjusting our current representations. There is much truth in this, and we are not indisposed to attach due weight to such a consideration—but then, as we have already stated, Scotland differs in its ecclesiastical platform, and in its legal code, from the other portions of the empire, and so long as these differential usages are prolonged, Scotland cannot with safety to its own peculiar interests, consent to be thrust aside after the fashions of past years. If a Scotch measure requires to be introduced, it is sure to be cushioned till the fag end of the Session—and after it is allowed to be mooted in St. Stephen's it is postponed and postponed again, till human endurance becomes exhausted, and the wearied Scotch patriots are glad to let it sink altogether. How often, for example, have the Scotch University Lists, the Sheriff's Courts, and the Edinburgh Annuity Tax Bills been brought forward, been adjourned, and then finally tossed overboard? Meetings innumerable have been held; deputations without end have dunned Cabinets, and have waited on influential members, and striven in every form to obtain Parliamentary redress, and yet at the time we now write, the end seems as far off as ever. No purely English or Irish grievances of such clamant character, would have been put off so long—at least our disappointments tend to make us think so; and in such matters, the sense of injustice is as much to be deprecated as the reality.

Another source of annoyance is the careless manner in which the phraseology of Acts of Parliament is often couched.* Let any lawyer examine the Statute-book, since 1707, and we defy him, in hundreds of cases, to say whether certain acts are applicable to Scotland or not. There are numerous instances where we would be glad to take advantage of the provisions of certain admirable statutes, and in whose operation Scotland may, by implication, seem to be included, but which, from their non-recognition of our peculiar legal machinery, are to us, practically, a dead letter. This defect might have been easily remedied at the time, had any Scotch member been at the trouble of enquiring at the framer of a new law if he intended that its incidence should be limited by the Tweed. Of late, we admit, that a clause has been inserted in bills, defining the sweep of their operations, but the practice has not been general, and inattention to it has caused much irregularity and confusion, which a more careful attention to Scotch interests might have prevented.

* "It was accidentally discovered, last year, that in an *English* Law Reform Bill (which, from its title, no one could suppose, was intended to apply to Scotland) a clause had been inserted by the Attorney-General placing all Scotland under the jurisdiction of the English Law Courts."—*Statement of Scottish Association.*

In our last we anticipated that the cry of "Justice to Scotland" would gain strength, and we have not been mistaken. An "Association for the Maintenance of Scottish Rights" has been formed, and although a tendency to exaggeration is observable in the address issued by this body, and despite the somewhat motley character of its list of adherents, who, from differences in politics, are not likely to agree as to what really constitute grievances, and much less as to what should be appropriate remedies—yet the movement is entitled to more sympathy, and is likely to attract more notice than some portions of the Scottish press seem willing to admit. Their catalogue of wrongs is long, and some of the items may appear to have been brought to light by a microscopic eye, but then it must be borne in mind that every lawyer crams his brief, and that he is bound to swell his case to the best advantage; and there is always a natural tendency to make more than adequate atonement for remissness, when claims long neglected come to be vindicated. What more than anything, also, will tend to make this association formidable is the circumstance that an injury, of some kind or other, is made out as having been inflicted on every conceivable section of the community, and each is in turn appealed to for assistance.

Thus the ire of the Modern Athenians is sought to be roused by their being told that while Government pays the Dublin police; Aulk Reekie has to support her own "true blue" and fire-side defenders. The Scotch in general are sought to rise in arms, because the Act regarding Free Libraries and Museums has not been extended to the north —because the Commissioners of Woods and Forests prop up English abbeys and lay out English parks, while Scotch palaces are left to the owls and bats, and Sawny by inuendo is himself left to follow Sydney Smith's advice, of going bare-legged to his native hills for fresh air, with a bag of sulphur in one hand, and the Confession of Faith in the other. The Placemen of Scotland are called on to declare war, because their occupation is gone or limited by the annihilation of the Scotch mint, the unmerciful pruning of the Excise, Customs, and Stamp Offices, because the functionaries of the Dublin Post-office rejoice in larger salaries than their brethren in the Edinburgh establishment, and because Glasgow cannot get a decent post-office. Inventors are invited to grumble, because the Patent law is cumbrous in its Scotch working. Savants are tempted to indulge in the unphilosophical pastime of agitation, because England and Ireland get grants to their National Galleries of Art, to their Geological, Natural History, Antiquarian and General Museums, while Scotland gets nothing, or the next thing to it, for such purposes. University professors are solicited to join in the *mêlee*, because they are not represented, and because they receive shabby grants from the Treasury. The medical men are expected, and certainly not without reason, to be bilious, because Dublin hospitals get large sums and Scotch infirmaries none—because the stamps required for Scotch graduates, and Scotch physicians are much higher than those exacted from Hibernian members of the healing art—because the Board of Health ignored the Scotch faculty during the visitationo f the cholera—and because, while English leeches may practice in Scotland, Scotch chirurgeons cannot in virtue of the English Apothecaries Act, bleed and blister in England with like impunity. The nobility of Scotland are requested to co-operate, because state appointments have been cut down by the score, and because those few which have been spared are not paid for. Scotch warriors are asked to unsheathe the claymore because there is only one major-general, and he has a staff of only one officer in all Scotland—because the governorship of Edinburgh castle has been annexed to something else —because by the dismantlement of our forts, we are left as prey to the spoilers—because the course at the Scottish Naval and Military Academy is not recognised like the teaching at Sandhurst—because we have no army charities, like Greenwich, and because we have no arsenals; and last of all the marine interest is asked to lend a hand, because, while England has five harbours of refuge, Scotland has none—because it has no dockyard, and because the Trinity House threatens to extinguish the Scotch Light House Commissioners. And so forth. Every one, unlike Canning's knife-grinder, must have a story to tell. One may well pause and take breath after recording even in the most summary fashion, such a host of complaints. That many of them are well-founded we doubt not—and, indeed, we pointed out not a few of them two months ago—but a very small proportion of these, we are bound to aver, have been perpetrated with any deliberate direct intention of injuring Scotland. England and Ireland have, unquestionably, been looking after their own interests; but if we did not at the time stand up and vindicate our rights, it is we ourselves and not they that are mainly to blame. With all our disabilities and disadvantages, no attempt was ever made to drown the national voice—no one ever tried to choke the Scotch bagpipe, or let out its wind; there was nothing to have prevented us from making a bolder stand than we did. Did we select our members for their Scotch patriotism? Did we try to make patriots of those whom we selected? and have Scotch members on all occasions done their duty? Let these queries be fairly answered before we censure others. The Scotch have been an industrious, commercial people, not overly given to politics, but yet the Scotch voice has been heard tolerably loud in the political contentions of the day, and this infers leadership and organization. Now who have been our leaders? The busy politicians in Scotland have been the lawyers, who, more than any other class in the country, can make politics pay; and, from the advocate in the Parliament-house, who looked for a sheriffdom or a judgeship, down to the smallest country writer, who longed to be made procurator-fiscal, there were swarms of legal time-servers, who would attack Whigs or Tories, as the case might be, but who would not breathe the smallest whisper in favour of

national interests, if the wrong happened to be done by their own party, or if its exposure, when perpetrated by the opposition, did not happen to suit their own side. These gentlemen had too much to do in minding their own affairs, to attend to those of the kingdom at large. It were, however, an injustice to the legal profession to award a monopoly of blame to them; they had many lay coadjutors, whose expectant eyes being fixed on cadetships for sons, and places in the Excise and Customs, to their other "belongings," doughtily pursued a similar line of remunerative policy; and having in due season reaped their rewards, they wisely preserved a "calm sough" regarding matters that did not immediately affect themselves as individuals. This is the plain history of the matter; and if the Scottish community quietly allowed those self-constituted champions to feather their own nests, and to neglect the weightier interests of the nation at large, let not England or Ireland be blamed, if they had the spirit to act otherwise.

Now, however, the eyes of the nation are being opened, and indeed the danger as we have already hinted, consists in our becoming too wide awake, and in consequence there is some risk of our indulging in a snappishness of tone, and of preferring selfish demands on all occasions when Scotch interests are, or are only supposed to be, involved. We would caution our countrymen against the Irish system of complaint, and would have them to go to work in a steady and temperate manner. In the first place let us see to get an increase of members, when the proper time comes—that we think may be contended for as an act of simple justice. Let our representatives be well selected, and well schooled after they have been selected, and then our affairs will be vigilantly seen to. But let there be no mistake in deciding, as to what constitutes fidelity to Scotch interests—we should be sorry if this movement were to degenerate into a dirty scramble for money grants, and a trumpery agitation for the revival of sinecures—it were but degradation in the extreme, if every time that England draws a shilling, and Ireland sixpence, Scotland should be bawling out for its twopence. This would never do—we must rather move on—and the best way to do this, is not to raise Scotland to the height of England and Ireland, but to bring them down to the level of Scotland. Let the policy of our representation be to refuse sternly all places, pensions and grants to others, that are denied to us; and this on the ground that, as we have been able to get on without them, so may they. Let them thus start light-weighted with us in the race, and let there be a generous contention, whether John, Alexander, or Patrick, shall at their own charge produce the best police, the best physicians, the best philosophers, the best sculptors, the best painters, the best citizens, the best everything. And this will be "Justice to Scotland."

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS.

It might be six or seven days after the departure of Arthur Denning, that Miss Spicer was agreeably surprised by a notice from Mr. Tremont to prepare a suite of rooms for the reception of the Coadjutor. I say "agreeably surprised," because nothing could have been more accordant with Miss Spicer's turn of mind, than the turning and overturning of furniture, the raising of dust clouds, the use of soap and water to allay the same, the setting in a bustle of the body menial —and all those matters supposed to comport with the character she was most anxious to maintain—namely, that of an active housekeeper. Indeed, the organizing faculty was so strong in Miss Spicer, that she was often known to disorganize everything in the establishment, that she might have the pleasure of setting it in order again, and seeing a new and beautiful creation arise under her hand. She therefore seized upon the announcement of Mr. Tremont as a golden opportunity, and lay in bed awake half the night, forming plans for the morrow. The aforesaid "body menial" knew by the air of dignity in Miss Spicer's countenance, as she arrived to "turn them out" at an earlier hour than usual, that something was in agitation; and great were the preparations of hot water, and scrubbing brushes, and white-wash, in the superintendence of which she was directly up to the eyes.

"The house was to be cleaned from garret to cellar," said Miss Spicer, an operation which took place, according to routine, usually six times in the year, besides on particular occasions like the present, which were always hailed by that lady as special interpositions of Providence in her favour.

The four apartments for his lordship must be ready by Saturday, and the general establishment as prim as a new pin, from top to toe, for so distinguished a guest. Though no Catholic herself, Miss Spicer knew what was due to her character and standing as housekeeper. Be it remembered, however, that she was no housekeeper in the professional sense of the term; she was a sort of Duenna in the family, and practised the duties of housekeeper in an amateur sense, known only to those practical and business-like entities—the ladies of the United States. From room to room

went Miss Spicer, all day, directing and encouraging her forces both by precept and example; for it was a maxim of hers, "that nobody had any title"—taightle! Miss S. pronounced it, nasally—the nose, in all cases, being her principal organ of utterance—"title to direct others to do what they could not put their own hand to." Miss Spicer, therefore, in person rubbed the Indian flour into the carpets to cleanse them withal—purified the chandeliers, glass-drops, and other articles, and, tip-top achievement of clever housekeepers, indulged her fingers in the luxury of scrubbing white paint. The individual who was the main-stay in the execution of this operation, was an Irish girl, named Biddy Fagin, one of the most active "hands" in the household, and therefore in high esteem. Miss Spicer being the only Protestant under the roof ("barring the black coachman and the other niggers," whom Biddy, from the heights of her Circassian dignity, regarded "as no betther than the brutes, poor sowls," and therefore quite beneath her logic), Biddy had been seized with a great interest about her salvation, and took every opportunity to engage her in controversy. Miss Spicer's silent habits afforded great encouragement to poor Biddy, who fondly supposed her arguments therefore quite unanswerable. Miss Spicer being fairly engaged with the scrubbing brush on the window shutter, Biddy proceeded:

"Och, and that I should live to see the day, and honour and glory to it—when Biddy Fagin's unworthy fingers should be a scrubbing paint for his holiness—and yer own too Miss Spicer. Blessed is the church as has anointed Bishops and Prastes—not like them poor sheep of a meeting-house, left to their own silly thoughts a wandering up and down the world, without a Pastor to show them the good way through it, or to pray them out o' purgatory when they leave it. And it's the beautiful sermon Father Muller preached after mass last Sunday about the Coadjutor; and spoke so pretty. Father Muller is the prettiest and tallest priest that ever wore a frock—and it's handsome he'll look when waiting on his lordship."

"And what did he say?" said Miss Spicer, who always encouraged the serving maid in this sort of talk, as it served as a species of anointing oil both to her temper and to her fingers. "And how should I know," returned Biddy, "shure it was all in Dutch. Father Muller always preaches in Dutch, but Mr. Hornech told me it was all about the Coadjutor."

"It must have been more entertaining than edifying," said Miss Spicer.

This remark being somewhat above Biddy's intellects, she proceeded immediately to her favourite subject—"the blessed Saint Mary Magdalene." Biddy always assumed a very sedate and solemn aspect when approaching this sacred theme. Her voice fell into a deep-toned cadence, and the words came out lengthened and slow. "And my own saint she is!" said Biddy, "barrin that I was born on St. Bridget's day, and was put under her protection as well as her name at the holy font. Do you know about the blessed Saint Mary Magdalene, my lady?"

"Oh yes!" said Miss Spicer encouragingly, as she rang the cloths out of the water, and Biddy scrubbed off the points of her fingers in her zeal. "Poor thing and it's a wanderer she was shure, but turned a worthy penitent at last; and longed sore to go to confession. And she stood at the door of the church under the belfry, all clothed in rags; shamed to go in, shure, for she was a sinner. And the praste went out, and took her by the hand, and led her up the aisle to the holy altar. After that she sinned again and ran away for shame to the wilderness, and was found by the angels by the river of Jordan.

"And there was the blessed St. Mogue too," continued Biddy, "the church of St. Mogue is in the valley where I was born, in Ireland; and many's the day I have gone to mass, with the blessed St. Mogue, standing in his niche, before the high altar. The wicked Protestants, bad luck to them, once threw down the image of the blessed St. Mogue; and when the praste came to morning prayers, there was the saint lying on his face, with the palms of his hands broken off, and his feet broken off, and nothing left to him but the stump of his blessed body. Well, would ye believe it—in answer to the prayers of the bishop—the next morning when the praste went in, there was the blessed St. Mogue standing in his place again, whole in lith and limb, and none the worse. Well anon, the heretick soldiers came round again, and they never left the church this time till they burnt it. But the blessed St. Mogue took care of his own, and built up the church again, in a night, fair and stately—with stone and lime—and there it was in the morning as fresh as a daisy."

"Strange indeed," said Miss Spicer.

"Bless your heart, Madam," returned Biddy, "I saw it with my own eyes. And it's the great consecration we're goin to see, when his lordship the Coadjutor comes. And the beautiful new church that's didicated to Saint John. His rivirance is going to bring with him a rilic—a grate rilic in a golden box—nothing more or less than a bit of the nail of Saint John's blessed big toe, and found by the angels in a cave in Jerusalem. Och, and it is my young lady that will be rejoicing—'A most worthy and pious young lady is yer mistress,"—says Father Dollard to me one day. And, och, I thinks myself, but she's most worthy to be a saint. Many's the cowld morning betimes, and the snow on the earth, have I opened the door for her, and she away on foot to the Cathedral, and on her knees scrubbing the altar floor. And barrin when at church duty, she neither lets sun or wind look on her, and can't set foot out of doors without carriage and liveries. Och, but she's a humble lady, and sets little account on rest and ease, when duty knocks at the door. Every morning of the last seven, have I let her out to early prayers at five o'clock; and think it is almost true what Father Dollard says, that Heaven is training her to be a holy nun."

By this time the paint was as white and stain-

less as a mirror, Biddy's talk, as had been remarked by Miss Spicer, having served her as a sort of "elbow grease."

Miss Spicer having thus managed all the servants in her own way, by practising on their weak points, and other approved methods, so as to get the greatest possible amount of work out of each —a tact on which she prided herself—the four apartments were duly prepared, and the genius of order once more assumed its sovereignty over the lately revolutionized establishment. And now, all anxiously awaited their distinguished guest, who was expected from Europe, as Mr. Tremont was formally informed, by the next Liverpool steam-ship.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARRIVAL.

The Coadjutor arrived punctually at the appointed day and hour. He was welcomed with the respect due to so distinguished a guest, and received his honour as one to whom honour is due. He was affectionate to his sister, courteous to Mr. Tremont, but took little notice of Blanche, beyond the ordinary forms of salutation.

"What do you think of my brother?"—was the natural question of Miss O'Gorman to Blanche, as soon as they found themselves alone.

"I can scarcely tell—he is altogether so peculiar—Do you know it strikes me, I have seen or known him before; he seems not entirely new to me. But no! quite impossible! When he speaks, I seem to have some distinct consciousness for a moment, of some former knowledge of him; and I am on the point, as I think, of recollecting all about it; but the remembrance eludes me like a shadow or a ghost, and I am as much in the dark as ever. Don't you think, Charlotte,"—said Miss Tremont, after a pause—"your brother has the sweetest voice you ever heard?"

"I never remarked"—said Miss O'Gorman, indifferently.

Blanche sat after this in an absent musing fashion for nearly an hour, leaning back in her chair, and seeming utterly unconscious of the world and all that was in it.

Meantime, one day succeeded another, and the Coadjutor appeared to be holding the little court of his diocese in the villa of Mr. Tremont. The principal personages of the neighbourhood had been invited to do him honour, and his time passed in a continual routine of visiting. He had no leisure to bestow upon one so unimportant as Blanche; and she saw many days pass without being able to elicit one word of counsel, or to consult with him upon the subject, with regard to which she had hoped for so much benefit from his advice and assistance. Besides, Denning was absent, and here was a flaw in the main point of her design.

One night late, when as she thought the family circle had all dispersed, she was engaged in covering up her harp; and, previous to doing so, had touched a few chords of a wild air that struck her. She found herself suddenly turn round as if attracted by some electric influence, and saw the Coadjutor leaning against the railing which separated the balcony from the apartment, with his eyes fixed upon her with an earnestness that made her start and utter a slight, though suppressed scream. Her first impulse was to retire; but recovering herself in a moment, and thinking how foolish it would appear, she remained.

"Come hither, my daughter," said he, advancing into the apartment; and he regarded her with so much benignity and kindness that Blanche felt ashamed of her former nervous agitation. The Coadjutor was a handsome man, with the fascination, when he so willed it, in his countenance, which high culture and high breeding impart. His face was hollowed by thought, and with a paleness rendered impressive by the blackness of his eyes and hair. The slight flurry and agitation of Blanche heightened the style of her beauty, as she approached him in obedience to his command; and so they stood there together, the pastor and the lamb of his fold. Blanche had always regarded him with a sort of fear, which was now not quite invisible in her manner.

"You do not dread me, my daughter," said he.

"I ought not—you are too good!"

"I blame myself that I have been so negligent of you. Having so many affairs to occupy me, it was impossible—believe me, I have not been altogether so mindless of you as it appeared. I have watched you often, and seen that you were not very happy. Nay, marvel not, the fathers of the church watch over the darlings of their flocks with the penetrating eyes of spiritual affection, and are as quick to discern their sufferings as they are eager to administer relief."

Blanche marvelled; he had hitherto been so reserved and so inaccessible; and now it seemed as if the very angel of mercy was in his voice. She felt the same fascination come over her that she had recollected on a previous occasion, and listened to the sound as to that of vaguely remembered music.

"There is not much to tell, dear father," said she; "but I am much perplexed, and have longed for your counsel more than for anything on earth."

"It is too late to-night, but come to me to-morrow to my study. I will devote the morning to you, and assist, as best I may, in making the sun of peace enlighten a lot which ought to be so tranquil. You have been too well-instructed in your duties, dear daughter, not to know that a full and frank disclosure on the point to which you allude, is not only necessary, but a complete unveiling of your mind, your habits, and your life. You will bring any books you may be engaged with at present, that I may judge of the species of nutriment upon which your mind pastures itself. Your confessor is your second self, with a wisdom to direct the affairs of your lot, infallible, because divinely imparted—which you, poor, frail lamb, are too erring to supply."

"I shall not fail to do all this," said Blanche, "and I hope much from your saintly wisdom and pastoral love."

"Good night! and may the great God watch

over you, and bless your rest." There was a cushion near, and Blanche, by a sort of instinct, knelt upon it and bent her head under his hands,

He clasped them, over that beautiful head, covered with waves of rich brown hair, and—with that deep musical voice of his — murmured a benediction. Blanche remained kneeling on the cushion after it was over, as if loath to be gone and lose its echo. She rose, however, after a few moments, and glided noiselessly through the dim light of the apartment, mounted the staircase, and gained her own room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN PARTY.—HOW THEY MANAGE A CANVASS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

The Hon. Judge Lamplighter put forward his pretensions as a candidate for the presidency of the United States in the Whig interest, in the year 18—. The honourable gentleman was a Perfectionist, and built much upon the support of his pretensions by that sect which is one of the most numerous in the country. The gentleman and his lady, who were travelling upon an ostensible pleasure tour, at length reached Philippi, the capital manufacturing city of the Valley of the Saskatchawan. Though persons of wealth and consideration, they took up their quarters at an obscure, fourth-rate hotel. There the Hon. Mr. Lamplighter, accustomed to preside, and with a good grace too, on the Supreme Judicial Bench of his country, received his friends, decked out in an old threadbare surtout, a dirty white neckcloth, trousers terribly worn in the seams, with extremities that terminated about half-way below his knees, and were there met by the leathern folds of one of the ugliest and longest-footed pair of boots that ever deformed the human limbs divine.

Neither was the Hon. Mrs. Lamplighter at all behind in the duties of the canvass. Mrs. Lamplighter occupied a drawing-room of which the furniture was very shabby and mean, and quite defiant of the pomps and vanities of this life;—and was there surrounded by the Perfectionist ladies, whose husbands and male relatives were holding converse in another place on graver matters with the prospective President. The Perfectionist ladies were distinguished by the absence of colour and ornament in their costume, by wearing long poke-bonnets trimmed with very little bits of white or grey ribbon, quite scornful of furbelows or bows. With these personages Mrs. Lamplighter was reported to have engaged in mutual exhortations during the course of the morning. They had also engaged in singing hymns more than once, and the intervals of the time being filled up with gossip, the lady congratulated herself that she had subserved the purposes of her husband admirably, and made many staunch friends. Her own friends would not have known her, as she sat thus robed in a grey stuff dress, very high necked and very precise in the cut, with her hair much of the same shade, drawn off her face and twisted up behind in a comb—so displaying the angular proportions of a very thin physiognomy—and making of her, what she doubtlessly desired for the present to appear, the very beau ideal of a prim and precise Perfectionist lady. Mrs. Lamplighter's appearance, however, was very different in the polite circles of Washington and New York—circles which I am bound to say she was well qualified to adorn. But she was a sharp woman, and knew, that whoever would float on to fame and fortune, must not resist the currents of the time and tide.

There was a party at this time struggling into existence in some of the principal American towns, to test whose strength and vitality, was no inconsiderable item in the object of Mr. Lamplighter's tour, in order to ascertain thereby what influence his identification of himself with it might lend towards his future designs upon the Presidentship. This party, which afterwards so signalized itself in the politics of the country, ostensibly professed to have organized itself for the purpose of debarring all foreigners from political privileges, and especially from the franchise, till after a period of lengthened naturalization on the soil of the country. This, as we have stated, was its *ostensible* object, but its real one lay much deeper, and was a measure of defence necessarily resorted to by Protestants against the aggressions of their Catholic foes. The existing laws of the country ran, that every male who was of age should be admitted to the privileges of suffrage and citizenship, upon proving a residence of four years. The emigration of Catholic Irish being as ten to one of any other nation, it followed that priestly influence upon the elections was immense; and was beginning to show itself on the free soil of the West, after its usual benign and creditable manner. In a land where religious toleration is itself a sort of religion, it became necessary for the protestant community to veil their objects under a political disguise; and the doctrine that no foreigner should be admitted to naturalization till after a residence of twenty-five years, was everywhere promulgated and agitated for, and endeavoured to be passed into a law. One of the most active of the agitators was Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, a little, lithe, active young man, largely connected with the press, and whose influence, from acquaintanceship and personal association with editors and orators, and other directors of public opinion, was supposed to be great. The disinterestedness and the purity of his motives might sometimes have been doubted, but at present his zeal and activity made him the most useful agent of the party. More than this, Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney *had* one point on which he was quite sincere—and self-interest was the only other—namely, a hatred to all foreigners, particularly English ones, of whatever class, sect, or sentiment. Mr. Tunney was a deeper man than the Hon. Judge Lamplighter, but his superiority was veiled under such an air of frivolity and youthfulness, an air which he was in the habit of assuming to those he meant to victimize, that the judge honoured him by welcoming him in the secret recesses of his heart, as a very useful tool,

However, it was the judge's interest to appear to be patronized just now, and he was ready to lick the dust before every greasy, arrogant subject of of King Mob, that strutted into his presence.

"Well, now, judge!" said Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, holding out his hand condescendingly—"and how's yer health?"

"Pretty clever," returned the Judge, shaking the proffered hand long and warmly—"proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Tunney."

Mr. Lamplighter was now the centre of a knot of native Americans, eager to hear his sentiments upon the grand question. Much was expected from the *pumping* powers of Mr. Tunney.

"Happy to see ye among us, Sir!" said Mr. Tunney. "Much a doing in yeur parts about the *native* American question, Sir? What's yer sentiments now on that 'ere point?"

"Much occupied with the duties of my office, gentlemen, have not had leisure to form an opinion, or give that attention to the subject which its great importance demands."

"Very plain case, Sir," said the quick shrill voice of Mr. Tunney, "overwhelming numbers joined the party, Sir—It will be a Presidency question, Sir. *Native* American, Sir, or Anti-*native* American. These are your two candidates, Sir. Whigs, Liberty-men, Free-sailors, all with us—on one *Native*-American ticket, Sir. It's a question, Sir, whether this great country shall be governed by *natives* or foreigners; whether the insiduous tyranny of England is to be permitted to suborn the free institutions of this great country by means of her famine stricken hordes ingrafted into this our body politic, Sir—or whether we shall still present to degenerate Eu*rope* the spectacle of a free, united, happy, model-people, Sir."

These noble and patriotic sentiments being warmly responded to by the companions by whom he was backed, and who cheered him as if he had been making a speech, the Hon. Mr. Lamplighter found that he was expected to make a suitable reply, and was clearing his throat for that purpose, when a hubbub among his visitors, fortunately for him, diverted their attention. Cries of "a spy—a spy—turn him out!" were uttered by the thin though vehement voice of Mr. Tunney; when lo! in the object of his animadversions was discovered among the throng, the handsome and stalwart proportions of our friend, Arthur Denning.

"A spy, gentlemen?" cried he, "take care to whom you apply such a word. I am here to pay my respects to my personal friend, Mr. Lamplighter; and budge not a hair's breadth, for all the tongues in Philippi."

"This is a political conference, Sir—and you are an enemy in the camp—an Englishman and a foreigner—out, out!" said Mr. Tunney, his eyes sparkling with rage.

"Out, out!" was echoed by the assembly, while several of its number began to make suspicious demonstrations in the direction of Denning.

"I entreat that no violence be offered to Mr. Denning," said Mr. Lamplighter—"what he says is true—he is my personal friend."

"Enough, enough," said Mr. Tunney, suddenly changing his tone, "here has been a great failure and a great disappointment. The man who owns an Englishman and a foreigner for his friend, has rendered his political principles suspected, and our support impossible." So saying, he went out, and was quickly followed by the rest in succession, till in a few minutes Denning found himself standing absolutely alone with the dumb-foundered judge.

"I regret all this very much," said Denning, "having only called to express my thanks for your late kindness and hospitalities, when I visited you at Noph; and quite as ignorant, as you may believe, of the political nature of this reunion, as unforeseeing of its unfortunate result."

"Oh! do not mind it," said the judge, "it has not been quite useless. I have learnt from it one important lesson, viz., that the Native-American movement in this influential city has a much deeper root than I at all supposed."

"Come and dine with me at my hotel this evening," said Denning. If he had reflected for a moment upon the submissiveness exacted in a free country from a servant of the public, he would not have made such a request.

"Very sorry, but engaged this evening," said the judge, anxious to shuffle off the subject, and out of his visitor's presence.

"Adieu, then, Sir."

"Adieu!" The judge wore his arm in a sling. He had been shaking hands all day; and the arm being thereby stiffened, and rendered useless, one would think it could not make much difference in the sensations, whether they had been caused by the knout of a Russian autocrat, or inflicted by the remorseless salutations of supreme King Mob.

CHAPTER X.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

While his reverence the Coadjutor had been sojourning at the residence of Mr. Tremont, Arthur Denning was occupied with a journey into the south and west, and upon that occasion had indebted himself for civilities and hospitalities to the Hon. Mr. Lamplighter, to whom he had been furnished with letters of introduction.

On the morning of his return to Philippi, he had happened to alight at the hotel where that gentleman was sojourning, and upon that occasion had innocently brought upon him the discomfiture to which we have just alluded. Immediately after, riding to Mr. Tremont's, he was informed that the ladies had gone out to be present at the profession of a couple of nuns, which was at that moment taking place, with great ceremony, at the cathedral, under the auspices of the Coadjutor. Denning instantly discovered that he would like to see the ceremony, and soon found himself within the walls of the cathedral. The church was so crowded that he could not proceed far forward; and he stood in the aisle, from whence he could see the ceremonies. These appeared to be near their close; and the two poor nuns had just

returned from the vestry-room, habited, for the first time, in the frightful conventual dress, and looking under its coffin-shaped outlines, as they flitted to and fro within the altar rails, among the priests, nuns, boys, girls, and other officials with which the space was crowded, exactly what a hideous fancy would conceive as the appearance proper to a pair of vampires released from the white bondage of grave-clothes and shroud. The organ was pealing, and a long range of coffin shapes stood on their edges round the altar, each holding a lighted candle. The Coadjutor with a high gold mitre on his head, and heavy gold robes and capes, beneath which he bore the appearance of a gilded case planted on a pedestal, sat on a dais, as the centre-piece of this imposing ceremonial, and looked approvingly on. A dozen of priests stood on one side of him, and about a score of little boys and girls on the other, holding up flags and waxen images on the heads of long poles. The voices of the nuns were chanting the "Miserere," after a very lugubrious fashion, to the accompaniment of the organ, when the two professing nuns were led round by the Mother Superior and the Mother Assistant, as the closing point in the proceedings, to receive the salutations of the sisterhood. The poor things put the best face possible upon it, grinning and grimacing with the tears in their eyes as they were led round—and, with a curtsey, looking more like a waddle, under their stiff new garments, than the usual graceful inclination performed by females, to each of the black coffin shapes successively, who returned the same with a salute on each cheek—the business was concluded.

The ceremony was very impressive; some of the young ladies among the audience were in tears; and Denning, catching at length a glance at the face of Blanche Tremont, whose figure he had been watching ever since his entrance, saw there an expression so wistful and so wrapped, as if her soul were in the ceremonial, that he felt quite annoyed and vexed that it should be so. Though the next moment he saw that it was the most natural feeling in the world for a Roman Catholic in sight of an imposing rite, and for a girl young and a little romantic. He waited at the church-door while she and Miss O'Gorman issued with the rest of the assembly, through the aisle. He had not seen her for weeks; he was dying to speak to her—to touch her hand. She discovered him in a few moments, and for the first time. There was affection and joy in his eyes: he felt it! But at sight of him a strange expression passed over her face—was it bashfulness—was it surprise—was it assumed reserve? At any rate there was no pleasure there—in that he felt he could not be mistaken.

He took no notice, however, and endeavoured to greet Miss O'Gorman and her with his usual cordiality. He escorted them to their carriage, and Charlotte said, they were this evening to go to a party at the house of Mrs. ——, a mutual acquaintance, and of course would meet him there. He answered, "that he had seen the card lying on his table before he came out; but would not go, being fatigued after travel." This was not exactly true, however, for he had intended to be present, if only for the sole purpose of meeting them. But Blanche's manner had made him change his mind. Perhaps he was in hopes of piquing her a little, by a course so unusual; perhaps he was in hopes of extorting from her some hint deprecatory of his resolution. The very gentlest would have determined him; for he would have flown over the earth to gratify her slightest wish; at least he felt as if he could have done it. It was not given, however, and Denning in a few moments took leave of them and made the best of his way to his solitary home.

Through the zig-zag course of Denning's meditations on this night we shall not attempt to follow. Suffice it to say, that he rose on the following morning determined to go straight to Blanche Tremont. He had succeeded in persuading himself that her coldness had been all a phantom of his own imagination, and unworthy to hold the smallest weight in the balance of his thoughts. What more natural than that she should have been impressed with a solemn ceremony; perhaps his manner might have betrayed a little of the surprise or displeasure he felt on this account. He could not expect that she would press him or urge him to meet her, or to come into her presence, if he showed at first any reluctance. In short, the fault, if there really was any, lay at his own door; and he was all eagerness and haste to make amends, and to rush to her feet with entreaties, or apology, or anything, to be friends. Besides, he had had yet no opportunity of speaking with her on the subject broached by Mr. Tremont on their last important interview; and he had now proposed to himself that the whole affair should be finally and satisfactorily settled.

With a light step and a lighter heart he stood on the threshold of the house at an early hour of the forenoon, and enquired for Blanche. She was in her morning-room, and engaged.

"Take my card, and say, I will follow in a moment." He bounded after the footman, and made his way into the apartment where he knew she always sat.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEAVEN WORKS.

She was alone at work; he thought indeed, he heard the escape of a footstep through the opposite door; it was probably Miss O'Gorman's, and he turned towards Blanche. She was dressed in a thin morning robe, and blue silk-jacket, with her hair twisted up in a net, and looked more that commonly well.

"It is a long time since we met," said Denning, "and you are looking lovelier than ever."

Miss Tremont made no reply beyond a nearly inaudible "indeed;" and sat with a still calm air, wonderfully irresponsive of his ardent manner.

"I am going to sit down, though you have not asked me—I have so much to tell you."

"Perhaps," said Blanche, casting down her eyes, and talking slowly, and firmly, as if each of her words stood alone, "you will thank me for having prevented you; when I tell you I think it better that there should be no more hypocrisies between us; and that we come to an explanation now and at once; that we may know each other in future."

This she said without agitation, and with an eye as cold as stone.

"What is the matter, Blanche?" said Denning, with an air as if a thunderbolt had struck him,—her demeanour and words were so novel and unexpected. He looked at her for a moment as if doubting whether or not she were in earnest.

"I would not wish to speak with resentment or passion, if only to show how earnest and irrevocable is the decision to which I have come," continued she; "I only intend an explanation, and that in justice to myself."

"I do not understand you!" said Denning—"for your own sake, talk no more in those riddles, but out with the worst without circumlocution."

"Alas, too well," said Blanche, with the same calm voice, "do I now understand you; and let me thank heaven I have been taught to do it before it is too late."

"Whither are you rushing?" said Denning, who was now beginning to be thoroughly roused. "Take care, a word uttered in a rash moment may mar the happiness of a long life."

"Oh, we have known each other for a long time," returned Blanche, relapsing from the stoicism which she had imposed upon herself, "How could you have taken so much pains, how could you have followed me so unremittingly, how could you have seemed so very much in earnest, until you had made it as earnest a thing as life with me, and have been playing a false base game after all."

"Go on," said Denning, biting his white lips fiercely—"go on, I am quite prepared."

"So true to yourself, so false to me," said Miss Tremont. "Oh! man, man, what a false, base worship lucre-worship is! For the sake of the dross they say, that man will perjure soul and body; and what then to dupe a poor woman's weak heart."

"What then, is it this?" said Denning, and it seemed as if in his despite he were gulping the words up one by one from his throat. "Is it this? that I courted you, and would have married you for what you had. Is it that?"

"Ah! why did you do it?" said Blanche, bursting into a paroxysm of tears. "I never considered that I had anything, never thought of it even."

"Miss Tremont," returned he, "some cruel, wicked influence has been near you; that was no thought of yours."

"Why then did you boast of it? was it not enough to have enjoyed in your own secret heart such a poor and petty triumph? It was not for your own honour to have done it of one whom you hoped to make the future associate of your fortunes, nor comporting with your usual dexterous management of the affair. Did you never hear, Denning, that walls have ears?"

Here the whole scene of the unfortunate midnight hour he had spent at the hotel, after leaving Miss Tremont's, on the eve of his journey down the river, struck upon him like a lightning flash.

"Did the possibility never strike you," he demanded, "of these words being false, or at least reported under a false colouring? That would have been a very simple solution of the affair—and the most natural, one would think. Tell me then," said he with a terrible earnestness, "did you believe it, Blanche? did you believe it?—woman, no evasions! This is no time for uncertainty. Did you believe it? With the foul calumny I have not now to do, but with your reception of it. Did you believe it? Yes, or no!"

Blanche was silent; but trembling beneath the vehemence that was in his eyes, she at length faltered out a slow, frightened, "Yes."

"Enough," he rejoined, "there is no more explanation nor apology possible—nothing but complete and utter distance."

"Would you plead," said Miss Tremont, with a relenting voice, "that I am labouring under a false conception, and you misrepresented?—quite impossible!"

"Impossible or not. I do not now enter upon the question. You gave credit to the foul accusation, which has set an impassable gulf between us—a gulf which forgiveness would exhaust itself to overleap. You, my affianced bride, with whom I would have shared my heart and my life, upon whom I would have conferred my home—this from you! Did you ever think Blanche, that had all been explained and proved to your satisfaction, and all at rest between us—I could ever have forgotten it—and that I would perhaps have feigned oblivion and acquiescence, and married you only to be revenged?"

Miss Tremont looked terrified at so much violence. His delicate and proud nature, urged on by the frightfulness of the accusation, in the very rebound from the extremes of its delicacy and nice honour, was betrayed into a greater coarseness and vehemence of demeanour, than one whom such motives would have startled less.

"Your money," said he, still more vehemently, "had you ten thousand times as much as you have, and you—touched as you one day shall be with remorse for a suspicion so foul—clasping my knees for forgiveness, all its worth would not buy it you. But, poor girl! let me utter no reproaches. You are weak—you are sore misled—you are breathing a corrupt atmosphere."

He cast his eyes down where a brilliant sapphire still glittered on her finger. "And you dared to wear it," he continued,—"it, given in a happy hour of confidence and love—while all the while the donor was immolated in your heart at the shrine of dark thoughts. Surely you did not believe it, and wear this; you could not have believed it; and perhaps all this is only some terrible jest to mock me." "But oh! God," said he, passing his hand across his brow—"a frightful thought has struck me; perhaps you

wished to believe it—perhaps you were changed, alienated, and loved me no longer; then was any suspicion possible. The beautiful genius, that so brightened our life so long, once fled—then did any black whisper, any demon of mistrust, find a ready entrance."

He looked earnestly into her eyes while his head seemed to reel and swim at the realization of all this sad wonder and change. She turned away as if frightened, while he took hold of her hand and tore the ring off her finger. It seemed a sort of relief to his feelings, to tear asunder the setting, and twist it to pieces by a kind of supernal strength.

"Were it not better all this were ended?" said he, pitching the destroyed trinket out of the window. "We understand each other: there is nothing further I believe." "Nothing!"

"Then farewell."

He departed. Blanche's eyes strained after his receding figure, with a strange, earnest look. She seemed even for a moment, as if she were about to call him back. Perhaps not till that instant did the full realization of what she had done, now that it was done, and as she felt irreversibly, rush to her mind—the full realization of all she had lost. Floods of tears rushed from her eyes, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa, and wept as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RUPTURE.

Denning, as he strode rapidly through the grounds, away from his false love, was scarcely master of himself. His compressed lips, pale face, and flashing eyes, told of some fearful internal struggle, and vividly struck Charlotte O'Gorman, who was approaching the house from an opposite direction, and met him full in the face. She could not forbear an expression of surprise.

"Pardon me, Mr. Denning!" said she, "you are ill, or something has occurred to disturb you."

"Oh, nothing at all—let me go—good morning, Miss O'Gorman;" and he looked as if he wished for nothing but to rush out of sight and hide himself from every human eye. But she laid her hand lightly on his arm, as if to detain him; and her quiet though plain face, full of sympathy, seemed to soften and disarm him.

"Will you not return to the house and wait Mr. Tremont's arrival?"

"To the house!" said he, "you know not what you ask. In the name of heaven, Charlotte, what do you know of that infernal business? Surely Blanche—here he stopped, for the word stuck in his throat."

"Indeed I know nothing at all," said Miss O'Gorman, "if I could say anything to comfort you I would. But if it relates to Blanche, I fear it is beyond the extent of my influence. Poor Blanche! there is something sadly wrong and changed with her of late, which has begotten a sort of reserve between us; and I do not understand her affairs so well as usual. But if I could be of any service to either on this occasion, you know how gladly"—

He saw at once by Miss O'Gorman's ingenuous manner, that whoever was involved in this affair, it was all an enigma to her; but he would not give himself the trouble to explain.

"There is but one thing, Charlotte, you can do for me. Restore her this. I ought not to have kept it for a moment, but I would not have returned it into her own hands. Charlotte, I shall never see her more."

Miss O'Gorman took mechanically a locket which he had pulled from his breast, with the ribband to which it was attached.

"Assuredly," said she, looking startled; but is it come to this? Yet I see you regret it—it is all a misunderstanding—a mistake! Do come back with me, and all will be well."

"A thousand thanks, good, dear Charlotte," said he, wringing her hand—"but my decision is irrevocable. Adieu!"

He was out of sight in a moment, and Miss O'Gorman went quickly to the house and sought Blanche. She was still lying on the sofa, and sobbing convulsively. Charlotte attempted consolation. "Will you not tell me all? I have seen and spoken with Denning; he, too, is distressed. Calm yourself, and all will be forgiven."

"Impossible!" returned Miss Tremont through her tears. "We can never meet again—and it is I who have done it. He seemed to have the very beauty of truth and nobleness in him as he repelled the accusation, and looked so very like all I used to believe him. I feel convinced now, that I wronged him—but I am lost past redemption, and forgiveness is impossible. I never knew how much I loved him until I lost him."

"I cannot perfectly comprehend," said Miss O'Gorman—"but that you accused him of some frightful thing. Depend upon it calumny has been at work. Who brought such things to your ears?"

"Ha!" ejaculated Miss Tremont, changing her manner into one of calmness, coldness, and sudden reserve.

"Have you consulted any body?" continued Charlotte, "your father—my brother?"

"Your brother knows all; I have taken his advice."

"Even so!" returned Charlotte; and then silence reigned between the girls. The utterance of that name appeared to have fallen like a breath of frost upon the hearts of both.

But an idea struck Charlotte. She had not fulfilled Denning's message; but kept the locket meanwhile in her custody. She would go to him directly, and strike the iron while the feelings of both were yet warm with love and regret. She saw that at this moment they loved each other more truly than they had ever done; and she would contrive an interview, and trusted much to the reconciling and forgiving power of strong affection.

She ordered the carriage, alleging that she had business in town, and would be away for an hour. On the threshold she met her brother. Would it inconvenience her, he enquired, to call at the convent; he had a written message for the Superior, and he requested her to deliver it to that lady with her own hands.

In the sealed note which she carried was written—

"There are particular reasons why the bearer of this should suffer restraint for a few days. She is to be detained at the convent, trusting to the ingenuity of the Superior to discover means of persuasion—but force used, if necessary. The Coadjutor will advise further on the subject."

In a short time the carriage returned without Miss O'Gorman. The servant reported that she intended spending the day with the sisters; and as this was quite a natural proceeding, it elicited no questions.

As to Denning, he went to his hotel; wrote a hurried letter to Mr. Tremont; ordered his servant to put up a few things for travelling—and in two hours was on board a steam-boat, with steam up for a long voyage to the far South-West.

(To be continued.)

INDIA, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS GOVERNMENTS.

No. 1.—THE HINDOOS AND MUSSULMANS.

If the nations who inhabit the regions extendng from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, from the Indies to the Burhampootra, spoke one language and possessed one literature, professed one religion and were under one sovreignty, they might, notwithstanding the distinction of races, constitute the most powerful empire in the world.

But from the earliest accounts—from the conquests by Alexander, limited to no great distance beyond the Indies, those nations have been engaged in destroying the inhabitants and devastating the territories of each other, enfeebling their strength, disturbing their internal tranquillity, and rendering life and property insecure. In fact, religious bigotry and traditional hatred have involved them in almost perpetual civil war, and opened their country and their cities to foreign invasion, rapine, and bloodshed.

We are not going to write even a sketch of Indian history. We will endeavour to review clearly and briefly the condition of the nations of Hindostan, before and since they became subject to British authority.

Without some accurate knowledge of the former as well as of the present condition of the religions, traditions, customs, and government of the people, it would be impossible to judge of, or legislate for, an empire of many nations, inhabited by 150 millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, and other Asiatics; all now ruled over by a Christian race, of which not more than 12,000, excluding the British regiments, are residents within the vast dominion of India.

Europeans usually judge of all other countries according to European ideas of right and wrong, of what is practicable and impracticable. Frenchmen, especially, judge all things according to French ideas; and nearly all Englishmen, whose travels have been confined to the United Kingdom, view through an English social and political medium, all other countries and people. This local and false view, has often led to the most unjust and impracticable conceptions and legislation.

Locke drew up the most beautiful and rational theory ever designed, of a Constitution, extending to one hundred and fifty-two clauses, for the government of Carolina. It was perfect and practical for such a nation, or state, as has never yet existed, and for a people all rationally and fully educated, with no supreme church—no intolerance in religion—with the utmost civil and political liberty, and with the most refined civilization; Mr. Locke's perfect constitution was, therefore, found utterly impracticable for the government of Carolina.

So with India. In our recent debates in the Commons, the arguments and remedies used by the opponents of the India Bill, were all excellent for Christians and Englishmen; but they were utterly unfit and impracticable for the government of Hindoos, Mohammedans, and other Asiatics.

If we seriously, impartially, and justly appreciate the empire over which the British Crown has extended its rule during the last hundred years, the responsibility of the Queen's government in administering, and of Parliament in legislating for India, constitute an accountability on the part of the Crown, of the Peers, and of the representatives of the people, tremendous in its magnitude and awful in its contemplation; but still not impracticable, with wisdom, intelligence, and justice, guiding those who administer the government, laws, and institutions of that mighty empire.

Let us, therefore, review the past, in order to bring knowledge and experience to aid our judgment in legislating with regard to the present and the future of India.

Notwithstanding the accounts which we have of the expeditions to India under Queen Semiramis and Darius, the only reliable acquaintance which we have of any part of India or its people is the notices which have been preserved of the conquests by Alexander to and beyond the Indus to the Hyphasis or Sutlej, and the voyage of Nearchus down the latter and the Indus to the ocean,

and thence by sea to the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates.

Alexander was prevented by his mutinous army from crossing the deserts which separate Lahore from the fertile countries drained by the streams of the Ganges. He, however, felled sufficient quantities of the majestic timber that grew on the banks of the Hydaspes to enable the Phœnician carpenters and mariners who accompanied him to construct a fleet of more than 2,000 ships, eighty-three of which had three banks of oars. With this splendid navy he descended the Indus to the sea, and he might have returned to the Euphrates and the Tigris by sea, but his army and mariners, all except his Admiral, Nearchus, and a few seamen, were terrified at the rise and fall of the tides, and the mysterious and apparently boundless ocean.

The Macedonian king, with his army, returned over the Sands of Beloochistan and other savage lands, finally reaching Kerman and his capital Babylon. His conquests in India were consequently abandoned, and we only know that he fought battles, performed hardy and daring exploits, that the inhabitants were Hindoos in religion, and ruled by their High Priests or Brahmins—that they were divided into hereditary castes, each of which had their respective employments and dignities—that the regions watered by the Jehun, Sutlej, and Indus, were populous and cultivated much in the same way, as when, in the beginning of the eleventh century, they were invaded and devastated by Mahmud, the Ghaznavide, and that the manners, customs, and habitations of the Hindoos were nearly similar to those which prevail at the present time.

It would appear from the short account given us by Arrian, who wrote also the voyage of Nearchus, that Seleucus, the general of Alexander, made an expedition to India to claim as his successor the countries conquered by the Macedonian; but meeting with the formidable power of Sandrocotta (or Chadragupta) the Emperor of nearly all India, the general abandoned his pretensions to any territory east of the Indus, and by intermarriage and mutual presents, a treaty of peace and friendship was concluded between the Hindoo monarch and the Greek warrior.

According to the account, preserved by Arrian, given by the ambassador sent by Seleucus to Palibothra, the capital of the empire, this metropolis, supposed by D'Auville, to be the holy city of *Allahabad*, at the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges, was then ten miles in length by two in breadth. It had lofty walls, with 570 towers, 60 gates, and surrounded by a broad ditch thirty cubits deep. Major Rennel insists that the city stood where Patna is now situated; and numerous other places, by Ptolomy and Pliny, as well as modern writers, are given as its site. The Emperor's army, says Arrian, consisted of 400,000 soldiers, with 2,000 chariots and 20,000 horsemen.

Such are the earliest reliable accounts of the Hindoos and of India. The Arabians from that period commenced to make voyages to India. Until the discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope to India, by the Portuguese; and until that nation opened a trade, formed settlements, and made conquests in Asia, during the early part of the sixteenth century, the Moors, or Arabs, alone traded with the empire of the Hindoos and Moguls, and supplied the Venetians and other European nations with the spices, precious gems, and cotton and silk fabrics of Hindostan. They described the countries they visited as rich and populous; and these accounts, no doubt, afterwards excited the avarice of the Mohammedan invaders, who, in their conquests, were remorseless in their cruelty, unsparing in their devastation, and tyrants in their domination over all the regions of Hindostan.

The early history of India, like that of many other countries, is utterly unknown, or fabulous. Their writers divide their annals into four periods or *Yugs*.

The social and moral conditions of nations and of races, are, in all countries, intimately and hereditarily influenced and moulded, according to the simplicity or complexity, the truth or the falsehood of their religious creed and the ceremonies and practices of their worship. Never in the history of the world has there been seen so absurd a catalogue of gods, doctrines, and monstrosities, as in the creed of the Hindoos.

The fabulous accounts of Menu, the son of Brahma, assert that a self-existent and invisible god had transformed the world from indiscernible darkness by the breaking of a golden egg, within which resided Brahma, the parent of all rational beings. Brahma, for many years, while within that egg, had meditated upon himself; and when delivered from it, on its being broken by the onset of a bull, he divided it into two equal parts, forming one into the heavens, the other into the earth, dividing them by the subtle æther and the eight points of the world, within which was formed a permanent receptacle of waters. The *Veda*, written in the *Labyrinthic Devinagara* characters, and understood only by the Brahmins, is considered to be a divine revelation. The various *Sastras*, or Commentaries, are composed in *Sanscrit*, the language in which also is written the *Puranos*, or circles of Hindoo science.

The first Yug or period of time, the Satyayug comprised 1,728,000 years, the second or Tretayuga 1,296,000, the Dwaparyug 864,000 years, and the remaining or Calyayug is to extend to 432,000 years. The first of these periods is described as the Golden Age of Innocence. In their fabulous writings they also give long lists of the dynasties of their kings, during the three past yugas, as well as of the dynasties who reigned at the same time in the sun and moon. Some of the Hindoo dynasties they say sprung from Pavana, the god of lands and rivers, and others from the firmaments.

After Brahma, the first god, next to the invisible of the great Hindoo Trinity, and who shares the essence of the supreme god, comes Vishnu, the preserver or deliverer, whose *avatars* or monstrous transformations in his descents to the earth, are

so conspicuous in the theology of the Hindoos. Vishnu sometimes appeared on earth or in the waters as a fish, or as a horse with several heads, and in various other hideous forms. Siva or the Destroyer is the third deity. Some of the Hindoos consider this god, who also makes visitations in various hideous forms, superior either to Brahma or Vishnu.

Among the female deities *Doorga* is the chief. Her original name was *Parvati*, but having at the head of an army of 9,000,000 of warriors, who, all *armed cap-a-pie*, sprung out of her body, destroyed the giant Doorga, she assumed his name. She is the partner of Siva, the destroyer. This goddess assumes as many transformations as Vishnu; occasionally appearing perfectly black, as Kalee the goddess of murder, the chief deity of the Thugs, with the skulls and hands of numerous slaughtered giants hanging round her waist, and two dead bodies suspended as ear-rings. The *avatars* of this monster are the most hideous of all representations of horrors. She is the peculiar goddess of the *Dakoits*, or robber-gangs of Bengal. The Thugs also always invoke and worship her, before setting out to commit their assassinations. Besides these gods and goddesses, there are a multitude of inferior deities, inhabiting the *Swerga*, a kind of heaven, and their number is represented as 333,000,000. A selection only is worshipped. One great deity is *Kartikeya*, the god of war. He has six heads and twelve hands, all bearing weapons, and he is represented as riding upon a huge peacock. Among the other deities is Ganessa, a fat monster, with the head of an elephant. A pious Hindoo will do nothing without invoking this terrible god. There are also other respective gods, as Suraya of the Sun; Pavana, of the winds; Agnee, of fire; Varuna, of the waters; Kuvera, of riches; Aswinder, of physicians; and Yama is a deity who judges the dead. Venus and Ceres appear united in the goddess of plenty and beauty, called *Laksmi*. The patroness of learning is called Saraswatti.

The Hindoos have also their devils, who occasionally storm and occupy the abodes of the Gods. The rivers and mountains are also deified. Even the serpents are included in the many objects of devotion; but the cow is the holiest of all animal deities. Transmigration of souls is inculcated by all the Brahmins and priests, and believed by all Hindoos.

The most splendid temples have been erected for the worship of the Hindoo deities; with all their vices and all the crimes sanctioned by Brahminical doctrines, they had virtues and morals, yet it is almost impossible for human imagination to conceive a religion so low and degrading to the human intellect as that which generally prevailed over India from the earliest period to the time of the first Mohammedan invasion. The Hindoos had however their system of astronomy, their zodiacs, and a knowledge of sciences not altogether peculiar to themselves. India, at the period of the first Mohammedan conquest, and long afterwards, presented the extremes of magnificence and barbarism. There were contrasted with splendid palaces and temples, Suttees, Thugees, Dakoitees, and infanticide, as universally prevailing customs and crimes sanctioned by religion.

Sir William Jones has, however, made us acquainted with some of the most sublime doctrines of one Supreme Deity found in the Vedas, especially the Holiest Text, which sets forth, "Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the godhead, who illumines all—who recreates all—from whom all proceed—to whom all must return—whom we invoke to direct our understanding aright in our progress towards his holy seat.

"What the Sun and light are to the visible world, that are the supreme *good* and *truth*, to the intellectual and invisible universe. Without eyes, he sees—without ears, he hears—without hand or foot, he runs rapidly and walks firmly. He knows whatever can be known, but there is none who knows him. Him the wise call the Supreme, Pervading Spirit."

But unhappily these beautiful and sublime ideas are inundated and drowned in the superstitious, idolatrous, and horrible worship of the more *terrible* and supposed *visible*, or at least *visitorial* deities of the hideous Pantheon of the Hindoos. Hope and fear, those passions which have, and ever will, influence mankind, are overruling in the superstitions of India, whether Hindoo or Mussulman. Nor must we overlook them while governing or making laws for India.

The first caste among the Hindoos is the Brahmin,—next the soldier,—then the capitalist or trader,—and then immeasurably low in degradation, the labourer. The distinctions and separations are hereditary and irrevocable.

The Bhudist worship is now chiefly confined to Ceylon, although it originated on the banks of the Ganges. The first great interference with the worshippers of the 333,000,000 of gods, was by those who came forth believing in an eternal truth, that there is but one God, and in the bold and successful falsehood that Mohamed is His Prophet. Mahmud, the Ghaznavede, or Ghiznivide, was the son of Subuktagi, the slave of the slave of the slave of the Caliph of Bagdad, or Commander of the Faithful; by serving his master in a successful revolution, he became his General in the sovereignty which he founded in Ghazna, or Ghizni, which included the country of the warlike Afghans, Cabul, and Candahar. Subuktagi is extolled as distinguished for wisdom, firmness, mercy, and simplicity. Mahmud, his son and successor, made twelve expeditions to India, between 997 and 1025; extended his empire from Transoxiana to the vicinity of Ispahan, and from the Caspian to the banks of the Indus. His war against the Hindoos, by which he acquired great wealth and historical fame, was a war of the religion of the Mussulman for the destruction of the idolatrous Gentoos. His conquests were more wonderful and successful than those of Alexander or Cæsar. Never was Mahmud discouraged by the formidable difficulties which lay between his own dominions and those of India. He overcame all the obstacles of the desert, of mountains, rivers, and climate. He marched over Cashmere

and Thibet to the upper Ganges; he encountered, and captured or destroyed 4,000 boats on the Indus; and he entered and plundered the populous rich cities of Bime, with its prodigious sacred wealth—of Tanassar, with its unparalleled rich shrine of gold; Kanouge, with its 30,000 Bete shops and 60,000 musicians; Muttra, sacred to the goddess Krishna, Moultan, and Delhi, Lahore, all abounding in wealth and splendour. He reduced the Rajahs to vassalage and the payment of tribute; and though he generally spared the lives of the people, he attacked the worship and holy places of the Hindoos with unsparing ferocity. He levelled several hundred temples and pagodas; thousands of idols were by his orders broken; and the precious metals and gems of which those gods and pagodas were constructed or adorned, amply rewarded the army of the Destroyers.

Of all those temples, the Pagoda of Sumnath in Guzerat was the most famous. It was flanked on three sides by the ocean, and was strongly fortified by art, as well as naturally by a narrow precipice on the land-side. The neighbouring city and country was inhabited by desperate fanatics. The great deity of the temple had his service performed daily by 2,000 Brahmins, and he was washed each morning in water brought from the Ganges. Two thousand villages contributed their whole revenue to maintain this gorgeous temple. To its service was also attached a body of 300 musicians, the same number of barbers, and 500 dancing girls of remarkable beauty, and belonging to families of distinction.

The fanatics of Sumnath admitted that the towns already conquered by Mahmud were punished for their sins; but they proudly asserted that those who worshipped in their temple, were so holy in their lives, that, if the Sultan dared to approach their sacred ground, the vengeance of their deity would overwhelm him in destruction. The Islamite was neither daunted by their threats or by the difficulties of a seige. Fifty thousand Gentoos were victimized by the scimitar or the spear of the Turks. The city and the temple were taken by assault, the pagoda was desecrated, and the priests insulted. The Brahmins stood around their idol, and as Mahmud approached to cleave its head, they offered a ransom in money equal in amount to more than £10,000,000 for its preservation. Mahmud scorned to bargain for idolatry. He broke the stone image by heavy blows with his mace. It was hollow within, and its belly was filled with rubies and pearls of incalculably greater value than the amount offered for its ransom. The fact affords a probable reason for the liberality and devotion of the Brahmins. The treasure and the fragments of the idol were sent triumphantly to the holy cities of Arabia and to Ghasna.

Mahmud, the *Ghasnavide*, returned with all the magnificence of a conqueror to his own dominions. He will ever rank as an eminent personage, and one of the most celebrated warriors in Oriental history. He was endowed with many virtues; rendered Ghizni a celebrated seat of learning—he founded a university, presided over by the philosopher, Oonsuri; yet after patronizing, he mortally offended the celebrated Ferdusi. His avarice was insatiable, and no man ever accumulated such great treasures of diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold and silver. In 1030 he died in grief, although at the head of an army of 100,000 infantry and 55,000 cavalry, with 1,300 war elephants, because the Turkmans, introduced by himself, had acquired a power which threatened the dissolution of his kingdom, and which, soon after his death, was overturned by the *Seldschukian* Turks, who established in Persia a new and famous dynasty.

The Ghisnivide Dynasty existed, reviving but more frequently declining in power, until destroyed by Mohammed Ghor, who established his brother's throne in Ghisni in 1174, annexed Lahore, attacked the powerful king of the Hindoos, and his army of 200,000 infantry and 3,000 elephants, and routed them with terrible slaughter, pursuing them for forty miles.

The King of Delhi raised a new and greater army; but the Mussulman marched into India, and with his squadrons of cavalry broke down the vaunted "rank-breaking elephants, the war-treading horses, and blood-thirsty soldiers" of the King of the Hindoos, although they had sworn by the Ganges to perish or conquer. The impetuosity of Scythian warfare put into utter confusion and into complete flight the great army of the King of Delhi, who fell in this battle, one of the most bloody on record. During the nine expeditions of Mohammed Ghor into Indostan, he carried back to Ghizni, treasures to an incredible amount, placed his lieutenant Cuttub in the Government of Delhi, defeated the King of Kanouje, besieged and entered the sacred city of Benares, destroyed its thousand shrines of idols, and sent 4,000 camels loaded with its treasures of precious stones and gold to Ghisni. But this great conqueror was assassinated while asleep, near the banks of the Indus, by a band of Gwickwars, who forced their way, after slaying the sentinels, into his chamber, where they plunged twenty daggers into his body. He left no heir, but his lieutenant Cuttub founded an independent kingdom, governed by Mohammedans, in the India of the Hindoos; while another lieutenant ruled in the Mussulman territories.

The Affghan Dynasty was distinguished for its ferocity, assassination, and irregular accessions to the throne, until broken down by the inroads and conquests of Timor the Tartar, called Tamerlane, and until vanquished by the most remarkable descendant of Tamerlane, the Great Baber, and the permanent founder of the Mahommedan, or Mogul Dynasty, in 1526.

During the three hundred years of the Affghan Dynasty, such was the irregularity of successions, caused by assassinations, civil wars, and treachery, that no family succeeded for three generations, in sitting on the throne of Delhi. No power has been pregnant with greater calamities than those which afflicted the Hindoos during the whole of the Affghan tyranny.

From the downfal of the Affghan Sovereigns, in 1526, until the death of Aurengezibe, in 1707, the Mogul Empire maintained a power and splendour over all India of the greatest magnificence; but from the death of that bigoted, intolerant, and yet bold and vigorous monarch, the decline of that empire was, until its fall, rapid and irretrievable.

The Mogul dynasty—the conquests of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French—the first intercourse of the English with Hindostan—the condition of India at that period—the progress of the Company until they became territorial Sovereigns, after the day on which Clive fought and gained the battle of Plussy—the Mahratta and other wars—the extinction of Portuguese, Dutch, and French power and commerce in and with India, we must reserve for our next, and its following numbers. But after fairly examining the government and administration of the East India Company, since that extraordinary corporation, of usually rather an ignorant than an intelligent proprietary, became territorial sovereigns—condemning their previous avaricious policy and the conduct of many of their officers and agents, who often committed great crimes, and outraged both religion and morals; looking at the radical defects of their plan of government, we are compelled to admit that it will appear wonderful in history, not that they have performed so little, but that they have accomplished so much, for the benefit of India, for the extension of British dominion, and with so few crimes to tarnish the honour, credit, and bravery of the nation, which sent forth the adventurers, merchants, fleets, and soldiers, who from being mere traders for 140 years, have progressively during the last 100 years made the Queen of England sovereign over all the kingdoms once forming the empire of the Hindoos, and afterwards of the Mohammedans and Mahrattas. M'G.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM THE STRANGERS' GALLERY.

Not far from Westminster Abbey, as most of our readers know well, stands the gorgeous pile which Mr. Barry has designed, and for which in a pecuniary sense a patient public has been rather handsomely bled. Few are there who have looked at that pile from the Bridge—or from the numerous steamers which throng the river—or loitered round it on a summer's eve, without feeling some little reverence for the spot haunted by noble memories and heroic shades —where to this day congregate the talent, the wealth, the learning, the wisdom of the land. It is true, there are men, and that amiable cynic, Mr. Henry Drummond, is one of them, who maintain that the House of Commons is utterly corrupt—that there is not a man in that House, but has his price; but we instinctively feel that such a general charge is false—that no institution could exist steeped in the demoralization Mr. Drummond supposes—that his statement is rather one of those ingenious paradoxes, in which eccentric men delight, than a sober exposition of the real truth. Mr. Drummond should know better. A poor penny-a-liner—of a bilious temperament, without a rap in his pocket—might be excused such cynicism; but it does not become an elderly religious gentleman, well shaven—with clean linen, and a good estate. The House of Commons is a mixed assembly. It contains the fool of quality—the Beotian squire—the needy adventurer—the unprincipled charlatan; but these men do not rule it—do not form its opinion—do not have have much influence in it. It is an assembly right in the main. Practically it consists of well-endowed, well-informed business men—men with little enthusiasm, but with plenty of common sense, and with more than average intellect, integrity, and wealth. Still more may be said. All that is great in our land is there. It boasts the brightest names in literature, in eloquence, and law. Our island-mother has no more distinguished sons than those whose names we see figuring day by day in the division lists. Nowhere can a man see an assembly more honourable, more to be held in honour, for all that men do honour, than the British House of Commons, to which we now propose to introduce the reader.

We suppose it to be the night of an important debate, and that we have an order for the Stranger's Gallery. As the gallery will not hold more than seventy, and as each member may give an order, it is very clear that at four, when the gallery will be thrown open, there will be more waiting for admission than the place can possibly contain, and that our only chance of getting in will be by being there as early as possible. When Mr. Gladstone brought forward the Budget, for instance, there were strangers waiting for admission as early as ten in the morning. We go down about one, and are immediately directed to a low, dark cellar, with but little light, save what comes from a fire, that makes the place anything but refreshingly cool or pleasant. Being of a stoical turn of mind, we bear our lot in patience, not, however, without thinking that the Commons might behave more respectfully to the sovereign people, than by consigning them to this horrid black hole. It is in vain we try to read—it is too dark for that; or to talk—the atmosphere is too oppressive even for that slight exertion; and so we wile away the time in a gentle

reverie, occasionally interrupted by the purchase of oranges from the merry Irish woman, who comes to us as a ministering angel, and is in capital spirits at doing so much business, and only wishes there was a budget once a week. As soon as this room is full, the rest of the strangers are put under the custody of the police in St. Stephen's Hall. This is much more pleasant than waiting in the cellar, for there is a continual passing to and fro of lords and lawyers, and M.P.'s and parliamentary agents and witnesses; so that if you do not get into the House, you still see something going on. But in the cellar you sit, as Shelley says,

> Like a party in a parlour,
> All silent, and all damned!

At length we hear the ringing of a bell, it is a welcome sound, for it announces that the Speaker is going to prayers. A few minutes, and another ringing makes us aware of the pleasing fact that that gentleman's devotions have already commenced. We are delighted to hear it, for we know that the policeman who has had us in charge, and who has ranged us in the order of our respective entrances, will presently command the first five to get out their orders and proceed. The happy moment at last arrives, and with a light heart we run up several flights of stairs and find ourselves in THE HOUSE.

At first we hardly know what we see. Chaos seems come again; every one is out of his place. On the Opposition benches sits Joseph Hume, on the Ministerial, Colonel Sibthorp. All is confusion and disorder. No one but the Speaker seems to know what he is about. It is the hour devoted to private business. Amidst the hum of conversation we hear the deep-toned voice of the Speaker, hastily reading over the titles of bills, and declaring them read a first, or second, or third time, as the case may be. Then we hear him announce the name of some honourable M.P., who immediately rises and reads a statement of the petition he holds in his hand, with which he immediately rushes down to the clerk, and which, thereupon, the Speaker declares, is ordered to lie upon the table—literally the petition is popped into a bag. In the meanwhile we take a look around. We are up in the Strangers' Gallery; before us is the Speaker's Gallery, which is a row nearer the busy scene, and which is furnished with easy leather cushions, while we sit upon bare boards. On either side of the house are galleries, very pleasant to sit, or lie, or occasionally sleep on, and by and by we shall see in them old fogies, red in the face, talking over the last bit of scandal, and young mustached lords or officers, sleeping away the time, to be ready, when the house breaks up, for

> Fresh fields and pastures new.

Opposite to us is the Reporters' Gallery. Already some dozen of them are there; those three boxes in the middle belong to the *Times*. At present, the gentlemen of the press are taking it easy; they will have to work hard enough anon. Above them are gilt wires, behind which we see the glare of silks and satins, and faintly—for otherwise attention would be drawn from the gentlemen to the ladies above—but still clearly enough to make us believe—

> That we can almost think we gaze
> Through golden vistas into heaven,

we see outlines of female forms, and we wonder if the time will ever arrive when Lucretia Mott's dream shall be realized, and woman take her seat in the senate, side by side with the tyrant man. Under the Reporters' Gallery, and immediately facing us, sits the Speaker, in his chair of state. On his right are the Treasury Benches; on the left, those where the Opposition are condemned to sit, and fume and fret in vain. Between these benches is the table at which the clerk sits, and on which petitions, when they are received, are ordered to lie, and where lie the green boxes, on which orators are very fond of striking, in order to give to their speeches particular force. At the end of this table commences the gangway, which is supposed to be filled with independent statesmen, and to whom, therefore, at particular times, the most passionate appeals are addressed. Lower down, is the Bar of the House; and that, in our position, we cannot see. At the end of the table lies the "gilt bauble," as Cromwell called the mace—which is the sign of the Speaker's presence, and which is always put under the table when the Speaker leaves the chair. When a message from the Lords is announced, the Mace-bearer, bearing the mace, goes to the Bar of House, and meets the Messenger, who comes forward bowing, and retires in the same manner, with his face to the Speaker, for it would be a terrible breach of etiquette were the Messenger to favour that illustrious personage with a glimpse of his back. When the Speaker leaves the chair no one else occupies it. One of the forms of the House, pertinaciously adhered to, and often productive of good results, was employed to some purpose the last time we were in the House. According to Parliamentary rules, when the Speaker puts the motion for leaving the chair, previous to the House going into a Committee of Supply, it is at the option of any member who has a grievance, to bring it forward then. Accordingly, Tom Duncombe skilfully availed himself of this privilege. The ridiculous proceedings of the Government in the late gunpowder plot, was the burden of honest Tom's speech. Duncombe expatiated on the hardship done to Mr. Hales, showed that the *Times* had libelled Lord Palmerston even more than Kossuth, and did, what he generally does, make the house laugh. Palmerston answered with equal ease, and was equally successful in making the house laugh; and the man who does that will always be heard in St. Stephen's. Lord Dudley Stuart then started to his legs, to express his delight to find that Lord Palmerston declared that Kossuth had nothing to do with the affair, and then wandered into a panegyric on Palmerston himself. Lord Dudley is a good man and an honest man, but he is not a first-rate tactician; and there are better orators than he. In his untiring devotion to the cause of the

exile and the refugee, he deserves thanks and praise; one feels inclined to repeat Coleridge's lines, and say:—

> Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Where learnt you that heroic measure?

But still his lordship is not always up to the mark, and certainly was not so on the occasion to which we refer. But if he was not, that broad-shouldered, square-headed Quaker by his side, John Bright, was, and he, at any rate, determined that Palmerston should not be let off so easily. As Lord Dudley sat down, up then rose honest John. Kossuth had been slandered in an article in the *Times*, which not a man calling himself a gentleman would put his hand to. That was a point which the House took up and cheered. Country gentlemen—poor old Spooner sitting on his bench alone—could join in that. Then Kossuth had been dogged by spies. Was that with Palmerston's sanction. His lordship blandly replied; but Bright is not a man easily soaped down, and he returned fresh and furious to the charge. His lordship again rose to reply, but without the life that amused the House when he replied to Duncombe. Then Cobden, regardless of the noble lord's feelings, would have got him up again, had not the Speaker interfered. This chattering must be stopped. Lord Palmerston had already spoken three times. It was time the badger-baiting were ended. The pause gave occasion to some Irish M.P. to ask a question relative to ministers' money, and to get what Mr. Maguire termed an evasive reply from the Treasury benches, which, under other circumstances, would have made a nice little row by itself; but the Kossuth matter was not to be so easily disposed of, and Mr. Cobden was determined to have his say as well as his *alter ego*, Bright. Accordingly, with his usual tact, he got a cheer or two from the House for the Hungarian hero, and then came down on Lord John, who, as he generally does, made a neat and appropriate speech. No man can do this better than Lord John; and there the matter ended, and the House then proceeded with its business. Such forms as those we refer to have advantages—they give men opportunities of uttering their sentiments—of castigating Governments when they deserve it—of being a terror to Ministers when evil-disposed.

But time has passed away, and the hour for private business has ceased. The benches on both sides of the House are already filled. That first row on the Speaker's right contains the Ministers. The diminutive Lord John sits by the side of the gigantic Graham, and near Lord Palmerston, a man who shares with Joseph Hume the honour of being the father of the House, and who still carries his years well. Joseph Hume is still as fresh and gay as a four-year-old, and if Dodd be an authority he did not take his seat till 1811, while in 1809 we find Palmerston in office. Further from the Speaker, and nearer the stranger's gallery, sit Gladstone—Molesworth—Wilson—the law officers sitting still further removed from us. Fronting them are the Opposition, and that Jewish-looking individual, with a white vest, that renders him the observed of all observers, is the leader of the great Protectionist party, whose battles he has fought—whose councils he has guided—whose chiefs, at one time, he placed upon the Treasury bench itself. Up in the gallery no one is watched so anxiously as he. Lord Palmerston is the next best stared-at man in the House; and then the diminutive Lord John. But we all like to look at Disraeli. So far as the Opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till Disraeli rises to speak. His custom is to sit motionless as a mummy all night, with his chin buried in his bosom, and his hands in his pockets, except when he takes them to bite or examine the state of his nails—a nervous action which I believe he unconsciously performs. His speeches are fine displays; he has a voice that one may hear in every part of the House. There is a daring saucy look in his face, which at once excites your interest. He is not a large man, but he looks well put together, with his head in the right place; but he never seems in earnest, or to have a great principle; he is an admirable actor, and blends the useful necessary business talk with the ornamental and the personal, as no other man in the House does. Generally he looks glum, and talks to no one except to Bateson, one of the Opposition whippers-in, and Lord Henry Lennox, his private secretary, who, however, prefers mostly gossiping in the lobby to the war of words carried on in the House. There are times also when Disraeli looks more cheerful. On that memorable November morning when he was ousted from place—when his party were ingloriously driven from the Eden in which they had long hoped to repose, back into the bleak and desert world, the ex-Chancellor came out of the lobby gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him, not against him; there was an unwonted gaiety in his walk, and sparkle in his eye, but the excitement of the contest was hardly over. The swell of the storm was still there. Still rang in his ears the thunders of applause—audible to us even in the lobby, which greeted his daring retorts and audacious personalities. By the side of Disraeli sits that respectable Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Sir John Packington—near him the gentle Walpole, of whom it may be said that he never took a joke; the ready-tongued and clever Sir Frederick Thesiger, and other party lights. On the bench behind sits the grey-haired Spooner, still eager in his crusade against Maynooth; and behind him we have a regular row of farmers' friends. That tall nobleman, in sporting costume, with indistinct utterance, with vehement but monotonous action, is the Marquis of Granby. Next to him is the lugubrious representative of Cambridge fens and flats—near by are other remnants of the forlorn Association for the Protection of British Industry and Capital. On the same side of the House, but below the gangway, sit the Irish ultra-Romanists and Tenant Leaguers—a band formidable from their obstinacy and audacity. There they sit, Maguire, the Irish Disraeli—Gavan Duffy of the *Nation*—Lucas of the *Tablet*—determined to side with no party—to support no Government that

will not give to Ireland all they want for her—determined to make Ireland what she has ever been, a stumbling-block in the way of all who rule.

Behind the gangway, but on the ministerial side of the House, sit the Manchester School. Its chiefs are never heard without attention. Cobden and Bright never open their mouths, but the House listens. Obscurer Radicals, Lord Dudley Stewart, Mr. W. Williams, and others, may be on their legs for a quarter of an hour without a sound being heard. The extreme men all sit together. That pale, thinking, determined man, with spectacles, is Edward Miall, of the *Nonconformist*—the leader and the light—the *tutamen et decus* of the more advanced and intelligent section of English Nonconformists. Below him sits that Church Reformer, Sir Benjamin Hall. High up on the Ministerial benches, but near the gangway, sits smiling Joseph Hume, the best tempered man and most frequent speaker in the House. Fortunately, Joseph does not speak long; if he did, he would be very tiresome indeed. Tom Duncombe, the pet of the great unwashed—a class that we trust will materially diminish, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken the duty off soap, sits immediately behind; and near him you see a short mountain of a man, with large, thoughtful head, long, grey hair, and curious Quaker hat. That is William Johnson Fox—the "Publicola" of the *Weekly Dispatch*—the "Norwich Weaver Boy," of the *League*—an orator whose orations at the Anti-Corn-Law meetings at Covent Garden, are still remembered as efforts of eloquence unparalleled in these modern times.

But we have been already some time in the House. Hours have come and gone—day has faded into night. Suddenly, from the painted glass ceiling above, a mellow light has streamed down upon us all. Rich velvet curtains have been drawn across the gorgeously painted windows, and if we had only good speeches to listen to, we should be very comfortable indeed. Alas, alas, there is no help for us! As soon as "Wishy" sits down, "Washy" gets up; and members thin off, leaving hardly forty in the House. Nor can we wonder at this. Men must dine once in the twenty-four hours, and members of the House of Commons obey this universal law. Most of them have been hard at work all the day. You are confoundedly mistaken, my dear sir, if you think that as soon as you have taken your seat in the House, you have nothing to do but make a brilliant speech, and to spend the rest of your time cantering in Rotten Row—gossiping in the window of your favourite Club—or being lionized in Belgravia. Never did mother's son make a more egregious blunder. The rule is—

Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim.

Possibly, as you have gone by the steamer from your chambers in Fig Tree Court, Temple, to Cremorne, you have seen rows of windows extending along the whole river-front of the New Houses of Parliament. One of those rows of windows, at least, denotes the great fact of the existence of a corridor of committee-rooms. These committee-rooms generally open at eleven or twelve o'clock, and the chances are that in one or other of them you will be caught and confined daily till the hour of prayer happily arrives. There you must sit examining witnesses and plans—listening to counsel very learned and very dull. Occasionally counsel are facetious, generally they are quite the reverse: and I assure you that *Mariana*, in the "Moated Grange," never was so weary, or so wished that she were dead, as you will, after you have been a day or two on the "Bullock-Smithy Waterworks Committee Bill." Consequently, between the hours of eight and ten, the House gets very thin indeed, and the oratory is of that kind generally known as "small-beer." About ten again the House gets full, and the great-guns rise; but still you must not leave—there may be a division. You must stay there till one or two, as the case may be: so that, after all, an honourable M.P. has not a very easy life. Committees all day, and debates all night—I wonder that some of the old fogies in the House don't give it up and retire; they can't be ambitious now—at their time of life they cannot expect a place, or, with their failing powers,

The applause of listening senates to command.

That dream must long have left them. I suppose it is custom that compels them to haunt the house; they have got used to it, and they could not otherwise exist. But it is terrible work after all; just as country life becomes beautiful, just as out-door existence becomes preferable to that within, just as the warm voluptuous breath of the sunny south makes you feel young in spite of grey hairs and increasing obesity, an M.P. is condemned to spend the livelong day and night in the heated atmosphere of St. Stephen's Hall. Of itself, without bad speeches, this would be a heavy task. It is true that lately the ventilation of the House has been much improved, but still, if *Punch* be an authority, when an irritated cabman, for occasionally cabmen do lose their temper, would call his brother jarvey a fool, he simply terms him the "gentleman wot wentilates the House of Commons." But time is wearing away. We will suppose the House has become full; the great men have had their say; the debate, as far as the Government is concerned, is concluded, generally by Lord John, who in a capital state of preservation, and standing nearly erect—little men always do—with his hands tucked up in the arm-holes of his coat, is lively, and leaves the House to divide in good spirits. His lordship is admirably fitted for an age of compromise and coalition. The liberality of his premises is only equalled by the niggardly deductions he draws from them. The boldest Reformers admire his principles, the narrowest Conservatives are scarcely shocked by his conclusions; so that he suits all parties. Lord John resumes his seat amidst loud calls of Divide, divide! The division bell rings—peers and diplomatists and strangers are turned out—members

come rushing in from the library and smoking-room. The mysteries of the lobby are only for the initiated. If the division is large, we may have to wait half an hour for the result, generally announced with tremendous cheers. Up in the waiting-room we have no idea how the division goes. All that we learn from the Gallery keeper is, that there was an immense majority, but he cannot exactly say on which side it was. Altogether, the arrangement seems very senseless and absurd. The strangers are surely not in the way of the members, and the publication of the division list, precludes for an instant the idea that it is done to ensure secrecy. The arrangement is merely an unnecessary inconvenience which the House keeps up from its love of antiquated forms. Surely now that people are admitted into the House, they might be allowed to stop while they are there. They are certainly as quiet and orderly as the gentlemen that sit below. Not that fault should be found with members; they are generally well behaved and hear even unutterable bores with attention. It is seldom they put a man down, or are boisterous and rude. Of course, however, this remark is not to be understood as applying to all the representatives from the sister-isle. And now the division is announced, and the House adjourns. Out bound honourable M.P's. as schoolboys out of school. Glad enough are they the thing is over, and lighting their cigars—it is astonishing what smokers honourable gentlemen are—not unreluctantly do they wend their way home. Following their example, we exchange the noisy and heated House for the chill and silent night—but we cannot omit to observe first how much the press has altered the character of the oratory of the House. Whilst, for instance, Smithers was speaking—the House was then very thin—nobody listened to Smithers—yet went on Smithers stuttering—reading from M.S. notes—screeching at the top of his voice—sawing the air with his arms, in the manner of Mr. Frederick Peel—no one listens to Smithers—occasionally a good-natured friend mildly ejaculates an approving "hear," but generally Smithers sits down as he rises, without any particular mark of approval at all—Why then does Smithers speak?—why because the press is there—to treasure up every word—to note down every sentence—to let the British nation see what Smithers said. This of course is a great temptation to Smithers to speak when there is no absolute necessity that Smithers should open his mouth at all. Yet this has its advantages—on the morrow honourable gentlemen have the whole debate before them, coolly to peruse and study, and if one grain of sense lurked in Smithers' speech, the reader gets the benefit. At times also, were it not for the press, it would be almost impossible to transact the business of the country. For instance, we refer to Mr. Wilson's proposals for Customs Reform. On the occasion to which we refer, Mr. Wilson spoke for nearly four hours. Mr. Wilson we believe to be an excellent man and father of a family, but he certainly is a very poor speaker. Never was there a duller and drearier speech. Few men could sit it out. In the gallery there were a few strong-minded females who heard every word—what cannot a strong-minded woman do?—but M.P.'s gossipped in the lobby—or dined—or smoked—or drank brandy and water—in short did anything but listen to Mr. Wilson; and yet this was a grave, serious, government measure. Why then did not members listen? Because there was no need for them to do so. The *Times* would give it them all the next morning; and so it mattered little how empty of listeners was the House, provided the reporters were there and did their duty. It is to the Reporters' Gallery members speak, not to the House. Thus is it orators are so plentiful in spite of the freezing atmosphere of the House. Ordinarily no one listens—no one expects to be convinced—no one seeks to convince. The House is polite, but it has no enthusiasm. Orators like George Thompson are quite out of place in it. Such a man as Henry Vincent would be a laughing-stock. The House would go into convulsions every time his apoplectic face appeared. The House consists of middle-aged gentlemen of good parts and habits, and they like to do business and to be spoken to in a business-like way. Next to business-like speakers, the House likes joking. Hence it is Tom Duncombe and Lord Palmerston are such favourites. Hence it is that Colonel Sibthorp and Henry Drummond get so readily the ear of the House. The House cares little for declamation. It would rather be without it. It considers it a waste of time. Figures of arithmetic are far more popular than figures of speech. The latter are for schoolboys and youth in its teens—the former are for men. Business is one thing—rhetoric is another. Disraeli began his career as a rhetorician, and failed. Wisely, he altered his plan. He learnt to keep accounts,—to talk prose—to understand business, and he has been already Chancellor of the Exchequer. One other thing also noteworthy is the general good character of the House and fairness of its constitution. All opinions are found in it. If Mr. Gladstone represents High Church, Sir Benjamin Hall represents Low Church—Mr. Miall extreme Dissent, and Mr. W. J. Fox Dissent that is not orthodox nor extreme, but tolerant and latitudinarian. The heroes of the Anti-Corn-Law League are there, and there also are the country squires who consider them as the fruitful cause of mischief. Protestant Spooner walks into the same lobby with Lucas of the "Tablet;" and Quaker Bright sits side by side with mighty men of war. Teetotal Heyworth finds himself in the same discussion with Bass, famed for bitter ale. The result is not exactly what any man desires, but what is perhaps best under the circumstances—what, perhaps, best represents the general feeling of the country. We know it is fashionable to think otherwise—to represent the House as rotten to its core, and as misrepresenting the opinions of the times. For our part, we believe it does nothing of the kind. It is a much better representative than *a fortiori* we might expect. Aristocrats,

you say, are there—yes, but they are men, most of them, of untainted honour—of lofty aim—of comprehensive views—and the general fusion and ventilation of opinion and clash of intellect elicit action most congenial with the intelligence of the age. Take any of the extreme men, for instance. What could they do? Are they the representatives of the mass of opinion? Is the country prepared to lock up the National Church, as Mr. Miall would recommend—to dissolve the Union, as Gavan Duffy would desire—to put down all our armaments, as Mr. Bright would think proper—to grant the five points of the Charter, as poor Mr. Fergus O'Connor contended? Most certainly not. Yet these men are in the House, and rightly in the House, and help to preserve the balance which it is so essential to maintain.* With them away, the opinions of the people would not be fairly represented. At the same time, it must be remembered, that they represent but sections, and we must not fall into the error of mistaking a part for the whole. In the House, then, it is wisely arranged that the representatives of extreme opinions shall meet. Thus justice is done to all. Thus mutual toleration is learned. Thus the mental vision of all becomes enlarged. We make these remarks because we think we see a tendency to run down the House of Commons, and the representative institutions of which it is the type. By Britons this feeling should not be entertained. That assembly contains the grandest intellects of which our country can boast. In its earliest days it rocked the cradle of our liberties, and still it guards them, though the stripling has long become a giant. At our elections there is deep-seated demoralization—but still that demoralization has its bounds, which it cannot pass, and the high-minded and the honourable form the majority in the House of Commons; and if, gentle reader, it laughs at your favourite idea, it only does so because that idea is a poor squalling brat, not a goddess with celestial mien and air. A time may come when it may be that, and then it will not knock at the door of the House in vain. Till then, the House may be forgiven for not thinking of it. The House is not bound to take notice of it till then. Law Reform—Parliamentary Reform—Financial Reform—Customs Reform—Education—Colonies—Convicts—India—these are the topics with which the House has now painfully to grapple. Your favourite idea must wait a little longer. In the meantime, if it be a good one we wish it well—if it be a true one we shall surely hear of it again.

A CABMAN'S COMPLAINT.

The following *ipsissima verba* of a genuine specimen of the cab-driving fraternity will throw some light upon the secret and domestic economy of the profession. From access to sources of information not open to everybody, we have been enabled to corroborate what appeared to us the most extraordinary of his statements, and we really feel no hesitation in accepting his narrative as what it appears to be—the unadorned recital of his own personal experience:—

"I've a been in London a drivin' of cabs, on and off, ever since cabs come up, a'most. I've no 'bjection to tell you what I knows. I don't think us cab-drivers desarves all the bad words that's said about us. There's two ways o' tellin' every man's story—and if you wants to hear mine from me you shall; as I said afore, I've no 'bjection, not at all. You may believe as much on it as you like—I shan't say nothing but the truth for all that.

"When I come to London fust I was but a young un—tis pretty well five-and-twenty years ago now. I come up to look for employment. I had been used to osses all my life. My father was stableman in a livery-stables down at Marlborough, and done tollrable well so long as the coaches lasted on the road—but there was five on us to feed and to rig out; an' afore I were twenty I thought praps I might do summat better than hang on about the yard of a country inn, an' I left the old man—he bein' quite agreeable—an' come up one night a' top of the old company's coach to see what luck I could find here. Old W——, as druv the night coach from Newbury, knowed my father well, and he spoke a word for me to the ostler where the coach stopped, and I got a crib to sleep in over the stable, and a job o' work and a meal's vittles now an' then while I was a lookin' out for a master.

"It war just at that time as the cabs was a makin' their fust start like, in the streets. You don't reklect, praps, what sort o' things they was. I can give 'ee a notion of 'em mayhap. They was made for speed, an' nothin' else—that was the fust notion about cabs—to beat the old hackney-coaches clean off the stones. There was but a pair o' wheels, and they was nigh five foot high; they had good strong springs, and they wanted 'em. You had to climb up into the high seat above the tops of the wheels, where, on a stuffed cushion, there was just room for two, and over your head there was a kind of arched roof, shaped like an old ooman's cowl, covered with leather and edged round wi' a shinin' brass rim. If the rain blowed in your face you had to stand it, or put up a humbrellar; your knees was covered with a leather apron all snug—but your face an' breast had no shelter. In windy days, sometimes, the cowl

would catch a cap-full, and then over you'd go, do what you would. I was blowed backards once into a shop in Charin' Cross, oss an' all—blow me if I wasn't—sich osses, good evins! as I've a druv in my time. There was a many axdents wi' them kind o' cabs, and the jarvey mostly got the worst on it—cause why, he was perched on a sort o' side bracket, not big enough for a 'rang-tang, and was the fust to git knocked orf in a klission.

"Very well—here I was in London. The first cab I see, says I to myself, there's more o'them or the doose is in it—and I'll be perched up there a drivin' afore long, or my name ain't Bill Waters. So I tried all I knowed to find out who wanted a driver; but I couldn't. The first cabman I axed were precious chaffy about it—'No my tulip,' said he, 've vants no hinterlopers—ve're rayther wido, a fly sort, yer see—vy you're too vartuous by half; I knows it by the looks on yer; go home to your granny and git a little more devil in yer—*you* drive a cab! vy bless yer art, its the werry harrystockrisy of the vip, this is—vat's the chaw-bacon a thinking on?' I seed I could do nothin' with him, so I told my fren' the ostler where I lay what I had in my mind, an' he hinterjuiced me to a man what was a startin' in the line, an' a buildin' cabs as farst as he could git' em done. He was a very talky sort o' gemman, an' up to everything, an' arter a good many questions he took me on as a great favour; but I didn't find it none too good a berth, though to tell the truth I was glad enough to git it.

"Well—now what should you think was the tarms o' my first contrack? I'm not a going to say anything deceivin: as sure as you got a pen in your hand, I had to pay for the use of the cab and two osses—rum bits o' flesh they was too, one a blind mare as wouldn't stop when she once got into a trot, and tother a lame'un as wanted to say his prayers twenty times a day—I had to pay for the use of that there turn-out six and twenty shillins a day; an' I had to find myself in everything but my lodgings, which I was allowed to sleep over the stable in the loft upon a blanket o' my own. More than that—I knowed men as paid as much as thirty shillins a day for the same or no better than I got for twenty-six. We didn't consider as how there was any settled fares bindin' upon us then, and we used to charge what we liked, and the profits to the 'prietors was alarmin'. Why I knowed at that time o' day a man as had been a tailor out o' work; and I'll tell'ee what he did, as sure as you're there. He agreed wi' a old green-grocer not fur from Westminster Abbey to lend him fifty-five pouns on two skewerties as he got to come forrard—an' he paid Old Cabbages twelve shillings a week interest for the money. He bought a very tidy cab, amost as good as new, for thirty poun', an' two osses in Smiffle for eight poun' a piece; an' he laid in hay and straw and oats, and set to work—and he paid the interest reg'lar, and gave back the fifty-five pouns in a lump—the old chap wouldn't take it otherways—in less than nine months. Now that very man have got I can't tell how many busses of his own on the road at this moment—'tis true what I'm a saying. That's somethin' like profit, I take it.

Well—I druv at twenty-six shillins a day for three months an' more; when I couldn't pay it all in one day I had to make it up the next; but I couldn't save nothin' for myself. Drivin' cabs, and sittin' on the box, and waitin' about, makes a fellar hungry and thirsty too. I never was what you call a drinkin' man—leastways not much. I can't say I were never the wuss for a drop; mayhap I may have been a little that way now and then; but I never lost a day's work through liquor in my life. You want to know what a day's work at cab-drivin' is like. Very well—I'll tell'ee. You turns out in the mornin' between seven and eight, and you looks arter the osses an' sees they're all right, and rubs 'em down, and gives em their feed, an' that; and then you goes and gits a mouthful of summut yourself—and afore nine you walks off to the stand, where you takes a fancy to put on. As you comes on the ground, so you puts on—the fust is fust, and the last is last; if so be there's more cabs on the stand than you likes to see, then mayhap you drives to another stand in hopes of a better chance. When you're on the stand you waits your turn, as when a cab is called the fust in the rank moves off; thof when you got a neat turn-out, an' a spicy oss, a genelman as is wide awake, will take a liking to go with you, and he can do as he chooses, and you has a better chance and 'arns more money. Sometimes you stand there for hours afore you gits a job. Many's the time in my life that I've stood all day, and gone home at night without seeing so much as the colour of a sixpence. About five or six in the arternoon, or sooner if you've had a good morning's work, you cuts home to the stable and changes osses: and then you goes back and puts on where you likes for the night. That's the best time, in the evenin' and arter dark, when the gentlefolks goes out to parties, the ladies without no bonnets on and no sleeves—to enjoy theirselves at parties and at the play. Many's the time I've done a good day's work and never took up a fare afore six or seven o'clock. When the weather comes on bad about eight or nine at night, that's the time to make most money; but you must look alive and work hard for it. Of course, if you've made your day's money you're all right, and what you picks up arter is all your own. I've a gone home afore now with a fair profit for myself at eleven o'clock, but not often. You're expected home at twelve, but you don't like to go home if you've got nothing for yourself, and you tries it on praps till one or past, and then you're glad enough, by the time the oss is in the stable and the cab in the shed, to turn in yourself. I 'spose you'd call that a day's work.

"Well—I found afore long that I was a doin' nothing for myself, work as hard as I would. For near a month afore I gave it up, I got behind in my payments; there was new cabs a startin' every day, and I couldn't 'arn the money the guvnor looked for; so I dropped it, and looked about for

another berth. I wasn't long out. A wheelwright as I knowed done up a old cab as he'd had in part pay for a new un, an' offered me a poun' a week for drivin' of it, and give him all moneys. I druv that cab for three year. When I took to it fust I averaged about four-and-twenty shillins a day—an' afore the three years was out, competition was growed so strong that I didn't make above fifteen. Of course I didn't work as hard as I used to do when I had nothin' but what I got over the six-and-twenty shillins a day—'taint in human nature to do that. I come home at eleven o'clock reg'lar, and paid over what I'd got, and jist smoked my pipe and went to bed.

"Well—when I left that I went back on the old tack; and a got I capital turn-out and a couple of good osses at twelve shillins a day, and often made five shillins a day for myself. I may as well say here that that's what cabmen think they ought to have for theirselves—five shillins a day, and not a penny less. I got married then, and left off drivin' of a Sunday for many years; but I drives all days now—times isn't so good now, and I can't afford a holiday once a week. I've been on the rank,'cept sometimes when I've been out o' work, ever since. I've had some bad axdents in my time; but I never killed nobody, thank God, and that's more than some can say. I've got a son on the ranks now. He's in luck. He pays ten shillins a day for a first-rate turnout—an' he got a old genelman as takes five shillins woth every mornin' of his life a'most, and a good connexion besides.—Yes, he's married, though he aint one-and-twenty yet.

"There's a good many men in the ranks as drives their own cabs. I knows several. Some on 'em is journeymen mechanics; they can do better with a cab than they can at their trade. If you got fifty pouns you can set up a cab very well—not a new un exactly, and not very good osses, but as good as you generally sees. You got to pay every month for your plates (license), an' you git a badge into the bargin. There was no badges till a many year arter I begun to drive. Harness is expensive if you haves it new, but you gits it second-hand cheap enough.

"Yes—you're right, us cabmen have got a a very bad character. I think I can tell how it comes about—leastways a good deal on it. You see there ain't much hedication among cabmen, an' there is a good deal of 'sponsibility at times. When a man as ain't downright honest drives another man's cab, you see he must do it in one of two ways. Ayther he pays so much a day for the use on it, and then mayhap he cuts the osses up cruel, wi' a wiry whip praps, to take as much as he can out on em, an' runs em till they're dead beat, to fill his own pocket; or else he dubs all monies, an' is paid his reg'lar wages, an' then he han't got no intrest in doin' of his work, an' he likely lags about the public houses, an' praps spends his master's money in beer and gin. I've a know'd a man to lose his cab off the stand afore now. I was on at the back o' Buckingham Palace one arternoon not many years agone, when I see Tom Cropper's cab drive out o' the middle o' the rank and go off down Pimlico. Five minutes arter, Tom Cropper come a rushin' out o' the publichouse wi' a hand o' cribbage in his fist, and begin a staring about an' hollerin' an' a swearin' like mad, an' all about to know where his cab were gone to. None on us knowed; we'd a seen it go off, an' thought in course that he was a drivin' of it. He was half savage wi' rage, but for all that he didn't find the cab till arter one o'clock in the mornin', when a pleeceman brought it into Scotlan' Yard, wi' the oss in sich a condition as could hardly move a limb. Some wide-awake lag on the look-out had made bold to borrow the turnout wi'out leave, an' most likely had druv half over London, and 'arned hisself a tollable tightish lot o' money afore he left it to take care of itself, at Hyde Park Corner. You see, Sir, givin' a man all he gits out o' the public over so much a day, ain't a very likely way to make him fond of reasonable charges; an' arter he've a been stannin' still for two or three hours or more, it ain't much to be supprized if he lays it on thick when he got a chance. You can't git a turn-out woth the drivin' now under ten shillins a day, and when a man got to make that afore he haves a penny for hisself, that makes him a bit ankshus and greedy like, an' he don't care about bein' civil without he gits paid for it. An' then payin' reg'lar wages to cabmen don't answer well for the owners. Of course we fancies that whatever we gits over the eight-pence a mile, is for ourselves, hindepending of wages, an' we gits as much as we can. When a man is fust on the stand, arter waitin' till six or seven cabs have druv off afore it comes to his turn—praps a genelman comes up and calls him off the rank, and gits in, and tells him to drive a mile or summut under—what is that but a dead loss to a cabman? He've a been waitin' most likely two hours afore he got to the top o' the rank; he carries his fare a mile, and then he gits eight-pence; he've a give the waterman a penny, which brings it to seven-pence; and arter he've a set down his fare, he must drive to another stand and put on last, when mayhap he waits an hour or two more afore he gits another job.

"When you're last on the stand, or got a good many afore your turn, you gits sick on it, and you hails genelmen on the look-out, and doos it cheap. I've often done a three-mile run for eighteen pence, for the sake of gittin off the rank, when if I'd a been fust or second I wouldn't ha' done it under harf-a-crown. People as grumbles so much about oncivility an' hextortion, can always make a bargain aforehand if they chooses.

"You can take a cab by the hour, if you like, an' pay the regulation prices; but, of course, if a man goes by the hour, he won't be sich a fool as to overwork his osses, and the fare hadn't need be in a hurry. Then when a man's a thinkin' about what he gits for a hour's work, he's liable to lose his way very often, an' mayhap he get's blocked up in a back street, along wi' brewers' drays, an' coal waggins, an' that sort, where its very likely he can't move for half an hour at a time—leastways I've heered men say as much. That's all a joke, you know.

"I've been in the night ranks several times, but it don't suit me, and I always gave it up as soon as day-work offered. Some men don't mind it. Of course they sleeps in the day. The night-work pays best when the hoppra is open, and all the playhouses; and at sich times there's more night-cabs put on. Arter the hoppra's done of a night, and the playhouses is empty, then you stands a chance at the Houses of Parlyment; and arter that at the gamin'-houses in Saint James's and about there; and then arter that it's time for the airly trains, and if you've luck you gits passingers wi' luggage, an' off you starts to the Eastern Counties, or to the Great Western rail; and then, if you likes, you waits till a train comes in, and most likely you gits a fare back agin afore you shuts up and goes home to roost. A man as is wide awake, and have been a long time on the night rank, may do tollable well with a night cab. There's a good deal o' business to be picked up airly in the mornin' afore the busses begins to run, by them as knows the track on it. I've knowed some men so fond o' night-work, they wouldn't drive a day-cab for nobody. They says they feels more free like—they got the streets all to their-selves, and nothin' to stop 'em from gallopin' as hard as they likes, and they has it all their own way. I never took that fancy myself, though it's nat'ral enough I dare say to some men. I must say I prefers my night's rest.

"You sees a deal of people's dispersitions in the course of a year or two's cab-drivin. Some's on-common stingy, an' that's a fact. I was pulled up no longer ago nor last year for chargin' a Alder-man a shillin' for takin' of him above a mile an' a quarter. He wanted to cram me as how it warn't a mile, an' he took my number, an' had me up afore the beak. The groun' was measured, an' it proved a full two furlong over the mile, an' I was sent about my business; but I lost half a day's work, an' got nothin for it. That's cabman's justice, an' very civil it is. Then there's some altogether as liberal; they don't care what they gives you. I've a druv a swell a couple o' miles or so afore now, an' he have flung me a crown, an' never axed for change. I took a genelman the other day from Buckingham Palace to Newman-street, Oxford-street, and he hadn't got nothin else but gold money, an' he pitched me a half-sovereign, an' said as how he would take another ride another day for the change. I mentions that to show what difference there is in people. Them furriners as come over to see the Hexhibition, was the rummest lot I ever see. I druv one on 'em from Leicester-square all the way to Claremont, where the rile-family o' France was a waitin' to see him—and he wanted to pay me threepence. A precious job I had wi' un. All the English he knowed was them words what you sees on the tails of some of the busses, 'All the way for 3d.' It didn't matter what I said to un; he only an-swered, 'Hal de vay tree pens,' and then he holds out his fist with three pennorth of coppers in it. I didn't know what to do—I didn't like to collar the genelman, but I laid hold of his coat-tail and held un fast till another genelman come along as talked French to un; and arter a deal o' jabber, I got six shillins of un, which was a good deal less than my right fare, though he might have got down by omnibus for eighteen pence: but of course that was his look-out.

"You wants to know what's my opinion about the sixpence-a-mile Act, and the new company that is to be. Why, what I've got to say is this—its my belief there ain't enough employment for cabs to support them as is already on the stones at the rate of sixpence a mile, to say nothing of a lot o' new uns. If the new cabs was neat and clean an' comfortable, as, being new, they would be of course, then they'd soon sew up the old uns. But onless the public took to ridin' in cabs a good deal more than they do, it couldn't pay. If they was always on the move, why it wouldn't much matter—fourpence a mile, to say nothing of six-pence, would pay very well, if there was no standing still; 'tis that which murders the trade; and I thinks very much 'tis the oncertainty of gettin' anything at all that makes a cabman not to stick at cheatin' when there's a hopportunity of doing it.

"I shall only say one word more, and that's just this: If you or anybody else can make the sittyation of a cabman worth a man's vallying, he'll make hisself civil for the sake o' keeping on it—'tis a hard life, sir, you may depend, an' if we haves but little civility to spare, mayhap arter all it's because its very little o' that sort as we gits from other people—Your sarvant sir—thanky sir." —*(Bites a half-crown, slips it into his waistcoat pocket, and exit.)*

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The state of the weather—the prospects of the harvest—the health of the royal family—the inauguration of the new cab law, and the winding-up of sessional business, have divided public attention with the successive phases of the many-sided Eastern question.

On the first, second, and third of the above-named topics we have nothing to say—happily neither heavy rains in July, nor measles in Buckingham Palace having risen to political importance; and the operation of the new vehicular law, thus far, pointing no more novel lesson than the inability of the most powerful legislature to abolish by a stroke even a minor social nuisance.

The parliamentary labours of the past month have been heavy, almost beyond precedent. In the Commons' morning sittings have commenced —"morning" sittings in a double sense; frequently extending from twelve at noon of one day, to the dawn of the next; and the Lords —that is, that respectable fraction of the Peerage which performs the function of an upper chamber of legislation—sit till midnight, twice or thrice a week. First in importance of the domestic measures advancing to enactment, is the Succession Duties Bill, which has got through the Commons, by large majorities, and without a single alteration of importance—the only amendments carried (if we do not mistake), relating to the exemption of ornamental timber from the tax, and of certain family documents from examination by the assessors. In another department of the new financial scheme, a valuable—if not graceful—concession has been made. Thrice had majorities of the House of Commons pronounced for the total repeal of the advertisement duty. Still the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused to do more than remit two-thirds of the amount. This obstinacy was the less to be tolerated after his ingenious but impolitic admission—in the teeth of a former declaration by Lord John Russell—that other and more important than social considerations were involved in the newspaper duties. At the last hour he yielded the odd sixpence to the pressure exerted by numerous petitions, and the prospects of a formidable combination. But the surrender was made with the skill of an adroit tactician. "I cannot now reckon on a larger surplus for the year than £150,000," he said to the House;—"you have repeatedly declared for the abolition of the Attorney's Certificate Duty, on which I rely for half that sum, and for the abolition of the Sixpenny Advertisement Duty, which I calculate to yield the other half; we can't spare both, —make your choice." To the press our legislators are daily responsible—to the lawyers, only at general elections; the former was, therefore, as wisely as justly preferred,—and the next number of "Tait's Magazine" will come out free of advertisement duty; we wish we could add, that our newspaper cotemporaries were also free of their special burden and badge, the red stamp; but even that is mitigated by the permission to enlarge their sheet one half; and the prospect of an entire liberation is improved by Mr. Gladstone's honest avowal of dislike to an unfettered press.

The Lord Chancellor has introduced and carried through committee the promised measure substituting penal servitude at home for convict transportation to the colonies. It but very imperfectly, however, provides for that object. Western Australia, still consenting to receive our criminals, is to have the worst of them—some eight hundred per annum; a mode of acknowledging the accommodation that may provoke the colonists to repentance. About 2,500 will then have to be distributed in prisons or other penal depôts—in addition to the same number of minor offenders whom it is customary not to transport, though sentenced to transportation. Of any uniform system of convict employment and discipline, the bill says nothing; its authors are not explicit; and some apprehension is expressed as to the effect of liberating, in England, several thousand criminals annually.

It is gratifying to be able to report that something is at length proposed for the *prevention* of the crimes it costs us so much to punish without multiplying. The Select Committee on Juvenile Crime has completed its inquiries, and Mr. Adderley has embodied its recommendations in a Bill for the establishment of reformatory schools by treasury grants; convicted or vagrant children to be sent to those schools instead of to prison or the hulks, and the cost of their maintenance to be charged upon their parents. The Earl of Shaftesbury has carried through the Lords a Bill—limited, unfortunately to the metropolis—empowering police magistrates to send to the workhouse, for moral and industrial training, or to such institutions as Mr. Adderley's Bill contemplates,—children of either sex found begging; and to levy the costs upon the parties naturally chargeable with their maintenance. This last feature of the two Bills we regard especially important and hopeful. For, if Lord Shaftesbury's statistics be correct, the far larger proportion of these unhappy children are driven out to beg or steal by drunken fathers or cruel stepmothers. And were society content to take up the bastards thus laid at its door, without exacting fine or surety, decent poverty would be tempted to desertion of its offspring, while shameless vice would breed without restraint. It may be difficult to catch or distrain upon the parental debtor, but at least the sense of indebtedness will be enforced, and an account run up that will prevent the assertion of parental claim.

Just as the gardener shakes his trees about this

time, that the weaker fruit, spared by the winds and blights, may be sacrificed to the maturation of the remainder,—so do Ministers annually knock on the head a host of ministerial or independent Bills further progress with which would peril the sessional ingathering. The process commenced a fortnight since,—when Mr. Milner Gibson's County Rate and Expenditure Bill; Mr. Hadfield's Probates Estates Bill; Mr. Phillimore's Simony Law Amendment Bill; and two or three others, whose guardians were not present to answer for them—fell before the bland coercion of Lord Palmerston, or the threat of some influential objector. The promoters of the Manchester Educational Bill have put their case into the hands of Lord John Russell. His lordship announces that his own Bill is virtually withdrawn for this session. The Edinburgh and Canongate Annuity Tax Abolition Bill—(the misleading title of a scheme for mitigating the pressure by extending the area of the tax)—has also, after a damaging and undecisive debate on the second reading, been turned over to next session, with the avowed hope that a more complete compromise may by that time have been effected—an avowal curiously reflective on the statesmanship of the day; whose ambition seems bounded by the evasion of difficulties, not tempted by their presence.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The Bill for the better government of India has not yet passed the House of Commons, though the majority on its second reading (280 to 134) was much larger than had been anticipated; and seems to indicate the dissolution of the Tory-Conservative party; for the amendment moved by Lord Stanley, not more than a hundred of his father's accustomed followers voting, despite the *mot d'ordre* given in person from St. James's Square. In the protracted debate which preceded that division, the defects of the Bill were exhibited with every variety of illustration by its opponents, while its supporters were infinitely divided as to its merits. Mr. Macaulay who may be taken to have summarized the ministerial argument, defended the continuance of the double government as a physical necessity, and eulogized the amendment in the system of civil service appointment. On the other side, Mr. Cobden showed that the Bill put no check to that habit of war and annexation which threatens us with Indian bankruptcy; Mr. Bright, that it leaves untouched the conditions of popular amelioration; and Mr. Disraeli, that it continues unredressed the five grievances alleged against the Company's government in 1833, and repeated in 1853. In Committee, the nomination of six Directors by the Crown, and the indefinite length of the period over which the Bill is to be in force, were the chief objects of attack and defence; but only as to the qualification of Directors was any amendment effected. In the Upper House there have been several irregular discussions raised by the Earls of Ellenborough and Albemarle on petitions, chiefly from commercial bodies in England, and English residents in India—the channel through which further amendment in the Imperial laws of India may be expected.

The rupture of negociations with Burmah issued in the distinct refusal of the court of Ava to surrender the territory declared by Lord Dalhousie annexed to the British Crown, now in the occupation of British troops. The home authorities are understood to forbid the recommencement of hostilities on our part; but it is also understood that an attempt by the Burmese forcibly to recover Pegu will provoke a march to Ava and the deposition of the king. The English public should not forget, at this stage of the proceedings, that the war was undertaken to obtain compensation for injuries and insults that would have been enormously overpaid by the single capture and retention of Rangoon.

The Duke of Newcastle, in his capacity of Colonial Minister, has laid before Parliament the state of affairs in Jamaica; and developed a conciliatory method of treatment. The long-standing quarrels between the colonists and the executive took at last the shape of a demand for certain retrenchments in the expenditure. The new governor, Mr. Barkley, volunteers a reduction of his own salary from £6,000 to £5,000 per annum; and as a counteractive to the commercial embarrassments which have exacerbated, if they did not originate these differences, loans on the credit of the imperial exchequer are authorized.

The Cape Colonists are at length in the enjoyment of a tolerable share of self-government. The recently promulgated charter ordains a legislative council, and house of assembly, containing respectively fifteen and forty-six members, elected by almost universal suffrage—the qualification being, residence in a house worth twenty-five pounds, or the receipt of fifty pounds per annum as wages (half that sum with board and lodging). The distribution of the suffrage may cause some jealousy between the two provinces, but that is among the details in the power of the first Parliament to alter. The assembly is quinquennial, the council perpetual, but reconstituted every tenth year, one half of the members retiring at the end of the fifth year. "This," exclaims a colonial journalist, concluding his summary, "this, in a word, is British freedom." We hope our next Reform Bill may bring up British freedom even to a level with South African.

FOREIGN.

The Eastern question continues to cover like a leviathan cloud, huge and sluggish, the whole horizon of foreign politics; its skirts touching even on the New World. Within the past month, Russia has sent sixty or eighty thousand men across the Pruth into the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the combined fleets of France and England have advanced from Malta to Besika Bay (within sight of Constantinople, yet without those Turkish waters which they are forbidden by treaty to enter). The Russian government has put forth, by the pen of Count Nesselrode, two manifestoes, the first of which

denies that the invasion is an act of war, and represents it as necessitated by the bad faith of the Porte; while the second justifies the advance of the imperial army by that of the allied fleet. A counter appeal to public opinion has been made, with promptitude and great ability, by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French minister, exposing the contrariety of the former representation to international law; and of the second, to the actual facts of the case. As our Ministers persist in withholding their correspondence on the subject, and in discouraging its discussion by Parliament, we are able only to conjecture, from their replies to interpolations, that the British cabinet substantially, if not heartily, co-operates with the French. Reports of dissension between the Conservative and the Liberal constituents of the Coalition, have been too rife, and are too well supported by appearances, to be altogether discredited. We may feel pretty safely assured that the counsel to the Sultan not to request the aid of the allied fleets immediately on the passage of the Pruth, was dictated by the Aberdeen section of the cabinet; but the resolute tone adopted by Ministers since the appearance of the second Nesselrode despatch, would also indicate that the influence of Palmerston is now in the ascendant. The counsels of the Sultan appear to have been exposed to an analogous conflict of influences, but characteristically different in expression. If the *Times* has not been imposed upon, the old Mussulman party in Constantinople attempted to prevent further parley with the insolent and aggressive Giaour, by a *coup d'état*, which failed to depose Mustapha and Redschid Pashas for more than a few hours, and procured for some fifty of the revolutionists the application of the bowstring.

The latest aspects of the situation may be thus described: Russia is in military, and perhaps civil, occupation of the richest European provinces of the Porte; yet disclaims the idea of conquest or of permanent occupation; but declines to withdraw till certain impossible demands are conceded; or, it is said, if a middle term can be found, will still insist on payment of her expenses. The Sultan, supported by England and France, and urged to resistance by his Mussulman subjects, forbears to put in motion his multitudinous forces, or to signal the ships of his allies to the destruction of the Russian navy and outposts. Austria and England are understood to have separately proposed to each of the antagonistic party a reconsideration of the position; but that in the event of the Czar's refusal, Austria sides with the Czar, and England will no longer restrain herself or the Sultan. How long negotiations may be protracted, we will not prophecy; but that they will issue in a resumption of the armed truce, miscalled peace, there is little hazard in predicting. The statesmen of all countries and parties, are conscious, we suspect, that while for Turkey only a little longer lease of existence among European powers could be procured by the bombardment of Odessa and Sebastopol, the cannon-balls that crippled Russia might destroy the Austrian empire, by awaking new political life through central and southern Europe.

LITERATURE.

The Crimes of the House of Hapsburgh against its own Liege Subjects. By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1853.

In a brief and popular digest of Austrian history, or rather of such portions of it as bear upon his subject, the author of this book shows the true moral character of Austrian diplomacy and its ruinous and degrading effect upon such of the European states as have been from time to time cursed with Austrian rule. The supreme folly of England in paying the price which she has paid to uphold the House of Hapsburgh, and thus to consummate and perpetuate the oppression of the human race, is sufficiently apparent from the concise view here given of its unprincipled dealings with all who have relied upon its good faith. With regard to the future the author tells us:—

We have to dread, first, Russian and Austrian influence on the Stock Exchange, to make all our moneyed men prefer any or every subversion of right, though pregnant with final ruin to England, rather than a resistance which would lower the value of their stock by 2 per cent. We have next to fear the rage of the millions against moneyed men, and an enormous growth of doctrinaire Republicanism and Communism in various forms. We have to expect philosophical journalists expatiating on the advantages of dismembering the Ottoman dominions, and the materialist friends of peace swelling the despotic influence. If despotism prevails in Europe, we shall have to fight a single-handed war against its combined force, or resign our liberties or our Protestantism; but if despotism is overthrown in Europe, and we have not displayed genuine sympathy with freedom, we have to tremble lest it cause civil war in Ireland and in the Colonies, and raise a strong republican feeling in England itself. . . . . If we desire to set up constitutional royalties, we must subdue the obstacles by arms, not by words. If by military and naval force we were to free Italy and Hungary, and make those nations a present of liberty, they would, no doubt, accept it gladly in our English form. But unless we mean to go to this effort, we have no moral claim to dictate to the nations of the Continent what *form* their freedom, when they can gain it, shall assume. Unless it is to be won by our arms, it will now be necessarily republican; hence, to feel hostility to republicanism, is now to feel hostility to freedom,

and, in fact, to side with the despots whom all the while we disgust by our freedom of speech.

There is much truth, not it may be of the most palateable sort, in the above extract. This little volume has appeared at a fitting season: it exhibits the Austrian dynasty, as men should be taught to see it, in its own naked scoundrelism. Most true patriots would be glad to see it bite the dust. Already morally degraded to the lowest condition as the tool and suppliant of the Russian autocrat, it cannot fall much lower.

The Eastern Question, in Relation to the Restoration of the Greek Empire. By an Inquirer. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

Russian Turkey; or a Greek Empire the inevitable Solution of the Eastern Question. By G. D. P. London: Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

The long prophesied extinction of the Mohammedan power in Europe seems to be regarded by a pretty large class of politicians as a consummation not only inevitable, but now nearly impending. That when this portentous event takes place —as take place it will,—the territory of the Ottoman Porte, the integrity of which it has so long been the fashion to maintain, shall not, in undergoing the fate of Poland, become a bone of contention to the despotic powers of the Continent—is plainly the first and paramount necessity to be secured. This, in the opinion of both the writers of the above brief, but earnest productions, can only be accomplished by erecting, in the place of the vanishing dynasty an independent Greek sovereignty which may serve, better than the dominions of the Turk have ever yet done, as a barrier against the encroachments of the Russian and the Austrian, and thus more effectually and permanently maintain the "balance of power." "An Inquirer" glances briefly at the history of the Moslem empire now perishing through its own corruption and decay, and shows that its imbecility and degradation spring from causes not to be removed; that, from its peculiar character it could be vital only so long as it was aggressive, and that, ceasing to conquer, it must begin to decline; that essentially barbarous, refinement only renders the Turks sordid and effeminate, their history being percisely like that of the Saracens who flourished only so long as they conquered, and that having gained their empire by the sword, and ruled it by the sword, and being no longer able to defend themselves by the sword, they are now manifestly dethroned in Constantinople.

They do not possess a single one of the essential means for preserving the integrity of a state. Their territories are in universal anarchy; not everywhere violently manifested, but exhibited immediately whenever the touch of attempted authority is felt by the population. Their army is feeble and base. Their navy is crippled and poor. Their financial resources are drained. Their public credit is a mere name. . . . . They are united by no national feeling, but are rather like a garrison in an enemy's country. They are devoured by internal discontent and intrigue. They make no pretence of relying for their security upon their own power; but oscillate in abject indecision and servility between Russia and Great Britain. . . . . The Turkish armies are no longer like those which were once victorious over the White and Red Cross knights. . . . . The vagabondage of the empire is swept unwillingly into prisons, called barracks, and drilled, drummed, and bastinadoed into a miserable mimickry of the forms and evolutions of European war. . . . . They are half-bred, half-fed, ill-equipped, miserable, humiliated, conscious of weakness, and without any pride in the service which employs them. . . . . Quartered in irregular swarms in cities, or on river-banks, their chief occupation is to rob, insult, and oppress the Christian inhabitants. . . . . Among the chief delights of the soldiery is to pillage the Christian clergy of its revenues, and to enact in the country they are commissioned to protect, the obscene and infamous rapine and bloodshed, which they might as barbarians, be expected to perpetuate in an enemy's country. Whenever in recent times they have come into contact with a real foe, the whole swell of their blatant arrogance has collapsed; and they have been down on Mandarin's knees. They can no more stand the bayonets and fire of a brave army than chickens or Chinese—as they proved at Adrianople, as they proved at Nezib, and as, more lately, they proved at Montenegro. If the army is weak, the fleet is still more truly, in a figurative sense, a water-logg'd and rudderless drift of ruins. If notorious ignorance of navigation, if utter want of discipline, if ignorance of even the geography of the Mediterranean, inefficient gunnery, and total want of useful practice, will render the marine of any country respectable, that of the Ottomans may be valued. At present its keels might grate in shallow water, alongside of the three-deckers of Spain, or the relics of Lepanto. Financially, the Porte has been for years so embarrassed, that fraud, the last precursor of bankruptcy, has been resorted to, to solder, and quilt, and patch, with base money and depreciated paper, the flimsy system concealing an empty treasury. The revenue is forestalled. Extraordinary tributes are imposed on districts already exhausted by oppression. And when there are funds in the exchequer itself, peculation is continually active, and the public revenues of the state, are unceasingly trickling and dribbling, flowing and rolling, through a thousand secret and circuitous streams, into the bottomless gulf of private corruption.

This is a wretched picture of the forces moral and material of a state—and when we add to this, that there is no hope from patriotism, seven-eighths of the inhabitants hating the Turks, and refusing the arbitration of their laws—that the Christians, thirsting for revenge, are looking for the day when the inheritance of Constantine will be restored—that the Turks themselves are divided into two implacable factions, the one "going through a harlequinade of burlesque reform, dressing, drumming, eating pork, and prattling French," and the other anathematizing all such innovations, and devoutly execrating all disbelieving in the Koran, so that Turk hates Turk, more than Christians hate them,—we may well agree with "an Inquirer," that no one cause of anarchy and dissolution is wanting.

But Turkey is not left to succumb beneath the weight of her own internal disorders. Russia, as all the world knows, longs to devour her whole, and under the guise of a protector would do it to-morrow, were there no impediments in the way. Austria, no less rapacious, manœuvures along the frontier; and France stretches forth her eagle-talons for a share; while Britain is called upon, by her fleets and councils, to maintain that "in-

tegrity" which existing treaties are found ineffectual to preserve. But, says "an Inquirer:"—

If the equilibrium of Europe, so essential to the general happiness and peace, can be better secured by the propping up of a state, beggared and bankrupt, without spirit or resources, and constantly keeping all the great powers in an attitude little less hostile than that of war, the teaching of all history is false. According to that teaching, nothing so much endangers the tranquillity of the world, as the existence of the Turkish Empire, [because] it holds up before the ambitious governments, a prospect of aggrandizement, which keeps them incessantly making preparations to secure the greatest share of the prize.

As for the hope of reviving the spirit of the Moslem people, and restoring their lost heroism, —it would take a new Mahommed to do it—and if it were done, the state which was before contemptible would then be dangerous, and might again become the terror and the curse of Christendom. It has been proposed to surround the dominions of the Porte, by a circumvallation of self-governing Christian principalities; but the examples of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, show us such small states would end in becoming so many new provinces added to the immense domains of the Czar. It is also proposed to wait the course of events, and allow the Turkish question to work out its own solution. But what should be the policy of Britain when that catastrophe has arrived? It is the design of Russia to conquer Constantinople, a design which while she takes all possible secret means of facilitating, she openly avows; and when once the Czar is supreme in Constantinople, what becomes of constitutional freedom in Europe, and the preponderance of Great Britain in the Mediterranean?

It is impossible to suppose that Great Britain, in this age, when the moral law of opinion is at least as powerful as navies, will sanction the plan of dividing the Turkish territories between Russia, Austria, France and herself. Such an usurpation would be a crime without a recorded parallel; were it to be consummated, it would for ever be painful for an Englishman to read the remonstrances which have been written and declaimed—declaimed from ministerial benches in Parliament—against the partition of Poland, and the absorption of Cracow.

Further, the apportionment of the spoil, would bring on an European war; or supposing a peaceful settlement to be concluded, Russia would not be satisfied without the possession of Constantinople, and the keys of the east. Thus we should lose our trade, our influence in the Mediterranean, and endanger our Indian possessions.

Against these prospective and possible calamities, there seems to be but one just resource, and that is the erection of an independent Greek State, with its seat of government at Constantinople. The modern Greeks are a people adapted for independence. They are energetic and enterprising, physically and intellectually a superior race. They are skilful sailors and brave soldiers. Their mercantile spirit and commercial enterprise are well known in all the capitals of Europe; and in London they are recognised as an intelligent and wealthy community.

The solution of this question does not lie, therefore, between the prolongation of the existing state of things in Turkey, and the establishment of a Russian domination in the east. The subjection of Turkey to the Czar must be resisted at whatever cost; but were Russian influence withdrawn, there would still remain sufficient causes to undermine and level with the dust, the worn-out Turkish despotism. To these causes we have already alluded; but there is another equally worthy of note, and that is, the sentiment of independence, fostered by their clergy, which exists among the various populations of the country. So long as Russia threatens Turkey, this spirit, which has been aroused by the bloody rule of the Northern Court, guarantees the existence of the Porte; but let the claim of the Czar be withdrawn, and the same spirit would sooner or later attempt the freedom of the Christians from the Moslem yoke.

There is every reason to expect that were the Turkish rule abolished in Europe, and succeeded by an independent Greek state, not only would a prosperous and powerful nation once more rise up on the ancient soil of Byzantium, but, all its sympathies and interests being bound up with those of the west, it might serve as an effectual barrier to the aggressions of the north, and, possessing the elements of vigour and stability within itself, preserve at a just equipoise the balance of power. To this, no doubt, Russia would object; but then she might be allowed to object. If the Ottoman power be succeeded, not by a Greek state, but a Russian usurpation, there is no longer a guarantee for the independence of Greece itself. "The integrity of the Turkish empire was long an essential condition of the freedom of Greece; and now that this integrity is no longer possible, an equally essential condition is, that Turkey should not be appropriated by the enemy of constitutional liberty."

The proposal for an independent Greek state has been met by objections of a religious character. It ought to be enough for such objectors, as "an Inquirer" observes, "that Christianity would be thus established in the place of Mahommedanism, which is an immoral and materialistic faith, and that the object of the Crusades would be achieved without deluging the earth with blood." But these religious pretensions are not sincere; the objectors themselves cannot but be aware that the principles of the Orthodox Eastern Church are identical with those of the Reformation, and that in many points, the Greek Communion is more Protestant than the Church of England.

The above is a rough outline of the argument of "an Inquirer;" which he may be supposed to recommend to the consideration of all concerned in the following general summary of the Eastern question as it stands at present.

Russia now requires Turkey virtually to surrender herself to the Russian power. There never was an authority arrogated by the Pope over a Roman Catholic country, there never was a royalty over a province, pretended by a metropolis, more entire than that which she claims to exercise over half the population of the empire. It is a literal religious—which means a political—supremacy; and this is required to be placed under the sanc-

tion of a new and distinct diplomatic engagement—in fact a precise and separate treaty. Turkey cannot, without acknowledging a virtual vassalage, submit to such a proposition; and her government, or some foreign minister whose influence happens to be in the ascendant, appears to understand the truth. Turkey, therefore, maintains an attitude of refusal and defence. The European states are pledged to uphold her against foreign aggression, but they are not and cannot be pledged to cure her own internal causes of decay. These are incurable, and when they have consummated their work, the Turkish dominion will perish for ever from the face of Europe. The process is rapidly going on. That is the present aspect of affairs. How shall an inevitable catastrophe be provided for? That is the question which arises. It will be well for Great Britain if she be not found unprepared with a policy, when the three rival powers have long matured a policy of their own. Hitherto war has not been irrevocably declared, because the great powers have not, in any important manner, acted independently of each other; but if the most ambitious one becomes more active than the rest, a serious crisis may arise.

G. D. P., who is a Greek, and who appears to be well versed in English politics, arrives at the same conclusion as "an Inquirer," and from premises not very dissimilar. He seems to be guided, however, by Toby Allspice's maxim, of "never disoblige a customer," in his strictures upon Russia, whom he is rather disposed to vindicate than condemn. He is alarmed at the prospect of war, as destructive of trade and commerce; and he quotes Marshal Marmont to show that it might not improbably prove disastrous and disgraceful to the allied forces opposed to Russia. But it is not likely, even should war actually be declared, that the British would deliberately walk into the horrible trap which Marmont has shown it would be possible to prepare for them, supposing the Russians to be the first occupiers of Turkey. The essay of G. D. P. is in the form of a letter addressed to Lord John Russell.

The Age of Christianity. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford. 1853.

The name of Dr. Vaughan is at all times a sufficient guarrantee to the religious public that anything that he undertakes will be faithfully and efficiently accomplished. The present work is no exception to the general rule, but is in all respects a masterly performance, excellent in style, admirable in arrangement, calm and conclusive in argument. It is devoted principally to a rigid examination of the various sceptical and infidel theories of the day, and to their claims for acceptance among reasonable men. How baseless these claims are—how they originate in the pride of a false philosophy—how they are constantly shifting and changing—and how they must eventually fall and fade away before the light and strength of Christianity, our readers may learn for themselves from this cheap and popular edition of a most valuable work.

Odes and Poems. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Low, Son, and Co. 1853.

A small volume of verse from an anonymous writer, indicating considerable facility in composition, and a feeling for all that is good and beautiful. We extract the following poem illustrative of a remarkable natural phenomenon.

CHIMES AT SEA.

"It happened one day on board a ship sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land, that the persons walking on deck, when passing a particular spot, heard very distinctly, during an hour or two, the sound of bells, varying as in human rejoicings. All on board came to listen, and were convinced, but the phenomenon was most mysterious. Months afterwards it was ascertained that at the time of observation, the bells of the city of St. Salvador, on the Brazilian coast had been ringing on the occasion of a festival: their sound, therefore, favoured by a gentle wind, had travelled over perhaps one hundred miles of smooth water, and had been brought to a focus by the concave sail in the particular situation on the deck where it was listened to.—*Arnott's Elements of Physics.*

The airs are light, the skies they glow,
As the ship sails on in her shade below;
The mariners walk the deck together,
And whistle and look at the shiny weather.
Some are watching the sails and ropes,
And some, of their wives, with kindling hopes
Are thinking now, and the smiles that cheerly
Light the homes they love so dearly.
Many a league from sight of land,
Ocean and heaven on every hand,
Hark! the chimes of bells! how mellow
They ring in the air on the restless billow.
Soft and full on the ear they steal;
Faint and fainter now they peal;
Louder again and more loudly pealing;
Vanishing now, to silence stealing.
Where is the city, and what the clime
That fills the air with that sweet chime?
Marriage or birth, or what are they voicing?
Is it for victory some rejoicing?
Mute and still the mariners hear;
Neither a city or shore is near.
Is it the spirits of air to tell
That far in their country all is well?
Hark! again the chimes ring on!
Now 'tis silence, all are gone.
Cloudless heaven the distance bounding,
Measureless sea their ships surrounding.
Prosperous voyage is theirs, the sails
Bear them back with favouring gales.
And they tell of those sweet bells chiming,
With their children round them climbing.
Old men hear, and young men smile;
But their dear ones think the while,
Spirits of grace and goodness hover
Over each absent child and lover.

The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of the Church of England. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1853.

This is an amusing sketch in which some of the anomalous facts that characterize the present predicament of the Church of England are woven into a fictitious form. The "gentleman" arrives in England after an absence of twenty years in the antipodes, and on seeking the customary consolations of Mother Church finds the old lady represented by what he designates as a couple of rival factions—the Evangelicals and the Puseyites. He gives both a hearing, and relishing one as little as the other, discards them both as fanatics and mischievous zealots. In a village, a hundred miles from London, he is fortunate enough to meet with a model clergyman of the old school, under whose guardianship Mother Church is allowed to appear in her natural garb—and his search is at an end.

He would have taken the Pope's bull by the horns, and settled *that* business, at any rate, in a very summary way:

> If (says he) Cardinal Wiseman had been put on board of an English frigate, and sent back to Rome, and the Pope had been allowed twelve hours from the time of the arrival of the English fleet to recal his Bull, or have the walls of his city battered about his ears, it would have been a more dignified proceeding for our nation, and we should have been spared a good deal of bad oratory at Exeter Hall.

The author assures us that he has witnessed the absurdities he describes, and that the arguments ascribed to either party, are word for word such as he has heard from their own lips. This may be true; but we must be allowed to question whether such a place as his model village, where *Methodism is unknown*, can be shown to exist in the whole area of broad England.

The Poetical Works of John Dryden. With Illustrations by John Franklin. London: George Routledge and Co. 1853.

We could not desire a handsomer or a more convenient edition of the British Poets than the series publishing by Mr. Routledge, of which this volume is a specimen. It has evidently been edited with care, is printed with correctness in a clear and readable type, abounds in admirable illustrations engraved in capital style, and is preceded by an interesting biography of Glorious John. The binding is chaste and elegant, and the size—about seven inches by five—exactly fitted for the ladies' boudoir or the gentleman's pocket. The Poems of Dryden occupy above five hundred pages: those of Pope ought to follow immediately; and we trust that Shakspear will not be omitted in the series. Five such volumes as this would include the whole of his plays and poems—which if produced in this style, would be the cheapest and most acceptable edition ever offered to the public.

There and Back again, in Search of Beauty. By James Augustus St. John. In two volumes. London: Longman and Co., 1853.

Mr. St. John leaves his wife and family in a comfortable residence on the shore of Lake Leman, and, from sheer love of wandering at his own sweet will through the world, starts alone upon a journey to Egypt and back again, visiting Italy and Greece on his route. The same thing has been done a thousand times by as many different people, and the shelves of our libraries groan with the records of their adventures, exploits, and discoveries; and yet we will venture to assert that any *helluo librorum* who shall have perused the whole of them, if such a monster is to be found, will find not merely abundance of novelty in these volumes, but novelty of a species not usually discoverable in productions of the sort. "The proper study of mankind is man," and it would appear that, away from this proper study, Mr. St. John cannot get, let him betake himself whither he may. The burden of his song is ever of human hopes and passions, and deeds and sympathies; and these he illustrates by an infinite variety of brief romances of real life, gleaned from the personal recitals of the strange companions with whom his wanderings make him acquainted—and often, too, let us add, and quite as much to the purpose, by glimpses of his own remarkable experience and rather peculiar philosophy. The readers of "Tait's Magazine," are familiar with these entertaining sketches, and will not be sorry to meet with them again in a revised and completed form in the present handsome volumes.

Ione's Dream, and other Poems. By Jane Emily Herbert. London: Pickering. 1853.

Ione's Dream is a long, exceeding wearisome, and not very intelligible story, in which one Willy Tool plays a conspicuous part. What it is all about, we do not feel qualified even to guess at the first reading, and not having time for the second, must leave the mystery as we found it—taking liberty to protest, however, against such couplets as,

> Language is too evanescent
> To tell this boon to mortals sent,—

whatever they may lead to. Among the "other Poems," we look in vain for a poem of any kind, or a single poetical idea, properly so called. Here is a piece of advice worth remembering, which we extract as a sample of the better part of the versification of this volume.

> Gently speak and watch thy words,
> There are other hearts beside thee;
> Think of what you'd like yourself,
> Did their sadder lot betide thee;
> Clouds thy suffering soul o'ershading,
> Would'st thou like this harsh upbraiding?
> Watch thy words:—oh, did'st thou suffer
> As you know that soul must feel,
> Would'st thou like the words that probed,
> Or the gentle words that heal?—
> Those who jested with your pain,
> Or with thee were pained again?

There is a most ponderous and elaborate dirge for Wellington, in which all the common-places of the epitaph-mongers are piled mountains high. It is possible there may be some good passages in it—but we have been overtaken with such an irresistible drowsiness while floundering on through a succession of meaningless and crippled metres, that we have not strength to look for them. Plump! we drop into our easy chair, to recruit our powers with a nap.

Cranford. By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1853.

The "Chronicles of Cranford" are well known to the reading world through the medium of "Household Words," in which journal they appeared as a series. They form, in our estimation, the most inimitable portraiture of human nature female,

under certain circumstances and aspects, that has ever been exhibited. Miss Matty, the daughter of the deceased rector, is a truly exquisite character, whom it is impossible not to admire and love; and her Johnsonian sister, Deborah, is none the less true to nature, or less happily conceived and delineated. One regrets that death has so much to do in this Paradise of old maids. Poor Captain Brown! we wish he had lived, at least to the end of the last chapter, and witnessed the return of Mr. Peter, and the restoration of the excellent Matty to her lost position in society. But we must not quarrel with destiny—even the destiny of writers of fiction. "Births, deaths, and marriages" are the materials of man's domestic history, and we have them all at Cranford, mingled with other elements of romance less serious, combined in a general picture of life in a retired hamlet, interesting from the nature of its details, and often startling from the wondrous fidelity both of outline and colouring.

Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question. Communicated by T. CARLYLE. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1853.

THERE is a great deal of rough truth told in a rough way in this characteristic pamphlet, and there are also certain things which could not be shown to be true, as fearlessly stated. The modern outcry against slavery sounds discordantly in the ears of Mr. Carlyle, and he lifts up his thundering voice for justice in preference to Exeter Hall philanthropy, for which he has not the shadow of a liking. The following passage bearing upon the present condition of the West India negroes, who, it must be remembered, decline to work, save at their own convenience, while they can maintain themselves upon the produce of the soil with a trifling amount of labour,—is very much to the purpose, and may serve to show the spirit of the whole discourse.

> If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing out those sugars, cinnamons, and nobler products of the West India islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but will sheer him out by and by like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground; him and all that partake with him—perhaps in a very terrible manner. For, under favour of Exeter Hall, the "terrible manner" is not yet quite extinct with the destinies in this universe, nor will it quite cease, I apprehend, for soft sawder, or philanthropic stump oratory now or henceforth. No; the gods wish, besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in the West Indies; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies:—infinitely more they wish, that manful, industrious men occupy their West Indies, not indolent, two-legged cattle, however "happy" over their abundant pumpkins! Both these things, we may be assured, the immortal gods have decided upon, passed their eternal Act of Parliament for; and both of them, though all terrestrial parliaments and entities oppose it to the death, shall be done. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work. Or, alas, let him look across to Haiti, and trace a far sterner prophecy! Let him, by his ugliness, idleness, rebellion, banish all white men from the West Indies, and make it all one Haiti,—with little or no sugar-growing—black Peter exterminating black Paul, and, where a garden of the Hesperides might be, nothing but a tropical dog-kennel and pestiferous jungle—does he think that will for ever continue pleasant to gods or men? I see men, the rose-pink cant all peeled away from them, land one day on those black coasts; men *sent* by the laws of this universe, and inexorable course of things; men hungry for gold, remorseless, fierce as old Buccaneers were:—and a doom for Quashee which I had rather not contemplate! The gods are long-suffering; but the law from the beginning was, he that will not work shall perish from the earth; and the patience of the gods has limits.

There is a portentous truth in this passage, and there are many others not less pregnant with meanings of similar importance in this stirring pamphlet, which we commend to the perusal of all interested in the "Nigger Question."

Count Arensberg; or, the Days of Martin Luther. By JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B. In two vols. Brighton: Folthorp. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

THE days of Martin Luther were the days of Leo the Tenth, of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of Cellini—days when the papal court was most luxurious and most corrupt. Domestic treason embittered the life of the pontiff, and foreign heresies threatened his throne; yet could he find leisure for the enjoyment and encouragement of art, and solace in the contemplation of its marvels. His grand artistic projects, and the means he took to carry them into execution, by raising money on the sale of indulgences, were the immediate causes of the Reformation. A man so unscrupulous and reckless in the creation of resources was as necessary to the consummation of that great event, as were the infamous hypocrisies and villanies which it laid bare to the indignant gaze of all mankind. Without a Leo there would not have been a Luther. A more cautious Pope had retained the allegiance of Christendom, and reform might have come a century or two later. The author, perhaps we should say authors, of this most readable and interesting work, has or have, taken especial care in dealing with historical facts, neither to garble nor to mutilate them; and the young reader who derives his first knowledge of this important period through the agreeable medium these volumes afford, will have nothing to unlearn when he has recourse to history to complete or supplement it. The character of Martin Luther is vigorously sketched and consistently maintained; and the most remarkable and stirring facts of his life are here recorded. The romance (with the loves of Bianca and Arensberg) which is interwoven with the current of events, is cleverly contrived, and written with much spirit. It is an excellent story, very well told, and interesting in all its stages. Bianca's rescue from the Cardinal and his satellites is a good dramatic scene—and the reader rejoices heartily at her final escape and the confusion of her enemies. These volumes

will be read with general pleasure and advantage: they betray the possession of greater dramatic power than the author has invariably chosen to exercise, and are characterized by a pleasant simplicity of style.

The Bridesmaid, Count Stephen, and other Poems. By MARY C. HUME. London: J. Chapman, Strand. 1853.

A VOLUME, and a good thick one too, of poems by a daughter of Joseph Hume, M.P., the practical philosopher of facts and figures, startles us in our editorial chair, like the appearance of some uncommon phenomenon. It is no illusion, however, but a solid fact of 360 pages, upon which we are called to pronounce a candid verdict. Candidly then, there are in this volume sufficient evidences of intellectual power, coupled with a habit of thinking, to make it acceptable to a good many readers; and there is a little, though but a little, of the true creative faculty of the poet, which will enlist the favour of more. The chief faults are a ruggedness in the versification and a carelessness in the metre not to be passed over without rebuke in the compositions of a lady who can plainly do better if she choose. There are glaring defects, moreover, in the choice of words. Coleridge said that poetry is "the best words in the best places," a very doubtful dogma, perhaps, but still one that contains some truth. Now worse words worse placed than the following, we defy anybody to produce:—

Ere ocean surges betwixt us swell.

Here are six sibilants in an unmetrical line, harsh and discordant enough to set a poet's teeth on edge, and we might quote others which would almost match it. But practice and attention to the requirements of melody will remedy these defects, which we have a right to expect will disappear in the maturer productions of the writer. As usual with young authors, we find the minor poems the best in the collection, and we extract one, which would seem to embody her father's creed, by way of a sample of the powers of the poetess:—

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

Otium cum dignitate! Saidst thou, friend,
 That unto such mere figment of the brain,
 Such airy phantasm, such chimæra vain
As alchemist's dreams of old, thy wishes tend?
Seek the philosopher's far-fabled stone!
 But for thine "otium," there is no such stuff;
 Unless we read—"otium with quantum suff.
Of earnest, useful labour;"—whence alone,
Believe me, man may draw true dignity.
 The highest he in idleness may boast
 (Leisure by courtesy) is that, at most,
Of a young child at play, in guileless glee.
 Then lay thy dreams of dignity aside,
 Or "die in harness," as the best have died.

The volume is affectionately dedicated, in a neat sonnet to the author's excellent and honoured parent.

Infidelity: its Cause and Cure, &c. By the Rev. DAVID NELSON, M.D. London: G. Routledge. 1853.

THERE has been no lack of works lately on the subject of Infidelity, which is not to be wondered at, looking to the growing prevalence of new forms of belief and unbelief. This little volume by an American divine deals with the matter in a popular and practical way, and appears to us peculiarly suited for circulation among young people of the middle and working classes. The style is simple and earnest—the several topics brought under notice, are treated with clearness and brevity, and rendered interesting by a variety of anecdotes and personal narratives illustrative of the argument. The relation of the writer's own experience contains the materials of a striking memoir, and is worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all seekers after truth.

Facts and Fantasies: a Sequel to Sights and Sounds; the Mystery of the Day. By H. SPICER, Esq. London: T. Bosworth. 1853.

THE rapping or Spirit Manifestations are fast growing into a very respectable mystery, in spite of the sturdy opposition of the majority of the scientific world, the sneers of the witty who laugh at it, and the significant silence of the wise who affect to ignore it altogether. In this supplement to his former volume, Mr. Spicer candidly reviews the arguments of his opponents, and deals to some of them the same measure of sarcasm which they have awarded him. He is as good at their own weapon as they are, and since he only returns a Roland for an Oliver, they have no cause to complain. Against the unscrupulous jeers of such adversaries the author of Sights and Sounds advances the philosophical theories of such inquirers as Mr. Rogers and the reverend Mr. Beecher. We have no pretensions to decide on the merits of either of their respective theories, but leave them to the test of experience; yet it is curious that facts within our own knowledge tend to confirm one of Mr. Rogers' logical deductions which is to the effect "that the specific action of one person's brain may be unconsciously propagated to another's brain, and there be exactly represented in a *second cerebral action.*" That this is true in some cases we are forced to admit, from a singular fact which we shall state for the benefit of Mr. Spicer and all whom it may concern. A lady and gentleman of our acquaintance, the parents of a numerous family, with all of whom we have been intimate for many years, were some fifteen or sixteen years ago, struck with a remarkable coincidence in their dreams. What was deemed mere accident at first led them afterwards to compare notes, when it was found that they almost invariably dreamed the same dreams, and that upon any incident in the visions of the night being mentioned by one, the other could take up the narrative and continue it to the moment of waking. The novelty of the thing

was at first a source of amusement at the family breakfast table, but when that wore off, it grew to be regarded as a matter of course, and ceased to be talked about—though the strange phenomenon continued to exist for, we believe, several years.

Having struck a balance with opponents and objectors, Mr. Spicer details some further records of his own experience, and that of others in connection with the spirit movement. Many of these would be sufficiently convincing, if the fact of their truth could be brought home to the reader's mind as satisfactorily as it appears to be to the mind of the narrator—a consummation not to be effected by mere verbal report. The following is a very remarkable fact—if fact it be—and points to the possession of a faculty which we trust will not become common among the light-fingered gentry, who infest our London streets. A certain lady's maid possessed a singular gift which was developed to a most surprising extent, by means of which she had established a complete dominion, moral as well as physical, over whom she pleased:

> She had been sent on a message one morning, and becoming extremely hungry, walked into a pastry-cook's shop, and took possession of a large and costly Christmas cake! She had not a farthing in her pocket; but nevertheless continued eating as much of the cake as satisfied her hunger; then, quietly depositing the remainder on the counter, walked out of the shop! On reaching home she related this exploit, and being asked if she had not expected to be followed by the enraged proprietors, declared she had no such fear, as she had previously *willed* a circle round them, which she knew they could not pass. It is at least perfectly certain that no attempt whatever was made to detain her.

There is a collection of supernatural stories to wind up the volume; and here again we might if we chose corroborate the probability at least of some of these relations by others which form a portion of our own family history. But in fact such things are far less rare than one might suppose them to be, looking to the importance they are made to assume when thus brought forward to support a new doctrine. There are probably few men who have lived forty or fifty years in the world, who have not had sufficient reasons afforded them, by events unexplainable by natural causes, to give them pause ere they condemn all supernatural demonstrations as imposture and humbug. As to the "spirit manifestations" they must take their course. What is delusive and artificial will tend to exposure, and be finally scouted with the scorn and ridicule it deserves; and if there be any new truth involved in so eccentric and incomprehensible a garb, that too will be developed, and perchance mankind may be the wiser and the better by the solution of the mystery.

Life and Times of Madame De Staël. By MARIA NORRIS. London: David Bogue, Fleet-streeet. 1853.

MADAME de Staël and her cotemporaries, and the events of which they were the witnesses and the actors, during half a century of the most portentous period of modern European history, present a rather comprehensive and complicated subject for a young writer. The authoress of this book, however, has not shrunk from the arduous task, nor from the protracted labour which was necessary in preparing for its execution. This "Life and Times," though but a single volume of less than four hundred pages, fulfils the promise of its title, and gives a very accurate and unprejudiced picture of the men and manners, the modes of thinking and acting, which characterized the select society of the French capital, at the close of the last and the commencement of the present century—during the horrors of the Revolution and the rise into power of the Corsican adventurer. It is too much the vice of biographers to idolize their heroes and heroines; and this biography offers no exception to that very general rule. Madame de Staël, with all her masculine genius and womanly sensibility, had too much vanity, and perhaps too much obstinacy in her composition, fully to merit all the encomiums here lavished upon her. She was, however, a woman foully wronged by the most exacting despot the world ever saw; and whatever were the qualities which preserved her alone, of all the talents and the graces that shone around Napoleon, from truckling to his influence, we can but rejoice that she possessed them, and, by preserving her independence of thought, reduced her all-powerful and ambitious adversary to the paltry expedient of persecution. Literature has gained more advantages by the exile of Corinne, than she herself lost. As the brilliant centre of a Parisian circle, she would have flashed for a time, a gorgeous but transient meteor, the marvel and the delight of the society in which she moved. As a sorrowing exile, it was her nobler task to enrich the literature of all Europe by the productions of her pen—works, some of them as remarkable for the soundness of their political philosophy, as are others for their graces of fancy and the loftiest flights of imagination. While we read her history with a painful sympathy, and with indignant scorn of the tyrant who cast her out, it is yet difficult to understand, how a mind possessed of such vast internal resources as this extraordinay woman displayed, could be so much depressed by a calamity which need scarcely have been felt as such, and would have been endured with equanimity, had she thoroughly appreciated her real vocation.

This volume does justice to the memory of Necker, whose domestic character is very beautifully portrayed—as is also that of his wife, the silent mother of her who was the most accomplished talker as well as the ablest and most charming writer of her age. A portrait of Madame de Staël, a striking head, capitally engraved, confronts the title-page.

Tour on the Continent, by Rail and Road, in the Summer of 1852. By JOHN BARROW, Esq. Lon-

don: Longman and Co. 1853. (Traveller's Library.)

Any one who is desirous of accomplishing a journey through Northern Germany, the Tyrol, Lombardy, and home again through France, and all in the short space of two months, may learn from this brief record of such an exploit how it is to be done. There are exactly a hundred places of more or less note visited and described in the course of the sixty days. The account is in consequence rather meagre, and, indeed, a much better one might be compiled from the guide-books, without the trouble of such a breathless scamper as Mr. Barrow has chosen to execute. We learn nothing new from his book, which appears to have been written as hastily as the tour was performed. Still it shows what is possible to be done in these days of rail-roads and steamboats, which, it is to be hoped, is all the author intended.

The Scottish Review; a Quarterly Journal of Social Progress and General Literature. No. III. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

The present is an excellent number of this review, which though it started into the strength of maturity at once, yet improves in vigour at each successive appearance. When Blackwood lately indulged in an exceedingly vapid article upon the question of total abstinence, we foresaw a rod in pickle for him in the new review; and here we have it with a vengeance, bristling with prickles in every twig, and laid on with anything but a gentle touch; but we hope the gentleman will survive to publish a rejoinder, as there is yet a great deal more worth saying to be said on both sides of the subject. The opening paper in this number, entitled "Literary Men, Philosophers, and Men of Action," is an eloquent and elegant exposition of the true function of literature, somewhat too metaphysically treated, perhaps, but pregnant with truth, and suggestive of manful progress in the right direction. There are seven other original papers, on matters of general interest, all of which are well worthy of perusal. Considering the stuff it is made of, this quarterly review is decidedly one of the cheapest publications of the day. It may be received, post free, in any part of the kingdom, for a subscription of five shillings a year,—and it may be reasonably hoped that, ere long, there will be no part of the kingdom in which it will not be familiarly known and received as a welcome visitor.

Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains. By Robert Ferguson. London: Longman and Co. 1853. (Traveller's Library.)

It is a pleasant thing to listen to the gossip of an intelligent and good humoured traveller, and the reader may easily imagine that he is thus engaged while perusing this lively and very readable volume. The author's tour embraces most of the lions of Switzerland, commencing at Basle, and terminating with Mont Blanc. He is good at description, but there is more novelty about his men than his mountains, which latter have been so much overdone, that it is the next thing to an impossibility to say anything new concerning them. His human subjects are not exclusively Swiss. On the Rigi he falls in with those stereotyped young couples who, "having just been made one flesh, walk about with their arms round each other's waist, holding on together till the splice becomes consolidated." Among the *most* intelligent mountaineers, he finds the science of England represented by the great Dr. Morison, the pill-man, and discovers that the *least* intelligent among them have wit enough to cheat him into paying ten times as much for their services as they are worth. He reports the landlords as exceedingly anxious to cut a good figure in the red-jacketed pages of Murray, and fooling, and feasting, and undercharging, a fortunate individual who rejoiced in that world-renowned patronymic, with a view to ensure honourable mention in the pages of the hand-book. At Gemmui he makes the very sensible remark, when his guide is insulted by the jeers of a group of English gents, that it is in the difficult pass, or the unfrequented route, that the men you meet are gentlemen, while it is the genus *snob* whom you find sauntering among the environs of the towns and cities. He does not ascend Mont Blanc; he has a notion that, inasmuch as a man can peril his life in a balloon for five pounds, the ascent of Mont Blanc is an expensive danger. But he starts the adventurers up, and watches them down, and thus describes their return from the exploit.

> Great is the excitement in Chamouni, when they are seen returning in the evening across the plain towards the inn. Here they come—*magnâ comitante catervâ*—the men who have been up Mont Blanc! Surely, earth feels like velvet—they walk not quite like common men! Honour and glory await them; twelve of them get five-and-twenty shillings each, and the thirteenth has his name painted on a board by the side of De Saussure. He has perilled his life a score of times within the last forty-eight hours; but it is over now. He has been at the top of Europe—has stood like a fly on the cold tip of the earth's nose, and is perfectly justified in writing a book. They almost all do. I believe that is one of the reasons why they go up.

This little volume is throughout free from prosiness, and we can commend it as a sprightly companion for a leisure hour.

Popular Tables for Ascertaining the Value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, Renewal Fines, &c. By Charles M. Willich, Actuary and Secretary to the University Life Assurance Society. Third Edition. With Additional Tables of Logarithms, &c., &c., &c. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

The Northampton Table of Mortality, which has been so long the favourite with actuaries, is plainly doomed, at no very distant period, to give place to that of Carlisle, the superior accuracy of which,

though for some years but slowly and unwillingly acknowledged, may be now considered as settled beyond dispute. The proof of this is evidenced by the fact, that the most eminent actuaries, in the formation of new tables, in which the true value of life is the controlling element, show a decided preference to the Carlisle Tables, and make them the basis of their calculations. The present work of Mr. Charles Willich is, perhaps, the best and most comprehensive that has appeared. It is, in fact, difficult to conceive of any species of information relative to property, liability, or expectancy, in connexion with the contingencies of life and death, which may not be gathered from its pages—gathered, too, with the utmost ease and celerity. It is on this last-mentioned account that these tables especially merit the designation of "popular;" they may be successfully consulted by the merest tyro, and the knowledge they impart is instantaneous. To such tables, however, thus strictly popular and useful in the every day business of life, the author has appended no sparing collection of others, logarithmic, trigonometrical, astronomical, and chronological, and variously useful and scientific, for the bare enumeration of which we must refer the reader to an admirable index at the end of the work. We may take the opportunity, by the way, to commend the tables on astronomy, as combining the most recent discoveries in that science; and the method proposed in pp. 98 and 134, for obtaining the logarithms of high numbers, both the common and hyperbolic, which is admirable from its practical facility. We may be allowed to point also to the "Secular Diary," p. 131, a table most useful to literary men, by means of which we have just saved ourselves a bout of figures of half an hour's duration. The amount of knowledge, all too of the positive and unquestionable kind, compressed into this handsome pocket volume, is startling to think of. If, instead of figures, it were expressed in paragraphs by an average penny-a-liner, it would occupy a mass of foolscap that would literally load a waggon.

Two Letters addressed to Hugh Barclay, Esq., Sheriff-substitute of Perthshire. By Rev. J. S. M'Corry, M.A.P. Edinburgh: Marsh and Beattie.

Mr. M'Corry wields a stout cudgel in behalf of his faith, but does not practice the charity he inculcates. He is angry at the Sheriff-substitute's abuse of the Pope, as unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman, and then revenges himself by detailing a parcel of exploded lies about Calvin, calculated to be as offensive to Presbyterians as any tirades against the Pope can be to Catholics. Further the reverend gentleman knows but little of Protestant sectarianism. There *are* points in which Protestants are quite as much united as in their hatred of Romanism. As for the right of private judgment against which he declaims so lustily, Protestants unitedly regard a man who voluntarily surrenders that as mentally emasculated. They ask, where do the Scriptures inculcate such a surrender?—a question which Rome is unable to answer.

The National Miscellany for July, 1853. London J. H. Parker.

There are two papers in this number of the Miscellany which are well timed and well written: they are the "Nurse's Tale" and "Modern French Art." The former is an "ower true" representation of the wretched physical condition of a large section of our poorer labouring classes, and is at the same time a quiet satire upon our habits of mammon worship. The latter gives a pretty fair representation of the state of French Art, and criticises with some acuteness the remarkable works of Ary Scheffer—to whom, however, the author does a little injustice in accusing him of "flatness." Scheffer is a painter of wonderful power and originality, and can "come out of the canvass" when it suits his purpose. There are six other papers in the number—bnt not of equal merit with the above.

Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew. Embracing a period of nearly 19 centuries. Now First revealed to and Edited by David Hoffman, Hon. J.U.D., of Göttegen. Vol I. London: Thomas Bosworth, Regent-street. 1853.

The legend of the Wandering Jew, originally founded upon the words of the Saviour, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" has given occasion for tales, romances, histories, and narratives without number, current in every generation, at least since the invention of the art of printing. It has been left to David Hoffman, however, to form the comprehensive design of building upon this legendary foundation a romantic and historical structure of such vast dimensions as to embrace the annals of the whole period from the appearance of the Nazarene in the holy city, down to the close of the first half of the present century. That such is the design of the author he intimates in the following passage.

> From materials so extensive as are the original Chronicles, descending through a period of more than eighteen centuries, our "Selections," though extensive, are still comparatively very limited; and ever with the hope of preserving, in a large degree, the chronological chain of the more important historical events of his momentous life—also some fair portion of his opinions and musings—and lastly, so much of his own personal narrative as may render the story of his various and really adventurous life as popular and dramatic as the actually substantial warp and woof of his character will permit. In consenting to its publication at this time, Cartaphilus is too elevated in mind and in piety, to aim at the gratification of mere curiosity—his object being far more lofty. He firmly believes that Israel is now more emphatically in a *transition* state than ever before—and that especially Hebrew youths will find impartial instruction and spiritual knowledge in these his pages—whilst the young and old of every faith, will also find therein a condensed and veracious chronicle of past ages; and in a form perhaps

more pleasing and impressive, than history and didactic philosophy ordinarily are. Under whatever name this remarkable personage may have been dimly seen or thought of, throughout the long stream of time he has passed, and in the many heathen and Christian lands into which his destiny has brought him: and whatever legendary features superstition and fancy may have attached to him, especially in the mediæval ages, the now veritable and enlarged revelation of himself—(made also as a portion of that very destiny) cannot but add, as his editor hopes and believes, greatly to the sympathies the world has so long bestowed upon him—whilst it must satisfy every rational mind that the Wandering Jew, in his selection of the present time for that revelation, has his eye intent upon the assured fact that, scarce one hundred and fifty years being added to his now life, will not only terminate his wanderings, but place the whole human family in a condition of more quiescence, and of a higher moral, intellectual and physical happiness, than has ever before been known or even imagined.

In the prosecution of his plan, Mr. Hoffman has no compunction on the score of brevity, but assigns to himself the ample space of six royal octavo volumes, of about 700 pages each, in quaint, old-fashioned type of but moderate size, and closely printed. The contents of this, the first volume, carry us but two hundred years forward upon the journey—and we must frankly confess, that when we set forth to track the footsteps of the restless wanderer, we hardly imagined that we should arrive thus far. But, whether it be owing to the extraordinary interest of the events narrated—to the marvellous impress of humanity stamped upon every page and paragraph—or to the charm of the style, a curious sort of mixture of that of Defoe, of Jeremy Taylor and of the Old Testament writers—here we are at length, at the end of the first volume, refreshed in our recollections of the history of the period, and ready to tackle the second as soon as it comes into our hands. Perhaps the hold which this book has upon the reader, whom it lures on gently page after page—never fascinating, though often surprising him, and sometimes awaking his profoundest sympathies—is due principally to the fact, that all the details come as from one who saw or suffered them himself, and was a part and parcel of the history he relates. The Wandering Jew is a seller of doves in the Temple—the associate of Judas—the servant of Pilate—the companion of the tyrant Nero—the friend of Josephus—the counsellor of Vespasian—and so on, and on, to the end of the long chapter. He resides at Rome through the maddest period of her luxury and cruelty, and describes with the force and fidelity of an eye-witness, her social and domestic anomalies and the prodigies of her internal organization. He travels into Greece, and recals her fading glories and extinguished patriotism. He witnesses the bloody assaults of Jerusalem, and the final destruction of the Temple of Zion. He is buried at Pompeii in the deluge of lava from the mountain, and lies submerged for years, the constrained and silent spectator of mysterious visions in the dark abyss—emerging at length to commence again his weary pilgrimage. When his age numbers a century of years, he undergoes an agonizing transformation, and is re-created after the image of his youth. In his restored form he revisits her who had been once the "light of his life," from whom his sad destiny had severed him for ever; she is in the agonies of death—but she recognises his once loved voice, and dies while her last words of affection are ringing in his ears.

But we must not attempt any description of the contents of this volume—the most remarkable literary undertaking of the time. We have good hopes of its success with the public, because, when completed, the whole work will contain a mine of historical information, mingled with no small amount of natural and appropriate meditations upon the various mutations in human life—not peculiar to a Wandering Jew, but common to the whole human race.

Edmund Burke: being First Principles selected from his Writings. With an Introductory Essay, by Robert Montgomery, M.A. London: George Routledge. 1853.

These selections from the Writings of Burke will form a welcome addition to the library of many an Englishman, proud, and justly proud, as all Englishmen are of the genius and high-souled integrity of their author. They contain some of the most admirable specimens of composition which our language can boast, and embody a great deal of practical wisdom in reference to the moral and political obligations both of sovereigns and subjects. Thus much may be allowed. But the eloquence and indignation of Burke often ran away with his judgment, and betrayed him into the expression of sentiments inconsistent with his reputation as a philosopher. Even in these "Selections" instances are not wanting, where, over-leaping the sublime, he plunges into the ridiculous—and, what is worse, into the palpably false and fallacious. On this account we demur to the title of "First Principles," which Mr. Montgomery bestows upon so large and indiscriminate a collection of maxims culled from the writings of his favourite author. Many of them are nothing better than exploded dogmas, and many more, thanks to the spread of education, are fast becoming as obsolete as they were once mischievous and hostile to intellectual and political progress. Burke was a fanatic in his hatred to democracy and dissent—and he loathed republicanism with a natural instinct. The French Revolution destroyed his equanimity; and his keen sense of its accompanying horrors obscured his perception of any possible advantages which mankind might reap from it. Dreading a similar commotion in England, he strained every nerve to avert it; and in so doing helped to aggravate abroad the atrocities he feared and deprecated at home. As a churchman he was faithful and devout, but equally blind and bigoted. At a period when gambling, cock-fighting, fox-hunting, cursing, and swearing, and dare-devil parsons made a mock of the religion they were commissioned to honour in their example, he lavished his elo-

quence and prostituted his pen to prove that Mother Church was the model of everything that is pure and holy and excellent. He was probably sincere in his encomiums; but they were those of a blind trusting partizan—not of a free inquirer or observer.

For the introductory Essay affixed to this volume, we cannot say much. It is just what the "reading public" ought to expect from Mr. Montgomery. Incapable of consecutive thought —and filled with vague and grandiose notions, he mounts upon a pair of long-legged, lofty stilts, and scattering about him a few grains of biography, a few of political philosophy, a few of divinity—a few scraps of Latin, a few more of Greek—and involving them altogether in a delicious entanglement of mellifluous and laudatory paragraphs, covers the ground of his Introduction, immensely to his own satisfaction, and, for aught we know to the contrary, to that of the discerning public as well. His shallow pedantry and flatulent bombast have so long passed current with his admirers for the emanations of genius, that we are puzzled, like a good many more, to account for it—and are driven to the conclusion that Providence, for its own wise and inscrutable purposes, has decreed him to remain, an incarnate satire upon literary fame, to teach the world that even that too is "vanity, under the sun."

The Principles of French Grammar, with numerous Exercises. For the use of Schools and Private Students. By Jules Caron, M.E.I.S. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

This grammar is cleverly compiled, upon a very useful plan. It is remarkable for the completeness and brevity with which every branch of the subject is treated. The chapter on pronouns, always a difficult matter with beginners, leaves nothing to be desired but application on the part of the student. And we may point especially to a few paragraphs on the syntax of the participles, upon which whole volumes have been written, and which is here made perfectly plain in a few simple sentences. The youth who is compelled to be his own instructor will scarcely meet with a better guide than this handy volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

The Spectator: Part I. London: Thomas Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. 1853.

The Napoleon Dynasty. By the Berkeley Men and Another. From Charles Buonaparte to Napoleon II., by the Berkeley Men: Louis Napoleon, by F. Greenwood. Illustrated with Twenty-two portraits. London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co. 1853.

Christine Van Amberg: A Tale, by the Countess D'Arbouville. Translated by M. B. Field, M.A. London: Bosworth, Regent-street. 1853.

The Angler's Complete Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of England. By Robert Blakey, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co. 1853.

Christ our Life. By the Rev. William Willan. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

Journal of Health, No. 35. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. July, 1853.

South Australia and the Gold Discoveries. London: Saunders and Stanford, Charing Cross. 1853.

A Plea for the Maine Law: A Sermon. By the Rev. Charles Beecher. London: Tweedie, Strand.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Norwich Union Life Insurance Society.—On Thursday last, the 30th of June, the annual meeting of the members of this Society was held at the Office in Surrey Street. At twelve o'clock, the President, Lieut.-General Sir Robert Jno. Harvey, C.B., took the chair, and called upon the Secretary, Samuel Bignold, Esq., to commence the business, which he did by reading the advertisement and the resolution of a former general meeting, under which this meeting was held, and which defined that its object was "to receive the cash accounts of the past year, and to consider the state and prospects of the Society." In furtherance of these objects, the Secretary proceeded to lay before the meeting the following accounts. First: The annual cash account of receipts and disbursements. Second: The asset account, showing the total amount of the capital of the Office, £1,988,262 4s. 8d., and of the reserved fund, £209,510 6s. 11d., together £2,197,772 11s. 7d., and how such sum stood invested. Third: The liability account, classed under the several heads of life policy contracts—annuity contracts, male and female—and endowment contracts. Fourth: The Society's annual mortality table. Fifth: An epitome of the new business effected with the Society between the 1st July, 1852, and this day, a period of twelve months.

After these accounts had been gone through, the President rose and addressed the meeting. He thought it a source of congratulation, that repose and contentment reigned throughout the ramified connections of this great Institution, evidenced by the limited attendance of members this day. Had there been discontent, there would have been a much larger muster; but the affairs of the Society being sound and prosperous, people would not take the trouble to come. He believed the Society's state was never more flourishing than at this time. The number of policies issued in the last year was greater than in the previous year, but the amounts averaged a smaller total, and the policies ran on younger lives; hence, the total premium on the new business was less than that of last year: still, adverting to the enormous competition in Life Insurance business, he thought their progress such as should be satisfactory to every one who wished well to the Office. After a brief and friendly discussion on matters of business, followed by a vote of thanks to the Directors and another to the Secretary, the meeting separated.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.—The sixteenth annual general meeting of proprietors, was held on

Thursday, 23rd June, at the Company's Office. Francis Mills, Esq., in the Chair. The following is an extract from the Director's Report—"Your Directors have again the pleasure to report the continued progress of the business. During the year 1852 the new policies issued were 324, assuring the sum of £182,957 18s., and the new premiums received thereon amounted to £7,462 16s. 11d., or adding the second half-year's premiums on policies effected by the half-yearly scale, representing in new premiums the sum of £8,148 13s. 3d. This is the largest amount of business hitherto transacted in any one year. Twenty deaths were announced during the year, the loss being £12,420, assured by 24 policies—33·62 deaths might have been expected amongst the 1,634 lives at risk during the year, so the actual mortality still continues favorable. The whole number of policies discontinued during the year, from non-payment of premiums, effluxion of time, surrender, death and cancellation, was 114, assuring £75,095 12s. 6d., leaving existing on 31st December last 1,793 policies, assuring £1,207,705 11s. 8d. on 1,546 lives. The average on each policy was £673 11s. 4d.—the average on each life was £781 3s. 7d. The Balance-sheets, as examined and approved by your Auditors, are laid on the table for your inspection.

	£	s.	d.
The income of the Life Assurance Fund was	52,386	12	1
Of the Proprietors' Fund	1,432	13	4
Total	£53,819	5	5
The accumulated amount of the Life Fund was	214,972	14	8
Proprietors'	33,994	1	11
Total	£248,966	16	7

The expenses of management for the year were only £3,753 16s. 11d., being less than 7 per cent. of the gross income.

Your Directors have also the pleasure to declare a dividend on the paid-up capital for the past year at the rate of 5 per cent. clear of income-tax, payable on 5th July next. This dividend is paid entirely out of the interest and accumulations of the Proprietors' fund.

British Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The Report of this Society shows that its progress during the past year has proved considerably greater than that of any former year, and that its future prospects are more encouraging. The accounts of the Society, made up to the 25th of March, show that during the year then ended, 324 policies were issued, assuring £53,493 10s. upon lives averaging about 35 years of age, and that the first premiums received thereon (consisting, in the majority of instances, either of the half year, or the first quarter only), amounted to £1,149 13s. 8d.; while, in the previous year, the Directors were enabled to report the issue of only 261 policies, assuring £44,108 15s. Since the 25th March, 65 policies have been issued for new assurances, amounting to £10,796 18s. which are not included in the above. During the year, 83 policies have become lapsed, upon which the Society had received £552 16s. 11d. Six became claims, owing to the death of the assured, for £2,090 18s. all of which have been promptly paid, as well as the £1,000 mentioned in the last report as having been admitted, but not then paid: upon these, the Society had received premiums amounting to £504 7s. 5d. The amount of assurances now in force will be found to be £215,227 17s. in policies averaging £175 5s. 4d. each, at the average age of 35, and yielding an annual income of £6,191 18s. 1d. Fifty-seven other proposals, for £18,195 19s. were either declined by the Directors, or, being accepted by them, were not completed by the proposers. There are now 24 proposals, for £6,924 which have been accepted and are waiting completion, and 13 more, for £2,749 which are under consideration. The claims upon policies paid by the Society, since its commencement in 1844, amount to £6,798 17s., and £147 18s. 10d. have been paid for the surrender of three policies for £2,500. These have been nearly met by the premiums received upon such policies, and upon those which have lapsed during the same period, amounting together to £5,538 2s. 6d. The current expenses of management will bear favourable comparison with the expenditure of other offices; and it needs but a steady increase of business, such as has marked the operations of the past few years, to soon render this item insignificant in proportion to the income. The various loan classes continue to progress most satisfactorily. During the past year many new classes have been established both in London and in the provinces, and others are now in the course of formation. Several new and important agencies have also been opened, and, by the introduction of the British Mutual Loan Classes in connection with some of them, it may be confidently expected that the operations of the Society will be thus considerably extended.

Industrial and General Life Assurance and Deposit Company.—The report of this Society exhibits some interesting and important information in reference to the practice of assurance among the industrial classes. From a tabular abstract, showing the number of policies in each class, and the average amount of each policy, it appears that in all the classes, in the aggregate, the average amount assured by each policy is £71·99. The variations in the different classes of policies is somewhat curious; for example, the average amount assured by all the policies in the Company is £117·87, but by those of the Friendly Society branch only £28·15. Again, among the Company's policies a somewhat singular result appears, the average sum assured by each of the profit policies is £168·07, but by each of the Without Profit policies the average amount is only £84·87, being almost exactly one-half. These facts prove that this Society has extended the advantages of Life Assurance to a class of the people who had not hitherto availed themselves of such prudential provisions for their families. A second table, giving the amount of yearly premiums payable on each class of policies, as well as the average annual premium on each policy, shows the average annual sacrifice made by the same classes to protect their wives and children from the vicissitudes incidental to old age and death. The average amount of yearly premiums payable on each policy in the Company is £4·272, but in the Friendly Society not quite £1, and in the two collectively, the average is £2·579; and the same variation is observable with regard to profit and non-profit policies. There is another circumstance to which it is important to allude, as showing the particular development of the Company's transactions, namely, of the 5,278 policies in force at the date of this inquiry, no less than 4,665 were ordinary assurances on single lives, and 301 were assurances on the first of two lives, and generally on the lives of husband and wife. What is still more curious, of these 301 policies, as many as 228 are effected on the profit scale; so that here the prudential habit seems to be strongly marked; not only will the benefits of the assurance be available to the survivor of the two, but the transaction is made on the best and most economical basis. There is a third table, exhibiting another interesting aspect, namely, the number of policies now existing in each dicennial period of life, for which, from want of space, we must refer the reader to the report itself.

Law Property Assurance and Trust Society.—The third annual general meeting of this Society was held at the Offices, 33, Essex-street, Strand, on Friday, June 17; Mr. E. W. Cox in the chair. A considerable number of the shareholders were present. The following report was read:—

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

"At the conclusion of the third year of the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society, the Directors have much pleasure in again meeting the shareholders, and submitting to them the following report:—Since the date of the last report, 330 proposals have been under the consideration of the Board, and 314 policies have been issued, the sum thus assured being £101,315 9s. 5d.

The increase of annual income arising from new policies now amounts to £4,385 17s. 8d. Annuities amounting to £46 5s. 2d. have been granted, for which £470 8s. 5d. purchase money has been paid to the Society. The Directors regret that they cannot now, as on the two former occasions, congratulate the shareholders that no policies have become claims. During the past year three claims have been made in respect of policies, and £1,153 8s. 4d. been paid in liquidation of them. The above, are, however, the only claims of any kind which have arisen since the establishment of the Society. The total number of proposals for assurance, in the various branches of the Society's business during the three years which have elapsed since its formation, has been 942, of which 754 have been completed: and there are now 47 proposals in the office which have been accepted. The present annual income of the Society from all sources is £9,231 4s. 11d. Your Directors confine themselves to calling attention to the above facts, which they trust will sufficiently show the satisfactory state of the affairs of the Society; and they refer the shareholders to the general balance-sheet for the details of management and expenditure. In conformity with the Deed of Settlement, Messrs. Macaulay and Paull retire in rotation; and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election. The auditors, Mr. Kelsey and Mr. Hutton, also retire; and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election. We learn from the remarks of the chairman, that, during the past year, this Society has doubled its income, and its business is still rapidly extending.

Solicitors' and General Life Assurance Society.—The Seventh Annual General Meeting of the above Society was held at the Gray's Inn Coffee House, London, on Tuesday, the 31st day of May, 1853, when a Report was read from which we select the following items:—

"Since the date of the last Report 203 policies have been issued, covering assurances to the amount of £93,023, and producing annual premiums to the extent of £3,058.

"Sixteen policies have become claims, amounting to £5,456, showing a diminution, as contrasted with the loss sustained in the prior year, of £2,156.

"From the commencement of business, in April, 1846, the number of policies issued has been.	1,398.		
The amounts assured	£657,600	0	0
The gross annual premiums	20,933	0	0
Eighteen annuities have also been granted of the yearly amount of	603	0	0
During the same period 48 policies to the amount of	18,768	0	0

have become claims.

"In connection with this statement, it will be interesting to the shareholders to learn that the premiums received on policies not now in force have amounted to £9,860, being no less than 52 per cent. of the gross amount assured under the policies on which claims have arisen.

"The number of assurances now actually in force (exclusive of 17 annuities amounting to £573 per annum), is 1,065 for sums amounting to	£489,810	0	0
producing an annual income of	16,188	0	0

"The investments of the society, amounting to £53,935, produce at the present time £2,360 per annum, being at the rate of about 4 2-5ths per cent., and give, with the premiums, an annual income of £18,548.

"The total assets of the Society on the 31st December last, were	£252,288	7	0
and the liabilities of all kinds	212,267	8	3
showing a balance in favour of the Society of	40,020	18	9
from which deducting Shareholders' paid up capital of	25,000	0	0
a nett surplus of	£15,020	18	9

remains to the credit of the General or Assurance Fund, which, by the Deed of Settlement, is applicable by way of Bonus to the different parties interested. Of this surplus, the sum of £9,770 is to be distributed among the participating Class of Policy-holders in the proportion in which each has contributed to the profits of that Class, and the residue of £5,250 18s. 9d is divisible in equal parts among the Shareholders and those who have introduced Assurances to the Society, subject to clause 24 of the Deed of Settlement."

The Directors invite a comparison of the bonus they recommend, with that of other Societies. The gross profits which have arisen will enable the Proprietors to declare a Reversionary Bonus of from 1¼ to upwards of 2¼ per cent. per annum on the amount assured, and equivalent, in some cases, to upwards of 61 per cent. on the amount of premiums paid, but necessarily varying with the age, duration, and other circumstances of each Policy; to declare a dividend of 2s. 7½d. per Share on the Shares of the Society, being an immediate Cash Bonus of 10½ per cent. on the paid up Capital, in addition to the interest of 4 per cent. per annum hitherto paid to to the Shareholders; and also to declare an extra Commission of 72 per cent. on the commissions already paid on the Premiums received for Assurances.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

A TRIAD OF GREAT POETS,—GREECE, ITALY, AND ENGLAND.

Not long ago, we lived for a few days among the mountains,—no matter where,—and on a shore caressed by the sea; which left us no cause for regretting, that we could visit, in our brief holidays, no classic land. These primeval erections of elemental Nature have their own majesty, whether or not they are invested with poetic and historical associations. The jagged rudeness of the precipice, and the waves incapable of a trace of human work, owe nothing of their sublimity to any local connection with accidental events in the fate of man. They do, and awfully they do, appeal to our experience and sympathy, but their moral is of universal application, suggesting how we, and all our kind, are perishable and of puny hand in this physical world, yet of a potent spirit, surpassing the vast aggregations of matter, and the mighty impulse of a senseless mass. A rational insight into the state and destiny of humanity, and its superiority to the special influence of particular circumstances, is admitted by these broader aspects of the natural creation, in which a few sublime and simple objects,—the bare protruding rocky foundations of the earth, the swelled expanse of ocean, bounded by the hollow sky, the clouds from afar that bring to us, uncalled, their gifts of refreshment, the impenetrable serenity of ether, in daylight the blue sunlit ceiling of man's house, the roof by night of a more spacious temple, where every lamp is a radiant world,—impress the mind immediately with their excessive and unattainable grandeur, and, as they go beyond its ordinary standards of comparison, carry it forth into the region of impersonal, of infinite relations. We feel, in such a scene, overpowered by a mysterious interest,' essentially different from that more tender and, as it were, domestic attraction, which attaches us to a pleasant field or valley, fertile in the graceful varieties of tree and flower; these are our gentle kindred, like us and all animals, creatures of the Telluric soil; the huge inorganic masses are of another and an older race.

For a sojourn at such places we had chosen to bring, (that nightfall, rainy weather, or occasional fatigue, might not deprive us of entertainment,) three books, the "precious life-blood" of three "master spirits," if we may use the phrase of one of them, in regard to his own work, "embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond death." It seemed then to us, perusing those high monuments of thought, that we could discern a singular relationship between their authors; and even we fancied a certain resemblance of their magnanimity to the unique and incommensurable features of nature, in sight of which we lingered as we read their verse. The minds of these great men, also, stand above, and stretch outside of, the commonplaces of the world. They too partake of the Titanic race, inheriting an austere and forceful majesty, like the grander creatures of earth, air, and ocean, the first-born of the universe. Æschylus, Dante, Milton, could be studied nowhere so fitly, as in a spot of solemn and vast scenery The jutting ledge of some brown cliff, accessible through the stony bed of a dried up torrent from the sloping field of heather above, and looking down upon a beach of gleaming shingles, which for ever murmured an impatient greeting to the bursting wave, was an advantageous place for recalling that lamentation of lonely Prometheus:—

"Oh divine air, and swiftly flying breezes!
Oh river-fountains; mother of all, oh Earth,
And Sea of waves innumerable smiling,
And Sun that seest all, I challenge you
To look on me, a god, and by the gods tormented!"

Reciting aloud this cry of agonized yet unconquerable resentment, dispersing such words to the wind, we could almost listen for the fluttering wings, and expect the apparition, of the sea-nymphs, a sympathizing and mournful chorus. Shut in, in a gloomy passage between upright and barren hills, across the summits of which then lay, like the top-stone of an enormous cromlech, a pile of opaque raincloud menacing to complete the darkness, we paused, with a shudder perhaps, at the brink of a sullen pool, out of which the chill water crept away, hoarsely murmuring, to pass into the deep ravine, with its rocky edges guarded by a stunted grove of gnarled and twisted oaks that put forth moss-covered branches, beckoning us to follow; and, as we trod in silence that

unknown path, we thought of the "sad river of Acheron," where the secrets of the soul's eternity shall be revealed; we thought of the cavern entrance of Hades, not far off; and imagination, guided by the Florentine exile, as he himself was led by the Roman of a former age, wandered sadly in the lightless, loveless, woeful vale of the wicked; then sought a more open place, where to climb up, from the sedgy bank and the damp meadow, to the purer and more genial climate of the mountain of virtuous endeavour, the ascent of which is from barren steepness to the strange flowers of a richer mould above, and from the twilight of a low position, shaded from the dawn, up into the full sunshine that tinges the eminence with triumphal colour. If desirous yet of a bolder and farther excursion, we could either pursue the vision of Dante through the consummate glories of the celestial region; or better, we could find a prospect more various and extensive, as well as partly conformable to rational and scientific truth; and, hours after the quenching of the fiery vault of sunset, as we lingered on some pinnacle of unobstructed view, scanning the circumference of the nocturnal sky, it was a recollection of the blind poet,—the last and greatest of our great kindred spirits three,—that suggested to us the stupendous flight of the daring archangel, who escaped from the infernal pit, who traversed the chaotic waste of conflicting elements, then stood upon the golden staircase of heaven, enviously, through the vast opening in its pearly floor, looking down upon our corner of the universe,—

> "And, without longer pause,
> Downright into the world's first region throws
> His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
> Through the pure marble air his oblique way
> Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
> Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds;
> Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles
> Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
> Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
> Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
> He staid not to inquire."

Had we not a fine companionship in these meditative rambles? The thoughts of these extraordinary men, which outstrip the course of human affairs, and explore with a keen intelligence, while they render vivid by passionate affection, the region of supernatural existences, are not they comparable to, at least congenial with, the impressions made upon us by the most astonishing of natural objects,—by the sky and its wondrous views into infinity, by the untameable ocean, and the everlasting hills? This conviction, which has seemed to be no mere fanciful sentimentalism, but to be well founded on the analogy which, in æsthetic estimation, may be traced between corresponding moral and physical attributes, justifies our introduction of Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, as Titanic poets, who transcend most others, in respect to the solidity and originality of their substance, in the same manner as the primary order of rocks differ from the more superficial formations; although we take no account of comparative antiquity, in borrowing this geological similitude; these most durable literary deposits bearing evidence, as the ephemeral ones do, of the peculiar influences of their respective periods, in the mode of their stratification and the character of their organic remains.

The association of these three authors, we are aware, should be warranted by indicating some points of connection, more precise and appropriate than simply their common characteristic of excelling genius, which has made each one of their names a proverb of poetical sublimity. A certain *relationship*, not resemblance, we have observed to exist between them. Our comparison, in the following pages, will be of "not like to like, but like with difference." In their historical position, as men of widely distant ages, subjected to the influences, which were essentially different, of their contemporary circumstances, in their artistic faculty and scientific acquirements, in personal habits and disposition, we can find no direct *coincidence*, but there is a very distinct analogy between their situations in respect to the peculiar time when each of them lived; and they present similar monumental attitudes in the sight of posterity, as each appears to us the representative of a like critical moment in the progress of some particular form of civilization. Some instruction may be drawn from the review of this imperfect parallel, not less in the points of divergence, than where the lines are in the same direction. If we can, through all accidents of individual bias, perceive them agreeing in one predominant tendency, it will be safe to trace from them a true line, for the conduct of those who recognise their equal rank.

It has been remarked, with a reference though not explicitly to these persons, that all the *world's* poets, who command the very chiefest place, have probably been, more or less, men of the world's business,—most of them, practically conversant with state affairs. We set aside Homer, of whose life nothing contrary to this remark is known; and Shakspere, who *was* a man of business, though not a politician; the others attest our theory. The reason is, that negotiation, habits of command and service in due place, and of energetic decision in actual emergencies, are the *only* means of educating that force of mind, that power of realizing absent and contingent events, that comprehension of the range of human experience, and that acquaintance with the alternations of hope and regret, courage and disappointment, gratitude and repugnance, which are required to enable the poet vividly to conceive the interests of human life, or to impart imaginative colour,—derived from no source but from human passion,—to the ideal pictures of a romantic fancy, or to invoke our sympathy with the enthusiasm of lyric, and the contentions of dramatic composition.*

* May we be allowed to commend this suggestion especially to the *young* poets of this day? We have read, with delighted admiration, the volume of Mr. Alexander Smith; but only to recur to the conviction, that he wants experience, practical knowledge of the world, to construct a "Drama of Life" more worthy of the gorgeous wealth of fancy and feeling which he has expended. The same is true of "Festus."

We do not say, that a narrow practice of trade routine, without a liberal culture of the taste at the same time, and the indulgence of refined affections, without studies that enlarge and invigorate the intellectual vision, and store the memory with a variety of instances,—can be favourable to poetical sensibility; but we do say, most earnestly, to the many young men occupied in the functions of commerce, who are at this day tempted, (as a score of examples in our own city would prove,) to think their necessary engagements are inconsistent with higher pursuits, that, on the contrary, the experience of the counting-house may help them, effectually, to understand the vast march of history and the noblest creations of literary genius. If this be true of the business of details, it is especially true of political business; by which one is accustomed to regard men in general, to observe their broad distinguishing peculiarities of character and condition, to reflect on the habits and guess the desires of millions whom one cannot personally know, to ascertain by philosophic inference the principles that hold through every complication of circumstances, to feel most sensibly, in dealing with immense interests, the responsibility of action and the dependence of human affairs. It is another effect of political experience, that a man who is obliged,—in every office, more or less,—to consult the wishes, or anticipate the real wants, of the multitude, will become better acquainted with the moral constitution of humanity, by observing it in native simplicity, and will thus be exempt from the delusion of mistaking the sophisticated affectations of any conventional coterie, for the physiology of healthy nature. The great poets, whom we now speak of, were all practical statesmen; in different States, and of different political partialities; Æschylus was a constitutional aristocrat, a man of the old heroic stamp, who lived *into* a democratic and levelling age, far less congenial to his temper, than was the Athens of his youth; Dante, giving his nature adhesion to a theory of imperial monarchy, which could have no foundation in the self-reliant opulence of the Italian republics, found out, also, the futility of any striving to rebuild the systems of the past; Milton, who drew from the Hebrew book of Judges, and from the brightest passages of classic lore, his ideas of a republican theocracy, of which the citizens, qualified by intelligence and virtue, owed allegiance only to divine supremacy, was fated also to outlive the failure of the Commonwealth, and to deplore the abuse of "the known rules of ancient liberty,"—and the return of tyranny with a vicious and servile court. All these were men of the world; men of ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds;" each one, after spending much toil in serving his native country, retired with the high lesson of the world's disappointment, leaving along his vacant path of life the lustre of patriotic virtue.

When the father of tragedy was emerging from boyhood, a happy revolution was accomplished in the government of Athens; the usurping family of Pisistratus were expelled, making room for the re-establishment of civil liberty, with larger guarantees than were enjoyed under the original enactments of Solon. The new constitution of Cleisthenes extended the franchise, which had been formerly restricted to four privileged tribes, now to all free natives of Attica; the legislative assembly, based on their suffrages, and liable to annual election, was invested with additional powers; the citizens were provided with an institution, by which they could, in case of the public peace being endangered by ambitious intrigues, decree without express accusation the banishment of any obnoxious person. The family of young Æschylus were patrician; but, like the honest men of all classes, they frankly accepted these reforms as a security against the return of tyranny, and we find his relatives holding high offices in the reformed state. A detestation of monarchic rule, which recent events had justly provoked, was a part of the virtue of an Athenian at that period; Æschylus expresses this sentiment in several places. The republic of Athens, which gave its tone to the other liberalising communities of Hellenic race, had become the conspicuous model of political progress, "a city set on a hill," containing, we may say, the elements of our European freedom; which in its infancy was menaced by the Asiatic despot. The momentous duel began, between the representatives of enlightened civilisation, and of Oriental servility. A most formidable expedition was sent by the Persian king, to force the Athenians to receive back their deposed tyrant. The invaders had occupied a strip of level ground, along the coast, separated by rugged hills from the rest of Attica. Into this memorable plain descended ten thousand Athenian spearmen, and running acrossthe space, a mile or two, which intervened, they drove the Persian host, some into the swamp, and some into the sea. Three brothers took part in the gallant achievement: Cynegeirus was one, who dashed over the sandy beach and laid hold of the stern of a ship of the retreating foe, when his arm was cut off by the blow of an axe; another brother was Æschylus, then about thirty years old, whose conduct on that occasion must have been also distinguished, as it was mentioned in the inscription on his tombstone, in Sicily, many years afterwards:—

> "How brave in battle was Euphorion's son,
> The long-haired Mede can tell who fled from Marathon."

A third brother was Ameinias, who was to merit similar honours in a conflict no less renowned. The victory at Marathon must have been a surprise to the men who owed it to their unhesitating courage. A moment of intense anxiety followed; they looked up, breathless from the struggle, and saw a glittering shield held up, on the neighbouring summit of the mountain; which they rightly suspected was a signal, made by traitors in the country, to invite the Persian fleet to sail round to Athens, and capture the city in the absence of its defenders. Weariness and wounds did not prevent them from marching instantly, over twenty rough miles of hilly road, to protect the city; by this alacrity, the invaders were intimi-

dated, and the naval attack was postponed until several years later. At no time in the history of the world, it appears to us, have the most precious interests of our race been at stake, to so vast an amount, considering that Greece was then their sole depository, as they were during this war; therefore, we can refer to its events with a juster exultation, than we usually feel in the tale of martial achievements. The marvellous array of motley nations, who followed the sceptre of Xerxes, a multitude whose number was, perhaps, never approached until the Crusades, by any military combination, the abject submission of the rich and enlightened states of Asia Minor and Syria, who had been terrified into becoming instruments of the barbarian power for the destruction of Europe, had oppressed the mind of the strongest, with the gloom of impending calamity. The energy, which rose equal to the exigencies of this fearful moment, was only found in the self-governing people of a few Greek cities, small and poor in comparison with those which succumbed. How thoroughly the soul of Æschylus was roused, we may learn from his own heroic strain. We, the countrymen of Nelson and Collingwood, may read with kindling spirit that narrative, in the drama of the "Persians," which the Athenian poet, who lent a hand at Salamis, composed for the celebration of the national deliverance; the narrator is a fugitive from the fleet of Xerxes, who has escaped to tell the story of its discomfiture to the Persian queen:—

"At length, when the white horses of the Day
Burst o'er the main, all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout arose
Well omened, and, with replication loud,
Leapt the blithe echo from the rocky shore.
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked
By vain opinion; not like wavering flight
Billowed the solemn pæan of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet's voice
Blazed o'er the main; and on the salt sea flood
Forthwith the oars, with measured plash, descended,
And all their lines, with dexterous speed displayed,
Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,
Then the whole fleet bore down, and straight uprose
A mighty shout. 'Sons of the Greeks, advance!
'Your country free, your children free, your wives!
'The altars of your native gods deliver,
'And your ancestral tombs,—all's now at stake!'
A like salute from our whole line back rolled
In Persian speech. No more delay, but straight
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,*
And from the prow of a Phœnician struck
His figure-head; and now the grapple closed
Of each ship with a desperate adversary.
At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock; but soon their multitude
Became their ruin; in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Could not be seen, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn,
And the rough rocks, with dead; till, in the end,
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in a disordered flight rowed off.
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,
With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,
Struck our snared men, and hacked them that the sea,
With wail and moaning was possessed around
Until the night."

The deliverance of Europe, for ever, from the perilous ascendancy of the Persian empire, thus effected by the citizens of Athens and the seafaring men of the isles, was finished, the next year, by the defeat of the Persian land army, at Platœa, where also the poet was. The next few years, including the prime of his manhood, and the meridian of his literary fame, began an uncontrollable expansion of the political life of Athens. In the common struggle for existence, against a foreign enemy, the meanest classes had become morally ennobled; and it was the desire to reward them with a proof of confidence in popular virtue, which induced Aristeides even, who headed the Conservative interest of landed proprietors, to propose that the highest magistracy should be opened to all, without distinction of rank. We have no record of the actual service of Æschylus in any political office; but he was not likely to be unemployed; and in several instances, particularly in his play of "The Suppliants," he shows a familiarity with political proceedings, and a decided esteem for the customs of a constitutional deliberative assembly. There was no question, at this period, of reverting to the oligarchy of a preceding age; nor have we any reason to suppose the poet was disposed to look unfavourably on the admission of popular influence into the councils of the state. But we must not judge the political affairs of Athens by near comparison with those of our own day. The Athenian democracy, at the time of its fullest development, did not stand upon a basis of equal human rights; but the people, who dispensed all power, were themselves a privileged caste; the place of those, whom we now call the working classes, being then allotted to mere slaves, who were at least one-half of the entire population. It is obvious, that a just and prudent statesman would regard with caution, even with jealousy, the irrevocable commitment of the public welfare, including the constitutional securities of liberty, which had been so recently won, and so miraculously preserved, to the numerical majority of a community so fickle, so partial, and so little experienced, hitherto, in affairs of state, as the lower order of Athenian citizens then were; especially when the rivalry and intrigues of other Grecian states, which laid schemes incessantly for the destruction of this one's prosperity, required the most wary and expert management. The Peloponnesian war might have ravaged Hellas immediately after the Persian war, if it had not been for the inflexible consistency of that conservative party, which, liberally and wisely forwarding all reforms of real necessity, withstood the giddy notions of national aggrandisement, in op-

* The captain of the ship was Ameinias, brother of Æschylus; and the manner in which he behaved is told very circumstantially by the historian, Herodotus; but the poet was forbidden, by generous modesty, to mention the name of so near a relative of his own.

position to Themistocles, a splendid traitor, the ablest practical man of his day, who conspired with the enemy while he flattered the populace with schemes of conquest. In this conservative party, composed of men who had lived through the revolution of Cleisthenes, and had known the terrible Persian invasion, we find Æschylus, as he became aged, naturally, with a stronger attachment to the principles of the heroic men of the last generation, than to the new maxims of a magnificent and unsparing policy, which prevailed under Pericles. He could not relinquish the venerable institutions of his forefathers, without a protest in their favour; and a protest more noble and more impressive, than he published, when near sixty years old, in the sacred drama of the "Eumenides," could not have been contrived. The old Homeric story of Orestes he chose for the subject of a series of dramatic pieces, which are happily handed down to us,—the only complete Greek trilogy, or series of three connected acts, we possess. The religion of the heroic or legendary age, which sanctioned a sort of "wild justice," *obliged* the nearest relative of a murdered person to slay the murderer; if he neglected that duty, he was impious. Assuming the existence of such an obligation, (though it was *not* seriously approved by the morality of Æschylus, any more than by our own,) the case of King Agamemnon, who was murdered, on his return from the ten years' war, by his adulterous wife and her paramour, occasioned in his only son Orestes an awful conflict of opposing impulses,—the proper theme of tragedy. He was bound sacredly, by the divine law and by the custom of mankind, as understood in the rude age of violence, to kill his own mother. He did so, with prayer and sorrow striving to sanctify the act. But a strife arises among the gods, which shakes the moral structure of polytheism to its foundation. The deed of Orestes is horrible and unholy; the mysterious impersonation of avenging remorse, the dreadful female forms, daughters of Night, that rise out of subterranean caverns below the tombs of the dead, chase him to and fro, with unsleeping torment. He takes refuge at the shrine of Apollo, who represents the patron of divine *law*, or positive prophetic instruction, to which Orestes believed himself obedient, in punishing the murderers of his father. The tormenting spirits, who personify natural remorse for a crime involving the outrage of natural affections, demand that Orestes be abandoned to their clutches. The dispute is referred, as indeed every moral problem *must* be referred to the decision of Minerva, the goddess of reason,— taking that faculty, in the true metaphysical definition, as the dictator of absolute and essential truth, and the light of moral conscience. By Minerva, the question is referred to the judicial tribunal of the Areopagus at Athens; as though the poet designed to represent that venerable court, in its very origin, divinely commissioned to try the most difficult questions of human conduct. Their judgment acquits Orestes, recognising the validity of his obligation to obey the supposed injunction of positive duty, and the law of retaliation; while at the same time the dreadful vindicators of outraged nature are appeased, by a pledge that Athens will for ever keep a constant reverence for their claims. This drama, when considered with reference to the political discussions of the time, illustrates the characters of the author and of his countrymen, in a very interesting manner. The tribunal of Areopagus (or Mars' Hill) had come to be talked of by the more volatile and younger part of the Athenians, as old-fashioned and "slow,"—not dilatory in its proceedure, but tardy in adapting itself to a "go-a-head" age; for we must remember, the ultra liberals of Athens were inclined to go at a pace, that would astonish even the Radicals of the nineteenth century. Now, the Areopagus was composed of men, who had served with credit the most responsible offices of state, and who were appointed for life, members of this supreme court. Mr. Grote, whose sympathies are all on the democratic side, and who conjectures, that the power of the Areopagus was sometimes abused, describes it as "anterior to the democracy in point of date, invested with a kind of religious respect, and believed to possess mysterious traditions, emanating from a divine source; and during the calamitous period of the Persian invasion, its forwardness and patriotism had been so highly appreciated, as to procure for it an increased share of ascendancy. Trials for homicide were only one part of its jurisdiction; it exercised judicial competence over many other cases besides; and, what was of still greater moment, it maintained a right of censorial police over the lives and habits of the citizens. It professed to enforce a tutelary and paternal discipline, beyond that which the strict letter of the law could mark out, over the indolent, prodigal, and undutiful, and the deserters from old rite and custom. To crown all, the senate of Areopagus also exercised supervision over the public assembly, taking care that none of its proceedings should be such as to infringe the established laws of the country. These were powers immense as well as undefined, not derived from any formal grant of the people, but having their source in immemorial antiquity, and sustained by general awe and reverence." Such was the solemn tribunal of Mars' Hill; and if we reflect upon the peculiar foibles of Athenian character, in the later age, as exhibited in the comedies of their satirist, and occasioning the disasters narrated by their second historian, that rash inclination to novelty and excessive enterprise, that impatience of restraint, that vanity of parade and boasting, which unhappily continued to exist long after the solid virtues of honour and unselfish enthusiasm had been ruined by luxurious indulgence and time-serving sophistry, we shall think the preservation of this Areopagus, as the only constitutional check on the capricious impulses of democracy, and as a legal power which could not, in any conceivable event, become dangerous to freedom, having no hereditary members, was an object worthy of the last interference of a great poet in statesmanship. The point of attack selected by the innovating party who wished to destroy the Areopagus was, its judicial authority.

It was proposed, to deprive the ancient supreme court of all civil and criminal jurisdiction, except, in petty cases, the imposition of a small fine, and its powers were transferred to juries of the people, — which differed from our British juries inasmuch as the jurors were *paid*, and the authors of the new system were suspected of designing it as an indirect bribe, to gain favour with the venal part of their constituency.. It was in such an emergency that Æschylus, who had abstained, for some time previous, from meddling with political affairs, and had even ceased to reside in his native city, since the changes of fashion had caused him to be neglected for younger men, presented the drama of Orestes in the national theatre. This composition was intended, evidently, to convey other important lessons, moral and political; but its principal object was to give effect, on the very spot, to the injunctions of the divine patroness of the city, in commending the Areopagus: —

"Here, Athenians,*
Shall reverence of the gods, and holy fear
That shrinks from wrong, both night and day possess
A place apart, so long as fickle change
Your ancient laws disturbs not; but, if this
Pure fount with muddy streams ye trouble, ye
Shall seek the draught in vain. From anarchy
And slavish tyranny may this my ordinance
Preserve my people! Cast not from your walls
All high authority; for where no fear
Awful remains, what mortal will be just?
This holy reverence use, and ye possess
A bulwark, and a safeguard of the land,
Such as no race of men can boast, afar
In Borean Scythia, or in Pelops' land.
This council I appoint to stand intact
From gain, a venerated conclave, quick
With sharpened indignation,—when all sleep,
A watchful guard. These words of warning hear,
My citizens, for ever. Now, ye judges,
Rise, take your ballot, and by vote decide,
The sacred oath revering. I have spoken."

Whether the wisdom of Areopagus could have defended the liberties of Greece against Philip of Macedon, better than the eloquence of Demosthenes, we cannot say; but if the pure and lofty tone of mind, which the great tragic poet would have inspired in his countrymen, that genuine religiousness of feeling which venerates the moral law, and engages every conscience to its ministry, had prevailed with the Athenians, the glory of the city of Pallas would have been never defaced, and Greece would be "living Greece" to this day.

We pass to a very different historical period; but we find a reproduction of the same elements of society, with the addition of some peculiarly modern, and taking their form from the pressure of very different circumstances. There is a good degree of parallelism, however, between the situation of Athens, when it became head of the Greek maritime confederation, and that of Dante's Florence. The latter state was likewise passing through a transition from the rigid simplicity of a preceding age to the profuse enjoyment of civic pomp and wealth, and the pride of external supremacy. The ancestors of those opulent merchants with whom Dante lived had been careful, by frugality and labour, to lay up the substance of great future prosperity; the richest families were content to live plainly and wear a clothing of coarse serge, while they manufactured silk and dyed the finer cloth, for exportation to Rome, to Paris, and the Levant. Profits thus accumulated enabled the Florentines to create the system of banking, by which they gained much control over the financial affairs of foreign governments, and over private transactions in every part of Europe. To this mercantile eminence they added a military power, which gave Florence the political ascendancy in Central Italy. Dante was under twenty years old, when her rival, the maritime Pisa, was broken by the Genoese fleet in the battle of Meloria; and Florence then took advantage of the Pisan calamity to extort concessions for her own traffic and extension of territory. Other neighbouring cities had been compelled to join the Florentine alliance; one or two, resisting like Semifonte, had been destroyed or disarmed. The Guelphic league of Tuscany was a combination of several thriving city republics, rife with energy, resources, and intelligence, to defend their own popular sovereignty, under the sanction of the Church, against the overriding turbulence of the feudal lords, who had come into Italy with Gothic and Lombard conquerors. These haughty chieftains, refusing to conform to the laws of a regular civilization, and having brought from beyond the Alps habits quite alien to Italy, would render no allegiance but to the German Emperor, himself the head of a feudal federalism, but claiming the iron crown of Charlemagne, and the pretended heritage of Imperial Rome. Against this, the Ghibelline interest, the Popes could oppose no counteracting force, except the growing vigour of democracy in the independent commercial cities. To this cause, rather than to the remains of Roman sway, more abundant in the *municipia* of Italy than in distant provinces of the ancient empire, was due the wonderful development of arts, and arms, and freedom, in the several Italian republics. It was a progress too rapid and which, like the corresponding perfection of the independent Grecian states, soon must have either yielded to the steady aggressions of a firmly organized monarchy, or else have been dispersed in the jealous hostilities of these states with one another,—both which events, at different times, did actually occur in Italy as well as in Greece; but the bloom of this prosperous activity, displayed in every function of human life, was admirable in Florence, as well as in Athens. It was the fortune of Dante, as it was of Æschylus, when he grew up to manhood, to find his country just beginning a career of glory abroad, and of internal harmony as they vainly hoped. The sanguinary strife of ambitious leaders, which repeatedly disturbed the streets of the fair city, had been quelled, apparently, by the influence of Pope Gregory X., and the protectorate of a foreign prince. After expelling the implacable Ghibelline

* In this and the preceding extract, we have used the translation of Professor Blackie, with some slight verbal alterations.

chiefs, the citizens were left in a condition to establish constitutional guarantees for peace and liberty. A new government was erected on a democratic basis, in which "Priors of the Arts," elected by the tradesmen and artisans for a term of two months, were entrusted with the public affairs; and a few years after, this popular system was again extended by the reforms of Giano della Bella; the nobles residing in the city who had persisted haughtily in their violent outrages of its law, were excluded from political office, and the tradespeople formed into a militia, four thousand strong, who should rally around the "standard of justice" to suppress factious disturbers and support the magistracy. In such a community, gay, busy, and high-spirited, the public life of Dante began; he was the orphan son of an ancient but impoverished house; and though educated as a gentleman, he assumed the medical calling, not for the purpose of practising it, but that he might be eligible to political office, which the law restricted to enrolled members of some trading or professional guild. His tutor in literature was Brunetto Latini, the town clerk, and he had also studied at the university of Bologna. He married a lady of high connections in the Guelph party, and devoted himself consistently to the service of the commonwealth. At the age of twenty-five, he had accompanied an important military expedition against Arezzo, where his youthful ardour, before the ranks engaged, charging with other cavaliers into the midst of the enemy, was nearly fatal; the Aretine footmen, covered by a cloud of dust, crouched beneath the horses' bellies, and unhorsed some of this rash chivalry; the year following, he was present at the siege of Caprona. But it was in diplomacy and in political deliberations, that his learning, his faculties of debate, and grave oratory, were most useful. He was frequently employed in foreign missions,—was accredited ambassador to Sienna, to settle a boundary question; again, to conclude some treaties with Naples, with Venice, and it is even said, with the court of France. All his work was creditably performed. With the continence of a truly noble mind, he has told us nothing of his own life during this period of happy and respected labour, in his native city; but we may imagine him, relieving the toil of state affairs with philosophical and elegant studies; he watched the perfecting of those exquisite creations of architecture, sculpture, and painting, which began, in the same years, to adorn the city of the graces; he collected, in the book called "Vita Nuova," his lyrical poems, and cultivated a fine musical taste with the artist

"His Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of purgatory."

Dante had now friends, "honour, love, obedience," a tranquil home, (for we reject the tale of his wife's ill temper as a piece of the idle gossip, which to this day merits for the society of Florence the epithet of *maldicente*;) his sons were growing up; his income moderate but comfortable; for Gemma had brought him a dowry. Our countrywoman, who seems to have imbibed his spirit in the air of Florence at "Casa Guidi Windows," describes him in the evening twilight, when, on that spot of the pavement which is yet hallowed by memory,

"He used to bring his quiet chair out, turned
To Brunelleschi's church, and pour alone
The lava of his spirit when it burned.
It is not cold to-day. Oh passionate
Poor Dante, who, a banished Florentine,
Didst sit austere at tables of the great,
And muse upon this far-off seat of thine,
And think how often the passers used to wait
A moment, in the golden day's decline,
With 'Good night, dearest Dante!' well, Good night!"

In copying this truthful and affectionate picture, we have anticipated the melancholy interruption of the poet's Florentine career. As he approached the middle age of thirty-five, "nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita," the aspect of the world in which he lived underwent a gloomy and menacing change. There is a sombre and harsh presence in the allegorical introduction to the "Inferno." The figurative monsters, which he has taken from a verse of the Hebrew prophet, Envy, a malignant insatiable wolf, the leonine haughtiness of the factions, and vicious voluptuousness, with a stealthy feline approach and gaily spotted garb, now began to perplex the rulers of Florence, provoking frequent conspiracies and scandalous brawls. A quarrel at Pistoia, which originated in the cruel vengeance taken for a personal affront, was espoused by the connections of each of the contentious families, at Florence, and quickly divided the whole city, being complicated with various private enmities, in a very characteristic manner. Shakspere has shown us, in the feud of the Montagues and Capulets, a specimen of these lawless contests, which broke out almost every week in an Italian city, and which often kept neighbours at strife, for several years. The Cerchi and Donati families, who had some dispute about an heiress, of course took opposite sides in this affair; and the parties of the Black and White were soon compact, with a furious desire for blood. It was a bitter word between two foolish ladies at the dinner table, that occasioned the first bloodshed at this time in Florence. A few days later, the factions having got to actual fighting, and some of them having assaulted the civic officers, the Priors, of whom Dante was one in that summer of 1300, having taken counsel on the emergency, summoned the militia, disarmed the combatants in the public square, and banished the most refractory of either side. There can be no doubt of Dante's impartiality; for this sentence included, on the one hand, his wife's relatives the Donati, and on the other his congenial friend and companion scholar, Guido Cavalcanti; who was guilty of attempting to revenge a scheme to assassinate him by attacking Corso Donati, when they casually met; for this, Guido was sent to the Serrazana, and died of a fever taken in that unhealthy district. The papal legate, who was sent ostensibly to restore peace, intrigued with the party of Donati, and secretly invited the people of Lucca to invade Florence. The firmness of Dante

and his colleagues, one of whom was the historian Dino Compagni, saved the city for this year. The pope, Boniface VIII., had laid a snare for the reduction of Florentine independence, which, though essentially Guelphic, now gave some uneasiness to the timidity of the Lateran; he was, besides, under private pecuniary obligations to certain bankers connected with the Black faction at Florence. In the next year, after the offenders had been recalled from exile, troubles arose again, which gave room for these treacherous designs. Some of the Cerchi family, journeying to their estate in the country, took a shorter road through the lands of Donati; they were stopped and fought, and worse conflicts were expected. The Black party requested the Pope to seize this opportunity of sending the French prince, Charles of Valois, who was then in Italy with a military force, that he might ensure their triumph. This intention being rumoured, a meeting of the principal citizens was held, to send the Pope a counter memorial, to provide against foreign interference. An incident which occurred at this meeting, though slight, is very significant; as it shows how liable are the vulgar, in their intercourse with a person of absent and reserved habit of mind, to ascribe his peculiarities of manner to offensive *hauteur*. "When it came to be deliberated," says Boccaccio, "who should be first in this embassy, all said, 'Let it be Dante.' To which proposal Dante, having remained in thought for some time, said, 'If I go, who remains? and if I remain, who goes?' almost *as if he had been the only one* among them all, who was worthy of estimation. This speech was heard and noted against him." The last biographer of Dante remarks that "scornful words must pay a dear price in small states;" but we suppose this soliloquy to have been quite natural and inoffensively meant; at the moment, there was urgent need of an efficient guardianship at home, as well as of diplomacy at the Roman court; and the ablest man in the government was surely excusable if, when he was requested to depart on such a commission, he asked himself thoughtfully, "But who will be left in Florence, to take care of affairs in my absence?" In fact, it *was* in those very days, while Dante was delayed at Rome by the false pope, that the Frenchman, with his troop of cavalry, entered Florence, pretending a mission of pacification. The intervention was quite uncalled for by the public welfare, as the magistrates were yet strong enough to put down the factious, without foreign help. Charles very soon cast off all disguise; and after having, by an oath to preserve peace, law, and order, obtained from the priors, (it would have been refused if Dante were at home,) the custody of the Arno Gate, he let in all the outlaws of the Black party, and gave up the houses of their opponents to indiscriminate pillage and conflagration. For six days, there was no law, the malefactors were released from gaol; rape and robbery and murder filled the city with terrors; and the plunderers caroused by night, in the light of burning palaces. The Black leaders extorted, by the dread of slaughter, great sums of money, part of which went to the French prince, and the Pope received his share in a more decent form. Among the ruined families was that of Dante; and he never returned to Florence. He was sentenced to exile, together with about six hundred others,—the best men of the state. He had refused consent to the granting of a subsidy to Charles of Valois; and his vigorous inflexible rule had made him particularly odious to the successful faction; therefore he had a special sentence, together with fifteen other eminent men, condemning him, in addition, to be *burnt alive*, if ever he returned to his native city! The time was to come when that ungrateful city, of which he had been foretold, "ti si fara per tuo ben far nemico," desired in vain the possession of Dante *dead*. The time was not many years to come, when the Florentines, ashamed of their treatment of the illustrious man, offered him restitution, but on condition of his acknowledging the legal sentence, which he could not honourably do, since it embodied a slanderous and absurd imputation against his probity; and although he never, during his abode in Romagna, cast a wistful look after the setting sun as it was declining behind the Apennine mountains, without an ardent yearning to follow its light which beamed on his home by the Arno, he refused the offer in that letter, full of a generous and patient spirit: "Far be it from one who is a philosopher, and a teacher of justice, after having suffered injustice, to accept the disgrace of paying those who have injured him; if no manner of entering Florence can be devised for me, which does not derogate from the honour of Dante Alighieri, I will never enter Florence again." The remainder of his life was a weary pilgrimage; he never possessed a home, nor a house of his own; as he had been deprived of all means of subsistence, it was arranged that his wife should remain with her family; his sons, when they grew up, seem to have occasionally joined him. He wandered to and through Lombardy and the Roman States,—he visited also Paris, and perhaps Oxford, for the sake of the university,—he sojourned in remote convents and hermitages, in the wild hill country, or sometimes in the castles of great men, whom he served, in recompense for their hospitality, by transacting their business and, in one or two cases, by teaching their children; he tasted "the bitterness of the bread which is another man's," when bestowed, as it was at the table of the Prince of Verona, with coarse jeers, when they set the court jester to mock him, and cast the bones of their feast in a great heap before him, to deride his habitual abstinence of diet; he felt "the fatigue of going up and down another man's stairs:" the poor great man, of a spirit so proud and high, waited in antechambers and saw the fools preferred. He had time enough to cool that burning vehemence of hatred and anger, which illumines the dismal "Inferno" with a lurid glare; the resolute self-control of the term of discipline, in his Purgatorial journey, conducts him, with a clear dawn of faith, to a serene height of mind, beneath the celestial luminaries. The "Divina Commedia," which occupied the last twenty years

of his life, not to the exclusion of other studies, is an autobiography. We must refer, in another connection, to this personal interest of the poem; at present, we regard it in reference to his political convictions, which are more systematically set forth in his treatise on Monarchy. Of course we dissent from the opinions, which, in this latter period of his life, he adopted respecting the imperial claims; he declares them to be indefeasible, extending to the temporal government of the whole human race, derived from the divine sovereignty, and awarded to the Roman emperors and their successors, firstly by the ordeal of battle, and sanctioned by Roman proconsul of Judea being selected as the instrument of accomplishing the redemptory sacrifice for mankind! But, in advocating the pretensions of Henry of Luxembourg, he scarcely went farther than other civilians did on the same side; for we find, in the document entitled the "Constitution of Henry VII.," an express reference to "divina præcepta, quibus jubetur quòd *omnis anima* Romanorum principi sit subjecta." But Dante, though he hailed the emperor's arrival in Italy with extravagant zeal, as procuring, to himself and his companions of exile, assistance,—ineffective, at the fruitless siege of Florence,—to force their way back into their native city, which they had attempted to do in vain by their own strength, seven years before, did not agree with the Ghibellines in their second object of reducing the Holy See to dependence on the empire. As we shall hereafter show, he was a devout and sound Catholic; he made no scruple, indeed, of sending wicked Popes, as well as infidel Emperors, to hell; he declaimed, as emphatically as the Anti-State Church Association could have done, against the possession, by any ecclesiastical corporation, of endowed wealth and supremacy in connection with the State; but what he desired was only a reformed discipline of the church, a correction of the licentious priesthood, and a faithful administration of St. Peter's keys. He would not have yielded to the emperor the investiture of bishops; he regarded the universal dominion of Cæsar, and that of Peter, as equal, eternally separate from each other, and each responsible only to God. But in proclaiming the imperial authority, he could not avoid expressing an attachment to the municipal privileges, which he had formerly exercised in Florence; for he says, "rise to meet your king, O inhabitants of Italy, that so ye may not only preserve your allegiance to him, but as free men your governments." Our sympathies are not with him, indeed, when writing that mistaken letter to the emperor, urging him to besiege Florence, but rather with the brave magistrate who replied to the emperor's ambassador, "The Florentines never bow to any master." But we give Dante credit for sincerely desiring the peace of Italy, which could only be restored by the consolidation of the petty states beneath one strong central government. If we remember what was the state of England in the period of the decay of feudalism, the frequent "private wars" of town and baron, the insecure tenure of property and personal liberty, we shall admit that it was a happy providence which gave to our own municipalities, during their nursing time, the salutary *restraint* as well as the tutelage of a powerful line of monarchs, whose control prevented the resources of the people from dissipating themselves in local contests, and compressed the shires and boroughs of England into a national unity. If this could have been effected in Italy, her inhabitants would now be, what they have never been,—a nation, and free. The sagacity of Dante perceived this; hence he demanded so earnestly a single and valid government, able to check the insolence of military barons, and selfish rapacity of trading communities, and suppress the disastrous fury of civil strife; hence, reproaching the emperor who had neglected to enforce his rule, the patriot,—for he deserves that name, although his appeal be made to a "Tedesco" potentate,—exclaims,

"Thou and thy sire have suffered wild to run
What was the garden of thy fair domain;
Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
Monaldi, Fillipeschi, reckless one!
These now in fear, already wretched those.
Come and behold thy Rome; how she doth mourn,
A lonely widow, day and night she cries,
When will my Cæsar to my arms return?"

In the same canto he apostrophises the poor "serva Italia," comparing her anarchical condition to a ship without a pilot, and a steed with no rider; and, in contrast with those of her departed sons, whom he saw, in the world of the dead, exchange a friendly greeting for her sake, he says,—

"While now, thy living ones are constant foes,
And each one gnaws the other; even they
Whom the same moat and city walls enclose.
Search, wretched one, thy sea-girt shores around;
Then, inward turn to thine own breast, and see
If any spot in happy peace be found?" *

From this internal discord, the peculiar evil of Italy in his age, he looked for salvation, erroneously, to a quarter, whence in after ages was to come upon her soil the oppression of a foreign rule. It was not for him, when distracted with Florentine caprice, to foresee the worse evil of Austrian tyranny. He regarded the emperor, not

* These passages are from the version of the Rev. J. Wright. The remarks of the historian Villani, where he begins to narrate the troubles in the city, during Dante's magistracy, are very much in the same tone. "But in the aforesaid time, our city Florence being in a greater and happier condition than she had ever been, either since she was rebuilt or before it, as well in the greatness of her power as in the number of her inhabitants,—for she had more than thirty thousand armed citizens within the city, and more than seventy thousand countrymen in her rural districts, with nobility to form a good body of cavalry, and a free people with great riches, ruling almost all Tuscany,—the sin of ingratitude with the assistance of the enemy of the human race, made the said abundance generate pride and corruption, through which the feasts and gaieties of the Florentines came to an end; for until this time they dwelt in delight and luxury and tranquillity, ever at banquets; and every year in the kalends of May, there were parties throughout the whole city, and companies of men and women, revels and balls."

as a German, but as the Roman sovereign, as the elect of that senate, whose legendary founder, in the Eneid, had received the commission "regere imperio populos," and "pacis imponere mores." His excessive addiction to methodical theory,—which, as we shall observe, characterized him as a scholastic philosopher and cramped him as a poet,—was gratified with a scheme of cosmopolitan unity; which recommended to him, (we quote again the Constitution of Henry of Luxembourg,) "Romanum Imperium, in cujus tranquillitate totius orbis regularitas requiescit." It is this idea of the practical "solidarity" of Europe, which fascinates us with the history of Rome; as in the fine lines of Claudian, which praise her jurisdiction;—

> "Hæc est, in gremio victos quæ sola recepit,
> Humanumque genus communi nomine fovet,
> Matris, non dominæ ritu, civesque vocavit."

It was not for Dante, in his day, to appreciate the true value of that intelligent self-government of the people, which in Athens was lost when the people became unworthy of it, but which rose again in Florence; and which passed, with commerce and industrial skill, through the cities of Italy, through those of the Rhine, of the Swabian and Hanseatic leagues, through those of Brabant, of Holland, and of England; the completer eulogy of which, as we believe, shall be yet spoken "in the Parliament of Nations, the Federation of the World," in the day of harmonious rejoicing "quòd cuncti gens una sumus." Dante trusted in vain, to the sceptre of a Cæsar, for this result. He, the last advocate of the Western empire, lies buried at Ravenna, where is also the historic sepulchre of the Roman monarchy; and the bleak winds of Austrian Croatia, the "venti Schiavi," murmur among the pine-trees that overshadow the poet's lonely tomb. The French hold Rome, "the very stones of which" he venerated; the "Tedeschi" hold Florence, which in his very anger he loved.

It would have gratified us, by showing cause for taking much credit to the English character, to have reviewed the circumstances of that great political crisis, which stimulated the genius of Milton; as we have remarked the events contemporary with Æschylus and Dante; but there is less need for doing so, in referring to a period with which all our readers are of course familiar. The part, which Milton was called to enact in the Commonwealth, although not insignificant, did not engage him personally in any conspicuous attitude or adventure. He was not disposed, either by his social position as a modest professor of literature, or by his temper, which was rather contemplative than practical, to take a leader's place in Parliament or in the actual business of the parliamentary cause; indeed, he seems to have regarded politics with aversion, or at least with indifference, (not unnatural to a young man who saw the predominance of absolutism in Church and State,) until the commencement of the civil war aroused his mind, at the age of thirty, to pursuits more engrossing, than the study of Greek poets in his father's retreat at Horton, or exchanging lyrical compliments with the accomplished Italian *dilettanti*. The first polemical writings, in which the enthusiastic student manifested his power, were not, however, the result of a comprehensive view of the political exigencies of the time, but were designed to catch the public attention at a moment, when the negotiation with the Scottish commissioners made questions of prelacy and ecclesiastical reform the present theme of public discussion. The tracts on the law of divorce, which next occupied his ingenuity, though the subject was no doubt suggested by his own unfortunate marriage, evince rather the inclination of an acute and earnest mind to ethical speculations, than a consideration of the peculiar social requirements of his age. A period of revolution is sometimes favourable to starting such problems; but not to their settlement; and, surely, in the year 1644, the Parliament and people of England had matters of more immediate urgency to settle, than the propositions of the "Tetrachordon!" But the outcry at the publication of these opinions, which the Rev. Herbert Palmer stigmatized, in a sermon preached before Parliament, as lately broached in "a wicked book deserving to be burnt,"—while another person (James Howell), some years later, could only speak of Mr. Milton as "a noddy that writ a book of wifing," and "a poor shallow-brained puppy,"—tended to produce the memorable protests of Milton, repeated in several parts of his writings, against all manner of intolerance in the affairs of reason and conscience; as it also was the attempted legal prosecution of his book on divorce, and the censure of its principles by the official licenser, which provoked that noble "Oration for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," destined to be read by thousands when the other prose writings of Milton, so far at least as they relate to episcopacy and royalty, shall have been superseded by the decease of those institutions. The spiteful acrimony of Milton's antagonists, in these earlier controversies,—one of them, in the "Smectymnuus" affair, wrote of him, "You that love Christ, and know this miscreant wretch, stone him to death, lest you smart for his impunity,"—must have confirmed him, as resenting the undeserved contumely, in more strenous efforts to prove his dialectic prowess. The work especially, which raised him into reputation as a public writer, was the seasonable argument, issued a week or two after the execution of Charles, to justify the punishment of a tyrant or wicked king, as an abstract proposition, affirmed by Jewish, classical, and Christian examples and precepts. This pamphlet was particularly serviceable to the government who had ventured, by so bold a deed, to risk the disaffection of the timid and overscrupulous, and so had become obnoxious to the reproaches of their Presbyterian rivals. The author was presently rewarded, certainly for his own merit, more than for his relationship to President Bradshaw, with the office of secretary to the Council; who, having resolved on the use of Latin as the medium of diplomatic intercourse, thought the

services of such a scholar as Mr. Milton cheaply hired at £200 a year. The duties, properly attached to his office, involved an almost daily attendance on the foreign committees of the Council, and the composition of many letters, some of them being elaborate and highly finished specimens of style. In the air of sustained dignity, yet without pompousness, of these writings, and their masterly tact in communicating some disagreeable truths with the most refined and delicate civility, they are a model of their kind; and we derive, from reading them, a very high estimate of the honest consistency of the rulers of the Commonwealth; whose resolutions, — whether claiming satisfaction for insults to English subjects abroad, or asserting the legitimacy of the new English republic, to be recognised by foreign sovereigns; or when remonstrating with the Duke of Savoy on the persecution of the Vaudois, or mediating between the Protestant states of northern Europe, to maintain the coalition of the Evangelical interest, — are always decided, straightforward, and vigorous, without rashly committing the nation to untenable charges; worthy indeed of being written by no less a clerk than John Milton. And although we have no evidence, that the poet was invited to *advise* the council of state in important transactions, he seems to have been invested with an extra-official commission to take care of the literary concerns of the government; we find him thus, in more than one instance, directed to examine and report upon the publications of Lilburn and other alleged libels on the ruling statesmen; and he drew up a criticism of the articles of peace, concluded between the Duke of Ormond and the Irish rebels, with some animadversions on the misrepresentations put forth by the presbytery of Belfast. A more important task, of the same character, was his sarcastic exposure of the disingenuous insinuations and absurdities of "Eikon Basilike." These were labours for which Milton received, at least from the council, no payment; except the grant of £1,000 bestowed on him for the "Defensio Populi;" and it is fair to assume that his patriotic interest in the cause, not less than a desire to enhance his reputation, prompted him to persevere "in this troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, instead of beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." The climax of his contemporaneous fame was attained, when he performed the arduous undertaking — arduous, if we consider the extensive and various range of matters to be discussed in a scholastic language,— of composing that celebrated reply to the attack which a certain "grammarian" of Leyden had been hired by the Stuarts to write on the English people. However we may admire the wit, the eloquence, and lofty sentiment of Milton's controversial writings, we cannot help feeling regret that there is, all through his rejoinders to his opponents, a quite indecent virulence of invective, such as no public writer, except poor Feargus O'Connor, would have indulged in at the present day; the best excuse to be made for it is, that it was the fashion of Milton's time, and that, in the disputes with Salmasius and Alexander More, who doubtless were quite as bad as he describes them, the use of Latin spread a veil of scholarly and *recherché* erudition over the scurrility which, in plain English, would have been merely disgusting. We must confess, there are some abusive expressions in the *Latin* writings of Dante, which require the same apology. But after deducting much from their value, on account of these grave faults of manner and bad taste, the political, as well as theological discussions of Milton merit to be highly esteemed, for their consistent assertion of that main principle, the responsibility of governments to their people, which it is the honour of England to have so perfectly established, although in a form less direct and simple, than the unmingled republican constitution which Milton zealously defended. "For the English have municipal laws, by which they have acted; laws in relation to this matter the best in the world; they have the examples of their ancestors, great and gallant men, for their imitation, who never gave way to the exorbitant power of princes, and who have put some of them to death when their government became insupportable. They were born free; they stand in need of no other nation; they can make what laws they please for their own good government. One law especially they have a great veneration for, and a very ancient one it is, enacted by nature itself,— that all human laws, all civil right and government, must have a respect to the safety and welfare of good men, and not to the lusts of princes. The scheme of the Commonwealth, however, which many ardent and generous minds, as Milton did, hailed with devout exultation, was received by the majority of the people only as a temporary expedient for carrying on the state, under the prolonged administration of the existing parliament, while the military force stood ready to be at the disposal of the prevailing party, when the balance of parties adjusted itself. The Commonwealth could abide no longer than whilst upheld by the ability and virtue of the men who established it; Milton was one of the few, who had accepted it sincerely, as the definitive settlement. No man of that day remained more constant to the republican principle; for in 1654, when it became too evident that Cromwell, whom the poet, at the conclusion of the Scottish war, had saluted with confidence as "our chief of men," was now intending to seize the masterdom, he did not hesitate, in the "Defensio Secunda," to address "the leader of our councils, the general of our armies," with a faithful frankness; after commending the great services of the Protector, he says, "But if you should hereafter invade that liberty which you have defended, your conduct must operate fatally not only on the cause of liberty but on the interests of piety and virtue;" he requests Cromwell to act with the co-operation of the other parliamentary generals and councillors; "and lastly," says he, "revere yourself; and after having endured so many sufferings and encountered so many perils for the sake of liberty, do not suffer it, now it is obtained, either to be violated by yourself, or

in any one instance impaired by others." A private letter of Milton, at a later date, expresses his disapproval of the conduct of Cromwell, in the suppression of the legislature; he hopes the army, (this is in October, 1659,) will "show the fruits of their repentance in the righteousness of their restoring the famous old parliament which they had without just authority dissolved." In the same spirit of candour and honesty, without respect of personal favour, which had dictated his remonstrance or warning to Cromwell, he wrote, at this period, to General Monk, who held the issue of affairs, prescribing the measures which his excellency ought to adopt, for securing "a free commonwealth without single person, or house of lords." His excellency the General, who did not want to be reminded of his own former declarations "against the danger and confusion of readmitting kingship into this land," probably received Mr. Milton's suggestions with an air of profound attention; but the decisive counsel was taken by other parties, more dexterous, though less consistent, than Milton. The Presbyterians having coalesced, for the purpose, with the friends of royalty and of the Episcopal church,—the tradesmen being, as he says, "infected also with the vain and groundless apprehension, that nothing but kingship can restore trade,—the best men of the Commonwealth being gone, and the genuine republican spirit confined, with a few exceptions, to a coterie of studious and speculative patriots, without practical efficiency,—nothing was left for it but "to creep back so poorly, as it seems the multitude would, to their once abjured and detested thraldom of kingship." The political career of our poet may be regarded as terminating in that treatise, "On the Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth,"—the final protest of the republican Abdiel, which lay, sneered at, on the bookstalls of London, when, according to our accustomed form of thanksgiving, "a miraculous Providence did deliver us out of our miserable confusions, by restoring to us, and to his own just and undoubted rights, our then most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Charles the Second." Then came revenge; "those traitorous and heady men," whom our Liturgy mentions, were made less heady by cutting off their heads: the Presbyterians and Puritans were very soon to feel the truth of Milton's warnings against their misplaced attachment, in the stringent Act of Uniformity; the parliament was to be the instrument of clerical bigotry and of ministerial corruption; the court and city were to be filled with ribaldry and "new disgorged atheisms;" the honour of the realm, which the men of the republic had sustained before all Europe in peace and war, to be now, by a shameless and profligate trustee, pawned away to foreign and Popish kings. Truly, we are a modest and grateful nation, in our thanksgivings, yearly repeated, for this wonderful Restoration; "thankful for small mercies!"

The helplessness and poverty of Milton, with the intercession of his literary friends, exempted him, after a brief custody, from the doom of other notorious regicide partisans. His enemies taunted the man, doubly sublime as he appears to us, in his darkness and retirement, with his neglected condition: "Old, sickly, poor, stark blind, thou writ'st for bread," says a malicious epigram. It was better, than to walk with open eyes through the streets of London, rife now with impudent debauchery, where saints and heroes had walked so lately. Charles, who bore no malice against the refuter of his hireling pamphleteer Salmasius, is reported to have enquired after "old Milton," and, on hearing of his condition, remarked that was punishment enough; there is even a story, that some one, five or six years after the Restoration, offered to procure for Milton another secretaryship under government; and that his wife (the third wife) teased him to take it; whereupon he gravely said, "My dear, you are like other women, and wish to ride in your coach; but what I wish, is to live and die as an honest man." Another anecdote, very characteristic of both persons, describes the Duke of York, from motives of curiosity, going privately to see "old Milton," and asking him, as such an obtuse and insensible bigot might do, "whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment on him?" Milton is said to have replied, "If your Highness thinks *so*, the displeasure of Heaven must have been much greater against the king your father; for I have only lost my eyes, but *he* lost his head." The upright and imperturbable veteran! we love him far more, in the patient serenity of his secluded age, than amid the harsh dissonance of controversy.

Before taking leave of Milton's political character, we have to remark, that he was a republican not in the modern or French sense of the term; not an advocate of absolute democracy; but the government he preferred was a moral and intellectual *aristocracy*, responsible to public opinion, controlled by the general recognition of the divine law. Historical partialities had prepossessed him with the idea, that the original government of Israel by judges, which he calls a "Commonwealth," although admitting the style also of "a Theocracy, because the principality was in God only," should be taken, as well as the republics of Greece and consular Rome, for the normal exemplars of a state, which he saw "as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full noonday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." His matured plan of government is to be found in the latest of his political tracts, already mentioned. The sovereignty should be deposited in a General Council of the Nation, elected in a "qualified and refined" manner; "not committing all to the noise and shouting of a rude multitude, but permitting only those of them who are rightly qualified, to nominate as many as they will; and out of that number others of a better breeding, to choose a less number more judiciously, till after a third or fourth sifting and refining of exactest choice, they only be left chosen who are the due number, and seem by most voices the worthiest." He contended that this General Council, being well chosen, should be perpetual; alleging such ex-

amples as that "among the Jews, the supreme council of seventy, founded by Moses, called the Sanhedrim, in Athens that of Areopagus, in Sparta that of the Ancients, in Rome the Senate, consisted of members chosen for term of life. . . . . It will be objected," he says, "that in those places where they had perpetual senates, they had also popular remedies against their growing too imperious; as in Athens, besides Areopagus, another senate of four or five hundred, in Sparta, the Ephori, in Rome, the tribunes of the people; but the event tells us, that these remedies either little avail the people, or brought them to such a licentious and unbridled democracy, as in fine ruined themselves with their own excessive power." It should be observed, that Milton did not propose to entrust *unlimited* powers to the central authority; the General Council, in his view, should manage foreign affairs, raise the national revenue, though subject to control by the municipalities, but not make peace or war "without assent of the standing council in each city, or of a general assembly called, for the occasion, from the whole territory." He designed, that every county should be made a kind of subordinate commonalty, with power to provide for the judicial administration of civil and criminal law, and for a system of popular education under local management; and the federal aggregate of the municipalities, represented in the national council, should compose the Commonwealth of England.

We have no space left to us, for commenting on the politics of Milton. Such principles could not have been worked out except by an unanimous and unprejudiced people. He, and the other bright spirits, who contemplated the establishing in England, in the seventeenth century, a rational and pure Republic, more substantial than the "Oceana" or the ideal society of Plato, were too far in advance of their age. The great lawyers and statesmen, who completed the Revolution of 1688, had a more practical acquaintance with the mingled interests and habits of the English people. They were children of this world, wiser in their generation than the children of light.

But, the time was to come, or is yet to come, when, as Milton says, "to make the people fittest to choose, and the chosen fittest to govern, will be to mend our corrupt and faulty *education*." This it is, which must "correct the fluxible fault, if any such there be, of our watery situation." Then, in the "good time coming," we shall dwell in a community, more noble than was in Italy five hundred years ago, or in Greece five centuries before the Christian era; in a state of civilization more happy and permanent, than either of those several ages could boast in which Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, retired in disappointment from the active concerns of the world.

We purpose, in resuming the subject, to regard these three men, especially, in the relation which each of them bore to the characteristic moral and intellectual influences of his own time.

(To be continued.)

JOHN HORNE TOOKE, AND THE STATE TRIALS OF 1794.

When the French Revolution of 1789 burst, like the eruption of a volcano, upon the nations of Europe, carrying dismay and terror into the despotic dynasties of ages, and causing them to totter on their thrones, whilst it inspired their subjects with hope in the future; the rising spirit of freedom extended itself to the United Kingdom, and produced here an enthusiasm more than commensurate with the actual condition of the country. So great and general indeed was the political intoxication of the people, that few were able to exercise a sober judgment upon an event which was truly described as "a thing without precedent, and *therefore* without prognostic." It required the mind of a Burke to take that enlarged view of the matter, which alone could lead to a just estimate of the momentous importance and extent of that event. A nobleman was congratulating that astute statesman on the negociations of Lisle and the probable termination of the Revolution. "The Revolution over!" he replied. "To be sure!! Why, my Lord, *it is not begun*. As yet, you have only heard the first music; you'll see the actors presently; but neither you nor I shall live to witness the end of the drama!"

It is now sixty years since this prediction was uttered, and the "drama" is not yet closed. A series of "acts" have at intervals been performed upon the Gallic political stage, which, although each has been denominated "a Revolution," are but a reiteration of the same struggle of freedom with despotism. And such is the vitality of the ancient system of government in Continental Europe, that although repeatedly skaken to its very foundations, it will, in all probability, require a further series of such "acts" to bring the "drama" to a close, and establish rational freedom amongst its yearning peoples.

Situated as England was, it was impossible that she could wholly escape the revolutionary enthusiasm which prevailed in France. It is true, the *theory* of the British constitution was infinitely more favourable to liberty, than that of any other nation in Europe; but then it had never been fully carried out in all its length and breadth. Whilst the *letter* was scrupulously and ostentatiously proclaimed, its *spirit* was evaded, and a wide margin was allowed for a monarch, despotically inclined, to exercise his tendencies. Whether the reigning monarch of that period

was such a man, we do not take upon ourselves to assert. Certain it is, however, that George the Third did not possess a mind sufficiently enlarged or instructed to comprehend the great principles of civil and religious liberty, in their full exent; and that he entertained too high opinions of his monarchical rights and prerogatives, and too great a jealousy of the people, to think with complacency of those reforms, which the abuses that have crept into the constitution imperatively called for. Thus, he formed his government upon his own views; and by the most stringent measures, endeavoured to crush that spirit of freedom which was widely diffused amongst his subjects, in common with the other peoples of Europe.

We would not, however, compare the condition of the British people at that period, with that of any of the continental nations. Whatever defects might have crept into the working of the constitution by the lapse of ages, enough of liberty existed to enable the people, without a physical struggle, to reform them; in which respect, their condition was infinitely superior to that of their neighbours. On all occasions when the principles of the constitution have been boldly asserted, the free institutions of the country have enabled the people successfully to combat with the Crown; and every flagrant attempt to abridge or to fetter the liberty of the subject was sure, in the end, to result in the extension and confirmation of that liberty. Such was the case in regard to the state trials, which took place in the United Kingdom from 1792 to 1796; and it is to the events which then and previously transpired, that we propose to direct the attention of the reader, as illustrative both of the spirit which actuated the government of that period, and of the power of constitutional principles alone to counteract and disarm it.

The first opening of the revolutionary "drama" in France took place in 1789; and being the spontaneous uprising of a great nation for the assertion of its just and natural rights, it met with the countenance and support of all great and good men in the civilized world. To it the King, Louis XVI., was compelled to become a party; and it would have been well for him, his family, and his people, had he determined cordially to unite with the latter in effecting those reforms which the nation demanded. His insincerity and duplicity ruined all; and the second act succeeded,—a horrible tragedy, appalling and bewildering to the nations around, and causing the entire disruption of the whole framework of society in that which constituted its theatre.

The French Revolution has been justly ascribed by political writers to the part taken by the government of France in the rupture between Great Britain and her American colonies. The sanction thus given to the principle of popular resistance to constituted authority, confirmed by the early recognition, by Louis XVI., of the infant Transatlantic Republic, in order to spite her rival, were acts little short of suicidal. By them the seeds of liberty were sown broad-cast amongst the French people, and soon gave rise to a desire for constitutional reform perfectly irresistible. A simultaneous spirit, as we have before observed, pervaded a large portion of the British people, amongst whom the American war had never been popular; and about the year 1780, societies began to be formed for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform, embracing, as fundamental principles, annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

The first association for this purpose was founded by the celebrated Major Cartwright, and was called "The Society for Constitutional Information." It numbered amongst its members and supporters some of the most eminent political characters of that or any other age. The Duke of Richmond acted as chairman, whilst Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Grey, Tooke, Earl Stanhope, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Norfolk, Earls Camden and Surry, Lord Mahon, the Lord Mayor of London, and a host of others, comprising members both of the aristocracy and of the two Houses of Legislature, were enrolled on its lists. Many of these withdrew from the society before the stirring scenes of the French Revolution were enacted. Amongst the first of these was the Duke of Richmond, who, having accepted the post of Master of the Ordnance, was afterwards one of the foremost in prosecuting his former colleagues, the members of the society.

The object of the institution was the diffusion of correct political information, in reference to the principles of the British Constitution, in order to prepare the minds of the people on the subject of Parliamentary Reform; a perfectly legal object, and constitutionally pursued, by the association, to the end of its existence. A plan for this object was drawn up by the Duke of Richmond; and, on three several occasions, brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt, namely, in 1782, 1783, and 1785. At the last-named period, he had become a minister of the Crown, but on all these occasions the motion was lost. It may be as well here to state, what the measure proposed by Pitt, and concocted by him and the Duke of Richmond amounted to, as it will best illustrate their conduct and character, in subsequently prosecuting with so much vindictiveness, the men with whom they were, at this time, pursuing the very object which constituted the ground of future prosecution.

The Duke of Richmond was both one of the first and one of the most active, zealous, and efficient members of the association—until he received his official appointment. The subject appears to have occupied his mind almost exclusively; and finding that there was a wide range of opinion upon it, amongst the members, some being in favour of a moderate, and others of a sweeping measure of reform, his Grace drew up a specific plan, which appears to have met the approbation of the majority. It embraced annual parliaments, and universal suffrage, in the broadest acceptation of the term. His language, expressed in a letter published at the time, was as follows:—"From that quarter," the House of Commons, "I have nothing to hope. It is from the people at large that I ex-

pect any good: and I am convinced that the only way to make them feel that they are really concerned in the business, is to contend for their full, clear, and indisputable rights of universal representation. When the people are fairly and equally represented in Parliament, when they have annual opportunities of changing their deputies, and through them of controuling every abuse of Government in a safe, easy, and legal way, there can be no longer occasion for recurring to those ever dangerous, though sometimes necessary expedients of an armed force, which nothing but a bad Government can justify."* It was well remarked by Mr. Erskine, on the subsequent trial of John Horne Tooke, that "if this letter, which, coming from the Duke of Richmond, was only a spirited remonstrance against corrupt ministers, had been read in evidence as the letter of any one of the state prisoners; the whole mass would have been transmuted instantly into high-treason against the king!"

The efforts of the Constitutional Society to bring the subject of Reform before the House of Commons, although unsuccessful, were the means of diffusing a knowledge of its importance and necessity throughout the kingdom. Similar societies were formed in most of the cities and large towns, such as Southwark, Manchester, Norwich, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, &c. These kept up an intimate correspondence with the central one in London; but the difference of opinion which existed amongst the members, led to the secession of some of the earliest and warmest friends of parliamentary reform, who could not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage; believing that, however sincere the advocates of those changes might be in desiring to engraft them on the constitution, they would ultimately lead to the destruction of the monarchy, and the existing order of things. Amongst the first of the seceders were Charles James Fox, William Pitt, the Duke of Norfolk, and several other eminent men. The Duke of Richmond also left early, upon his appointment as a cabinet minister.

This decline of the Constitutional Association was not on account of any exceptions taken to its proceedings by the Government, nor were these considered dangerous to the constitution or the authorities of the country. That event, however, soon occurred which, whilst it gave a fresh stimulus to this society, caused the founding of others in various parts of the kingdom, some of which certainly went dangerous lengths in their ideas and plans of reform, and thus brought both upon themselves and those who were more moderate and constitutional in their views, the vengeance of the Government, many members of which had themselves been the chief instruments in raising the spirit of the people, which they now sought to crush by a vindictive and relentless prosecution.

* Letter of the Duke of Richmond to Colonel Sharman, at that time the commander of the Volunteers of Ireland, (a self-constituted military body,) but without any commission from the Crown.

The French Revolution, which commenced in 1789, was hailed by the friends of liberty in England, as the commencement of a new era in the history of mankind. And certainly, if ever a government needed a change it was that of France; if ever a monarchy had forfeited all claim to the suffrages of a people and rendered itself unworthy of their support, it was the dynasty of the Capets. Despotism the most grinding; corruption the most venal; profligacy the most unblushing; and extravagance the most unbounded, characterized the Court and administration of the Bourbons; poisoning the very fountains of virtuous and well-ordered society, from the domestic circle to the bench of justice. The lives, the liberties, the properties of the subject, were liable to be sacrificed at any moment, *under authority*, for a mercenary consideration. And the pernicious example of the Court gave a tinge to the various gradations of society, down to the very lowest class.

It is not our design to give a history of the French Revolution, but rather to exhibit its reflex action upon the British people, who felt the shock in a far greater proportion, it must be confessed, than the circumstances of the country warranted. The question of Reform, it is true, had been mooted by the highest authority, so far, at least, as rank, talent, and influence were concerned; but, by this time, a large number of the most influential friends of that measure had receded from the movement, on account of the difficulty of keeping some of the members within constitutional bounds. Several of the seceders had also become cabinet ministers, amongst whom were William Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both of whom were now the determined enemies of the Constitutional Association, and those other societies which had arisen out of the circumstances of the times.

It was not, however, till the second phase of the French Revolution had taken place, when the vacillating conduct of Louis XVI. had brought upon the royal family and the aristocracy those horrible disasters which alarmed and distracted the whole of Europe, that the corresponding movements in the United Kingdom began to engage the serious attention of the Government. Without question, a large party had drank deep into the republican spirit, from the same fountain which had supplied the Jacobins of France, namely, the example of the American colonies, whose independence had settled into that form of government. We shall not stop to enquire what effect such a change would have produced with us, or how far the theory of republicanism is or is not superior as an abstract principle to that of monarchy. But of this we are sure, that none of the European countries or peoples are prepared for such a change; and France, above all others, is unfitted for the adoption of republican institutions. Every attempt to effect such a change there, has ended in the establishment of a military despotism, and the consequent extinction of liberty.

It is possible that from the different character of the British people they would have exhibited a more rational development of the republican

principle, had they at that period been able to effect the change. But the fact is, a large majority, especially of the middle class, of the British nation, were warmly attached to royalty, and to the constitution, and had no wish whatever for a change of government, however desirous they were to have a reform in the House of Commons. It was, therefore, with grief that they saw revolutionary clubs established, and republican principles openly avowed by the members of those clubs, which not only laid *them* open to the vengeance of the Government, but involved all, even the more constitutional societies, in the same denunciation, and the same vindictive prosecution.

The five years which followed the death of Louis and the destruction of the French monarchy, reflected lasting disgrace upon the administration of William Pitt. It was a reign of terror in England, as well as in France, with this difference, that, in the latter case, the frightful atrocities were committed by a band of lawless miscreants, who soon after, in their turns, expiated their crimes at the guillotine; whilst here the Government were the butchers, who attacked indiscriminately the guilty and the innocent,—the ferocious republican and the moderate reformer, Hundreds of blank warrants, ready signed, were sent down to the different cities and towns where reform associations were established, to be filled up at the leisure and discretion of the infamous myrmidons of the Government,* who, anxious to show their zeal and loyalty, made no scruple of denouncing some of the most estimable characters in the kingdom. No discrimination was made, but the same charge of high treason was brought against men as loyal as the minister himself, and who had but followed the former precept and example of Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both of whom were now seeking their blood.

Amongst the most respectable of these men was John Horne Tooke, who, after the secession from the Reformers of the Duke of Richmond, acted as chairman at the meetings of the Constitutional Society. This gentleman was by profession a clergyman, but had no appointment.† He had passed the middle age, and being in a weak state of health, would gladly have retired entirely from public life, and shut himself up in his house and garden at Wimbledon, where he resided. A sense of duty to his country alone led him to continue holding his post in the movement of the day; and his presence at the meetings of the Association was often the means of keeping the more rash and ardent members within bounds. He was, in fact, by the influence his character and station afforded him, the moderator of the party; and all documents of importance belonging to the association, or emanating from it, were submitted to him for approval or correction.

In the meantime, arrests had taken place in Ireland and Scotland, where many parties had been tried on the charge of high treason. In several cases convictions were obtained, and some had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Others had been sentenced to transportation for long periods, amongst whom were Palmer, Skirving, Muir, Margarot, and Gerrald, in Scotland. The cases of these men excited the deepest sympathy with all classes, except that of the persecutors. No one who knew their previous characters, believed them guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; and the infamous character of some of the witnesses brought against them, excited the indignation of all honest men. Transportation to New South Wales (or Botany Bay) was no sinecure at that period; and such were the hardships and cruelty these men were subjected to, that, we believe, not one of them lived to return to his native land. It was, in fact, believed, that the Government directed them to be treated with such severity, as to break down their spirit and constitution at the same time.

This conduct of the Government, far from daunting the London reformers, excited them to greater activity, accompanied with more vigilance and caution. They passed votes of sympathy and commiseration with the sufferers, and memorialized the king for a mitigation of their sentences. A deaf ear, however, was turned to their representations, and it was very evident that not only would their memorial not be attended to, but that the memorialists themselves would thenceforth be marked men, and that their turn would soon come to stand at the bar, on the same sweeping charge of conspiring the death of the king.

At this period, Horne Tooke was looked up to as the head of the Constitutional Association in London. Moderate in his views, and a sincere lover of the constitution in Church and State, of which he repudiated all wish to change the form, whilst he boldly and fearlessly advocated a correction of its abuses, he rallied round him reformers of all shades of opinion, holding the more violent in check, and stimulating the lukewarm to more decided action.

* At Norwich, for instance, between one and two hundred such warrants were sent to Clover, who acted in the double capacity of barrack-master and spy. A curious circumstance occurred at this period, in connection with this man, which, as it will illustrate the character of the times, and has never been in print, we will relate. Clover had received a letter from W. Wyndham, then secretary at war, charging him to keep a sharp look-out upon the Reformers, and particularly to watch the conduct of the *Rev. Mark Wilkes*, who appeared to be a leader. This letter was accidentally dropped in the street by Clover; and being picked up by a friend of Wilkes, was instantly taken to him. He at once took it to March the printer, and ordered 500 copies to be struck off. Clover, having been informed of this, went in a towering rage to demand his letter from the printer; but Wilkes happening to be in the shop, after giving him a good rating, which he was quite capable of doing, increased his order to 5,000 copies, which were struck off, and circulated through the city. Clover never recovered his character after this blow.

† Tooke had once been returned a member of Parliament for some borough, but his political opinions rendered him so obnoxious to the Government that, in order to get rid of him, they put in force an order or rule of the House, before seldom enforced, that no person in holy orders should be eligible to serve in Parliament. In consequence of this resolution he was compelled to vacate his seat.

Every Sunday, his house at Wimbledon Common was open to all comers who could bring a recommendation from any leading man of the party. At these political reunions, which were sometimes numerous, public affairs were discussed with the greatest freedom, under the impression that no spies or traitors could possibly obtain admittance, and that consequently self-interest would prevent what took place from transpiring. Such, however, proved not to be the case.

On one of these weekly occasions, a young man of the name of John Wharton was introduced, as having recently been returned a member of Parliament in the Reform interest, for the borough of Beverley, in Yorkshire. He was represented as possessing considerable talent, and capable of introducing a measure in Parliament with good effect. The following passage in the life of John Horne Tooke, by a contemporary, will explain this man's character:—

Among the immense number of spies and informers now employed, were several of a higher order, some of whom were solely actuated by zeal, whilst others who would have spurned the idea of pecuniary gratification, were influenced by the hope of office and appointments. One of these latter had for some time attached himself to Mr. Tooke, and was a frequent visitor at Wimbledon. His situation and character were calculated to shield him from suspicion; but his host, who was too acute to be so easily duped, soon saw through the flimsy veil of his pretended discontent; as he had many personal friends in various departments of Government, he soon discovered the views, connections, and pursuits of his guest; but instead of upbraiding him for his treachery and dissimulation, and treating him with contempt, as most other men in his situation would have done, he determined to foil him, if possible, at his own weapons.

He accordingly pretended to admit the spy into his entire confidence, and completed the delusion by actually rendering the person who wished to circumvent him, in *his turn*, a dupe. Mr. Tooke began by dropping hints relative to the strength and zeal of the popular party, taking care to magnify their numbers, praising their unanimity, and commending their resolution. By degrees he descended to particulars; and at length communicated confidentially, and under the most solemn promise of secresy, the alarming intelligence that some of the Guards were gained, that an armed force was organized, and that the nation was actually on the eve of a revolution.

After a number of interviews, he at length affected to own that he himself was at the head of the conspiracy, and boasted, like Pompey of old, that he could raise legions by merely stamping his foot on the ground.

Although no name is mentioned in this account, there is not a doubt, from what followed, that Wharton is the party referred to. We think it, however, doubtful whether Tooke was so well acquainted with the detestable mission with which Wharton was entrusted, as the account would lead us to believe. At any rate, it appears that the whole party were completely mystified as to the real cause of the important events which took place soon after the introduction of Wharton to Mr. Tooke's weekly meetings. These events were, the arrest of Mr. Tooke and eleven other members of the Constitutional Association, of the details of which we shall now give a summary account.

One of the first persons arrested in London was Thomas Hardy, the secretary of the association. The character of this man, like that of Tooke, was beyond suspicion, either in point of moral or political integrity. He was a shoe-maker, but in intelligence was far superior to the generality of tradesmen, for which cause he was chosen for the office. Upon his arrest, the following letter was addressed to Mr. Tooke:

"Dear Citizen,—This morning, at six o'clock, Citizen Hardy was taken away by an order from the Secretary of State's office. They seized everything they could lay their hands on. Query: Is it possible to get ready by Thursday?

"Yours,

"JERH. JOYCE."

This letter was stopped and opened at the post-office, where it was considered of so much importance, that it was sent to the Secretary of State. The last clause of it, which merely referred to the preparing of extracts from the "Red Book," of the emoluments which Mr. Pitt and his family derived from the public, was believed to have reference to a general rising; and the Government were instantly on the alert. Mr. Tooke's movements were narrowly watched, and his carriage was followed to town. He dined, the next day, at a friend's house in Spital Square, and had the honour of a patrol of horse soldiers to guard the house. All this was merely amusing to Tooke, who was quite unconscious of having committed any overt act that would lead to his arrest. In this he was mistaken; for Ministers had taken the alarm, and early in the morning of the 16th of May, 1794, he was seized in his house at Wimbledon, by virtue of a warrant from the Secretary of State, on a charge of high treason, and at once conveyed to the Tower.

Here he was confined, a close prisoner, for several months, not being allowed pen, ink, and paper, nor was any one permitted to visit him, or hold intercourse with him by letter or otherwise, except his gaoler. His health sinking under this treatment, an application was made to the Privy Council, and an order was consequently issued for the admission of Doctors Pearson and Cline, as often as the state of Tooke's health rendered it necessary, and also of his nephew.

There has been a good deal of misapprehension respecting the precise charge upon which Mr. Tooke's arrest took place; it being generally supposed that the letter given above, which was written in an ambiguous way, was the moving cause. Mr. Tooke himself was for a long time, as we have before observed, exceedingly mystified on the subject, not being aware of the existence of the letter, and quite unconscious of any act that could be construed into treason by the laws of England. Still he did not know how far he might have been compromised by, and implicated in, the acts of others, who were less cautious than himself. The real cause, however, was subsequently made known to him in a manner which precluded its being made public during the life of the principal party concerned, only three persons being privy to it. On the death of the personage referred to, which took place about the year 1806,

the secret became known to a few persons, amongst whom was the writer of this sketch, to whom it was related by an eminent divine; and the correctness of it was confirmed to him in the year 1820, by John Thelwall, one of Horne Tooke's associates, and imprisoned with him on the same charge of high treason. The details of this account we shall now present to the reader.

Upon the arrest and committal of Tooke and his friends—twelve in number—the association dissolved itself, as did also those in the country. But in every place the members were marked men, and warrants were sent down, as we have already stated, to be instantly executed, in case Tooke and the other prisoners were convicted. Happily the efforts of the Crown to effect its sanguinary purpose were frustrated by the friendship for Tooke of an individual in high life. It is possible that the honest jury who tried him might have acquitted him independent of this act of friendship; certain it is, however, that by it the Crown was disarmed, and the only distinct act of delinquency was omitted to be urged against him through the following stratagem.

One evening after Tooke's nephew, who usually visited him every day, had left him, a stranger was announced by the turnkey. Tooke desired he might be shown in, when a tall man, muffled up in a wrapping cloak, and with his hat slouched over his face, entered the room, and saluted him courteously. When the turnkey had retired, the stranger addressed Mr. Tooke to this effect: "You are no doubt surprised at my visit, but I beg to say that it is a perfectly friendly one, in proof of which I am about to put my life in your hands in order to save yours. I am a member of his Majesty's Privy Council, and my object in coming is to inform you of the real cause of your arrest, and of the danger to which you are exposed. It will be in your recollection that at your dinner party on Sunday last, a motion was proposed, to be brought before Parliament, for increasing the pay of the navy; and that when it was objected by one of the company that this would breed a mutiny, you remarked, '*that's exactly what we want.*'* This observation was carried to the Minister by Wharton, the member for Beverley, who was of the party, and your arrest was the consequence.

"In the Privy Council held to-day, Wharton has been examined, and it was afterwards debated in what way his evidence should be adduced against you; whether the informer should be called by the Crown, or whether they should allow you to call him, and so convict you out of the mouth of your own witness? The council broke up without deciding this question, which will be brought before it again to-morrow. I will, therefore, be here again to-morrow evening, to let you know their decision."

"The scoundrel," said Tooke, when the stranger had concluded; "I always suspected him of not being over-hearty in the cause, but I could not have believed him guilty of so atrocious a breach of confidence. However, we must endeavour to out-manœuvre them yet." After a short conversation the stranger took his leave.

The next morning, Tooke sent for his solicitor, and in confidence communicated to him what he had learned, but without divulging the way in which he obtained his information. He then directed him to go to Wharton and serve him with a subpœna, and to beg of him not to absent himself from the court at the trial; that he considered him the most important witness in his favour; and, in short, that he depended on him more than all the rest; and it was, therefore, of the utmost consequence to him that he should be present on the occasion.

This was done the same day; and in the evening, Tooke's incognito visitor again made his appearance, and stated that Wharton had detailed to the Privy Council what had passed with the solicitor. Upon which it was unanimously agreed, that Tooke should be allowed to call him as his witness, and that then the counsel for the Crown should obtain the most direct and unequivocal evidence against the prisoner by a cross-examination.

Tooke now felt completely at ease, and began making his arrangements for his defence. It is said that he had determined to defend himself; but his solicitor, after a long argument with him on the subject, concluded by saying, "Well, sir, you must act as you please; but if you do, you will certainly be hanged." "Then," replied Tooke instantly, "I'll be hanged if I do!" and directed him to give the brief to Henry Erskine.

The number of witnesses subpœnaed on both sides amounted to some hundreds. Those for the defence consisted chiefly of the higher ranks of society, with whom Tooke had been on terms of intimacy all his life: they included his quondam associates in the cause of Reform, not forgetting William Pitt (the Prime Minister), and the Duke of Richmond (the Master of the Ordnance), with many other distinguished personages, who, like them, had not only abandoned their former principles, but were now the vindictive persecutors of those who acted with greater consistency. Wharton appears to have been subpœnaed by both the prosecutor and the prisoner, as his name appears—

* The circumstances respecting this affair were as follows: At a previous meeting at Tooke's house, it was determined that Wharton should bring forward in the House of Commons a motion bearing on the subject of Reform. This was done, and the motion being seconded, it was simply met by the previous question being moved, which was put to the vote and carried, without any one speaking against the motion on the part of the Ministry. This was considered rather singular, but as Wharton acquitted himself very creditably on the occasion, not much importance was attached to the circumstance.

On a subsequent meeting at Tooke's, it was proposed that another, and more pointed motion should be brought forward by Wharton. During the debate as to the nature of it, one of the guests proposed that it should be a motion for increasing the pay of the navy. "No," said another, "that would create a mutiny amongst the seamen." "Well," said Tooke, "that's just what is wanted." The meeting broke up without coming to any decision; and, before the next Sunday, the arrest of Tooke and his friends had put a stop to their further proceedings.

for the first and last time in the proceedings — amongst the witnesses for the Crown, on whose behalf, however, he was not called, as was previously arranged.

The trial commenced under favourable circumstances in many respects. The whole of the twelve prisoners* were included in the same bill of indictment, sent up to the grand jury; but they claimed to be tried separately, which was granted. Hardy had previously been tried and acquitted, there not being a shadow of evidence that could be relied on, to bring home to him the charge of treason. Erskine, who had so successfully conducted his defence, was himself a staunch reformer; and although he had seceded from the association, was well enough acquainted with Tooke's principles and associates, to know both the weak points of the charge against the prisoners, and the strong ones in their defence. When these advantages are coupled with the powerful eloquence, the great legal acumen and knowledge, the ardent love of freedom, and the undaunted courage, by which Erskine's character was marked, it will be manifest that the chances were greatly in favour of the prisoners.

But, independent of this, the public mind began to take the alarm, as to whither the vindictive proceedings of the Crown were tending. The prosecutions in Scotland were harsh in the extreme, and made no discrimination between the respectable and moderate reformer and the furious democrat; and the same tragical results, — for lives had been taken both in Scotland and Ireland, — were now sought to be obtained in London and the English provinces. Nor would it stop here if the Crown proved successful in the present prosecution. It had determined to "run a muck" at all reform and reformers, and by a multitude of warrants make a complete sweepstake of the most respectable of the latter, thereby hoping to strike terror into the inferior ranks. The writer of this sketch happens to be but too well acquainted with the truth of this assertion, upwards of fifty of his own relatives and friends in a provincial city having been amongst the proscribed, every one of whom would have been arrested and tried on a charge of high treason, had Horne Tooke been convicted; the warrants for *their* arrest (among others) being in the hands of the local authorities, ready to be executed at a moment's warning. It was therefore the general feeling, — doubtless extending itself to the jury-panel, — that nothing but the most direct and unequivocal evidence of guilt would justify an adverse verdict against the prisoners. Consequently the principle of *constructive treason*, upon which alone it was hoped to obtain a conviction, was kicked out of court with disgust and abhorrence, as unworthy of a free country and of the institution of Trial by Jury.

An incident occurred at the outset of the proceedings, which displays the fearlessness of Tooke's character. When called upon to plead and to say how he would be tried, he eyed the court for some seconds in a significant manner, which few men were better able to assume; and shaking his head, emphatically replied, — "I *would* be tried by God and my country; but——"

It is impossible to give any adequate analysis of this memorable trial, the favourable result of which to the prisoners probably saved the lives of hundreds if not thousands of respectable citizens. It must suffice us to state that the evidence for the Crown, whilst it displayed great imprudence in some, and folly in others, of the Reformers, did not bring home a particle of guilt to the prisoner. This the counsel for the Crown did not regard, feeling himself sure of eliciting enough for a conviction upon the cross-examination of Wharton, who stood there in court as the bosom-friend of the man he was about to betray to the executioner. The chief part of the charge consisted of a multitude of written and printed documents, which it was attempted to identify or connect with Tooke, as a leading member of the Constitutional Association. It was proved, however, that when such papers were put into his hands for inspection he invariably altered and softened down such expressions or sentences as appeared to him to have a revolutionary tendency; and even the witnesses for the Crown were compelled to admit that the Duke of Richmond's plan of Reform was the basis of Tooke's own plan, and that the latter never went beyond it, or sought to obtain it by other than constitutional means. Thus the case for the Crown was closed without bringing home to the prisoner anything whatever stronger than constructive guilt of the most inconclusive kind.

For the defence, a hundred witnesses were collected in court, including the most illustrious names that adorn the history of that eventful period. Charles Fox, William Pitt, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Bedford, with a host of similar celebrities, were called up on this occasion and spoke to the general respectability of the prisoner; and most of them expressed their disbelief that he could possibly be guilty of the crimes laid to his charge. Pitt committed himself most grossly by his repeated "*non mi ricordo*" replies, when questioned upon facts that occurred when he was himself a member of the Constitutional Association; so that, at last, Tooke called up another witness (we believe it was Fox) to confront him, when he at once recovered his recollection and admitted the fact in question. Tooke turned to the court and said, "My lord, the honorable gentleman appears to have a very convenient memory, which retains nothing he wishes to forget!"

But where was the traitor Wharton? Waiting to complete the purchase of the Minister's favour, by the betrayal of the man who, he believed, depended upon him more than any other for a successful defence. As the reader will have surmised, *he was not called at all*, but stood like a guilty thing enduring the indignant glances of the

* Their names were, Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, J. A. Bonney, Stewart Kyd, Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwall, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter.

prisoner, conveying the conviction that the latter was fully aware of his treachery. In fact, so little apprehension had Tooke of the result of the trial, that not more than from ten to fifteen of his witnesses had been called, when he signified to his attorney that he wished the defence to be closed, being quite satisfied that it should rest upon the evidence already adduced. The counsel for the Crown objected to this in vain, conscious that it was upon Wharton alone that their hope of a conviction now rested. Tooke was inflexible, and the case on both sides being closed, the judge summed up, in a speech which occupied a whole day in delivering; in the course of which he remarked that notwithstanding the high character the prisoner sustained by the evidence of the illustrious persons who had been called for in the defence, as well as those for the Crown, there were suspicious points in his conduct which he would have been glad to have had cleared up *by further evidence.* Why the prisoner had declined calling those witnesses who by their more intimate acquaintance with his proceedings could have done this, was best known to himself; but certainly it would have been desirable to have had those points satisfactorily explained.

After the charge of the judge, the verdict occupied but a few minutes, the jury being unanimous in declaring the prisoner, "*Not Guilty.*" Before leaving the court, Tooke addressed Wharton: "Thou base scoundrel," said he, "go home to your Yorkshire den, and hide your head there, for you are unfit to mix in the world with honest men!"

The result of this memorable trial was most fortunate for the country. Thelwall and Holcroft were put to the bar the next day, but no evidence was brought against them, and they were acquitted. All ulterior proceedings of the Government against the Reformers were stayed, and the people were again enabled to breathe freely, under the conviction, that however despotically inclined the Government may, at times, show themselves, there is a power in the constitution, and in the institutions of the country, to counteract it, and to re-establish its liberties by the very means taken to destroy them.

TILLY'S CHEF D'ŒUVRE.

ANNO 1631.

1.

Upon a river sweeping by, far-spreading plains between,
Upon the dusky pines so grim, upon the oaks so green,
And on a wide encampment, and on a leaguer'd town,
Pouring her light, serene and white, the Moon of May looked down.

2.

All down on bridge and barbican was poured that pensive hue,
On belfry that athwart the street its sombre shadow threw,
And on the solemn minster, with portal old and gray,
And o'er the tents that round and far like a heaveless ocean lay.

3.

Duly from steeple and from tow'r rang out the midnight bell,
Far-flinging over flood and field its deep sonorous knell;
And stringing to its music their wild fantastic rhymes,
Half merrily, half mournfully, rang the aërial chimes.

4.

That heard the burgher as he watched, amid the calm profound;
The sentry heard, as on the walls he paced his measured round;
Heard, too, the leaguering foeman, all in his tents that lay,
Eyed the tall tow'rs of Magdeburg, and hoped the dawning day.

5.

"What of the night, ye watchmen, ho! from minster towers that spy?"
"Safe is the night: through yonder camp in stillness all they lie."
Ah, yet delay, thou night of May! for 'neath thy peaceful gleaming
Seem hushed and still the Powers of Ill, and Terror lies a-dreaming.

6.

"Ye watchmen upon minster tow'rs, as now the hour goes by,
Doth aught befall?" "'Tis safety all," again the watch reply.
And still looks down on tent and town, as nought their rest might mar,
The May-moon in its gentleness—and lo, the morning star!

7.

Uprose the sun in glowing east, and streaked with glittering line
All the broad plain, and Elbe that rolled golden in morning-shine.
"What of the morn, ye watchmen, that speer from minster tow'rs?"
"Afar, a-near, is nought of fear." So pass the fateful hours.

8.

And now, of burgher watching long the languid eyelids fail,
And on the wall, his arms beside, sleeps weary sentry pale.
God grant the Long-Expected come, th' imprison'd town to free,
Or terrible of some that sleep shall the awakening be!

9.

Stout Falkenberg stood on the wall, looked out o'er wide domains,
Scanned the broad marches' yellow tracts and heathery Saxon plains;
To stately-towered Wittenberg, to Spandau turned his eye,
For the royal Sweden's banners to come sweeping up the sky.

10.

'Tis far to tower'd Wittenberg, 'tis many a weary mile
To where in dolour and in doubt King Gustave* sits the while.
They come not; no, they come not! Yet of the gallant man
Bold was the bearing still, and bold the speech in council ran.

11.

Why sits that king in Spandau's walls, in doubt and dolour sore,
Biding the time, chiding the time—promising evermore?
The've watched for him by day and night, they've prayed by night and day;
Ah, surely, he will come this tide! ah, why doth he delay!

12.

Six times from steeple and from tow'r rang out the hour of morn,
Six times o'er wood and field and flood its echoing notes were borne;
Then out from tent and up from trench darted th' insidious foe,
Sudden, as angry Ocean heaves from slumbrous depths below.

13.

Sudden and silent comes the foe, rampart and roof to scale,
Where on the walls, at intervals, sleep weary sentries pale.
A moment gone, they slept secure;—the next, and at a stride
Grim-visaged Death stands pitiless that dreaming guard beside.

14.

Them by the white scarf may ye know—that redden'd soon shall be—
The myrmidons of Pappenheim, that ruthless companie,
E'er foremost seen where slaughter's keen, with hand and soul defiled,
Call they on Jesus' holy name and Mary's, mother mild.

15.

Sound, sound the tocsin, sound amain; beat up th' alarming drum:
Come, captain, and come citizen; craftsman and soldier, come!
From pallet spread on stoniest bed, from couch of delicate down,
Rise, wretched men of Magdeburg! the foeman's in the town!

16

Ho, Falkenberg! from council come! instant the rescue bring;—
Who prates of tardy succour, raves:—dreams of your Swedish king!
Ho, haste thee, Christian-William![†] true hand and heart hast thou,
Never so tried as at this tide; never such need as now.

17.

Thou graybeard, seek a sword; in vain thine years shall grace implore:
Arm, men, for home and children, and the mothers that them bore;
Kiss, kiss thy love, and to the street thou beardless junker free,
Else the next kiss on loved one's lip foul ravisher's may be.

18.

"O, go not forth, true husband mine; too fiercely roars the fray."
"Ah, bide with me, my youngest son, nor tempt the street to day."
"And if I went not forth, sweet wife, the wild Walloons would come."
"And if I stay with thee, mother, they'll slay us in our home."

19.

Comes wild Walloon, and Croat wild: Uhlan and fierce Pandour;
As Ocean's crested coursers over dyke and dam down-pour,
Scourging the coast,—that numerous host drives on its vengeful way—
Avoid, avoid th' inbursting tide! or, breast it as ye may!

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* Gustavus was at the fortress of Spandau. History has sufficiently discussed whether he *could* have come to the rescue of Magdeburg.

† Christian-William of Brunswick, the "Administrator" of the archbishopric of Madgeburg.

20.

By parapet and breachèd wall, by bastion, bridge, and port,
Did ne'er to feast belated guest more emulous resort:
Than press those thirsty revellers, than comes that impious throng,
Shouting aloud, for vengeance vowed—vowed, and denied so long.

21

"Shout! for the hour is come at last! Upon the rebel brood!
Smite, for the Kaiser's justice! smite, for the true faith of God!
He sins who spares the foes of Holy Church; whose hand shall slay
Its hecatomb of heretics wins Mary's grace to-day."

22.

"Slay!" "slay!" it is the fearful word. Slay, and for ever, slay!
As down the street with fiery feet the vengeance whirls its way,
And vain is Uslar's* rally to check th' o'ernumbering swarm,
And shiver'd, as his blade it swung, sinks Christian's gallant arm.

23.

O God, and for thy mercy's sake! 'twas death of heart to see
The blood-red tide on every side down-pouring piteouslié;
'Twas death to hear those shrieks of fear, the rush, the shock, the din,
While thundering o'er that rout and roar the cannon's crash broke in.

24.

Accursèd blow, that laid him low; there, in the thick pell-mell
Sunk Falkenberg, true heart, that kept the town so long and well.
If single sword had rescue wrought, his arm the work had done—
Now Heav'n in mercy help this folk, whose chiefest help is gone!

25.

Ah, where was then, ne'er miss'd before—ne'er miss'd at sorest need—
The champion of the maiden town upon his milk-white steed; †
Fled from whose sword the Croat horde, and owned unwonted fears,
Fierce Isolani's fantassins, and Holstein's cavaliers?

26.

He is not here: he comes no more! champion and steed are gone!
From the devoted city all the guardian guests are flown.
Grim murder stalks from house to house with his red foot on the floor,
And lust that with impatient hand bursts in the chamber-door.

27.

Over his child the gray-sire bent, to ward the threatening blow,
Before the maid her lover stood and fiercely faced the foe;
But on the shrinking infant, and on the trembling maid,
Reeking and red, with swoop of death, came down th' unsated blade.

28.

Wo for the fair-haired virgins, for the tender brides that be,
And the mother's gentle breast that press the lips of infancy;
Wo, wo, for youth and beauty, clutched by Croat's barbarous hand,
And the hoped-for loves of the golden years gone down to the loveless land!

29.

Ah, virgins, sad and sooth it is, in maiden flower to die,
'Tis sad all down beneath the unrestoring wave to lie,
And deep are Elbe's broad waters; but there a kindlier doom,
A fate more fair ye'll find than where Walloon and Croat come.

30.

O God! can these thy creatures be, and in thy likeness made,
That in soft woman's snowy side plunge the unpitying blade,
Spare not the few scant drops of age, and from the hands that play
And lips that drink at mother's breast cut the warm life away?

31.

Then to stern Tilly where he stood spake of his captains one,
"Now for the blessed Christ, his sake, bid this foul work have done!"
Answered that gloomy chieftain, unmoved by pity he,
"The soldier for his toils, I trow, must needs rewarded be." ‡

32.

Then outspake furious Pappenheim, "What hinders us but we
Destroy th' accursèd city, from out the things that be?
Fire we this nest of heretics!" And as he spake the word,
Fiercer upon his fiend-stampt brow shone out the twofold sword.§

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* A certain Colonel Uslar, who made a most strenuous resistance.

† It is said that whenever during the siege the Magdeburgers made a sally, a horseman with shining armour mounted on a white charger was seen in their van, and struck terror into the besiegers. He passed for the guardian angel of the city.

‡ Tilly's reply, as is well known, was to this effect.

§ Pappenheim bore upon his forehead a "mother's mark" of two crossed swords.

33.

Never so fierce in Grecian vale was frantic thyrsus swung,
As at the word through that wild horde sped the red scourge along.
When, when, did vengeance lack its sport, if Croat's hand were near,
Or dire behest unheeded fall upon Marauderer's * ear?

34.

Croat and grim Marauderer flew to the work prepared,
And grimlier by the flashing torch the blood-stained visage glared:
And evermore and evermore, as brand on brand was piled,
Called they on Jesus' holy name and Mary's, mother mild.

35.

There shrunk the gorgeous tapestries in many a lordly home,
Crumbled the gilded halls of state, cracked the resplendent dome,
And down went tow'r and temple — but mid the wreck verlore
On Jesus and on Mary's name shouted they evermore.

36.

And swift and soon that blazing noon athwart the land goes gleaming,
O'er holt and heath its fiery scathe, o'er field and thicket streaming,
'Twas seen from Brunswick's minster tow'r, from Lutter of the plain,
And on the hill-side mournful, for the flower of Denmark slain.

37.

Far over Elbe the straggling Swede caught the refulgence red,
It spread o'er mitred Halberstadt, to pine-clad Harz it spread,
Beyond the wall of evil name † to where the herdsman lone
Marvels the mighty leap profound, vouched by the hoof-stampt stone.‡

38.

Still as he steered, that hideous glare, the conscious stream adown,
Followed th' affrighted boatman to many a distant town,
Filled with fresh fear the mountaineer that shuddering walks a-nigh,
Where the Red Cæsar§ sits and counts the centuries go by.

39.

That furnace of a thousand homes blazed in the eye of day,
It blazed as died the fires of eve in the red west away,
Till on the scorched and blackened heaps of the once goodly town,
Pouring her light, at deep midnight, the Moon of May looked down.

40.

All in the desolate night was heard the long and piteous moan
Of 'wildered infant voices, calling on parents gone;
Unanswered cries of babes that lay by mothers in their gore,
Or vainly pressed th' accustomed breast that gave its drops no more.

41.

O river of the land of streams, with towered cities crowned,
That flow'st by Dresden's terraced halls, and Meissen's castled mound,
By old electoral Torgau, and Dessau's ducal home,
And Wittenberg, where sturdy monks mock the huge pride of Rome,

42.

That from Bohemia's mountain-range, through many a fertile plain,
Roll'st to the thousand-masted port ‖ that fronts the northern main,
Fairest of all the homes of men that stand thy waters by,
Was she, the maiden city, that in ashes here doth lie.

43.

On rolls the hastening river by the mournful city lone,
And as it rolls, its waters for ever shall roll on;
But there no more shall boatman's oar poise to the chiming hours,
Or cleave upon the wave the forms of stately-slumbering tow'rs.

44.

But to imperial Ferdinand let gratulations come,
And welcome news to the Arch-Priest that sits in haughty Rome,
In Munich's and Vienna's halls prepare the feast of joy;
For never, since the fatal night of ten-years' leaguered Troy,

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* Followers of the Count de Merode, of the great Belgian family of that name.

† Der Teufelsmauer, a range of hills in the neighbourhood of the Harz mountains.

‡ The Rostrappe, to which is attached the well-known legend of the horse-leap.

§ The Red Cæsar (Frederick Barbarossa) who sits asleep under the Kyffhausen, but awakes now and then to ascertain whether sufficient *Jahrhunderte* are passed for him to get up and resume the reins of empire.

‖ Hamburgh.

45.
Or since the day when Judah's foes encamped on Zion's hill,
By Calvary's accusing mount and Cedron's mournful rill,
When the red blood the red fires quenched, and, with unpitying sword,
Rome's ruthless legionaries wreaked the vengeance of the Lord;

46.
When down went tower, and temple down; and tenantless stood there
The mountain of the Holy House as the high places bare,
And Desolation's sign abhorred scowled o'er the blasted scene—
Hath such a day of dire dismay or such destruction been.

47.
As lies the Alpine hamlet, crushed by the bolt of snow,
As lies the shrivelled forest 'neath the fierce tornado's glow,
As lies the wreck upon the strand when the storms have ceased to blow,
In grief and gloom, in dust and doom, proud Magdeburg lies low.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

FURTHER PROGRESS.

It was a fine summer night on one of those large lakes into which the Ha-wah-hah ever and anon resolves itself in its long and circuitous career. The water was as still and waveless as the dark blue windless sky that overlooked it, and cast in it the reflection of its thousand stars; while the dark, though transparent air that hung around it, seemed a medium blending earth and heaven into one. The stillness was such as can only be felt in the solitude of an unpeopled wilderness; and only broken by the alternate cough of a double high-pressure engine that went careering like a goaded monster through the darkness. With its signal lights and long train of sparks, and lurid glow of its furnaces reflected against the heavens and in the water, the steam-boat looked like some gigantic Will-o-the-wisp or wandering fire, that might well have startled the savages or wild beasts watching it from the surrounding shores, as with the terror of a supernatural visitant.

In the upper saloon of this steam-boat (an apartment in American river-steamers situated above all the cabins, and used as a lounging place), which was furnished with velvet hangings, soft carpets, mirrors and gilding,—were seated four Republicans, enjoying the cool night air which was drafted upon them through the open windows. We must describe them separately, as actors in the extraordinary scene about to come under our notice. The first was lolling on a sofa, diligently engaged over the sheets of a stitched novel. He was a young man, with one of those large, stalwart frames common to the denizens of the South-west. His eyes and hair were black as jet, and his complexion of a clear olive. He was dressed in a sort of loose, devil-nay-care dandyism, characteristic of the rich young planters; and his dark green dress with the jacket richly braided, and thrown open, displaying the whitest of fine cambric shirts, from whose partings at the collar was seen a sturdy though handsome throat, added to an air determined and rather aristocratic, instantly drew upon him the attention of the beholder.

The second passenger was lolling on one chair with his legs tilted up against the back of another, and chewing and expectorating plentifully. He was a man of middle age, sat quite silent, and seemed to be in a state of calm enjoyment.

The remaining two were occupants of the same settee, and engaged in earnest conversation together. In the person of one might be detected no other than the little sprightly figure of our old acquaintance, Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, the distinguished champion of the great Native American party. Mr. Tunney's tongue was never at rest. He made a point of that. He was always what he called "indoctrinating" somebody, and engaged in the laudable act of the propagation of opinion. He might be pardoned for now "coming out strong" on these his favourite principles, as he was on a tour of propagandism in behoof of the Native American cause in the South and West. A most enterprising agent was Mr. Tunney, and admirably suited to the capacities of the crude audience upon whom he was commissioned to act. He was now exerting his eloquence upon the young man seated beside him; and this young man's denomination was Mr. Chauncey Pike. He was a yellow-haired youth, with a white sprouting beard, attempted to be worn in the pointed Raleigh style, at least it extended our anticipations to this. He had very long features, particularly the chin, long limbs, which he always stretched out wide and far; had a long way of drawling out his sentences, which he usually interspersed with a number of oaths, to impart to them significance and spirit. He was perpetually asking Mr. Tunney questions for information, appearing to be a young gentleman of an enquiring turn of mind; and Mr. Tunney appeared for the present to stand to him

in the relation of travelling tutor, in order to "indoctrinate" his budding intellect into the ways of Native Americanism, and of the world.

These latter three, as genuine Native Americans, tried to look and be as vulgar as possible; hitching up their trowsers, kicking their boots into each other's faces, and throwing mouthfuls of tobacco in every direction. Mr. Tunney and his pupil appeared to be acting quite naturally and unaffectedly; but the middle-aged gentleman had a countenance something at variance with his present demeanour. It bore traces of thought and culture, and was evidently that of no rude undisciplined intelligence. But his travelling companions were not in the habit of studying physiognomy, and they were quite contented for the present to regard him as a fellow.

"What was the name of these fellers, Tunney?" said the young gentleman with the enquiring turn of mind, "that you said was forging their weapons against the Native Americans?"

"The Jesuits, you mean," returned Mr. Tunney. "Ay, they know that the Native Americans are aiming a disastrous blow at the great Catholic body politic in this Western world. They are the fellows to see through a stone wall — sharp-sighted ones I warrant ye, that can detect the ominous speck in the sky, when the hurricane is fifty mile beyond sun-down"

Here, the middle-aged passenger on the two chairs, had he been an animal of the horse genus, might have been discovered to prick up his ears; but being simply a man, he made no sign of this kind, but only sat, and chewed, and expectorated

"They are insidious fellows, these Jesuits, ain't they, Tunney?" said the young man. "Don't they assume all sorts of disguises, and make the art of deception the whole purpose and plan of their life. Indeed I have heard that their colleges and seminaries are constructed for no other purpose than to inculcate the art of intrigue. They say they will get into your families, and you don't know who among them may be a Jesuit. Perhaps your friend, your brother, your companion. You don't know it. Perhaps you may be a Jesuit; perhaps I may be a Jesuit. I don't say it; but it might be so, and none the wiser."

"Ay, ay," said Tunney, laughing at his zeal, "guard thee well from the vipers, my son."

Had they been able to look under the mask of nonchalance worn by the middle-aged passenger on the two chairs, they would have detected a sneer of mingled hatred and contempt deforming those features; but he only hitched up his trowsers, and stretched his legs farther into the air.

"Does the Native American party get much ahead in your city, gentlemen?" said the middle-aged man, breaking in for the first time.

"Why yes, sir. Hope soon, sir, to make that great manufacturing city the head-quarters of the party, sir."

"That is strange!" continued the middle-aged; "the principal manufacturers of the place being Irish and Scotch."

"Very true; but they are mainly Protestants: and all people of strong Protestant feeling are with us, be they foreigners or not. Though I myself care little for the Protestant view of the question, yet the use I am enabled to make of it, in enlisting partizans to our cause, is the best arrow in my quiver. Popery is a great terror-striker, perhaps truly so; and to those who see in it the enemy of all civil and religious liberty — the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of Catholic emigrants from Ireland and elsewhere arriving upon our soil, each with his vote in his pocket, is something from which to shrink. However, my own personal sympathies don't lie so much in this view of the question, and my quarrel is not so much with Catholics as with foreigners, particularly with those new importations from England, who still remain English at heart — who bring their haughtiness, their contempt, and their assumption of superiority — it is against these that we mean to summon up the fists of the country."

"Is Philippi much troubled with these interlopers?" enquired the middle-aged, seeing that Mr. Tunney had been interrupted in the excitement of his harangue, by the necessity of taking breath.

"I know one," said Mr. Pike, "and you know him too, Tunney — and you don't like him. A tarnation fine-looking young fellow too, and likely to come to his fortune among us."

Had we been able to see beneath the half-shut eyes of the middle-aged traveller on the two chairs, we should have been struck with a gleam of triumphant self-satisfaction at the turn which the conversation was beginning to take; but he was well accustomed to veil the workings of his mind, and he contented himself with throwing a mouthful of saliva to the other end of the cabin.

"Ay true!" said Mr. Tunney, with ill-suppressed excitement, "that's the fellow that's engaged to Miss Tremont. As conceited a puppy as has ever been imported from beyond seas. Why! he has not been located in the heart of us more than three years; and landed, I warrant ye, without a shirt to his back. To see that fellow in our best circles, connected with one of our best manufacturing establishments, and likely to carry off one of our richest heiresses, is it not enough to make every drop of one's Native American blood bubble with indignation. Why, in a few years, that beggarly Englishman will be one of the richest citizens of the place! But I despise the fellow," said Mr. Tunney, with a sudden turn of magnanimity; "let me catch him or meet him, and, by Jove! I'll insult him — that's all."

"Have you a personal quarrel with the gentleman?" said the middle-aged, who seemed strangely desirous to keep the ball of the speaker's thoughts running in this direction.

"Why, no! that is, yes! But if I met him, I shouldn't mind pulling his nose — not a twig. And then when he begged my pardon, perhaps I should be sorry for the puppy, he being a stranger, and grant it to him, if he a'most went down on his knees and begged it. But if I didn't happen to be in the mood, perhaps I should give him a kick and tell him to go to hell."

Mr. Tunney was interrupted at this point of his declamation by a sudden apparition emerging from one of the state rooms, whose doors flanked the upper saloon, where the party was assembled. The apparition consisted of a tall, strongly built young man, with light curling hair, regular haughty features, and blue eyes, which fixed themselves upon the speaker like a pair of sparkling meteors.

"Do you know me, sir?" exclaimed he in a tone which instantly drew the attention of the whole party upon him, and told them in reference to the subject of the animadversions to which they had been listening, as their questioning eyes turned towards him, "thou art the man."

"And now," continued he, addressing Mr. Tunney, "let me intimate, that I have heard your every word; and only deferred showing myself until your statements were brought to a close."

Mr. Tunney first turned very red, and then as pale as death; and not without reason, while he glanced at the strong stalwart figure towering above him, which looked as if it could have crushed him into an atomy.

"You intimated your intention of pulling my nose," said Denning, "now then, I pull yours;" and he drew the back part of his fingers lightly and jeeringly over the nasal organs of the little gentleman. Mr. Tunney sprung to his feet, as if he had received a stab. He was a braggadocio, but no coward, and his small eyes darted rage and fire. But he saw how hopeless would be a personal struggle with the tall figure that stood before him in the repose of conscious strength, and his bowie knife was drawn in a moment. But he had not time to unclasp the long, murderous, tapering blade; for Denning seized him by the back of his coat collar, and lifted him from the floor, and shook him as a mastiff shakes a cat in his teeth, and dashes it, and tosses it, and shakes it again, till the animal's brain reels and she is left without sense or motion.

"And so you would insult me, poor catiff," said he, "and you would bring me to my knees, and you would cuff me. Ha! ha! but I do not mean seriously to harm you, poor minion! there's an end!" and he threw him from him on the floor.

The bowie knife had been thrown to a distance in the scuffle; and Denning walked over very quietly, picked it up, and threw it out of one of the open casements into the lake.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR, AS MANAGED BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

It was getting very late, and the other passengers, either asleep or stowed away in the lower cabins, were in happy ignorance of the scenes passing in the upper saloon. The young Southerner whom we have described, had thrown away his novel at the first sound of the affray, and had watched it in the attitude of the delighted steed, scenting the battle from afar. Few except the men of the South West understand the full zest of an affair of honour. The Kentuckian now prepared himself for action. He assisted the fallen man to rise, and it appeared that, beyond the fright, he had sustained no very serious injury.

"You have been insulted, sir," said the Kentuckian, addressing him,—"I am ready to stand your friend."

"And I," said the middle-aged gentleman, starting from his two chairs, and entering into the affair with the practised ease of a model republican, "am ready to stand second to the other gentleman. I am sure we are all of opinion that this matter ought not to end here. The character of one gentleman has been grossly abused by another, and that in terms of which the traduced gentleman is best entitled to judge. Gentlemen, I cannot tell what were the previous terms upon which you stood with respect to each other, nor what causes of complaint you may have had; but had I been standing in the traduced gentleman's place, and a listener willing or unwilling to the terms of insolence and vituperations with which this person had befouled me—there is but one way in which an account could be closed—and I know it, and that in justice to myself," said the grave man, looking very valourous and insulted.

"And I," said the Kentuckian, extending his arm over the gentleman like a wing, "am of opinion that this gentleman has been grossly mangled, mauled and abused, and therefore demand satisfaction in his name—instant satisfaction."

The Kentuckian's fine eyes were sparkling with delight. He was getting into the thick of an affair in which he evidently found himself very much at home.

"Quite so," returned the middle-aged gentleman, who seemed animated with a kindred spirit. "My friend," said he, indicating Mr. Denning, "if he will allow me to call him so, will doubtless think fit that we should arrange the affair immediately."

"What, here!" said Mr. Tunney, looking round, as well he might, on the strange incongruous situation about to be selected for a duel scene.

"And stranger things have happened," said the middle-aged, who looked like a hound on the scent of blood, "and in stranger situations, and for less cause—perhaps you and my friend may be strangers to the customs of the South. Nobody, I engage, will interfere."

He took the Kentuckian aside.

"All's right," said the Kentuckian. "I have a couple of revolvers in fine order"—he of course used the *sotto voce*.

"Fire arms are out of the question, *now* and *here*. We must take the knife."

"I can accommodate you there, too, having a case of Californias in my *valise*."

He departed to his state-room to fetch them, and returned with the case in a moment.

"There," said he, drawing forth one and unsheathing it—it was nearly double the size of a large carving-knife—"as pretty a piece of steel as between Columbia River and Cape Cod." And looking at it with admiration, he armed himself

with it, and threw himself into a fencing position, and thus, with foot advanced, and eye steadied, he made fierce passes with it in the air, as in contest with some imaginary antagonist, bending, and parrying, and striking, after the attitude and manner of a wild carnivorous bird. "By Jove! a terrible blade," he uttered, in recovering himself; "I could split a man's heart with it in a trice."

"Upon my honour," said Denning—"upon my honour, you are very, very civil, gentlemen, in thus charging yourselves with the affairs of a total stranger. But as I am quite competent to the management of my own, and have settled them in this instance to my entire satisfaction—you will pardon me for saying that I am quite at a loss to understand your meaning."

"Too brave a person to feign, I am sure!" ejaculated the Kentuckian; "we simply mean the natural and inevitable way of settling a quarrel between gentlemen."

"I trust our arrangements may be satisfactory; and choice of weapons suitable to the wishes of both parties," said the middle-aged gentleman.

"Madmen! murderers!" thundered Denning. "Is this farce or earnest?"

"Quite unavoidable in present circumstances!" said the middle-aged gentleman; "you take up your position here; your antagonist at arm's length—the coast quite clear, and no hazard of interruption."

"Do I understand you?" said Denning, beginning to regard for the first time the matter with the necessary seriousness; "do you mean that I am to take this two-edged knife, and plunge into that person's heart or throat as the case may be, giving him in fair play an opportunity of doing the same by mine?"

"Yes, yes!" they all nodded assent.

"Then it may be worth while to inform you," he continued, "that I shall do no such thing."

"I am quite willing on the part of my principal," said the Kentuckian, "to wait until to-morrow. It will be a more quiet and orderly way of settling the thing, perhaps. We can all go ashore early in the morning at the first landing, and settle it in the woods."

"But I don't mean to fight at all"—said Denning.

"Not fight!"—screamed the Kentuckian.

"With that!"—said Denning, indicating Mr. Tunney with scorn.

"Well then," rejoined the Kentuckian, drawing himself up to the full height of his handsome and imposing stature—"I take the quarrel of this person upon me—you fight with me."

"I don't fight with anybody"—retorted Denning. "The gift of life ought to be too precious to such as you, to put it lawlessly in peril. At any rate I have no intention that my body should stand as a target for proof of your embryo valour. Mind your own business, young man; and be not in future so forward to involve yourself in the affairs of others, till you are wise enough to take care of you own."

"But if I choose to involve myself in this affair,"—returned he, "and call you out, as I do now."

"Young man," said Denning, in a soothing tone of voice, "you have doubtless friends, and many to whom you are dear—a mother or a sister."

"We are quits there, I fancy," he answered; but that won't hinder me from proving myself a man, and a gentleman."

"Bah! man!" said Denning; "all that blarney is exploded now; and people are beginning to be reasonable enough to see that there are other and more creditable ways of proving one's manhood and high breeding, than by standing in a graceful manner to await the entrance of a bullet into one's brain. Believe me, my young friend, you will not have advanced far into the thick of the battle of life, before discovering there are worse evils, and more trying to one's fortitude, than standing face to face with death."

Denning looked nearly as young as the Kentuckian, but a certain matured expression, (gathered perhaps from vicissitude and suffering—those slow lengtheners out of time, and always inexpressibly touching when seen in conjunction with the round and beautiful lines of youth,) made nothing incongruous in the air of superiority which he thus assumed towards him. It was probably not without its effect upon the Kentuckian's fiery blood; for, subsequent to this, he made no rejoinder, and seemed to have quite lost sight of his warlike intentions. He restored his Californias to their case, and began to whistle as if nothing had occurred.

As to poor Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, he seemed quite delighted to be out of the scrape; and the only party dissatisfied with the turn of affairs was the middle-aged gentleman who had occupied the two chairs, and who had served in so signal a manner as aider and abettor.

"There has been a d——d row," said Mr. Chauncey Pike to his friend, as soon as they had fastened the door of their double-bedded state-room. "If your life or that 'ere other chap's didn't go for it, it wasn't the fault of that middle-aged cove. I never saw such a d——d bloodthirsty villain."

"Oh! never mind it at all," returned Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, desirous doubtless of the bliss of forgetfulness; "hold your tongue and let us go to sleep."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RACE.

On the following morning, Denning, who had slept late, was awakened by symptoms of a great bustle on the decks; and directly the voice of one of the stewards calling out in the cabin off which he slept,—"The *Star of the West* close at hand, gentlemen, and we are going to race her,"—explained the cause. The boat in which they were sailing had remained the recognised champion of the Western rivers ever since she had been launched; and her pretensions had been quite unchallenged, until of late the capabilities

claimed for the new iron steamer, *Star of the West,* threatened to lay her proud head low. Everybody was talking of the *Star of the West.* She had made one or two trial trips, and g eat expectations were entertained from the reports of her speed circulated on those occasions. The *Father of Waters* was a mere punt to her, and she only longed for a fair start and a long run, to have an opportunity of darting a-head of that boat into the middle of next week. On the other hand, the friends of the *Father of Waters* wished,—that was all,—the upstart was once in working order, and the *Father of Waters* would just give her five minutes to fall behind out of sight, and leave her in that space of time just fifty miles in the wake of sunrise,—and no mistake.

Large bets were taken on the two vessels. Regular gamblers, who in this country of change and incertitude follow the betting profession as a legalized and lucrative means of obtaining a livelihood; interested owners, who wished to give the vessels the advantage of being talked about; gentlemen at ease, who wanted excitement, and had nothing to do with their money, came forward in great variety to the betting books; and many thousands of dollars were known to be at stake at what time soever these two vessels should be pitted against each other.

The occurrence of the *Star of the West* in the vicinity was at this moment quite accidental; at least, if designed, the design was buried in the bosoms of the captain and crew. Passengers, disrelishing the position of standing above a gigantic bomb-shell, which if it does not explode is not the fault of those who have it in charge — naturally avoid a boat intent to race; though, such is the power of rivalry in the human breast, that once fairly embarked in the excitement of the contest, passengers become so interested as to lose all sense of danger. The long-expected crisis in the history of the two boats was at length arrived, and everything favourable to the approaching trial. The river here was wide, the navigation at this part of it excellent. The morning was beautifully clear, not a breath of wind, retardatory or otherwise, to interfere with the regular steam-power of the vessels; and everybody on deck, including ladies, in the highest spirits, and only anxious for the commencement of the race. The *Father of Waters* was going at half-speed, awaiting the arrival abreast of her opponent, to have a fair start. But she was getting up steam in a tremendous manner, and her furnaces were roaring and blazing like the heart of Etna before a convulsion. The coal-carriers were running backwards and forwards in double quick time, and the furnace-men heaping it on to the devouring fire that blazed, and consumed, and refused to be satisfied. The engine-men oiled afresh the screws and wheels and joints of the mighty iron monster that was expected momently to plunge into the tough of the struggle; and everybody, down to the smallest engine-boy, appeared animated with a kindred spirit, and resolved to beat, if beating was in them, or die at their post.

At length, the *Star of the West* was clean abreast. "Three cheers, my boys, and on for it!" roared the captain from the paddle-box.

The three cheers were given, and a shrill whistle like a shriek from the steam-pipe as a signal, and both vessels started. They were bow almost to bow, with a hundred yards between. They were both high-pressures, with double engines — as neat a match as ever tried it on a scud on the Western waters. The great length of the *Father of Waters* was thought a point against her, being no less than "one-sixteenth of a mile," as was written in very large characters on the paneling of her saloon, from stem to stern. But it was compensated for by her narrowness, and the prodigious sharpness of her keel, which cut the water like a knife. She had powerful engines too; by many considered to be too powerful for the slightness of her build: but she went under them gallantly, though trembling in every fibre, like an aspen under a strong gale.

"If her engines hold out," said her captain, "I have no fear of the old Mississip — that she'll whip every roaring imp between this and the world's end."

"Her engines — no dread that they'll be the first to fail; they are as tough as the steady poles," replied the first engineer.

"Give it to them, then, and no stint; clap everything on your valve, and don't let a whiff be lost; and carry on to eternity, if you like — no hinder from me." So said the captain.

The *Star* was of a different build; altogether shorter, and not so elegant-looking. She was shaped like a couple of wedges joined at the broad ends, the stern edge only being a very little thicker than the bow. She was built on an entirely new principle from the ordinary river boats, which show all their bulk above water, having only a narrow cut-water submerged. On the contrary, she drew as much water as the depth of the river would admit; and with her sharp and elegant bow, furrowed her way through it like a plough, and cast it on each side of her without foam, or ripple, as easily as the beak of an eagle makes its way through the air for the body of the majestic bird. Keeping side by side for some time, their heavy alternate coughs labouring on the air, the two boats shot, rather than glided over the descending current of the glossy river. But, contrary to expectation, the superiority of the older boat began to manifest itself, and her antagonist slowly, though surely, fell behind.

"Whe-ew!" have a tow-rope? Whe-ew! take our blessing and good-bye. Come along, and let's take a trip round ye." Such and sundry ejaculations proceeded from the decks of the *Father of Waters.*

"Tell the men to stop that," roared the captain; "the battle is not over yet."

The river here widened considerably, and it appeared that the *Mississippi* lost the advantage which the superior narrowness of her hull afforded her in overcoming the greater resistance, occasioned by a more limited breadth of water. Her opponent proceeded with much greater ease and

freedom over the widening lake, and it became too evident that she was rapidly gaining her lost way. On she came, nearer and nearer, till at length she was fairly abreast.

"Give it to her, lads, down there," roared the captain of the *Mississippi*. "Give it to her, everything she can bear!"

"The furnaces are blazin' choke full!" was the reply.

"Try the oil, then; there's a hogshead in waitin'."

With the fury of the blazing oil, the *Mississippi* went faster and faster; but her adversary was still bow to bow.

"There's some casks of lard down there; heap on everything. Go it, brave *Mississip!*" as the boat coughing, and panting, and trembling, kept up with her younger and stronger adversary—slightly retarding, as it appeared, but still determined to do or die.

"Everything on the valve, sir, but it won't hold!" said the chief engineer.

"It must hold; don't let a puff escape, or be blamed for it."

The chief engineer *sat down on the safety-valve*, and added to it the weight of his body.

Poor old *Mississippi*, she did valiantly; but the *Star* was now a full boat's length a-head, a distance which she kept easily and proudly, and with very little trouble to herself.

"Why don't you keep your steam up, villains? don't you see we're falling astern like."

"She can't bear more — impossible."

"We'll see that," said the captain, descending from the paddle-box; but before he was half-way down the steps, an explosion, like the crack of a vertical thunderbolt followed, and the steamer was involved in vapour and darkness. Vapour, vapour — boiling hot — appeared to fill all the space where she had been; and machinery, wheels, and motion were at rest, as if by magic. Shrieks and screams followed; and some threw themselves into the water to escape the bath of boiling air which surrounded them, and, piercing to the very bone, devoured them with scorching agonies. Others, less unfortunate, were propelled into the air, and fell into the river in stunned and shapeless masses, or in lifeless fragments. When the steam had cleared away, a gutted and misshapen wreck was all that remained of the old proud *Father of Waters*. So terrible had been the explosion, that the whole centre part of the vessel, including the machinery, had been shivered to fragments; and the decks were torn and splintered in the direction of the bow and stern. At the extremity of the latter place, a crowd of the unhurt were huddled together, and momentarily expecting death, as the vessel was settling down with a rapidity that was astonishing.

The *Star of the West* had come alongside directly that the dispersion of the vapour had allowed her to do so with safety to her passengers and crew; but that short lapse of time had rendered her capability of affording much assistance, matter of extreme difficulty. Several jumped on board from the wreck and assisted others; but it was now almost on a level with the water, sinking with frightful rapidity and threatening to suck everything down in the whirlpool of its descent. Loud screams filled the air, when Arthur Denning, who had been making frantic efforts to assist everybody, at length leaped from the wreck the moment he could no longer stay with safety, and gained the other vessel. At length, the old steamer went down with one great gulp, which drew in, and tossed the other vessel violently on the subsequent swell; and then, in a short time, appeared several bodies, and the heads of drowning and swimming men, and broken fragments of the vessel, some gaily painted, others shattered and blackened, in fine, a frightful picture of ruin and death — and then all was stillness. They were not far distant from the shore, but for those who were unable, or too exhausted to swim, too far. The boats of the *Star* were out, and saved many lives; but others sank out of sight before they could be reached. Denning, while leaning over the bulwark of the vessel which he had happily gained, noticed the figure of a man struggling and splashing in the water not far away between it and the shore The man had sunk twice and come up; and Denning well knew that from the fatal third plunge he would rise no more. No boat was near, and animated by an impulse of humanity, being an excellent swimmer, he threw off his coat, and plunged in to the water, and swam towards him. Keep your head up — a moment more — and I shall reach you — he roared between the pantings of his breath. The man leaped breast high out of the water, but did not appear to catch the meaning of the words addressed to him. He looked wildly and hopelessly round, and Denning was so near him that he could see his eyes. They were quite like those of a fatuous person, and all sense seemed to be gone from them beyond a hapless idiotic horror. "By heaven, the Kentuckian!" ejaculated Denning, and he struck towards him with re-doubled force. In vain! he sank slowly, his head was half under water — it disappeared. "Lost," murmured Denning, as in stretching out his hand to grasp him, he found that he had sunk from beneath it, and the dark muddy river hid everything from sight. Denning dived like a water-bird down above the spot — and re-appeared in a minute or two, holding the figure by the back of the neck. He swam by one hand with his burden towards the shore. He reached it, and was assisted to land by some woodsmen from a log settlement that was hard by. They carried the half-drowned man to one of the huts, where Denning followed, and directed the proper means to be used for his recovery. This was accomplished after some time; and being warmed and re-invigorated, he passed into a sound and healthful sleep. Denning got dried, and sat down and watched the young man whose life he had been the means of saving; and as he regarded his noble and prepossessing exterior, he thought what a strange freak of chance it was that had linked them so together in matters of life and death. He felt a strange interest in the young man, excited

perhaps by his helpless situation and the consciousness of having rendered him a service; and all desolated as his heart was, began to feel a sad pleasure in welcoming there once more the stirrings of a new regard, and in experiencing anew the throbbings of affection and sympathy, the absence of which only makes life intolerable. The young man slept on, and Denning watched him with the solicitude of an elder brother. He would not suffer him to be disturbed, and saw the steam-boat, their only means of conveyance from the spot, depart with its freight of saved and wounded to a neighbouring city. As boats were passing and repassing almost every hour on this great line of thoroughfare from the East to the West, he knew they could be transported thence whenever they chose it. He determined to remain in the hut for the night. He would throw a buffalo skin on the floor, and so accommodate himself with a bed. As to the matter of clothes, he was in a state of complete deprivation, having lost his luggage in the explosion.

Towards evening the Kentuckian awoke. He had been lying in a closet, and Denning was in the adjoining apartment half asleep on his buffalo. He started up on hearing him call, and went towards him.

"I believe," said the Kentuckian, "I am indebted to you for my life."

"If I had not been a good swimmer, it might possibly have been a forfeit."

"Take my warmest thanks—though no thanks can ever repay you."

"Oh! never mind it," said Denning, "only let us be friends."

"Great heavens! ejaculated the Kentuckian, recognising him; "are you the man I wanted to fight with last night."

"You see," said Denning, laughing, "if you had maimed me or wounded me, I could not have come so opportunely to the rescue."

"You are a brave fellow," said the Kentuckian, "and a noble one too. I am not ashamed to be indebted to you," and with the true Southern warmth he threw himself on his neck and embraced him heartily. "Oh! I have it now," he continued, "can you not come with me for a few days to our place at Caphtor, and my mother and Alida shall thank you. Caphtor is only a mile from the city of Noph, and a few hours steam on the river will take us there."

Denning hesitated a moment.

"Any very urgent business to prevent?" said his friend.

But as Denning had really no very urgent business, except to escape from his own thoughts, he rather hailed this opportunity than otherwise as a means of distraction from them, and agreed to accompany the Kentuckian to his home. They spent the rest of the evening in talking over the sad adventure of the explosion; and on the following morning, Denning, arrayed in a woodsman's frock which he had borrowed from one of the denizens of the hut, stepped with his friend into a skiff to meet a down-river steam-boat which was close at hand. They got on board, and towards the afternoon were both safely landed on the wharf in that famous South-western port, the city of Noph.

(To be continued.)

BOB BELLAMY'S PROMISSORY NOTE.

A STORY OF A "RUNNER."

Bob Bellamy, or, as he had no objection to be called, Ready-money Bob, was thirty years ago a rising tradesman in a small country market-town not more than a dozen miles from the metropolis. He was a man of singular vivacity, ever in a state of rather boisterous cheerfulness, and prone to hasty, almost headlong, activity in the prosecution of his various enterprises. He had thriven well in his business, or rather businesses, for, like most of the "remarkable men" in country places, he had united every analogous pursuit to his professed occupation as a carpenter. Thus he builded houses both for the living and the dead, and reared roofs over the temporary habitations, or monuments over the permanent ones, of his customers. The ringing voice of the anvil, and the click of the stone-cutter's chisel, were heard in his domain of business as well as the crash of the saw and the tap of the hammer; and it was seldom that any important event took place in the domestic circles of the inhabitants of C——, but friend Bob was mixed up with it in some way or other connected with his numerous avocations. He was fond of attributing his prosperity to a talent, which he certainly possessed, of striking while the iron was hot, and to his habit of acting upon his first impressions. These he contended were the safest guide, and declared that if he ever suffered himself to be swayed by second thoughts, he was sure to lose money or money's worth by deliberation. Bob was two-and-thirty years old when he married, and his marriage, like all his undertakings, was quite a sudden and spontaneous speculation. An acquaintance of three weeks ripened in that brief period into a proposal, which being favourably received by the lady, she was prevailed upon to fix the happy day at the termination of three more. The course of true love, in this instance at least, ran, to use the expression of the successful suitor, as smooth as a jack-plane over a deal-board, because, as he characteristically observed, "both parties meant business, and knew

what they were about." No sooner were these preliminaries arranged, than the bridegroom set off for London with an unusually large order for Mr. Timothy Flight, an upholsterer with a large wholesale and retail trade, with whom he had often done business, and whom he now commissioned to furnish his new cottage according to an inventory which he had carefully made out, and to have it ready in good time for the reception of his wife. The man of mahogany, who was too good a judge of the advantages of "cash on delivery" to neglect such a commission, performed Bob's behest in double quick time, and to the perfect satisfaction of the future mistress of the house, who superintended the arrangement of the goods as fast as they arrived. The carter who unloaded the last consignment delivered a bill for the whole, to the amount of nearly £300, with an intimation from Flight, the furnisher, that he would himself call in a day or two for a settlement. Mr. Bellamy's ready cash happened to be low at this particular juncture, owing to the demands of a profitable speculation in timber which had swallowed up most of his capital. When Flight came down, Bob, for the first time in his life, gave his accept ance for £200 at a month's date, and paying the remainder in cash, promised to call upon him before the month had expired and to redeem the note. The wedding came off in a quiet but highly respectable manner, and the pair set forth to spend a few days, or perhaps a few weeks, in London, to scrutinize the lions of the season. During their honeymoon, Bob, having one morning received a portion of his wife's little fortune, called upon Flight with the express purpose of redeeming his promise and the note. It happened that the upholsterer himself was not in the way; but his wife, a busy, bustling woman, who transacted most of his shop business, offered to receive the money, and giving a voucher, to send the note to Mr. Bellamy's address at C——, so soon as her husband returned home. Bob, not relishing the idea of lugging the cash about with him, it being mostly in gold, and never giving it a second thought, paid over the £200 to the wife, and taking her receipt, which only acknowledged the amount, without specifying what for, bade her good day, and thought no more of the matter during the next six months.

At the end of the year, business brought Bob to London, and then he recollected the affair; and happening to find himself in that quarter of the town, he made his way towards the warehouses of the upholsterer, intending to recover and destroy the note. But Flight's shop had disappeared; the house was surrounded with a dusty hoarding, and was already half pulled down to make way for a new street; and none of the neighbours to whom he applied could give him any information as to the whereabouts of the late tenant. Again, dismissing the subject from his mind, he transacted his business, and mounting the short stage, returned home.

Bob's matrimonial speculation, like most of his other business adventures, throve entirely to his liking. His wife, he said, knew her place and his, and kept the house in excellent order, presiding as ably within doors as he could do without. At the end of the first wedded year, she presented him with a son and heir, to the infinite increase of his volubility and merriment. In the midst of the rejoicings on this festive occasion, and during the very height of his self-gratulations, he was astounded by a letter from Messrs. Diddle and Doo, of Furnival's Inn, requesting most politely that Mr. Robert Bellamy would do them the favour to refer them to his solicitor, upon whom they might serve process in behalf of their client, Mr. Shadrach Snatch, of Whitechapel-road, for the recovery of the sum of £200, for which said Shadrach held Mr. Robert Bellamy's acceptance. Bob received this delectable epistle, while sitting with a snug evening party of gossips at his own fireside. He had no sooner read it, than, starting like a galvanized "subject" with a jerk, that threw his bouncing baby from his knee plump into the nurse's face, he uttered the three portentous syllables, "Here's a go!" and rushed off to the stable. In three minutes he was on the back of one of his long tailed, sable, hearse-drawing steeds, and spurring and floundering forwards on the road to London.

It was half-past eleven at night, and I was in the act of lighting my bed-room candle, intent upon an expedition to the land of Nod, when I heard the sudden pull up of a heavy cantering steed in the splashy road, which was followed, an instant after, by a loud and prolonged rat-a-tat at the door. Another moment, and the sudden apparition of Bob Bellamy, his red face spotted with mud, and bathed in perspiration, stood before me. "What's the matter, now, Bob?" I asked. "Everything's the matter," said he, "but I'll be hanged if I pay it." With that he began pacing about the room, and puffing and blowing with hurry and excitement, unburdened, as fast as he could find breath, his business and indignation. "I have come to you for advice," said he; "I hate law and lawyers, and I have made up my mind as I come along to be guided by you in the matter." I knew very little of law myself, but yet enough to inform him, that unless he could recover the note, he would in all probability have to pay the amount. "In the mean time," I remarked, "as you say the note has never been presented, I do not see how you can be successfully sued for non-payment, at least until that ceremony has been performed. We will have the advice of a lawyer in the morning."

Accordingly we repaired immediately after breakfast the next morning to Mr. Clarke, who, in the classic locality of Pump-court, Temple, then administered law in doses large or small, *pro re natâ*, to all suitors, for a consideration, of course. Mr. Clarke, who was a plain-spoken man, was not at all complimentary to his client, but scolded him curtly for being such a noodle as to part with his money without receiving back his acceptance. He advised Bob to lose no time in attempting to recover the note by any possible means, even by purchase if by no other way—to seek out Mr. Snatch, and to have nothing to do with Messrs.

Diddle and Doo in the transaction, but to refer them to him—promising to keep them in check if necessary, by interposing the "law's delay," in order to give time for the negociation for the surrender of the note, or for its recovery by any means that should offer. He asked to see the lawyer's letter, and having perused it, returned it to the intended victim, with the observation that he knew the writer well, and that he was not a man likely to be deterred by any moral considerations from making the most of any claim which he legally possessed. We thence returned to my lodgings, to consider deliberately what steps it might be desirable or indeed possible to take. As yet I had not read the threatening letter, or even heard the name of the present holder of the note; and almost without knowing why, I asked for a sight of it. When my eye fell upon the name of Shadrach Snatch, I could not help a sudden start. "Oh oh," thought I to myself, "can this be 'limping Shad,' the billiard-marker of B——, who absconded thence two years ago without leaving a trace behind him? If so I would take him in hand myself. If *he* be the holder of the note the risk is not so great as it might be." I did not acquaint Bob with my suspicions, based as they were only on the singularity of the name; but I asked him if he was willing to confide the business to my care. at least for a few weeks, during which I would make enquiries, and ascertain what could be done to save the money. To this he was but too glad to assent, and resuming his constitutional vivacity, despatched a note to Messrs. Diddle and Doo, referring them to Mr. Clarke, in the Temple, as his solicitor,—and returned home.

All that I knew of Shadrach Snatch were the simple facts that he had been lessee and marker of a billiard-table at which I had on a few occasions spent an hour in recreative exercise, and that he had not enjoyed the highest character for probity. He was a very curious-looking subject, with features essentially forbidding; he was indebted to nature for a most terrific squint and a squeaking voice, which when the owner was excited by passion, changed into a husky, hissing kind of whisper—and to art for a wooden leg, upon which he slowly stumped round the table after the balls as they were pocketed by his customers, and upon which, as he could never be said to run, he had managed to walk deeply into debt with a round number of the tradesmen of the town before he abruptly walked off and left them all, as well as the proprietor of the billiard-table, to wonder what had become of him. I consulted the London Directory of the year, but not a single Shadrach Snatch had Mr. Robson installed in his columns. Devoting a bracing day to the purpose of a search, I put on a cast-off suit and a travelling cap, and set my face towards Whitechapel, reading every sign-board as I went along in search of the word "Billiards." I entered every place, and they were not many, where intimation was thus given that the game was played within. Though on foot the whole of the day, my investigation was unsuccessful, and I was returning home resolved upon renewing it on the morrow, when in passing a low public-house in ——street, a full hour after dark, I heard the click of the ivory balls. Opening a door in what appeared a dead wall, I came, after ascending a short flight of steps, to another door covered with green baize, through a pane of glass in one of the upper panels of which I could see what was going on. A fat footman in grey livery was in the act of making a stroke; a knot of seedy and unmistakeable gamblers were seated on benches or leaning with their backs against the wall, watching the game. I could see nothing of Shadrach, and was about to retire when the marker, a sallow-faced lad of seventeen, caught sight of my face, and came to open the door and invite my entrance. I walked in as a matter of course, and taking a seat, appeared to watch attentively the game that was going on. The fat footman beat his antagonist, and then, that match being concluded, challenged another, who declined the conflict. The marker drew his attention to me, who being a stranger must have been supposed to have come for the purpose of playing. I could do no less than accept the challenge of the footman, and cheerfully losing a few sixpences in deference to his superior knowledge of the mysteries of "chalking," "screwing," "walking," and the "side-twist," became quite on terms of intimacy with him in the course of an hour. At the end of that time I declined playing again, and hoping he would give me my revenge another night, proposed to my friend in livery that he should taste the landlord's ale with me below. The proposition suited him exactly, and we descended by another door into the parlour of the public-house, when I called for refreshment. While we were making an end of it, I pumped him easily enough of all the information of the nature I was in search of which he was able to give. He knew the merits and peculiarities of every table in the district, and the price per game, and also what other species of gambling was either openly permitted, or covertly practised at the several resorts. At length when I thought the list was completed, he added, "there's a cheap crib in —— court, Stumper Snatch's, where you can play for a penny a game by day-light, and three-halfpence by gas,—but hang me if it isn't as dear as a four-penny table, because the dog has made his pockets as wide as church-doors, and the corners 'draw' infernally to boot." I already smelt my man. "Why do you call him Stumper?" I asked. "Oh, just because he's a one-legged 'un, that's all, but he's an artful cove, that; I never play there; if you don't keep score yourself, by George, you'll find you are twenty a-piece before you've made eleven." Having now got all I wanted out of him, I parted from the footman, suddenly recollecting a particular engagement, and returned home.

By nine o'clock on the following evening, still clad in the same guise, I made my way to —— court, Whitechapel-road. It was dark, and the court was but ill lighted, so that I could see no announcement of billiards or anything else, and should certainly have missed the object of my search

but for the well-known click of the balls which again guided me, and which seemed to arise from beneath the earth as I passed and repassed a particular spot. I opened a door in a low wall, not much higher than my head, expecting that it would reveal the entrance to the billiard-room at the end of some passage. I found myself, however, standing on the top of a steep ladder, or set of painter's steps, with a glazed sky-light close to my head, and a billiard-table in a cellar at the bottom of the steps beneath my feet. "Come down, sir, the table will soon be disengaged," squeaked the veritable Snatch himself in his old undeniable voice, an invitation which I instantly complied with, though not without the risk of breaking my limbs, through want of practice in descending ladders. I found myself in a long narrow room, the walls of which were roughly plastered and lime-washed, but the space being too narrow to allow of the action of the cue, the plaster of the walls on either side of the table had been beaten off by the butts of the players, and the bare bricks looked out upon the game. The billiard-table was one of primitive construction, a home-made article, with a bed of common planks, over which the balls travelled a sinuous course, undulating gracefully as they rolled along. A couple of apprentice lads were learning to play, and to take rank as gamblers under the tuition of Shadrach, who advised them on every stroke. The lads were free in their criticisms on the villanous impracticability of the wretched table — to all which remarks Snatch had a ready reply in the truism that "it was as fair for one as the t'other." At the top of the table was a screen upon which were rudely painted a couple of dials, for marking the game by a revolving index. Behind Snatch's chair was an opening in the screen, concealed by a curtain, beyond which I heard the conversation of card-players, and the subdued hum of Jew voices discussing the question of an alleged revoke. As the lads who were playing had resolved upon having another sixpence worth, I stepped behind the curtain, where a new scene presented itself. By the light of a couple of cock-spur gas-burners several parties were seated round card-tables, playing with astonishing rapidity and earnestness, though with very little noise, at various games. As my ear had led me to expect, a full half of the assembly were Jews, a few of whom were engaged in play, while the rest stood round and watched the game, and betted upon the result. An old man, who I afterwards learnt was a tradesman in the vicinity, was playing at short whist with a young Jew. I was not long of discovering that the lookers-on, who volunteered to back the old man for any sum, were the confederates of the young one, to whom, by inaudible and scarcely visible signs they made known the strength of his adversary's hand. The old man lost several pounds in the course of half an hour, by bets and play, without suspecting the villany practised upon him. At another table a gentlemanly young man, who might have been a merchant's clerk, was playing Vingt-un with a brawny fellow in a sporting jacket, who beat him every deal by the sheer force of animal spirits and bullying confidence. He shuffled and dealt the greasy cards with a velocity which the eye could not follow, and browbeat his adversary with a continuous volley of contemptuous abuse — a plan which he probably regarded, as it doubtless was, as the principal means of his success. Others were playing All-fours, and a number were beating the tables with clench fists over a bout at Put. While I was endeavouring to comprehend the mysteries of this last-named amusement, Shadrach came in, and touching me upon the shoulder, informed me that the table was free and he was at liberty to play me at billiards. I returned to the billiard-room, and played with him, he allowing me to win a game now and then, until near midnight, at a cost of about eighteen pence. By this time the card-players had cleared out, and Shadrach himself, who had been literally on *foot* all the day, showed symptoms of weariness. I asked at what hour he shut up. He said he never shut up while there was play; he couldn't afford it; he hoped I should drop in again occasionally; he should be "happy to learn me any thing he knowed," and he hoped to have a new table soon. I answered that I was a stranger there, which was true enough — that I must find amusement somewhere, and that I would look in again to-morrow night. He thanked me, and I took my leave.

I looked upon this as a good beginning. It was plain that Snatch had not the slightest suspicion or remembrance of me, and I resolved as quickly as possible to cultivate his acquaintance up to the point of confidence. It took me, however, a fortnight to do it. Every night, between nine and ten o'clock, I descended the ladder which led to his den of fools and thieves, and on most occasions, under pretence of learning the game, played with him till a late hour. Once or twice, too, I contrived to look in, in the character of a lounger, in the course of the day. He was then generally alone, like an ill-favoured hermit in his damp cell. Sometimes, I played him for a bottle of ale, and of course, lost. At length, while we were one day drinking at my expense over his smouldering fire, I pretended to consult him on the subject of purchasing a billiard-table in full play with a good connexion, and described an imaginary one, which I thought ought to be found in the market at about £150. The half-buried orbs of Shadrach glistened for a moment, at the intimation that I was flush of cash, and I saw that my bait was taken. He answered, that he would make inquiries, and might probably hear of something that would suit me. As I rose to depart, he asked me in an under tone, whether I was inclined to speculate in a good thing he knew of. "What is it?" I enquired, "I am not particular, so long as it is a safe affair." "Safe as a church," said he, "and no mistake about it." "And who are the parties concerned? because I will have nothing to do with your friends the Jews." "Not a hair of a Jew in it," said he, "none but our two selves to deal with, and nobody the wiser, and both on us the richer." "But what is it," I asked again, "you

don't expect me to speculate upon a pig in a poke —let's hear what you call a good thing." "Well then," said he, "mum's the word you know, —it's a bit of stiff—of the right sort, warranted as good as a Bank of England flimsy." "Ha!" said I, cautiously, "that requires a little consideration; I shouldn't be too fast there you know; first of all, before I make up my mind, I should like to see it, and after that to look into the circumstances of the man that's got to pay it; it won't do to be in a hurry with these things." "Quite right, you're a dead nail," said he, "but if I don't make it all clear, why then you leave it alone." "Well," I returned, "don't reckon too much upon a bargain about it; I've had something to do with that sort before to-day, and I shan't be too fast." "Perfectly right," said he, "but when shall we talk it over?" "Oh, I've no objection to that—when you like; but you hav'nt said the amount; how much is it?" "Two hundred, and the acceptor is good for twenty thousand; suppose we say to-morrow night, at the 'Boots and Brush;' we can't do it here." It was eventually settled that I was to meet him at the "Boots and Brush," on the morrow evening at eight o'clock; "he would take half the amount," he said, "for the note, and the holder would be certain to recover the whole, together with costs of suit. This arrangement made, we parted, both equally well pleased, though from very different anticipations. In the course of the conversation, Shad had told me a good many lies; he had represented Bob Bellamy as a man of fortune, and he had gratuitously asserted that no steps had been taken towards enforcing payment; and I began to harbour considerable doubts whether the note was really in his possession, and he would not try to deceive me with a copy, as it was not very likely that Messrs. Diddle and Doo would fail to get possession of it, if possible—especially if, as I presumed, they were acting on the principle of no success, no pay.

The next day, I set out about noon to reconnoitre the "Boots and Brush" within and without, and to make myself acquainted with the turnings and windings of the locality, in case it should be necessary to trust to a pair of heels and a knowledge of the neighbourhood for a retreat. The house was a low tavern in ——street, frequented by slaughtermen, costers, labourers, Jews, and perhaps thieves. It was necessary to pass through the "bar" to get into what was called the parlour, a small room ten feet square, almost filled with one large table, round which the guests sat with their backs to the wall. The only window opened upon a small court-yard, enclosed by brick walls six feet high, in which fowls were cackling, and old barrels and loose timbers were lying about. There was a pantiled shed built against the wall, beneath the parlour window, the sill of which was within a yard of the sloping roof. I ascertained, while discussing a trifling refreshment, that the lower sash of the window was fastened down, but that the upper one easily slid down to its full extent; and I saw with pleasure that there were no shutters. The tap-room, which was in front of the bar, and was large enough for the accommodation of fifty customers, had then a good fire blazing, and a dozen fellows were carousing even in the middle of the day. Having got the map of the district in my head, and resolved upon my plan, which was, so soon as Snatch and I should be alone together, to get possession of the document by some means or other, even by force, if necessary, and then to run for it,—I returned towards the city, dined, and awaited the hour of tryst with considerable impatience and anxiety. I was early on the spot, and having first dogged my gentleman into the house, I made my appearance, not too punctually, and found him waiting my coming in the little parlour. He had ordered a pot of ale, which the girl brought in as I entered. Seeing that we were alone when the girl had withdrawn, I thought now was the time to get possession of the note, if it could be done, before the arrival of a third party. So, affecting to be in an ill-temper, I began wondering aloud why I had been such a fool as to come there, perhaps to burn my own fingers; and, sitting down, asked him savagely if he had brought the "bit of stiff" he had talked about. Pushing the tankard towards me, he squeaked out, "It's all right;" and, crossing his wooden limb upon the other, as he drew his ugly face close to my shoulder, produced an old pocket-book from his breast, and laid the note upon the table. I saw at a glance that it was the genuine article; Bob Bellamy's signature, with the inimitable flourish at the tail of it, assured me of the fact; and, snatching it with my left hand, and cramming it into my pocket, while at the same instant I seized Shadrach's wooden-leg with my right, I brought his head by a sudden jerk with a hollow sound upon the floor. In another second the contents of the pewter-pot, followed by a handfull of sawdust from a spittoon, were launched into his open mouth and eyes. Then, mounting upon the table, I bestrode the sashes and leaped from the sill upon the hen-house, and thence into the yard, the wall of which, by the aid of an old cask, whose position I had taken care to remark, I surmounted in a few moments. The maid had entered the room with pipes and tobacco, while Shad's leg was figuring aloft in the air; but her convulsive "Lawk, oh lawk!" was drowned in the vociferous chorus of merriment in the tap-room, and she stood aghast at the rapidity of my proceedings, only staring in speechless astonishment. Five minutes afterwards, I was seated in a hackney-coach, and rattling on towards the Bank, without having once caught the sound of a chase.

Shadrach received a letter next day, opening his eyes to the actual state of the case, and offering to compensate him for the treatment he had received, if he would make a clean breast to Mr. Clarke on the subject of his possession of the note. No answer was returned, and on search being subsequently made for him, the explorers found that, to use a cant term of his own, he had suddenly "dried-up." The joke of the story remains to be told. Messrs. Diddle and Doo followed up the action on their own account. Shad had induced

them to undertake the suit by confiding to them a forged copy of the note, a ruse which they did not discover, until, after considerable trouble and expense, that interesting fact was brought to light by due process of law.

Ready-money Bob indemnified me handsomely for loss of time, and the masquerade I had assumed. He often tells the story of his promissory note; and swears that as it was the first to which he ever put his name, so it shall be the last.

INDIA, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS GOVERNMENTS.

No. 2.—THE MOGULS.

A PEOPLE who exulted in their descent from the outlawed Ishmael, and who considered their original proscription from the more favoured descendants of Abraham, as a charter of right to attack and rob all other nations, and to conquer and plunder their territories, inhabited for many generations, and their posterity at this day inhabit a portion of the earth's surface equal in extent to all Germany, the Austrian empire, Turkey in Europe, and Greece. Isolated spots of fertility, called Oasii, are the only exceptions to the sterility, which prevails as the general character of this extensive region. It is a country nearly destitute of trees, of verdure, and fresh water. Within its borders man and beast are withered by scorching winds, hot calms, and drifting sands. It has not refreshing rivers, and the small rivulets which run from the rocks and mountains, are soon absorbed in the arid soil; yet over its deserts from time immemorial trading caravans have traversed on those animals—the camels—which seem to be especially adapted by Providence for those inhospitable wastes.

Yet the Arabians have astonished and terrified the world by their commercial enterprises and by their conquests. They have always cherished proud traditions, repeated in their legends and sung by their poets. They differed from most Oriental nations by holding popular assemblies, and by the orations of their leaders. As Pagans, however, they were guilty of the most revolting superstition—that of offering up human sacrifices, in their Kaaba, or temple, to their monster idol Hobal. Their creed, unlike that of the Mosaic legation, was flexible in its tenets, and they persecuted no man for his religion. Their forms of idolatry and barbarism did not prevent them from associating with the people of other countries, and they carried on an extensive trading intercourse with the nations of the East, North, and West. The virtues of hospitality, truth and fidelity, which their religion inculcated, were always practised towards those with whom they held either commercial or social intercourse.

The first trade by sea with India was conducted by the Arabians. Their cities, especially Mecca, became entrepôts for the commodities of the East, which they afterwards carried over the wastes of Arabia to the Nile, to Damascus, and to the Mediterranean. A flourishing commerce cannot long endure where there is no religious freedom.

At an early period in their history the Arabians afforded a bright example of toleration to the professors of all other creeds. But soon after the middle of the sixth century the paganism of the Ishmaelites was supplanted and overthrown by the success of one of those bold adventurers or impostors, who seem born to change the destinies of mankind. The religion which he propounded was designated Islamism, and based on the *sublime and eternal truth*, THAT THERE IS BUT ONE GOD, *and on the fradulent or enthusiastic imposture*, THAT MOHAMMED *is his Prophet*. He destroyed all images, and he soon converted to his creed all the descendants of Ishmael. Inflamed by religious zeal, they shortly after marched out of the south-west angle of Asia, to impose by conquest, by scimitar, and by fire, their new faith on other nations. They overran, despoiled, and vanquished Syria and Palestine, and they finally extended their conquests over all North Africa, and established a splendid kingdom in the western peninsula of Europe. Their creed was adopted by all the nations of North Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. Eastward and northward the Islamic faith was rapidly extended by conquest, policy, credulity, and fascination over all Persia, Bokhara, Tartary, Affghanistan, Beloochistan, as well as over all Asia Minor, and Turkey in Europe.

The Arabians, however, made only commercial expeditions to India. A more powerful race who came forth as robbers and conquerors from amidst the mountains of Central Asia, north of the Caspian, and conquered the countries of Asia, which had previously been subdued by the Saracens. They embraced Islamism and the laws of the Koran, and became the most formidable of the conquerors who devastated and ultimately subdued and governed the whole Empire of Hindostan.

On the downfal of the Affghan sovereigns in 1526, the Mogul Empire was established. From the time of the first expedition of Mahmoud, the Ghisnivede, the Mohammedans, in their devastations, spared neither age nor sex, temples nor idols. All above the age of seventeen who refused to embrace Islamism, or who defended their towns, were massacred; those under that age were reduced to slavery. Timur, or Tamerlane, cele-

brated his victories by indiscriminate massacres, and raising pyramids of human heads. If the cities which he attacked, did not at once surrender, he exterminated all the inhabitants, excepting those reserved as young or beautiful for slaves.

One of his maxims was that when a prince gave a command, he should never fail to execute the same, even if he were persuaded that it was unjust, in order that his authority should never be disputed.

He lived in barbarous magnificence within his city and palace at Samarcand. Clavijo, a Spanish ambassador, says, that, having sent for the governor of that city, and charged him with some trifling abuse, he ordered him instantly to have his head cut off. Two chiefs who interceded, were also beheaded on the spot.

He was resisted at Bahnein, and the Hindoos in desperation sallied forth to meet and fight him. He repulsed them, entered the city, and ordered 5,000 to be immediately executed. The Hindoos, then, after killing their wives and children, set fire to the citadel, rushed forth in a state of desperate fury, and after fighting and slaying thousands of the Moguls, the former were all indiscriminately massacred.

At Delhi, Tamerlane put to death all above fifteen years of age, to the number, according to the Mahommedan writers, of 100,000. That ferocious warrior was then proclaimed Emperor at Delhi; and the atrocities perpetrated by him, as described by Ferishta, are probably unparalleled in the history of any other tyrant or conqueror. Tamerlane, however, withdrew his army from India after depopulating and plundering the great cities and desolating the whole country.

But his descendant Baber, sixth in the direct line, reconquered India, entered Delhi, and founded the Mogul Empire. The throne was shortly afterwards usurped by Shir-Shah of the house of Mohamed Ghor. The first canal in India, which for a time was allowed to go to ruin, was long before constructed by an Affghan prince, Feroz-Shaw; but the greatest and most useful works of India were constructed by the usurper Shir-Shah. The principal of his undertakings was the great road from Bengal to the banks of the Indus. It was in its whole length shaded by rows of trees, planted on each side. Wells were dug to supply water to travellers, and caravanseras were constructed to afford them shelter at every stage.

Revolts, anarchy, and bloodshed, succeeded the reign of Shir-Shah, until Akbar, the son of Baber, ascended the throne of Delhi. He extended his authority over Bengal and Kashmere, and he is justly considered one of the greatest of the Mogul emperors. He established an uniform system of land measurement, and of taxation; one-third of the value of the produce of the soil was exacted by the crown; one-third was retained by the zeminder, or proprietor, and the remaining third was retained by the cultivator, or ryot. Akbar prohibited the burning of Hindoo widows, except by their own free consent. He prohibited trials by ordeal, and the barbarity of condemning prisoners taken in war to slavery. Torture and mutilations were also, with few exceptions, abolished. He was succeeded by his son, Jehanghire, a bad and weak prince. He was licentious and voluptuous, and devoted to women, wine, and opium. It was during his reign that two English missions arrived at the Mogul court; the first was that of Captain Hawkins, in 1407, the second was that of Sir Thomas Roe, in 1615, from King James, with a letter "from our Palace at Westminster." Sir Thomas, representing himself as the ambassador of a great monarch, on landing at Surat, was spared the "barbarous search" to which merchants were always subjected, and he reached Burhampoor in November, where he beheld the viceroy, second son of the Sultan, mounted on a gaudy stage, but was not allowed to approach this vice-king,—who, however, got drunk that night, on drinking unsparingly of the contents of a case of Hollands, which was included in the present made by Roe. He passed through Chittore, on his route to Ajmeere, where the Sultan then resided. Chittore, he says, had above a hundred temples, and lofty towers and houses innumerable, on a lofty rocky height; but the city was then completely deserted.

He was received with due honours at the Sultan's court, which, he says, was the "most splendid and dazzling in the world;" and after contending against the intrigues of the Portuguese and Jews, he even received a letter from the Mogul to James I., addressed to him as "unto a king rightly descended from his ancestors, bred in military affairs, and clothed with honour and justice." According to Roe, the Sultan almost lived in public; and publicity, even of affairs of state, seemed to prevail at this voluptuous court. In the morning, the Sultan exhibited his person to his subjects, at a window overlooking a spacious plain; where, at noon, he was entertained by the fierce combats of wild beasts—especially of elephants. In the afternoon, he gave audiences in his *durbar;* at eight o'clock, he was to be seen in the open court of the palace or guzel-khan, with his favourites and ambassadors, while within the outer railings were the secondary classes, and outside were the indiscriminate multitude. This was the daily routine, except when interrupted by his drunken habits and other irregularities, or by sickness brought on by his vices.

The splendour of the Mogul court exhibited a magnificent profusion of gold and precious stones; pearls, rubies, and diamonds, were brilliantly disposed over the Sultan's person and throne. His court elephants were covered with gold and embroidered trappings, and their heads adorned with precious stones. When he regaled in the open country he resorted to a plain, in which were erected superb and gaily coloured tents, for his wives, favourites, and retinue, which with those of his *omrahs* or nobility, were inclosed by a wall. It was his practice, or at least it was a custom on his birthday, to have brought to him two large boxes—one containing pieces of gold and silver,—the other, rubies. These treasures he scattered

over the ground among the omrahs, who scrambled to pick them up, as beggars in Europe would for half-pence flung into the street.

Sir Thomas Roe witnessed also another exhibition of the folly and extravagance of this Oriental despot. The Sultan, in gorgeous robes, underwent the ceremony of being weighed; for which a magnificent pair of scales were provided. In one he sat; in the other he was balanced by an equal weight of rupees; then by gold, pearls, and precious stones; then by rich tapestry, cloths, and spices,—and finally, by corn, flour, and butter. The festivities of the day were concluded by the Sultan and all his court drinking until thoroughly intoxicated.

This Sultan, "who was," says Roe, "so good-natured as to suffer all men to govern, which is worse than being ill," was completely over-ruled by a favourite wife or mistress, *Noor-Jehan,* extolled for her beauty, and notorious for her intrigues. By her plots to raise her own son to the throne, another son of the Sultan, Sha-Jehan, rebelled against his father, and had his eldest son and heir, Chusro, assassinated. Conspiracies, plots, rebellions, murders, and confiscations, disordered the whole empire. Sha-Jehan held out as the boldest competitor for the throne, which he ascended on the death of his father, Jehan-ghire, in November, 1627.

In order to secure himself against his family, he murdered his brother Sharior, to whom the empire had been accorded by his father; and by slaying all his nephews, no male of the race of Timur remained, but Sha-Jehan and his sons. A civil war of atrocious carnage followed, and desolated the empire; and Sha-Jehan, by crimes, cruelties, and spoliations, secured and afterwards maintained his power. He is, however, renowned as one of the greatest and most magnificent of the Mogul princes; and his severity in punishing the chiefs was rigorous, in obtaining justice, if his policy can be so termed, in favour of the people against their oppressors.

He erected splendid edifices, especially the red granite palace at Sha-Jehan-poor, and the superb mausoleum of white marble and precious stones erected to the memory of his favourite queen, Noor-Jehan. He reigned in peace for twenty years, but the jealousies of his four sons disquieted his latter years, and broke forth into rebellions, which continued until the intrigues, boldness, hypocrisy, and fanaticism of the youngest and ablest, the famous Auren-Gezebe, enabled him to imprison his father for life, and usurp the throne. After defeating and assassinating his elder brother, Dara, and driving his other brother, Sujah, into Arracan, where he and all his family perished; and Salima, the son and heir of Dara, having been captured and slain, the imprisoned father and the sister only remained alive of Sha-Jehan, and lived in prison for eight years, after the usurpation of the empire by his son, Auren-Gezebe, who was undoubtedly the most ambitious, unscrupulous, and fanatical of the Mogul emperors. Under him the Mogul power acquired its greatest strength and splendour. Before his death, in 1707, its downfal was manifest to all sagacious observers. It contained within its religious, moral, social, political, military, administrative and judicial organization, the certain elements of decay and dissolution.

He reigned forty-nine years and lived ninety-four. He, by conquests, policy, and crimes, acquired dominion over nearly all the nations of India. His cruel persecution of the Hindoos, destroying their temples, and replacing them by erecting mosques in their places, were acts as atrocious as they were unwise. It was during his reign that the Mahratta power rose, which afterwards became so remarkable. It was also during the same period that the French acquired that dominion which increased in strength and territory, until both the French and Mahratta power were destroyed by the victories and diplomacy of a few English mercantile adventurers.

We have thus briefly sketched the character of the religions and governments of India under the Hindoos, Affghans, and Moguls, as a necessary introduction to the origin and growth of European domination. To assert that the power and territories of the East India Company were acquired without violations of justice and mercy, would be as absurd as it would be untrue; but the government of the nations of India, which have come under the authority of that unparalleled corporation, and under the control of the British Crown, has been comparatively just and merciful, and the people have been far more secure in their lives and property, than when under the rule of the Mogul emperors and native princes. This will appear evident when the following undoubted facts shall be compared with the government of British India since the day that Clive gained the battle of Plassey.

The splendour of the Mogul sultans and of their courts, the magnificence of their palaces, and the treasures of their peacock thrones, are extolled by all the Europeans who have visited their capitals. But the miseries endured by their wretched subjects prove the tyranny and injustice of the sovereigns and chiefs of Hindostan.

The journals and accounts written by nearly all the early and later European travellers, and even of the Mohammedan historians, prove that the Hindoos and other nations of India during the Affghan, Mogul, and those under the more recent Mahratta power, were sunk by tyranny, insecurity, injustice, and superstition, into the most deplorable misery and degradation.

The Mohammedan faith, if its practice had been in accordance with its sublime doctrine of only one God, infinite, just, omnipotent, and omniscient, and with its numerous moral precepts, may be considered pure when compared to the monstrous worship and horrible gods of the Gentoos, and of the adorers of Juggernauth. But Islamism and despotism, ever since the days of the first Kaliphs, have remained inseparable.

It is true that after the twelve irruptions of Mahmoud the Ghiznivide, the Hindoos were not persecuted by the Affghan or Mogul sultans until the usurpation of the throne by Auren-Gezebe.

When this bigoted tyrant committed the

highest profanation in the mind of a Hindoo, that of killing a cow within the magnificent pagoda of Ahmedabad, it was for ever deserted as a desecrated and polluted temple. He levelled the splendid temples of Muttra and Benares, and mosques were erected by him on their foundations.

The horror and disgust caused by his desecrations and persecutions spread over all India, and formed the chief cause of the triumphs of Chief Sevagee and the rise of the Mahratta dynasty, as well as of the Rajpoot independencies.

Rebellions, and insurrections, and robber-gangs, at nearly all periods of the Mogul Empire, devastated the country and oppressed the people. The system of revenue organized by Akbar, and his celebrated general and cadastral survey, known as the "Ayeen Akberry," have been greatly extolled; the latter with justice.

It was perhaps the most perfect statistical return ever completed in any age or country. It gave a detailed account of the area and productions of every province, of the industry and the occupations of the people, from the highest down to the catching and training of hawks, and of all affairs connected with the government or institutions of the Empire. He abolished all poll-taxes, all taxes on trees, cattle, and commerce, and he substituted one tax for the Government, that was — one-third of the produce of the soil. If this power had been strictly enforced, and not departed from, it would have been more than sufficient for the liberal expenditure of the empire. But the luxury and wars of successive governments imposed, in addition, taxes on commerce and on salt, the great article of necessity for a people subsisting chiefly on rice. Confiscations were also fertile sources of revenue to the Mogul princes.

As to the administration of justice, and the condition of the people, let us extract some passages from Roe's "Journal" in 1615: —

"A hundred thieves were brought chained before the Mogul, with their accusation. Without further ceremony, as in all such cases is the custom, he ordered them to be carried away, the chief of them to be torn in pieces by dogs, the rest put to death. This was all the process and form. The prisoners were divided into several quarters of the town, and executed in the streets, as in one by my house, where twelve dogs tore the chief of them in pieces, and thirteen of his fellows having their hands tied down to their feet, had their necks cut with a sword, but not quite off; being so left naked, bloody, and stinking, to the view of all men and annoyance of the neighbourhood.

"The complaints made at that court of the misdemeanours of officers are so odious there, that they gained me the ill-will of all men of note; who made this their own concern, as being the common-cause. For they farm all the governments in the kingdom, where they exercise all manner of tyrannical exactions upon those under their jurisdiction, and will not suffer a knowledge of the wrongs they do to reach the king's ears.

"They grind the people under their government to get money out of them, and are afraid the king should know it; and this made me be looked upon and hated in the Mogul's court, as an informer.

"Laws, these people have none written! the king's judgment binds.

"His governors of provinces rule by his *firmæs*, which are his letters or commissions, authorizing them, and they take life and goods at pleasure.

"There are many religions, and in them many sects. Moors, or Mohammedans, follow Hali; and such is the king. Bainans, or Pythagoreans, believing the transmigration of souls, and therefore will not kill the vermin that bite them, for fear of dislodging the soul.

"Extent of the Mogul's dominion is on the west to Syndu, on the north-west to Candahar, on the north almost to the Mountain Taurus, on the east to the borders of the Ganges, and south-east all Bengala, the land forming the gulf down to Decan. It is much greater than the Persian monarchy, almost, if not quite equal to the Turkish Agra. The ordinary residence of the king is near a thousand miles from any of the borders, and farther from some.

"The buildings are all built of mud, one story high, except in Surat, where there are some of stone. I know not by what policy the king seeks the ruin of all the ancient cities, which were nobly built and now lie desolate and in rubbish. His own houses are of stone, handsome and uniform. His great men build not for want of inheritance; but, as far as I have yet seen, live in tents or houses worse than our cottagers. Yet where the king likes, as at Agra, because it is a city erected by him, the buildings, as is reported, are fair and of carved stone.

"In revenue, he doubtless exceeds either Turk or Persian, or any Eastern prince. The sums I dare not name; but the reason, — all the land is his, no man has a foot."

Dr. Gemelli Careri, who travelled in the reign of Auren-Gezebe, informs us that, —

"The Great Mogul is so absolute that, there being no written laws, his will in all things is a law, and the last decision of all causes, both civil and criminal. He makes a tyrannical use of this absolute power; for being lord of all the land, the princes themselves have no certain place of abode, the king altering it at pleasure; and the same with the poor peasants, who have sometimes the land they have cultivated taken from them, and that which is untilled given them in lieu of it; besides that they are obliged every year to give the king three-parts of the crop. He never admits anybody into his presence empty-handed; and sometimes refuses admittance, to draw a greater present. For this reason, the omrahs and nabobs appointed to govern the provinces, oppress the people in the most miserable manner imaginable."

We will, in our next, briefly and impartially sketch the changes introduced by European rulers in India.

J. M'G.

(To be continued.)

BLACK MADS. A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

FROM THE DANISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE STAG-RIDER.

THE aspect of the islands of Denmark is so lovely, so smiling, and so peaceful, that in looking back to their origin, we are not reminded of any violent convulsion of nature; we do not conceive of them as having been thrown up by an earthquake, nor separated by a mighty flood; but rather as having risen slowly and gradually from the receding waters. The plains are broad and level, the hills few and low, and smoothly rounded. No steep precipices, no deep ravines, tell of the earth's birth-throes. The woods do not hang wildly on cloud-capped mountain ridges, but stand like verdant inclosures round fertile cornfields. The waters do not rush in foaming torrents through deep and dark clefts, but glide limpidly and silently through rushes and brushwood. When sailing from the lovely island of Fyen (Funen) over to Jutland, we at first think that we have only crossed a river, and cannot believe that we are upon the continent; so like, in all respects, is this part of the peninsula to the islands. But the further we go inland, the greater is the change in the aspect of the country: the valleys are deeper, the hills are steeper; the trees look more aged and decrepit; ponds choked with rushes; numerous patches of heath, large stones on the undulating cornfields—everything denotes an inferior degree of cultivation, and a thinner population. Narrow roads, with deep wheel-ruts and ridges between, show that they are not much frequented, and that there is but little intercourse among the inhabitants. The dwelling-houses look more humble, become lower and lower the further we go westward, as if they stooped to avoid the violent rush of the west wind. The heaths are more extensive and of more frequent occurrence, while towns and churches are more thinly scattered. Round the farmhouses we see, instead of hayricks and corn-stacks, huge piles of black turf cakes, and cabbage fields in place of orchards. Extensive peat bogs, carelessly and wastefully treated, prove that such abound in these regions. No inclosures, no rows of willows, indicate the boundaries between different properties; one might fancy that all the lands were still held in common. When at length the high ridge, that runs like a backbone through the country, is reached, immense tracts of moorland spread out before you, in some parts so thickly sown with ancient grave mounds, that it may reasonably be supposed that this tract of land was never cultivated. This high ridge was probably the first part of the peninsula that rose above the waters, shaking the billows from its sloping sides, where afterwards the returning waves heaped up hills and scooped out valleys. On the east side of the heath are here and there a few stunted oaks, which may serve the wayfarer in lieu of compass, for the tree tops are all bent towards the east; otherwise there is very little verdure discernible on the heath-clad hills—at the most a solitary patch of grass, or a young aspen, which seem strangely out of place. If a rivulet or brook runs through the heath, no meadow grass or shrubs are there to tell of its existence; it flows deep down between the hills, noiselessly and fast, as if making speed to escape from the dreary desert.

One fine autumnal day in the year 17—, a well-dressed young man on horseback was crossing one of the brooks, in the direction of a rye-field, whose owner had rendered it available for cultivation by reducing the upper crust to ashes. The peasant-farmer and his family were busily employed cutting the rye, when the rider approached them, and asked the way to the manor of Ansbjerg. After the farmer had replied to the question by another, viz., where the rider came from? he told him, what the latter already knew, that he had mistaken the road, and calling a boy who was working in the field, desired him to show the stranger the right way. But just as they were about to start, a scene presented itself which for a time engrossed not only the attention of the stranger, but that of all the harvest folks. From the top of the nearest heather-covered hill, a stag, with a man on its back, came bounding down towards them swift as the wind. The man, who was tall and of robust stature, and dressed in a complete suit of brown, sat jammed in between the antlers of the stag, which it had thrown back, as is usual with these animals when they are in full speed. The strange rider had probably lost his hat during the ride, for his long black hair streamed in the wind like the mane of a horse in full gallop. His hand was in constant movement directing a knife at the throat of the stag, but the violent bounds of the animal prevented his thrusts from taking effect. When the stag-rider approached near enough to the astonished spectators—which was not long in taking place—he was recognised by the farmer, who called out, "Hallo! Mads! where are you going?" "That the devil and the stag know best!" answered Mads; but he had scarcely uttered the words before he was far away, and in a few minutes both stag and man were out of sight.

"Who was that?" asked the stranger, without taking his eyes from the quarter in which the centaur had vanished.

"Hm!" replied the farmer, "it is a poor fellow, Mads Hansen, or Black Mads, as they call him, who lives in a cabin on the other side of the brook, and has many children. Times are hard with him, so he comes over here now and then and takes a stag; but to-day the stag has taken him, it seems—supposing that it was a real stag," he added, thoughtfully. "God preserve

us from all evil! but that Mads is a daring fellow; however, I know no harm of him. To be sure he shoots a deer now and then; but what of that? There are plenty of them—more than enough, if the truth be told; only look here, and you will see how they have cropped the ears off my rye. But, as I am alive! there comes Niels Gamekeeper! Catch Black Mads, if you can! Nay, nay; to-day he is better mounted than you are." As he said this, a huntsman was seen coming towards the field from the quarter in which the stag-rider had been first discovered.

"Have you seen Black Mads?" he cried.

"We saw somebody on a stag, but who it was, or whether he was black or white, we could not distinguish, for he went along at such a rate that we could hardly follow him with our eyes," answered the farmer.

"The devil take him!" said the gamekeeper, stopping his horse; "I saw him up yonder in Haverdale, prowling about after a stag, and I kept behind a mound, not to disturb him. He fired, the animal fell, and he ran forward and jumped upon its back to give it the finishing blow; but when the stag felt the knife it got up, held Mads down between its antlers, and away it was! I got Mads' gun, but I would rather have had himself." Saying which the gamekeeper trotted off in pursuit of the poacher, with one gun hanging before him from the saddle-bow, and the other slung in a strap across his shoulders.

The traveller, who was going in nearly the same direction, set off with his guide, at as rapid a pace as the latter's legs would carry him after he had taken off his wooden shoes. After having proceeded upwards of a quarter of a mile, and having reached the brow of a hill which sloped down to the brook, they got sight of both the riders. The poacher had at length got the mastery over his wild steed, for the stag had fallen dead in the brook, at a place where the water was very shallow: and he now stood striding across its carcase, endeavouring to extricate himself from its antlers, which had bored themselves into his clothes. He had only just succeeded in liberating himself, and was scrambling up the bank, when the gamekeeper, who had been looking for him in a wrong direction, came gallopping past the stranger, holding his bridle in one hand and the gun in the other. When within a few paces of the unfortunate stag-rider he halted; and with the comforting words, "Now you shall die, you dog!" he raised his gun to his cheek.

"Stop! stop!" cried the delinquent; "take time, Niels! Why are you in such a deuced hurry? Let's talk the matter over first."

"I'll have no more talk!" exclaimed the enraged gamekeeper; "you shall die on your deeds."

"No, no: stop a bit!" again cried Mads; "let me say my prayers, first!"

"What, you pray?" ejaculated Niels, removing the gun from his cheek. "Even if you do, you'll not get into heaven."

"Then you must bear the blame, Niels, for despatching me in the midst of my sins."

"You deserve no better, you poaching thief," cried Niels, again taking aim.

"Nay, nay, wait only one wee bit longer. If you shoot me . . . oh take the gun from your eye! I can't bear to be pointed at with a loaded gun."—Niels again raised his head—"if you shoot me, you will only lose your head for it."

"The devil I will!" said the gamekeeper with a forced laugh, once more taking aim.

"Niels, Niels!" exclaimed the poacher, "there are witnesses; listen to what I have to say; you have me, that's certain, and I can't escape from you; so just take me to the manor and let the Squire do with me as he thinks fit; in this way both our lives will be spared, and you will get a good reward into the bargain."

At this moment the traveller came up, and called to the gamekeeper, "For heaven's sake, my good fellow! don't do mischief; but do as the man says!"

"He is a notorious rogue," said the gamekeeper, uncocking his gun, and placing it on the saddle before him; "but since the strange gentleman begs for him I will grant him his life. As for you, Mads, you are a great stupid, for after all the end will be that you must go with the wheelbarrow* as long as you live, and if you had let me shoot you all would have been over by this time. Come along, you rascal! keep by my side! and stir your stumps!"

Thus they proceeded on their way accompanied by the traveller, who was also going to Ansbjerg.

They went on for some time without speaking, except when the gamekeeper broke the silence with a term of abuse, or an oath addressed to the prisoner. At length the poacher began a more conciliating conversation. "Don't you think it a pity," he said, "to leave me to tramp along in the heath in this way?"

"You are used to it, you dog!" replied Niels.

"You might," continued Mads with a sly look, and in a tone which showed that he did not expect his request would be granted, "you might let me sit up behind you."

"Ho, ho!" answered the gamekeeper with a loud laugh: "you have had riding enough to-day; it will do you good to use your legs."

"Well, well, a good word again; Niels Gamekeeper!" muttered the poacher, "you are so deuced cross to-day."

Niels Gamekeeper made no reply to this; but whistled a tune, while he took his pipe and tobacco out of his hunting-pouch. When he had filled his pipe, he struck fire, but the tinder would not take. "I must help you, I see," said Mads, and without waiting for an answer he struck fire with his own steel and handed the tinder-box to the gamekeeper; but just as the latter was in the act of taking it, Mads seized hold of the gun that was hanging over the saddle, and jerking it from the strap, retreated three steps backwards. All this was done with a quickness and agility for which no one would hardly have given the broad-shouldered and heavy-looking elderly man credit.

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* The convicts in Denmark are made to work on the public roads, &c.; and "to go with the wheelbarrow," means to be a convict.

"Now it is your turn to give fair words," he said. "Don't you think that I could topple you over like a ninepin if I liked, little Niels? But you listened to reason before, so I will spare you now."

The poor gamekeeper, pale and trembling with rage, stared at his adversary, without being able to utter a word.

"A little while ago," continued Mads, "you were so gruff and so quarrelsome, and wagged your tongue so glibly, as one might now almost think that you had forgotton it at Ansbjerg. Come, light your pipe! or the tinder will burn out. Why are you looking so hard at my tinder-box? Perhaps you are thinking that that is but a poor swop you have made? This is certainly a better one;"—he patted the gun;—"but you shall have it again as soon as you give me mine."

On hearing this Niels instantly handed the gun, which had been hanging in a strap over his shoulder, to the poacher, while he stretched out his other hand to receive his own in exchange.

"Wait a bit," said Mads, "you must first promise—pshaw! no matter, for even if you do, ye'll not keep your promise; but should you at any time hereafter hear the report of a gun on the heath, don't be in a hurry, but think of to-day, and of Mikkel Foxbrush!" He turned towards the traveller, "Does your horse stand fire?"

"Fire!" replied the latter.

Mads held up the gamekeeper's gun in one hand like a pistol, and fired it off. "Bah! it makes no more noise than an earthen pot banged against a door." Then taking the flint from the lock, he returned the gun to his adversary, with these words, "Here, take it. For the present it will do no harm. Farewell, and thank ye for to-day!" Saying which he slung his gun over his shoulder, and went back in the direction of the spot where the stag had been left.

The gamekeeper, whose tongue after the loss of his gun seemed to have been bound by some magic spell, now gave vent to his long pent-up rage in a stream of vituperation.

The stranger, whose sympathy had turned from the escaped poacher to the foiled gamekeeper, who was almost driven to despair, tried all in his power to soothe him. "In fact you have not lost anything," he said at last, "except the poor satisfaction of making a man and his whole family miserable."

"Not lost anything!" exclaimed the gamekeeper. "That is more than you understand. Not lost anything! As sure as I am a sinner that dog has spoiled my gun!"

"How so?" asked the stranger. "Reload it, and put another flint on; that is all that it wants."

"Reload it, indeed!" answered Niels, with a bitter laugh. "It will never kill stag or hare again; it is bewitched, I'll be bound; I know of but one cure, and if that does not help—trr! there's one of the very fellows I want, sunning himself in a rut; at all events he shan't eat larks' tongues to-day." With these words he stopped his horse, quickly put a flint in the lock of the gun, loaded it and jumped to the ground.

The stranger who was uninitiated in the noble science of venery, and consequently did not understand its terminology and magic, also stopped to see what green-jacket was going to do.

The latter led his horse a few steps forward, and pointed the muzzle of his gun at something that was lying in the road, and which the stranger now perceived was an adder. "Will you get in?" said the gamekeeper, trying to make the adder crawl into the barrel of the gun; at length he succeeded in getting its head in: and then, holding the gun upright, he shook it until the whole animal had slipped down. He next fired the gun off in the air, saying, "If that does not help, then no one but Mads himself, or Mikkel Foxbrush, can cure it."

The traveller smiled sceptically at the superstition, as well as at the curious mode of breaking the spell; but as he had already made acquaintance with one dealer in the black art, he was anxious to know something of the other, who bore so uncommon and significant a name. To his enquiries the gamekeeper, while loading his gun, replied as follows:

"Mikkel Foxbrush, as he is called, because he can get all the foxes in the country to follow him, is ten times worse than Black Mads: he can make himself so tough, the dog! that neither lead nor silver buttons can pierce his skin. One day the Squire and I came upon him down yonder in the hollow, as he was skinning a deer that he had just shot. We rode straight towards him, but he never perceived us before we were within twenty steps of him. But do you think that Mikkel was frightened? Not he. He looked quietly round at us, and went on skinning the deer. 'The deuce take you, fellow!' said the Squire; 'Niels, give him a taste of your lead! I will answer for the consequences!' And I gave him a shot right in the middle of his broad back; but, pshaw! he didn't mind it more than if I had fired at him with a pop-gun. The rogue only turned his face to us for a moment, and then went on with his work as before. The Squire himself fired next; but with as little avail. Mikkel was just cutting the skin from the head; and when he had rolled it together, he took up his gun that lay on the ground, and facing us, said, 'It will soon be my turn; and if you do not go about your business, I will try if I can't manage to make a hole in one of your jackets.' Such a fellow is Mikkel Foxbrush," said the gamekeeper; and the wayfarers then continued their journey in silence.

CHAPTER II.

ANSBJERG.

Who ever hears of an old manor without at once conjuring up in their imagination tales of ghosts and hobgoblins? These venerable remains from olden times, formerly inhabited by brave knights and stately dames, whom we are accustomed to picture to ourselves as so rigid and so grave—rigid in dress, rigid in manner, and rigid in mind; these walls, several yards in thickness;

these long, narrow, dark, winding passages; these vaulted cellars—seem as if built to attract midnight spirits; and the large chimney-places and spacious chimneys look as if made on purpose to afford egress and ingress to those airy beings who prefer descending through a chimney to entering through a door. Indeed, I suppose there is not a manor that has not some hobgoblin of its own; that has not at least one gloomy turret chamber, in which people do not venture to sleep alone; and I am happy to say that, in this respect, Ansbjerg was as complete a manor as any in the world.

When the two horsemen arrived at Ansbjerg, they alighted at the stable door, and gave their steeds into the charge of a groom, and then proceeded on foot up the avenue of lime trees which led to the court-yard. As the gamekeeper opened the gate and was ushering in the stranger, a window in the ground story of that part of the house that was inhabited by the family was thrown open, and a human bust presented itself, a description of which ought to be given, in order to afford those readers who may have seen the like represented in paintings, some idea of the date at which the events of my story took place. The Squire, whose colossal body filled the entire breadth of the large window, wore a dark-green velvet jacket, fitting tightly round the throat, with one row of large buttons down the front and on the pockets, while the sleeves were furnished with broad cuffs, and his head was covered with a raven black bob-wig. The part of his dress seen on this occasion consisted consequently only of two pieces; but as the whole person will appear hereafter, I will, in order to prevent repetition, at once describe the other component parts of his costume, which were, a close-fitting green velvet cap, with a broad projecting front, worn on top of his wig; long wide boots, with spurs; and black breeches, ending a little below the knees.

"Niels Gamekeeper!" cried the Squire. The person addressed pointed out to his companion the door at which he was to enter, and then walked, with his little grey three-cornered hat in his hand, towards the window where "his honour" usually gave audience, in wet weather as well as dry, to the servants and peasants belonging to the estate. The gamekeeper was on these occasions obliged to go through the same ceremonies as all the others, though, when out hunting, a more free and unreserved intercourse existed between master and servant. "Who was that?" began the Squire, making a sign with his head in the direction of the stranger.

"The new clerk, your honour."

"Nothing else! I thought that it was somebody. What have you got there?" again asked the Squire, pointing to the hunting pouch.

"The old cock and two chickens, your honour."

(We will in future in the most cases omit the words "your honour," but they must be understood to follow every sentence.)

"That is not much for two days' sport," said the Squire; "is there no stag coming?"

"Not this time," answered Niels with a sigh: "when poachers use stags to ride upon, none are left for us."

This allusion required, of course, fuller explanation; but as the reader is already acquainted with the circumstances, we will in the meantime turn our attention to what was going on behind his honour's broad back.

There stood the young betrothed couple, young Squire Kai and Miss Mette. The first was a handsome man of five-and-twenty, dressed in the most elegant style of the day; and that I may show with what means young ladies' hearts in those days were attacked and won, I must not pass unnoticed the young gentleman's personal appearance, beginning with the feet and gradually ascending in my description. His square-toed boots fell in wide and slovenly folds about the ancles; his stockings, which were of white silk, edged at the top with the finest lace, reached three inches above the knee. Then came a pair of tight black velvet breeches, which were, however, in a great measure hidden by a long waistcoat, also of black velvet. A coat of crimson cloth, with one row of large buttons covered with the same material, and sleeves only reaching to the wrists, but with cuffs turned up to the elbows, completed his attire. The whole of his hair was combed smoothly to the back of the head, and tied in a long stiff queue.

I would deserve but little thanks from my gentle readers, were I not with equal exactness to describe the noble damsel, whose dress I may briefly divide under three principal heads: 1. The pointed-toed high-heeled shoes, with silver buckles; 2. The little red cap, trimmed with yellow braid, and forming a point on the forehead; and 3. The sky-blue damask dress, with low body and long waist, and white sleeves reaching a little below the elbow; which costume was by no means unbecoming to Miss Mette's beautiful bust and face.

These two handsome young persons, as I have said, stood hand in hand behind the old gentleman's back, seemingly engaged in playful and loving converse, the young gentleman often pointing his lips and stretching forth his neck as if to take a kiss, which the young lady, however, prevented by turning away from him, not with feigned displeasure, but with an arch smile. A narrow observer might, however, have remarked with surprise, that each time she turned aside her head she glanced over her father's shoulder into the yard, where for the moment nothing was to be seen, (the gamekeeper standing too near under the window,) except the wooden horse* and the new clerk; who, as soon as he had entered the office, had taken up his seat at the open window. That this same clerk, in spite of his humble calling, was a very handsome fellow, will hardly be believed, when I add that, in the first place, he had a large scar on one cheek, and that in the second, third, fourth, and fifth, he was dressed in every respect like a common clerk.

* An instrument of punishment frequently used in those days.—*Trans.*

A little aside, but so as to command a view of the young couple, sat Miss Mette's mother, the good Mrs. Kirsten, smiling at the playfulness of the young people. The good old lady had, indeed, great reason to rejoice at this match, for it was entirely of her own making. As the Squire was pleased to say, in huntsman's language, Mrs. Kirsten had scented the fattest calf in the herd of suitors, and had selected him for her daughter. The young man was an only son, and heir to Palstrup and several other estates, and had sixteen noble ancestors on his mother's as well as his father's side. Miss Mette was young, beautiful, an only child, and heiress to Ansbjerg, whose deer, wild boars, and peasants were fully as good as those of Palstrup; while the blackcocks and wild ducks were much superior. The preliminaries were therefore soon settled between the parents, and the young people then apprised of the fact.

As for the future bride, she had always been so submissive to the iron will of her parents, which brooked no contradiction, that we must for the present remain in doubt how far her wishes were in consonance with the steps which had been taken in her behalf. However, it is well known that maidens like best to choose for themselves; and, indeed, often reject a suitor merely because he is backed by their parents; but that young Squire Kai had readily acquiesced in his father's plan, who could wonder who saw the blooming girl by his side?

When the Squire had heard the account of the gamekeeper's misadventure, which the latter dared not conceal—as the clerk, and probably the stag-rider himself, might make it known—the old gentleman gave vent to his rage in a shower of invectives on the poacher, drops of which, however, fell from time to time on poor Niels, who, for fear of his master, was obliged to swallow the equally hearty curses which were rising in his throat also. When the storm had somewhat subsided, and cool reason had begun to reassert its sway, a plan was laid to secure prompt and full revenge; the audacious culprit was to be seized and delivered into the hands of justice. The most difficult part of the business, however, was how to get hold of him; for if he got the slightest inkling of the danger which threatened him, he would of course abscond, and leave his wife and children behind. The Squire at first proposed setting out at once in pursuit of the poacher, whose cabin they would thus be able to reach under cover of the night. But his honour's wife, whose plans were always more deliberate, represented to her rash husband that darkness would also favour the criminal's flight—and, if this was prevented, a desperate defence—and that therefore it would be better that they should start a little after midnight, so as to enable the armed force to surround and take the cabin at break of day. This proposal was unanimously agreed to, and the young Squire was invited to take part in the expedition and its honours. The steward, who had come to report the arrival of the new clerk, and to show the written character which the latter had been provided with by the steward at Vestervig, where he had previously served, was commanded to hold himself in readiness, together with the gardener, upper farm servants and grooms, and also to give orders to a peasant to meet them with his waggon.*

While the necessary preparations were in progress, the sun set and the moon rose; and the reader will have time to draw his breath before he begins the following interesting chapter.

* In Denmark, until a very recent period, part of the farmer's dues to the landlord were paid in cartage.—*Trans.*

(To be continued.)

THE LEGISLATION OF THE LONG SESSION.

The last Parliament was dissolved in order that the country might decide whether free-trade or protective duties should be the commercial policy of England. The elections sent a great majority to the House of Commons in favour of *unrestricted trade.* Therefore, Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and nearly all their followers in the House, admitted, nay, even declared, that *protective duties* had become *an impossibility.* We beg the pardon, however, of those veracious legislators, the learned knight, member for East Suffolk, and the Right Hon. Ex-chancellor of the Duchy of Lancashire: they, as members of the Derby-Disraeli Government, did bawl forth to their betrayed *bucolic* constituents, that they the knight (very errant) and the non-judicious chancellor were still protectionists, and that free-trade would beggar the farmer and ruin the country. Yet they remained in the Government which had abandoned that protection, which had been their political standard since the day that the government of Sir Robert Peel was, by an eloquent and disappointed politician, denounced as "*an organized hypocrisy.*"

The matter-of-fact and unromantic world reasoned otherwise; and experience has proved that the government of that immortal statesman was a *reasonable, sagacious, practical, wise, and necessary reality;* and that the Derby-Disraeli Ministry was a monstrous *political immorality,* and a commercial and financial deception: not but that they proposed some good measures along with their fiscal impracticabilities. It was impossible that the nation could long endure the administration of a prime minister who declared, soon after taking

office, *that his policy would be to arrest the dangerous current of democracy that was undermining the institutions of the country; the education of the people must be directed in connection with the state-church.*

But this policy—this plan of instruction was not to be. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli foundered in their fiscal projects; they might otherwise have been endured for a month or three months longer. Mr. Gladstone's masterly and unanswerable speech in reply to Mr. Disraeli, left the Government in a minority. Yet the Derbyites and Disraelites were not in so desperate a condition that they might not have continued to hold power if they had not been utterly destitute of the sagacity, judgment, and aptitude necessary for administrators. As it was, in a remarkably full House the division gave them a majority of fifteen of all the English members who voted; of four, taking all the English and Irish members who voted; but adding all the Scotch members who voted, the majority against Ministers was not less than nineteen. The Scotch members, as remarked by the *Times*, actually overthrew the Derby-Disraeli Ministry; for it at once resigned after this division.

Lords Lansdowne and Aberdeen were sent for by the Queen. The former took no very active part in forming a new Government. Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell seem to have constructed the Cabinet—a very incongruous one; men who had been all their previous lives attacking or reviling each other, were seemingly harmonized into peace, charity and friendship.

Lord Aberdeen and Sir William Molesworth—Sir James Graham and Mr. Bernal Osborne—Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone—the Duke of Newcastle and Sir Charles Wood—the Duke of Argyle and Lord Granville—with some others, were to be sweetened into one happy family. And why not? All were honourable men: and the necessities of the State required that they should all cross the ferry of the political Lethe. Verily, they have crossed that *oblivious* stream; and as yet the country has no cause to regret that they have done so.

Sir Robert Peel broke up his own party—Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell have utterly extinguished all that has ever been called party since the days of Charles the Second.

Lord Palmerston did not at first join the Coalition—many men wonder that he has ever done so. If he had not, he at least *would* have made *a party;* for he is a sorcerer who bewitches the House of Commons by his dexterity and fascination. The Coalition would not last a month without him—nor would it have lasted through the session without Mr. Gladstone; without both Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell could not have stood. To Mr. Gladstone more than to all the other Ministers does the Government owe its success; for hereafter the finance minister will be the statesman on whom the stability of a government must depend, and no finance minister has ever excelled the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not that we undervalue the services and abilities of other members of the Cabinet. The measures proposed by the Government have been many, and several of the best measures have been completely successful. Some of them, as the Education Bill, have been postponed from the impossibility of discussing and passing them until the next session. Many of them have been strangled for *their innocence*,—others have been dropped from their *questionable* necessity,—their doubtful good,—their probable mischief,—if they became statute law.

We have, during the long past session, had legal reforms,—and we have instituted useful inquiries. The legislation has been almost without exception progressive in reforming abuses and removing financial and commercial oppressions, inequalities, and restrictions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has manfully grappled with extending the tax on successions to land;—Lord Palmerston has scarcely been less bold in making it penal not to consume smoke.

Before, however, we proceed to examine the measures of the Session which has just closed, it is but justice, on our part, to Mr. Disraeli, for us to admit, that his proposal relative to the removal of the restrictions on manning the mercantile marine, and relieving them from passing tolls, and some other burdens, were quite as liberal as those proposed and carried by his successor in office. But his plan to relieve the landlord, by taking off half the malt-tax and half the hop duty, was unwise, and would have proved absolutely to be no relief whatever, either to the landlord, the farmer, or the consumer; and his extending the area and doubling the rate of the house-tax, was a measure which proved his utter want of financial sagacity and his real ignorance of the public feeling. If he had proposed a judicious reduction of several customs' duties, especially on tea, and a repeal of all those of minor importance to the revenue; if he had proposed a succession duty on real estate, and the abolition of the excise on paper, soap, and of the stamps on advertisements and newspapers, and those on *prudence*—that is, on fire and marine insurances—and a better adjustment of the income tax, he might then, on the principle of extending direct taxation, carry his house-tax. Mr. Disraeli did not propose to reduce nor abolish the barbarous and unclean soap duty. He did propose to reduce the duty on tea from 2s. 2¼d. per lb. in six years; Mr. Macgregor (Glasgow) proposed as an amendment, to reduce the duty to 1s. per lb. in three years. Mr. Disraeli's scheme with respect to the malt and hop duty would not afford the consumer a pot of beer at a halfpenny less price than the present cost. The landlords and farmers would derive no benefit; for the tax has been, and is, all paid by the ale, porter, and beer drinker, while both malt and hops, until the duties are paid and secured, would be still subjected to the odious presence of the exciseman and to the pains and penalties of the excise laws. Before we take leave of the Derby-Disraeli Ministry, we must do them the justice to say, that their Chancery and nearly all their common-law appointments did them great credit. Their Lord Chancellor was the ablest equity judge in the realm; and it is much to

be regretted that he was not induced to retain the Great Seal; for no equity-lawyer was ever, or is, more eminently qualified for completing the reforms begun and to some extent carried out in that most oppressive, by expense and delay, of all tribunals —the Court of Chancery. Their Attorney-General for England was the most upright, if not the most able lawyer of that party; and the Vice-Chancellor whom they appointed was judiciously chosen. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generals for Ireland were also able lawyers; and the bills which they brought forward were meritorious. They were unfortunate in their Foreign Secretary of State, and especially in their Admiralty appointments. The Home Secretary was, however, a gentleman of high character, eminently qualified for the duties and responsibilities of that laborious department; and there have been many less efficient Colonial Secretaries than Sir John Pakington. But here we bid adieu, and for ever, to the Derby-Disraeli Government; although we should not be surprised any day to see Mr. Disraeli leading the Radical party in the House of Commons, or even proposing a separation of the Church from the State, and a system of national education purely secular, leaving religious instruction altogether to the parents of children, and to the ministers of their respective places of worship.

The Coalition Cabinet and its subordinates being selected from practical Peelites, proud Whigs, and professed Radicals, had to bring forward, in a Parliament elected after a dissolution by the Tories, some measures of absolute necessity —such as renewing the income tax in the existing, or in some new forms, and several projects which the state of public opinion and the continuation of the Coalition-power rendered necessary.

The Session had been already opened by a Royal Speech, containing some mystified paragraphs about Protection. The Coalition Ministry escaped the perplexity of such a *procès-verbal* of their policy or measures. There was, however, a budget to bring forward, and neither the House nor the country would accept any but a liberal one. A committee had sat for two long sessions on the organization, laws, and regulations of the customs. The report which that committee had made, and the evidence which was printed with it, forming several volumes, had produced an effect which could not be overlooked, and a complete reform of that ill-organized and obstructive department, together with a revision and simplification of the customs laws and regulations, were also demanded by the country. The practice of levying a tax on the succession to personal estate and allowing land to go free, was a g'aring injustice. The soap duty was a nuisance unknown in any country excepting Great Britain. It was, in a sanitary, cleanly, and commercial view, important to remove the presence of the exciseman from the manufacture of soap. Tea had become nearly as necessary a beverage as corn was for man's daily bread. In consequence, however, of the duty on tea being three hundred per cent. on its bonded price, the great majority of the men, women, and children in the United Kingdom could not afford to drink good strong tea; the labouring classes could only pay for sufficient tea to slightly stain the warm water which constituted their chief beverage. Public opinion was strongly opposed to stamps on advertisements, fire and other assurances, and on other stamps, assessed taxes, licences; to the excise on paper, to the restrictions on manning the commercial fleets of the country, and to other burdens on shipping. All these required either abolition or amendments. There were numerous articles, such as grass and other seeds, a few remaining taxes on food and on some raw materials. Then there remained the renewal in some form of the income tax, and the renewal or re-casting of the powers for governing India. They had also to meet legal reform bills, Irish landlords and tenants' bills, the reform of the sheriffs' courts for Scotland; and it was also expected that a new reform bill, as well as a bill for national education, would be introduced by Lord John Russell. We will not go further into the details of the expectations and necessities of legislation.

It was considered that the abundance of money and the operations of free trade in food and raw materials afforded a fair opportunity for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to convert the Three per Cents. to a less costly rate of annuity.

Mr. Gladstone, who had been a distinguished, intelligent, and most industrious member of Sir Robert Peel's government as Vice-President and President of the Board of Trade, and afterwards as a most practical Secretary of State for the Colonies, grappled boldly with the funds. He considered that the South Sea Company's stock was a misnomer under its distinct management, when in reality it had become a national or government annuity. He resolved to consolidate it with the other national annuities, under the general management of the National Debt. At the time he proposed the New Two and a Half per Cents. and New Three and a Half per Cents., money was abundant; there was no apparent cause for a disturbance of the peace of Europe, and there was no unfavourable prospect of a deficient harvest. Soon after he proposed and carried his plan through Parliament, affairs in the East assumed a perilous aspect,—wet and severe weather set in, and men became mistrustful as to the investment of money at a moderate rate of interest. Mr. Gladstone's plan was consequently affected so as to be slower than it would otherwise have been, in its conversion of old stock into new. Yet whatever progress has been made, is a gain in the right way. Considering all the circumstances of the funding system, it would have been probably more effective if instead of a Two and a Half Stock redeemable at £110, there were a Two and Three-quarter Stock redeemable by Government at the end of twenty years, and at par, that is for every £100 of the old stock converted into new, the same amount to be paid when redeemed. But Mr. Gladstone's object was to create a New Two and a Half Stock at once by which he would have saved one-quarter per cent. by the conversion. This was surely an economical arrangement.

But the new Chancellor of the Exchequer attempted and carried a far bolder measure, by far the greatest measure, though many others were most important—he extended the succession duty, which was until then levied only on personal, to all landed property. The effects of this just measure will be highly beneficial, and lead to a relief from some of the most obnoxious of the remaining taxes. He modified the income tax on a more equitable scale, extended it most justly to Ireland, and imposed it until 1860, by which time, aided by the revenue to be derived from the succession duty, and by the falling in of the terminable annuities, he may dispense with the income tax altogether, reserving it for any financial emergencies, as was the case when imposed in 1842.

No tax was more unjust, after the great reduction in the sugar and coffee duties, than the high duties on tea. He adopted Mr. Macgregor's plan of reducing that duty from 2s. 2¼d. per pound to 1s. *in three years*, instead of Mr. Disraeli's in six years. He abolished the duties on more than 200 articles in the customs' tariff, reduced the duty on most of the others, and, as recommended by the Customs' Committee, he removed that constant source of seizure, litigation and dispute, the ad valorem duties, by substituting moderated fixed rates.

The *soap duty* yielded more than a million sterling,—but looking boldly at the effects which its total abolition must have on the health and cleanliness of the people—on suppressing slavery by increasing the trade for palm oil with Africa, and in rendering Great Britain probably the greatest soap-manufacturing country in the world, Mr Gladstone gave up that large amount of revenue, trusting to the other provisions of his budget for replacing it, as well as for the probable loss of revenue from the many other reductions and abolitions of duties which he proposed. He placed the licences and duty on carriages and post horses on a more moderate and far more equitable scale. He reduced several stamp duties, and repealed the advertisement duty altogether.

Such have been the principal financial measures of a session unprecedented in its usefulness.

Ireland, as usual, has occupied a large share at least of the time of Parliament, and however unpalatable to Irish members and to the Irish may be the extension of the income tax to Ireland, that measure was one of common sense and justice. Nor can we see why the assessed taxes, including the house tax, should not also be levied in that country. If not, the assessed taxes should be abolished in England and Scotland; but we fear the maintenance of national credit will not afford this for several years to come; and we hope first to see a repeal of the excise on paper and hops, and of the stamps on newspapers, and on fire and marine assurances.

With respect to Scotland, the bill for the repeal of the University tests, although we could wish that the declaration in regard to the Church had been omitted, is a most just and too-long delayed measure. The Public Houses Bill for Scotland was introduced under very suspicious circumstances; and although it contains some good provisions, it is a very defective bill. The Sheriffs' Courts' Bill for Scotland still retains an evil principle, that of a resident and non-resident sheriff or judge. The people of Scotland will never be satisfied until this pernicious anomaly be corrected, and the sheriffs' courts assimilated as nearly as may be practicable to the county courts in England. It has been generally supposed that because the Scottish members are not either obstructive, noisy, or great talkers in the House of Commons, and because the people are quiet, orderly, and industrious in the towns and in the rural districts north of the Tweed, that they have no cause to complain of their treatment by Government. They have paid ever since the Union every tax paid in England; their civil, judicial, and military expenditure has been on the lowest scale of economy, and three-fourths of the whole revenue collected in Scotland has been paid into the British treasury; the remaining one-fourth including the expense of protecting and collecting the revenue and of the whole executive and judicial administration of Scotland; the institutions of which, whether for learning, art, or humanity, have scarcely ever received any portion of the taxes levied on the whole industry of the country.

How different the case of Ireland, where hundreds of millions of the taxes paid by Great Britain have been lavishly squandered!—where no assessed taxes, no soap duties, no house tax, have been nor are levied; nor income tax, until the act of the present Session comes into operation,—where the whole taxation, ever since the Union, has been far from sufficient to meet the expenditure! Ireland has her Lord-Lieutenant and Court, her Secretary of State and Under-Secretary of State. Scotland had both a Secretary and Under-Secretary of State until Henry Dundas became all, as well as Lord-Advocate, himself, for managing and corrupting the country as one great rotten borough.

Another great, though imperfect, and not intended to be a permanent measure of the Session, has been the Bill for the Government of India. We say imperfect, inasmuch as the provisions of the bill are neither adapted nor intended for permanency. To legislate for the many nations situated between the frontiers of Beloochistan and Ava,—between the Himalayas and the Cape of Comorin, according to European ideas and practice, would be vain if attempted, and impracticable though legalized. That Administration would lack much in wisdom—that Legislature would be rash, who presumed at once wholly to subvert a form of Government which has ruled over many nations which have, from time to time, come under British sovereignty, until our domination now extends over 150 millions of Mussulmans, Hindoos, and numerous other races and sects, divided into hereditary and unmixable castes, and speaking many different languages. Nor while we rule should it be overlooked, that the whole number of resident Europeans, exclusive of the military, do not exceed 12,000 inhabitants. The India Bill just passed by Parliament,

we, therefore, consider as providing only for a transition-government. We, however, hope for great financial, judicial, administrative, and economical reforms being carried out by this new, though temporary Government. We look for great extension of internal intercourse and trade by railways, by common roads, by canals, and improved river navigation. We look also for reforms in the courts of law, in commercial and financial legislation; and we trust the new Government will abolish the oppressive, though probably during several past years almost necessary, salt monopoly. We hope further, that the Indian Government will not so rashly, as they have done with respect to the late war against Ava, enter upon any new war.

Of the other measures of the long Session now closed, the *Customs Consolidation Bill*, although it falls short of the recommendation of the Customs' Committee, yet greatly simplifies those severe revenue laws; the *Merchant Shipping Bill* removes the restrictions on manning merchant vessels, besides making some other judicious provisions. The Charitable Trusts Bill — the Smoke Nuisance Bill — the Friendly Societies Bill, and many other bills, for the details of which we want space, have all fair merits in the march of progress. Such legal reforms as have been enacted do credit to the industry of a Session the most laborious on record.

The National Education Bill,— Lord Blandford's Episcopal Bill,— the Irish Landlord and Tenants Bill, and many others, have been postponed or abandoned.

The legislation of this Session will, therefore, be ever memorable in our parliamentary annals, and we trust that we will, next Session, pass a real Reform in Parliament act, besides acts for the further reforms of our courts of law and equity, and further ameliorations in our excise laws.

J. M'G.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH.

In 1830, shortly after the July revolution, several French towns sent deputations to Paris, charged with messages of respectful congratulation to Louis Philippe. My father, who was one of the heads of the Liberal party in the department of Charente, was chosen by his fellow-citizens to represent the town of Angoulême, amongst the immense concourse of municipalities which flowed towards the Palais Royal from all parts of France. I was then thirteen years old, and was studying under the hard ferule of a professor afflicted with rheumatism, which, indeed, caused more suffering to his pupils than it did to him. When his twinges of pain came—and, unluckily for us, they were very frequent—we always remarked that tasks and punishments fell thick as hail on our devoted heads. For my own part, I remember distinctly having copied from beginning to end the "*Lutrin*" of Boileau, sixty-one times during my scholastic career. To this circumstance I attribute the profound aversion with which the aforesaid piece has always inspired me.

My father returned from Paris, having had the honour to harangue the new king, and to share the hospitality of his table. With an eager hand I dived into the recesses of his portmanteau, hoping to discover some amusing book purchased for me, but I lighted, instead, on half-a-dozen little journals, which had served to envelope—may the muse of journals pardon him the profanation!—my father's boots.

These small publications were named respectively, the *Entr' Acte*, and the *Vert-Vert*, and were sold at the doors of the theatres, with the intention of amusing the audience in the intervals between the acts. They were written and edited by the young, lively, stirring spirits of the day; and I remember as if it had been yesterday, the strong impression made on me by their perusal. I read them over and over, and was soon able to repeat all the most striking articles by rote.

I questioned my father as to the origin of these precious treasures; and my indignation equalled my surprise, when he told me that he had never read a word of their contents, save the names of the actors and actresses in the advertised programme of the play. From that time a literary demon installed himself in my head and in my heart; and

"Labour dire and weary woe"

did I cause the excellent professors charged with conducting me to the degree of bachelor of letters. I vexed them all, but more espcially M. Andrieux-Bonnet, the professor of physical science and mathematics. Poor man! what transports of indignation my anti-algebraic and literary tendencies used to excite in him. One day, especially, we were composing themes on chemistry, and I had the impertinence to write mine in French verse. I can almost fancy that I hear now the exasperated thunder of his voice; and I should blame myself for having shortened the existence of the worthy mathematician, but that my companion, Edmond Texier, has certainly quite as much reason to feel remorse on that score as myself. Were not we regularly the two last pupils to show up our scientific themes, and as regularly the two first to devour the new romances, which Madame Bernard at the circulating library was wont to receive from Paris?

"Go your own way, my lad," used M. Andrieux to say to me. "The examination day is

drawing near, and there needs no wizard to predict that you will be turned back ignominiously."

M. Andrieux had a peculiar manner of pronouncing this adverb, which he lengthened out, dividing the syllables, and, so to speak, scanning it, *ig-no-min-i-ous-ly!!* It seemed as if it would never end. The horrid word prolonged itself between his lips like a string of maccaroni in the mouth of a lazarone.

I tried to laugh, but my heart was heavy. How I envied the tranquillity and modest confidence of my brother, who was certain of receiving the reward of his constant unwearied application. As the important day approached, I lost my appetite for food, and my sleep was disturbed by the oft-recurring dream that I saw written in letters of fire on the white curtains of my bed, the word, *ig-no-min-i-ous-ly!*

The fateful morning arrived, and twenty of us were shut up in a room in the college at Poitiers, and desired to write each a theme on the following common-place subject: "Prove that fortune does not constitute happiness."

As I was dipping my pen in the ink a sudden remembrance darted into my brain of the literature I had formerly studied in the *Entr' Acte* and the *Vert-Vert*, and without reflecting on the probable consequences of such an exploit, I set to work to prove the exact contrary of the thesis, by showing that without fortune happiness is not possible, enlivening my composition with some half-dozen paradoxes, which sparkled here and there like Roman candles in a display of fireworks.

Ten o'clock struck; an attendant came to collect our themes, and we were dismissed until noon.

How well I remember the lively emotion with which I took my place, fourth in the class, on the benches arranged for us, opposite the professors' chairs. The examination commenced, and I speedily found myself floundering knee-deep in the system of Mallebranche and Condillac; and afterwards taking desperate strides through the *terra incognita* of geography; arrived at last on the perilous ground of mathematical science, I lost my footing completely. I confounded kilogrammes with kilometres, was unable to reduce two fractions to a common denominator; and to the mocking question, "How many are seven times seven?" I replied, in a state of perfect bewilderment, "seventy-two."

The examination ended, the professors passed into an inner room, where they remained ten minutes — ten ages! At length they came out.

"Number one," said the president, "passed." Number one was my brother.

"Number two, rejected!"

"Number three, rejected!"

"Number four"—

Number four was myself.

The president paused for a moment, and my tingling ears seemed to hear the grumbling voice of M. Andrieux-Bonnet pronouncing

"Ig-no-min-i-ous-ly!"

"As to number four," resumed the professor, "although his examination left much to be desired on various subjects, yet we have decided to pass him, on account of his literary composition, which displays considerable originality and power. At the same time, number four will do well to study with care the multiplication table."

"Oh, my dear *Entr' Acte!* oh, my good *Vert-Vert!*" exclaimed I, quite unmindful of the presence of our imposing Areopagus, whose members, I suppose, must have thought me mad.

I pray my reader to pardon this long story which can scarcely interest him; but a host of old remembrances came thronging into my brain this morning, as I passed by the Hôtel du Nord in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince.

There lodged in the years 1836 and 1837, a little colony of students, now scattered through many lands, but all of whom, I am certain, preserve a recollection of Madame Martin, our kind hostess of the Hôtel du Nord. After taking out my degree, I spent some time in vain efforts and useless attempts; with the exception of one obscure journal, no Parisian periodical would accept my unfledged literary productions. Even the *Entr' Acte* and the *Vert-Vert* were obdurate, and I began to feel myself an outcast, a sort of literary Wandering Jew, with this unpleasant addition, that I often wanted twelve pence of having a shilling in my pocket.

It was while sojourning in the Hôtel du Nord that the idea came into my head one morning, of writing to three celebrated men, who, each for different reasons, possessed my admiration and my sympathy.

"One has always need of those more powerful than oneself," said I, improving on the apothegm of La Fontaine, and accordingly I wrote and dispatched three letters — the first addressed to M. de Lamartine, the second to M. Jules Janin, and the third to M. Alphonse Karr. Then, half proud, half trembling at my boldness, I impatiently awaited the replies.

They came with the most perfect punctuality, and that evening was kept as a sort of festival at Madame Martin's table-d'hôte. The three autographs passed from hand to hand; and at the dessert we toasted them in innumerable bottles of effervescing lemonade, as a kind of economical champagne.

I shall not describe here the kind brotherly reception given by Alphonse Karr and Jules Jánin to a poor unknown literary aspirant; I shall merely relate my adventure with the author of *Jocelyn*.

M. de Lamartine had written to say that he would expect a visit from me on the following Saturday, between the hours of ten and twelve. The morning arrived, and I felt a renewal of my old sensations at Poitiers. Ten o'clock struck, and summoning all my courage, I bent my steps towards the appointed place, choosing designedly the longest and most circuitous way. Half past eleven resounded from the city clocks, before I reached the house.

"M. de Lamartine?" I asked the porter.

"First story, door to the right," replied he.

I ascended the stairs with trembling steps. I

reached the door; I seized the bell with a faltering hand, and —— I walked away without having dared to ring, struck on a sudden with a conviction of my utter insignificance and the presumptuous folly of my proceedings.

Ten years passed on, during which I carefully avoided every opportunity of meeting M. de Lamartine, so much did I feel ashamed of myself.

At length, one cold snowy morning in January, 1850, I took up, while seated snugly by my wood fire, a volume of M. de Lamartine's collected works published in 1849. Fancy how much I was struck by the following passage, which serves as an introduction to the "Ode on the Death of the Duchess de Broglie!" This lady was the daughter of Madame de Staël.

"From my earliest childhood I have been an ardent admirer of the genius and character of Madame de Staël. *Corinne* had been my first romance; it is the romance of poets. That religious, liberal, mystical, republican work, *Germany*, had revealed to myself my still confused opinions on metaphysics and politics. It was the genius of the North, presented to France—which as yet was ignorant of it—by the hand of a woman from the South; brilliancy overlaying depth. I was intoxicated with the name of Madame de Staël.

"Alas! nothing remained of her in Paris but her name; she was dead. I had passionately desired to see her on the high road between Geneva and Coppet. I had watched for days to see her pass in her carriage, and had succeeded only in discerning the dust of its wheels. Never had I dared to enter her court at Coppet, to introduce myself under a feigned name, and say, 'Behold a traveller, who seeks but to bear away one beam of your genius in his eyes.' In the same way, enthusiastic reader that I was of *René*, *Atala*, and the *Genius of Christianity*, I frequently passed hours within the precincts of Aunay, the habitation of M. de Chateaubriand, without daring to ring at his door. I satisfied myself with climbing a wooded hill which overlooked his garden, and from whence I could see him from afar, reading, talking, or writing. Genius, like all other mysteries, is an attraction and a terror."

Was not this the very history of my own fears and feelings, related in M. de Lamartine's own eloquent language? I felt myself already justified and forgiven, and immediately wrote the illustrious author a letter, which, after making a sincere confession of my past conduct, I concluded simply by transcribing the above quoted passage. Thus M. de Lamartine pleaded my cause with himself. Where could I have found a more able and eloquent defender?

In a few days, while the snow was still falling, I received the following reply, the original of which I preserve as a precious relic:—

"Monsieur,

"I did not deserve that touching scruple of your heart's imagining: and I regret its existence, since it deprived me of the opportunity of knowing you, and clasping your hand in friendly brotherhood.

"Rest assured that you would have found in me neither *mystery* nor *terror*, but the ready friendship and cordial sympathy of which I now would fain express all the arrears I owe you."

These are a few of the pleasant memories awakened in my heart by the echo of my footsteps on the old pavement of the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince; and I trust my reader will pardon their simplicity. Well, well: it was a pleasant thing to be twenty years old, with a grain of poetry in the head, and abundance of enthusiasm in the heart!

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The illness of the Queen and Prince Albert terminated favourably, and both are now happily in the enjoyment of restored health. Her Majesty proposes to visit Ireland on the 28th, and will remain a week at the Vice-regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, before proceeding to Balmoral.

The Session, which closed on the 19th of the past month, has been as happily distinguished by the amount of real and useful business transacted, as by the absence of the factious and senseless opposition of the Irish Brigade, or Pope's Brass Band. The latter, as the cause of the former, we must first refer to, and we mainly ascribe the quiet of the Session to the expulsion of the bull-dog of the faction from the representation of Dublin, where his conduct in, as well as out, of the House had excited such general disgust, that hardly any respectable man of his own party voted for him. Deprived of their fugleman, the Brigade has kept tolerably quiet, save when the "wrongs of Ireland" have been the topic; and, even then, the clamour has been feeble compared with former Sessions, when the Ministry had anything but a "bed of roses" to lie on; for

> "Both morning, noon, and night, sir,
> Brisk John was at their crupper.
> He got in their gears,
> Five times before prayers,
> And six times after supper!"

"Requiescat in pace," say we to his political ashes,—dispensing however, with "Resurgam."

This fortunate expulsion of John Reynolds from the representation of Dublin enabled the Government to transact an amount of business greater and more important than has been done for many years past. The indisputable combination of talent brought to bear upon the affairs of the country by the Coalition Ministry, has made it easy to carry measures which, we feel bound to say, nothing but such a Ministry—acting in harmony,—could have attempted with any hope of success. The renewal of the Income tax, with its extension to Ireland, the Secondary Punishments bill, the Customs Consolidation bill, the Succession Duty bill, the bill repealing the Advertisement tax, the Charitable Trusts bill, the Canadian Clergy Reserves bill, the India bill, and some others of minor importance, (not forgetting the Cab-nuisance bill,) prove the business talents of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues, when not factiously impeded.

We wish we could bestow equal praise upon their diplomatic conduct in reference to the Eastern question. The exposé of Lord John Russell on the 16th ult., in response to Mr. Layard's persevering attacks, was one of the most humiliating attempts to defend a temporizing policy that we ever read; and we cannot better describe the conduct of the Government in regard to the affair between Turkey and Russia, than in the old proverb of "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds." Whilst *they* have been spending valuable time in negociating, the crafty Czar has made good his position in the Turkish principalities. Will he withdraw his troops at the bidding of France and England? We believe *never!* Oh for the spirit of a Cromwell or a Chatham to draw the line and say to the faithless, bigotted tyrant, "thus far shalt thou go, but no farther!" Without decision, Turkey is lost, and Constantinople is the southern capital of Russia in the future map of Europe.

The Army and Navy.—The public have had their full share of entertainment last month, in the operations of the army and navy; the former "playing at soldiers" at Chobham, and the latter "at sailors" at Spithead. Independent, however, of the mimic warfare, no Briton can be otherwise than proud of the noble display of his country's national defence, and of the wonderful state of discipline to which our sailors have attained. Whilst hoping that occasion for a more practical application of our naval power may never arise, we cannot but feel thankful and secure when we see "the wooden walls of old England" sustaining their high character and efficiency, and even going beyond former days in the superior respectability of the seamen and the completeness of the equipments.

"Nought can make us rue,
If England to herself will prove but true."

The harvest commenced, though late, under favourable circumstances in regard to weather. The accounts, however, from the various districts of England and Wales of the crop of wheat are far from satisfactory. A much smaller breadth than usual was sown, owing to the wet autumn, and the average produce of the crop will be also deficient, so that it is estimated that we shall require eight or nine million quarters of foreign wheat between the harvests of 1853 and 1854. On the other hand, France, Austria, Italy, and Sicily, instead of affording us supplies of one-and-a-half million quarters as usual, will be buyers themselves, and the three latter have prohibited already the exportation of corn. In the meanwhile, the returns of the Board of Trade continue most satisfactory, each month exceeding the corresponding one of the previous year in the amount and quantity of our exports.

We believe we may now congratulate the country upon the intention of Government to adopt a decimal coinage. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has pronounced favourably upon this measure, and strongly recommend its immediate adoption, taking the present pound, or sovereign, as the standard, and as offering a palpable facility for effecting the change with the least possible inconvenience to the public. The proposed system will abolish the present shilling, and copper coin, and substitute or retain, pounds, florins, cents, and mils; the latter being the present farthing, minus four per cent. of value, and constituting the thousandth part of the pound; the cent, ten mils; and the present florin, ten cents.

COLONIAL.

British America.—The accounts from our colonies is much more satisfactory than usual. In British America—if we except the riots at Montreal, which form an episode not uncommon with the "true church"—the colonists are steadily attending to that which most concerns them, their own business, and, consequently, both commerce and agriculture are in a flourishing condition, especially in the Upper Province, where the settlers are more exclusively British. The Clergy Reserves bill has given universal satisfaction, except to the clergy; and the extension of the railroad system, so as to combine the whole of the British possessions in North America, will tend more than any thing else to promote the prosperity, the enlightenment, and the union of the inhabitants of those important provinces.

At the Cape, the Caffre war being suspended,—we will not venture to say, ended—the colonists have a breathing time; and the bestowment of a constitution upon them, although a tardy act of justice, has greatly quieted their minds. There is, however, still a latent apprehension that the frontier farmers are very far from secure from the depredations of their old enemies; and it is with fear and trembling they again take possession of their homesteads. The proposed abandonment of the Orange River sovereignty, too, has given great umbrage to many.

Australia progresses in wealth at railroad speed; yet, with all the gold obtained, the amount of misery amongst the higher class of emigrants is very great. No person should go out thither

who has not been accustomed to manual labour of some kind or other. We are glad to find that the hearts of the fortunate settlers are opening to their suffering brethren, and that effectual means have been adopted for their relief. They must, however, learn to work, nor refuse to accept situations below their grade in life, if they continue in the colony. The way to climb a tree is to commence at the bottom.

British India is quiet, except in the Burmese territory; and even there a cessation of arms has given the British authorities time to consider whether any beneficial object can be gained by the continued occupation of the country. In the meantime, General Fever is mustering his forces, and we question whether our brave soldiers will not find him a far more formidable enemy than the Burmese.

In *Jamaica*, the affairs of government are at a stand-still—waiting to know what the Home Government intends to do. Sir C. Grey takes the affair very coolly, and intimates that the malcontent members of the House of Assembly may amuse themselves in the meanwhile. The measures adopted here, with a change of governor, will probably satisfy all parties; if, indeed, it be possible to satisfy the Jamaica planters in any way short of letting them "have their head."

FOREIGN.

France.—The Emperor (we will not call it "the Imperial") Government has been amusing the good people of the capital with a fête to relieve the fetters with which he has ornamented them. Thus, homœopathic doses of enjoyment are made to compensate the loss of that liberty which "gives the flower of life its fragrance and perfume," and without which we are "weeds." And France and Frenchmen are more than satisfied, and dance, and sing, and dress, as gaily to the clanking of their fetters as if they never knew the sweets of political liberty!

The cordial union of Louis Napoleon with the British Government, in mediating between the Sultan and the Czar, has certainly been more directly beneficial to France and England than to the Porte, which has been kept, by their diplomatic squandering of time, from making those preparations which the exigency of the question required; whilst, on the other hand, Russia has not for one moment relaxed her efforts to meet the worst that might happen. Is Louis Napoleon sincere in his conduct towards Turkey? This question has come upon us repeatedly, when we have reflected with what anxiety he has desired and sought the sanction of the Czar to his assumption of the empire. We wish, for the sake of humanity, that we could feel confidence in any one of his acts or professions where his interest is concerned; but his antecedents forbid it. Self-interest alone guides him; and other Governments, having no other guarantees of his line of conduct, should watch the indices with jealous vigilance.

Turkey.—The affairs of this country are of a very complicated character. The mediation of the Austrian Government has so far settled the controversy, that the Czar has accepted the note of the three great Powers, and is willing to receive the Turkish ambassador. But he still holds the principalities, and is, moreover, strengthening himself there, and, in fact, has usurped all the authority that belonged to the Sultan, and appropriated to himself the public revenue. He has, indeed, bamboozled both France and England, and may well treat them with diplomatic indignity. This northern irruption of the modern Goths and Vandals has an ominous appearance; and, notwithstanding the cheap rate at which the hon. member for the North Riding of Yorkshire holds the Russian power, we should consider it the heaviest judgment that could befal Southern and Western Europe for that power to obtain a permanent footing south of the Pruth, which would give it, in effect, the opportunity of interfering mischievously in any future European war.

There is, however, another important and interesting question that may arise in the progress of this affair. That the Mussulman power is destined to destruction before that of Christianity, we have no doubt. But in that event, will the nationality of the Greeks, who have now the nucleus of an empire, suffer their country and their individuality as a people to be swamped by the Czar and his hordes of barbarians? We have no room to enter further into this question; but the probability of the converse of this result affords us a glimpse of hope that the Vandalism of Russia will not be suffered to throw back indefinitely the progress of civilization in Eastern Europe.

China.—One of those marvellous events, which in setting all human calculations at defiance, strikingly illustrate the interference of Providence in the affairs of nations, is now rapidly changing the character, the policy, and the destiny of the Chinese empire. By the latest advices from thence it would appear that the downfal of the Tartar dynasty is all but a *fait accompli.* Nanking was in the hands of the "Revolutionists," —they are no longer termed "rebels,"—and the victorious Tae Pae, the "Prince of Peace," as he calls himself, having divided his army, was in full march, with one division, upon Peking, whilst the other was dispatched to Canton. The most extraordinary feature in this affair—next to the rapidity and ease with which it is prosecuted—is, the entire destruction of idols and idolatry wherever the assailants succeed, which in fact is everywhere; and that the warrant for this proceeding is the Bible! How the Chinese have become acquainted with this sacred volume to the extent of producing a revolution, is at present a profound mystery; but it opens a prospect of the future civilisation of the East almost overwhelming to contemplate.

This event will, in all probability, separate Cham Tartary and Thibet from the Chinese empire; and Russia is already speculating upon the opening that this will give her to an aggressive attempt on British India. She will, however, have to pass the *impassable* Himalayas before she can make any physical demonstrations; and will,

therefore, rather confine her operations to that wily diplomacy with which she is so familiar. How far she may succeed amongst the native tribes remains to be seen.

America.—Brother Jonathan is coming out rather strong upon the fishery question. A "venerable and respectable" gent, hight Alexander, earl of Stirling and Dovan, has, it seems, granted a lease of all the fishing grounds on the coasts of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, extending for some three thousand miles, etc., to an American company, at the head of which are "a distinguished statesman and an eminent banker of Washington!" And this claim is made in virtue of a grant from Charles I. to the first Earl of Stirling: but for which, being never able to avail himself of it, he received compensation; and the American papers have again sounded the tocsin, and declare that if this claim is contested, it will be tried in an American court; and in case of a verdict in favour of the earl, war is to be declared against England if she do not succumb! Very imposing, this! At what fence will American knavery and folly stop?

The accounts from California are satisfactory, the mining operations continuing to yield a good return of gold.

LITERATURE.

The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of the Church and State Connexion. By R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A. In two volumes. London: T. C. Newby, Welbeck-street. 1853.

THE author of these rather elaborate volumes has spared no pains, and must have devoted no inconsiderable fraction of his life, in the research necessary to enable him to enter upon his task, and in the labour of carrying it out. Savonarola has been regarded by some as a fanatic and an impostor; and by others as a disinterested enthusiast. One class have sought for the motives of his conduct in ambition; and the other in the purest spirit of Christianity, a sincere love to God and man. No two of his biographers appear to be thoroughly agreed as to his character, which has given rise to as much vituperation, as much eulogium, and as much ink-shed, as that of any monk who ever wore a cowl, with the exception perhaps of Martin Luther. He was the avant courier of the sturdy German Reformer, appearing upon the stage at a critical time, when thoughtful minds were beginning to perceive the corruptions of the Church, and when the infamous rapacity and luxury of the Court of Rome had almost risen to their greatest height; when, to use the author's words, "the connexion with the State had poisoned the pure atmosphere of the truth, and everything in ecclesiastical government was contaminated by it." His life was a continual testimony against existing abuses and offences; all his endeavours were obviously directed towards their reform, and he fell a sacrifice to his ardent desire to restore the Church which he loved to the condition of her primitive humility and simplicity. That Savonarola was an eminently great man, Protestants in the present day are not inclined to doubt; and no one who carefully peruses these volumes will marvel much at the affection with which his memory is cherished among religious reformers. Still, in tracing his career, even as it is here recorded by the almost idolizing pen of Mr. Madden, one cannot but feel a regret that the uncompromising integrity which marked his character was not united with a spice of gentlemanly urbanity and courtesy, which is as much a Christian grace as any one of the virtues. Why he should have practised a studied affront towards Lorenzo the Magnificent, have rebutted the advances, and rejected the intimacy of a man to whom he might have proved a benefactor, and of whom he might have made a benefactor to the Church and to the people—is not very evident, and scarcely to be justified on the score of good manners; and his conduct in the death-chamber of Lorenzo, whither he had been unwillingly dragged, is, to say the best of it, not admirable. He has been accused of ambition, because he sought to make of the Florentine republic a theocracy; but the accusation will not lie, since nothing is more plain throughout his history, than his exceeding contempt of riches, displayed in what might justly be termed a passion for poverty. When, having saved Florence from probable sack by his interference with the French king, he was called to assist in the formation of a new government, he gave sufficient evidence of the character of his ambition by the measures he recommended. He established a popular code, which he borrowed in the main from Thomas Aquinas, and which, while it conferred privileges on the poor they were not prepared to appreciate, affronted the monied class, and made them his determined enemies. The usurers hated him naturally enough, because his intermeddling had reduced the value of money from ten or twelve to two per cent.; and the Franciscans did the same, because he was the favourite of the people. Over them the power of his eloquence must have been such as is totally unparalleled in our day. In 1495 and 1496,

A complete revolution was effected in the manners and morals of the people of Florence. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, gave edifying proofs of the wonderful power of the reforming friar of San Marco. Every Sabbath and festival-day the church was thronged, as it usually was on Easter Sunday, not with persons merely coming to hear mass, but with devout communicants. It

was astonishing the numbers that frequented the sacraments; the confessionals were surrounded daily by penitents. The most surprising change had taken place that had ever occurred in the memory of man. The amount of the restitution of money that had been wrongfully acquired was enormous. Vast sums of money were advanced by opulent people, to send to foreign countries for grain, of which there was a dearth at this period; and the supply thus obtained was disposed of at a moderate price to the poor. Money was also lent to a very large extent to the industrious poor by the rich, free of interest, which had never been done previously, except on a very small scale, by some charitable persons.

At the solicitation of this extraordinary man, the people of Florence gave up in vast quantities books and pictures prejudicial to morality, and objects of luxury deemed incentives to voluptuousness. "Savonarola," says an historian of the time,

Had a large platform erected on the Piazza dei Signori, with a kind of pagoda, of a pyramidal form, fitted up with shelves or steps; on these were deposited all the objects of vanity and of licentiousness which had been collected. In the centre were placed various combustible materials. On one of the lower shelves were placed tapestries with indecent figures. On another, portraits of female and nude figures, and other representations that were deemed objectionable, though executed by artists of great eminence. On another shelf were placed cards, dice, and such like things used in gaming. Then on another were laid various instruments of music—cymbals, lutes, and guitars. Then, on another shelf, were placed a variety of female ornaments, perfumes, and cosmetics. The works of licentious writers, and especially of poets like Morganti, occupied another shelf. There was an abundant supply also of masks, false hair, theatrical and carnival dresses, and mummeries of various kinds. But there were objects likewise in the collection of vanities of great value in ivory and alabaster, for which a merchant had in vain offered twenty thousand crowns to the Signori. Amidst the ringing of bells, the sounds of music, the shouts of a multitude of young people, especially, exulting at the spectacle, in a state of enthusiasm almost indescribable, the pyramidal pagoda of vanities was set on fire, and nothing was left of them in a few minutes but ashes.

In his design of restoring the ancient purity of the Church, Savonarola suffered no considerations of personal safety to stand in his way. He denounced the monster, Alexander the Sixth, as a false pontiff, and wrote letters to the European sovereigns imploring them to convoke a general council, with a view to the reform of the Papal Court. Some of these letters were intercepted; and, in revenge, Alexander excommunicated the prior of San Marco. It was in vain the latter pronounced the censures of the Pope as null and void. His popularity declined beneath the anathemas of the Holy See and the intrigues of his enemies the Franciscans. The judges offered him the trial of ordeal by fire, but apparently with no intention that such a trial should take place; and though piles were erected, and all Florence assembled to witness the solemn spectacle, no such spectacle was exhibited. The populace, exasperated by the disappointment, attacked the convent of San Marco, where, after a courageous defence by the monks and a few laymen assembled to protect them, Savonarola was taken prisoner, and with his two friends, Fra Dominico and Fra Sylvestro, led off to a dungeon. Though he feared not death, he had not strength of nerve to resist the torture; and, under its influence, made admissions which he denied when released from the rack. The three were condemned to death; and though at their execution they met with every conceivable species of ignominy and insult, they met the fate allotted them with the dignity of martyrs and the calm fearlessness of innocence.

It is nothing extraordinary that during his life Savonarola should have been accounted by his friends and admirers as a saint, a prophet, and perhaps something more. While his enemies stigmatised him as an impostor, it might be expected that his adherents would regard and proclaim him as a special messenger from God. But it is somewhat startling to find a reforming historian in the middle of the nineteenth century asserting, or at least countenancing, his claims to prophetic inspiration, and gravely recording certain absurd, but alleged miraculous events in support of them. That Savonarola believed in his own predictions may be true; but there is no evidence to show that he ever foretold anything beyond the stretch of mere human sagacity to predict, or that what he really did foretell was literally accomplished. As for the nonsense contained in the following extract, we can only say that such things are more calculated to throw discredit on the character and mission of Savonarola than the slanders of fifty such writers as Bayle, and all the detractions of the good monk's cotemporaries:—

Burlamachi states, that while Savonarola was in prison, he was observed once, while in prayer, raised from the ground, and was seen distinctly suspended in the air for some short period, still apparently absorbed in prayer. But it is not stated by whom this marvellous spectacle was seen, or by whom it was first reported and made public. To any one conversant with the lives of the saints, it will be well known that similar phenomena are recorded in numerous instances, and that the evidence on which some of them rest, is as reliable as any human testimony can be, in confirmation of any occurrence whatsoever that passes under the observation of persons deserving of credit. The fact is *authentically attested* (!) of St. Ignatius of Loyola, &c. &c. &c.

Dismissing from our minds such rubbish as this, upon which it is humiliating to dwell, and of which there is all too much in these volumes, we turn with pleasure to the author's expression of sentiments in which we can cordially unite. We might challenge the combined intellect of the whole bench of bishops to invalidate a single proposition of the following paragraph:—

It seems to be generally felt by the Christian world, that religion has been too long and too closely connected with the State; that it has been protected by it principally and primarily for political purposes; and that the protection it has afforded has not been beneficial to religion, to morality, or even to the civil rights of the people of any country where the Church has been thus connected and enslaved. There is evidence, in fact, forced on us in every direction, that Christianity revolts at the results of that connexion, and will not endure a continuation of the evil. Nothing is found to have accrued from it calculated to advance the interests of humanity, to spiritualize and to elevate men in the scale of beings destined for immortality, and intended here for progressive amelioration in their condition, moral and intel-

lectual. . . . . A feeling generally prevails in the minds of all thinking persons, though it does not frequently find expression in our political or polemical literature, that the influences of mammon over mind and spirit in these latter times are becoming too potent for mere secular education to counteract; that the idolatry of wealth is producing a demoralizing influence on society, shutting out all that is ennobling in religion from man's view, chaining down all energies of the mind and body to the promotion of mere material interests, introducing a black heathenism into the heart of civilization, associating all forces for the concentration of capital in the hands of a monied aristocracy, and for repressing all liberties that are not favourable to the interests and objects of the worshippers of mammon. A strong conviction has come on the minds of vast numbers of reflecting people, that no other antagonist can be brought against this enormous power than that of religion, unconnected with the State and uncontaminated by it. It will not do for the members of one church to proclaim this doctrine for the repression of the injustice of another, which is exercised at their expense, while they are content themselves to have their own ecclesiastical system peculiarly favoured, protected, and exclusively endowed, by a civil government. If the doctrine be good in the case of any one particular church, of the necessity for the independence of religion, the separation of the clergy from political cares, from state influences, and pecuniary obligations to governments, the support of all churches to the voluntary contributions of those who belong to them, and the full and unfettered right of every church to carry out its own ecclesiastical government without any interference of the civil power,—then it is desirable that the doctrine should be adopted by all churches. The interests of religion, rightly understood, and those of liberty and of civilization, are identical. The government of the Church, and the administration of the civil power, are separate concerns, with separate duties and responsibilities. The highest crime against God, we are told by theologians, is that of simony. The greatest punishment of that sin, it would appear from history, ... is the corruption of the ministers of religion. And the greatest evil that can arise from tyrannical government is, the aid which abused temporal power derives from corrupted spiritual authority in alliance with the State.

These be undeniable truths, and we have given them thus at length, because Mr. Madden's book has been written to enforce and illustrate them by the example of times long past. He need not have gone so far a-field as he has done for evidence to prove their value; it obtrudes itself upon us on all sides, meets us whichever way we turn, and assaults our consciousness in our churches, our houses, our individual acts. But we are thankful, nevertheless, for the strenuous advocacy of the truth which these volumes contain, which, in setting forth the manful struggle of a great Christian hero with the vicious luxury and licentiousness of his age, teach us why that struggle failed, and point out the predominating influences which obstruct the progress of true religion among mankind.

Twenty Years in the Philippines. By Paul de la Gironière. Translated by Frederick Hardman. (Travellers' Library.) London: Longman and Co. 1853.

These adventures in the Philippines have been so freely dealt with by Reviews and Magazines of all dimensions and pretensions, and so thoroughly gutted of their contents by way of extract by our contemporaries, that little is left for us to say concerning them, and positively nothing to select which has not already been quoted by those who have gone before us. How Doctor Pablo escaped the massacre at Manilla,—how he set up as a surgeon and oculist, and made a fortune among the natives and settlers,—how he married a marchioness, and growing tired of the practice of physic bought the promontory of Jala Jala, and began reforming robbers and bandits, knocking down buffaloes, angling for caymans, snaring boa-constrictors, and exploring the haunts of savages and cannibals,—how courageous his companions are, and how intensely brave he is himself—with fifty things besides, the journal-reading public already knows. We have only further to inform them that here, in a one shilling volume, cleverly translated and conveniently curtailed of irrelevant matter, they have the whole of the marvellous history, unquestionably true in the main, but told with a rather questionable, melo-dramatic kind of modesty very amusing and very French. For the benefit of our lady readers we shall venture upon one brief extract regarding the marriage customs of the Ajetas, a race of degraded savages, whom the author compares to orang-outangs, but who in this instance at least are not so far beneath their civilized brethren.

When a young man has made his choice, his friends or parents make the proposal for the girl, a proposal which, under no circumstances, is met by a refusal. A day is then fixed, upon the morning of which, before sunrise, the young girl is sent into the forest. There she hides herself, or the contrary, according as she is or is not disposed to accept her suitor, who, an hour later, is sent in her pursuit. If he be so fortunate as to discover her and to take her back to her parents before sunset, the marriage is consummated, and she is his wife for ever; if, upon the other hand, he returns to camp without her, he cannot again seek her hand.

M. de la Gironière lost his charming wife, and returned to France, where he might have remained in obscurity, but for the fear of being exhibited as a phantom in one of M. Dumas's works of fiction. Such at least is the reason he gives for favouring the world with these most interesting and astounding adventures.

The Angler's Complete Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of England. By Robert Blakey, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

This little volume contains a variety of information useful to the angler; the accounts given of the more northern lakes and streams of England may, we think, be relied upon; but it is evident that the author has taken much upon hearsay, and has not himself fished all the streams whose merits and demerits he takes upon him to rehearse. We will cite the Lower Avon as a specimen of blundering. In page 41 it is described as rising near Wootton Basset, passing Bath and Bristol, falling into the British Channel, and abounding in salmon and trout. In page 132 it is confounded with the Warwickshire Avon, is said to enter Somersetshire a little below Bradford, to be navigable thence to Bath, receiving the waters of the

Frome and Midford Brook above the city, &c. Now the facts are, that there are no salmon in the Avon of Somersetshire, and very few trout, though the brooks which feed it abound with them, the best being Box Brook, which our author does not mention, while he does mention Midford Brook, which does not extend to the Avon, and he leaves unmentioned a score of other streams with which every Somersetshire angler is acquainted. Again, the Avon from Bradford to Bath is *not* navigable —a navigable canal running by the side of it and crossing it upon an aqueduct at Dundas; and precisely because it is not navigable it is the favourite resort of anglers during the season. The Avon is a thick dirty stream, in which the salmon would not live, and the trout never venture far, being always caught, when caught in the river, at or near the embouchure of a brook. It abounds in pike, chub, roach, dace, perch, gudgeons, bleak, and eels, with a few lampreys; and beyond these has no other fish, save an occasional stray trout and shoals of minnows. The navigati n of the Avon extends from Bristol no farther than the city of Bath, where it is stopped by a weir, the barges bound for London here entering the Kennet and Avon Canal.

The Napoleon Dynasty. By THE BERKELEY MEN AND ANOTHER. *From Charles Bonaparte to Napoleon II.*, by THE BERKELEY MEN: *Louis Napoleon*, by F. GREENWOOD. Illustrated with Twenty-two Portraits. London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co. 1853.

THE "Napoleon Dynasty," by the Berkeley Men, is an English reprint of an American work, which has deservedly obtained popularity on the other side of the Atlantic. In furnishing us with authentic personal memoirs of the Bonaparte family, it supplies a desideratum which all readers of modern history must have felt more or less. The facts here recorded appear to have been compiled with industry and sifted with care: that they are of intense interest need scarcely be said, inasmuch as they touch upon the leading political events of Europe during the career of the first Napoleon, and reveal to us many of the secret sources of his most extraordinary acts. The work is written in a clear and pleasant style, and, for the most part, in a candid and unprejudiced spirit.

Mr. Greenwood's share in this volume, though but comparatively small, is a very different and much more difficult undertaking than that of the biographers of Napoleon's family. The present Emperor of the French is a mystery and a riddle, whom many an Œdipus has endeavoured in vain to solve. There have been a multitude of bold and lucky or unlucky guesses from time to time —not very much to the purpose, as every day's experience tends more and more to show. Mr. Greenwood has not much respect for guessing, but sets about the solution of the problem much in the same way as Mr. Hobbs goes to work with a Bramah lock, picking out the heart of the mystery by cautious and gradual steps, and evolving at length what we conceive to be something as near to the moral *vera effigies* of the half-man, half-monster, at present upon the French throne, as, under present circumstances, it is possible to arrive at, by the mere process of induction, no other process being available. The result is not very complimentary to the self-made monarch, to whom the volume is dedicated—whether with or without permission the proprietors do not tell us. This portion of the work—be it said without any disparagement to the Berkeley Men—is by far the most clever, as it is, at the present period, also, the most interesting to the English reader. The volume is handsomely got up, and we can safely commend it as a worthy addition to the historical library.

Social and Political Morality. By WILLIAM LOVETT. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1853.

WE have read no work on this subject, and we have read a great many, which we feel more strongly disposed to recommend to our readers, and to those especially whose opinions are yet to form, than this valuable treatise of Mr. Lovett's. It is evidently the result of much careful reading and serious and manly thought; is simple in style, terse in expression, and, without a grain of the dust of metaphysics about it, is full of sound philosophy and practical good common-sense. No man or woman either shall read it without feeling that he or she ought at least to be both wiser and better for it—and no young student who takes it up, will lay it down without a sentiment of gratitude towards its author. We give the following as a sample of the outspoken manner in which social errors and vices are tried by the tests of truth and goodness. Having spoken of the demoralizing and degrading effect of the allowed practice of falsehood in connection with some of our habitual customs, the author goes on—

> Of a like degrading tendency are some of our legal forms and customs. Such as cautioning criminals not to convict themselves, and directing them to plead "not guilty," when their criminality is notorious; of swearing witnesses to speak the truth, as if an oath would prevent the dishonest from lying, or increase the veracity of those to whom the truth is habitual; of permitting advocates to weave a tissue of falsehoods in support of crime, and to mystify and perplex all those who are seeking to detect it. All such practices, as well as all kinds of oaths and legal protestations, tend to undermine the conscientious respect for truth, to hold out inducements to crime, and to create an opinion among the ignorant that lies are not criminal, unless the name of God is invoked; which accounts for its being so constantly blended with their conversational affirmations. From the acts and customs also of priests and princes, it would seem as though they thought lying and disloyalty habitual to man; or else, wherefore the frequent use of oaths and forms to test his sincerity? Forms proved to be as useless as they are morally mischievous, as we see them constantly broken by both priest and princes; and as often renewed, as those in authority deem it to be their worldly interest to make a mockery of heaven. When our bribery oaths are found efficacious in preventing the return of the briber, our parliamentary oaths in keeping out corrupt and unworthy members, and our university oaths in keeping the Church pure and undefiled, the people may then begin to see some virtue in them; but seeing how they all fail in these particulars, they are apt to regard them as imposing but useless shams.

Every Englishman knows that the allegations contained in the above extract are substantially true; but we have been so long accustomed to look such enormities in the face that we have lost the consciousness of their moral deformity, and we suffer the social evils they produce, wondering the while at the sources whence they spring. Many will, perhaps, regard such a state of society as our author's work shadows forth as a mere Utopia—so much the worse for them: there is nothing unreasonable, and, therefore, nothing which ought to be unattainable in the moral code which he has drawn up for general acceptance. We commend its provisions to the universal consideration.

Christine Van Amberg: a Tale, by the Countess D'Arbouville. Translated from the French, by M. B. Field, M.A. London: T. Bosworth. 1853.

The heroine of this story is confined in a convent against her will, and after enduring years of misery and despair, finds a dreary refuge in such consolations as the religious observances of a convent can afford. When at length escape is open to her, she no longer cares to accept it, having become dead to the world and apathetic to all its claims, even to those of her accepted lover. Here is no slander against nunneries, or a single unkind word against the system that organizes and sustains them; the sole object of the authoress appears to be that of showing the natural and inevitable effect of a life devoted to seclusion and the practice of religious ceremonies upon the pliable and sensitive minds of young females. The tale is essentially melancholy and deplorable—and for that reason, perhaps, will be a favourite with a certain class of readers.

The Spectator. With a Biographical and Critical Preface, and Explanatory Notes. Part I. London: T. Bosworth. 1853.

Our old friend the "Spectator" here appears in a new dress, and in a neat and portable form, and accompanied with notes which at this distance of time are necessary to enable the unlettered reader to understand various allusions to matters and customs now become obsolete. No man to whom literature is a delight should be without a copy of this work, and to those who do not possess it, the issue of the present cheap edition affords an opportunity of filling up a chasm in their bookshelves.

Milton's Poetical Works. With Life, Critical Dissertations, and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. In two volumes. Edinburgh: James Nicholl. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1853.

These volumes form part of a new series of the "British Poets" publishing by Mr. Nicholl in the form of substantial and elegant library volumes, at a price less than one-third of that which the public have been accustomed to pay for tomes of such goodly port and quality. Paper, print, and binding are all excellent—the type large and clear. The text is enriched, not overloaded, with notes explanatory of allusions classical, geographical, and other, not otherwise intelligible to the general reader. The life of Milton by Mr. Gilfillan, like all the biographical pictures of that gentleman, is, in spite of the scanty materials at his command, a masterly and manful outline: more it was impossible to make it, and much more than is here told the world will never know of the personal history of John Milton. No new facts that we are aware of are adduced; but all that can be relied upon as authentic is collated and preserved, while certain very apocryphal anecdotes current among the admirers of the great poet are wisely omitted. The critical estimate prefixed to the second volume contains an admirable and eloquent analysis of the mind and genius of the bard who was "before all ages,"—and from this valuable and finished essay we shall take one or two extracts, to show the reader how well and worthily the author of "The Bards of the Bible" plays the part of herald to another bard kindred with them, and scarce less august and sublime than they. The following is a suggestive summing-up of Milton's intellectual character:

> Milton was not a bright fragment, with yawning edges and fluctuating lustre; he was, in a minor sense, a "Whole One." Gifted originally with all natural capacities,—the reasoning and the imaginative, the creative and the mechanical, the mathematical and the musical—he gave them the highest culture possible in his age; he sustained and inspirited their operations by the exercise and careful management of a fine bodily constitution; and he baptized them in the streams of Divine Truth and of gospel morality—in
>
> "Siloa's brook that flows
> Fast by the oracle of God."
>
> The result was not a monster of mingled power and weakness, wisdom and folly, such as we find in a Julius Cæsar, a Mirabeau, a Voltaire, or a Napoleon, but a thoroughly finished and compactly-built man—with strength and symmetry equal to each other—with head and heart bound together by the band of worship,—truly what Cæsar was falsely called, "the foremost man of all the world,"—only, shall we say, "a little lower than the angels," or than those surpassing mortals, who, in the days of the past, met with angels, or saw the great I AM himself, and became their similitudes on earth, and their oracles to men. And what if this Whole One did feel himself a stranger and a pilgrim—did look wishfully to the far-off heavens,—did wear supernal scorn at times upon his lip, and say, "I do well to be angry even unto death!"—it was the necessity of his nature, and one of the few things which proved him not to be divine.

The next extract is from his biographer's estimate of Milton's dramatic power.

> Milton, it has been believed by many, began the *Paradise Lost* in a dramatic form; had he completed it as a drama, it had become a tragedy surpassing any single play in Æschylus or Shakspere—it would have necessarily avoided the prose and platitudes which are found in the present epic—it would have combined the rugged force of the *Agonistes* with a far richer, more imaginative and passionate treatment, and would have stood more conspicuously and colossally alone among the dramas than it does now among the epics of the world. There are many still who mate the *Iliad* and the *Divina Commedia* with the *Paradise Lost;* but there would, we think,

have been none to compare the *Prometheus Vinctus*, or the *Macbeth*, to the "Fall of Man," by Milton, had he executed his purpose as he could have done. We do not mean to say that his native genius was superior or equal to that of Shakspere and Æschylus, but merely that his blended art, genius, learning, and religion would have constructed a greater separate dramatic structure than any they have left—a drama combining the severity and loftiness of the old Grecian model, with much of the subtlety, variety, and brilliance of the Shaksperian play.

On the subject of plagiarism alleged against Milton by some of his critics, Mr. Gilfillan thus speaks:

As the Messiah in his progress snatched up his fallen foes, and drove them before him like leaves in the blast, Milton, in the whirlwind of his inspiration, snatches up words, allusions, images from Homer, Hesiod, and the word of God, and bears them in triumph and in terror on—and as soon call a tornado a plagiarist of the forest it tears up in the fury of its power, as the poet. . . . . . Milton was too rich to require to steal; and although he often imitates he always improves, and never commits base and palpable theft. If, indeed, to follow faithfully in one's own way a signal given by another—to finish in an unexpected and independent style the torso of another artist—to deliver by a masterly stroke, the Minerva struggling in the brain of another god—to light a torch fairly and openly at the sun—to change a mass of dead fuel into a quick flame—to snatch in the keen and desperate *melée* an axe from the next yeoman, and deal blows therewith—to draw from other wells with a golden pitcher, which shall hallow and beautify whatever it brings up,—if this be a thief, then let us call Milton one, nay, the prince—the god—the Mercury of thieves.

We cannot forbear one more extract. It is a passage characteristically illustrative of the *Samson Agonistes*, which everybody reads so often, and ever with fresh delight.

This drama (says Mr. G.) accomplishes great effects by a very small apparent expenditure of means. Even as the hero has his limbs fettered, has Milton cramped himself with Aristotelian unities. Samson, however, says,

"My heel's are fettered, but my fist is free."

And so Milton's genius asserts itself, in spite of the unities. If shaven of his giant locks, they have yet, like the Danite's begun to grow. There is no luxuriance in this poem; it is throughout severe, sculptural, and stands up before you like a statue, bloodless and blind. A deep gloom hangs over its story, and the peevishness of its hero is only compensated by his power. Samson is Milton in a hard Hebrew form. The fair vesture of youth and hope is for ever gone from his limbs, the hair of his head is shorn, he is clad in "filthy garments," forsaken, blind, carelessly diffused; but his courage, pride, patriotism, and devotion are still extant, and ready to re-assert themselves once more to avenge the loss of his two eyes. His hand has few flowers in it; it strains rather at the pillars, and uses them as the instruments of its terrible concentrated force. His spirit is that of Abimelech, when he cried to his armour-bearer, "Say not a woman slew me." Samson must die, with a city of enemies dragged down to death above him, and give to suicide for once a patriotic dignity, and a sacramental consecration. The scenes with Delilah and Harapah are amazingly spirited and dramatic, although coarser in style than Milton's wont. The choruses rise sometimes to Grecian grandeur of lyric thought, and sink more frequently into Grecian intricacy of measure. Altogether, you believe with trembling in the power of the poem. It is no Hymettus humming with bees, and blushing with flowers; it is a Sinai, bared in the wrath of heaven, hanging over your head, and threatening to crush wonder out of you, rather than to awaken warm and willing admiration.

The above extracts, more than anything we could say, will commend these volumes, and the series of which they form a part, to the good opinion of the reader. As a cheap and excellent library edition of the "British Poets," they will prove acceptable to a very numerous class; and, under the management of their present able editor, we cannot harbour a doubt of their success with the public.

The Industrial Movement in Ireland, as illustrated by the National Exhibition of 1852. By John Francis Maguire, M.P., Mayor of Cork. Cork: J. O'Brien. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Dublin: J. M'Glashan. 1853.

As the historian of the Cork Exhibition, which, though it excited but comparatively little attention in England, was fruitful of good results for Ireland, Mr. Maguire has bestowed a good share of labour in preparing this memorial of an exploit of which Irishmen have reason to be proud. For the faults of his book, which, though not few, are chiefly those inevitable upon hastiness of composition, he gives a sufficient apology by setting forth the multiplicity of his duties as a magistrate and a member of Parliament. He has, in fact, been in too great a hurry to study brevity, and we have consequently a volume one-third larger than there was any necessity for. But in spite of the natural dryness of the subject he has found means of making it amusing, and in some measure atoned for the length by the occasional sprightliness of his pages. The work contains a mass of useful and, in some respects, not a little curious information upon matters connected with Irish industry, which, we are happy to learn from him, shows unequivocal symptoms of reviving energy. In the wish to do justice to his countrymen exhibiting, he has dwelt at too great length upon the catalogue of their productions and performances, relieving it, however, occasionally by the explosion of a joke by way of seasoning. One exhibitor, for instance, sends in a barrel of ale, and the author finds it difficult to define the character of the liquor from the contemplation of the cask. Another exhibits hair-brushes, and he recommends gentlemen who have the luck to be bald, to buy a wig of Messrs. Madden and Black, that they may have the pleasure of proving their merits. From this it will be perceived that the dignity of authorship sits very easy upon his shoulders; but if he plays thus pleasantly with his subject, he is too good a judge to neglect any part of it, or slur over its details—and if he makes an omission in one place, compensates for it in another. In the arrangement of his subjects he appears to have followed the whim of the moment, and no settled plan—thus fishing-tackle and guns go together because both are used by sportsmen; and brushes, combs, pins, blacking, and perukes are in juxtaposition, because all are for toilet service. This would not have signified much, had the index been prepared alphabetically; but as that is on the same

plan as the text, the reader must put up with some trouble in finding what he wants. Nearly a hundred pages are taken up with the Female Industrial Movement; and to this part of the work, as to a most interesting and valuable record, we would direct the attention of the reader. The supplementary chapters on the Flax and Beet-root Sugar Manufactures are also well worthy of careful consideration by the English capitalist. We are not ashamed to confess that we have learned more concerning the resources of Ireland from this hasty and rather rambling production than we were aware we had yet to learn.

The Darkness and the Dawn in India: Two Missionary Discourses. By Narayan Sheshadri and John Wilson, D.D., F.R.S. Edinburgh: W. Whyte and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

The first of these discourses sets forth the spiritual darkness of India by exposing the absurdities of the Brahminical worship; the second illustrates the dawn of spiritual light by recounting what has been done for the christianization of India through the means of missionary labours. The first is the production of a native convert, the second of a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland. Both contain facts of much interest to the religious public, accompanied with reflections and exhortations corresponding with their importance. We trust their publication may serve to enhance the funds of the Missionary Society of the Free Church, in whose behalf they were delivered.

Arundines Devæ; or Poetical Translations on a New Principle. By a Scotch Physician. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Aberdeen: D. Wyllie and Son. 1853.

The new principle upon which "a Scotch physician" translates eight of the Odes of Horace will be best defined in his own words:—"It has been my aim," he says, "to produce such lyric poems as I conceive Horace himself would have produced if the English language of the present day had been the language of imperial Rome at the time he lived. In a word, I profess to give not only the exact sense, but also the manner, the spirit, and, to some extent, the numbers of the original; while I have also aimed at giving my performances the freedom and ease of native compositions in our own language." There can be no question but this ought to be the object of every translator; but the difficulty — the supposed impossibility of effecting it, has led to all manner of paraphrases and perversions which under the name of translations have misrepresented to modern readers the works of ancient authors. We are inclined to think that our physician has succeeded in a very remarkable degree in showing the possibility at least of faithful rendering in all cases. We shall quote, as an example, a most familiar ode, which it appears to us has undergone the smallest possible transformation in assuming an English garb:—

Ode 14 — Book II. To Postumus.

O Postumus! O Postumus!
Alas! the fleeting years to us
Glide on, nor piety can stay
The approach of wrinkled age, or matchless death delay;
Nor can three hundred bulls atone,
My friend, each day that passeth on,
Stern Pluto, who within his stream
Doth Tityus confine, and Giryon's triple frame;—
Sad stream! that must be ferried o'er
By all that feed upon the store
Of Earth, whate'er our lot ordains,
Whether we shall be kings, or live as abject swains.
Though bloody war we cease to brave,
And the hoarse Adria's shattered wave,
'Tis all in vain, and fraught with death;
In autumn we shall shun in vain Sirocco's breath;
By dark Cocytos' languid tide
Of wandering waves we must reside,
With Danaus, thine offspring vile,
And Sisyphus condemned to everlasting toil.
Your land, and home, and lovely spouse,
You must forego; save cypress boughs
Detested, of the trees ye rear,
Shall no one then attend their short-lived master's bier.
A fitter heir will quickly drain
Your Cœcuban secured in vain
By hundred keys, with better wine
Shall your proud pavement stain, than as when pontiffs dine.

In addition to the English translations of Horace we have also a new Latin version of Grey's "Elegy," some of the stanzas of which are peculiarly happy. The work is dedicated to the Earl of Aberdeen in an elegant Latin sonnet.

Curiosities of Modern Shaksperian Criticism. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. London: John Russell Smith. 1853.

The objections here urged against the criticism of the *Athenæum* upon Mr. Halliwell's edition of Shakspere appear to be well-founded, and this gentleman vindicates his judgment and knowledge of the great dramatist very successfully from the aspersions of the reviewer. The attack upon Mr. Halliwell would appear to be a natural sequence of the support which the *Athenæum* has latterly thought fit to afford to the greatest literary blunder of the present century,—the publication by Mr. P. Collier of a supposed corrected edition of Shakspere discovered by him, and which is nothing more than the private copy of some shallow mooncalf who, wanting brains to understand what was written, altered it to the level of his capacity—who tampered with Shakspere, as men are yet found tampering with Milton, to make him intelligible to themselves. In an unguarded moment, the *Athenæum* declared that these alterations "recommend themselves to adoption by that surest of all criticisms, the judgment of common sense,"—and having so said, must of course stick to it. The common sense, however, of those who knew anything of Shakspere found itself insulted by the disgraceful stupidities endeavoured to be palmed upon them—and there has been no lack of advocates to vindicate the purity of the ancient text. A very pretty quarrel has arisen, in which, however, we have no inclination to mingle. The pamphlet before us is one

of the missiles flying about in the fray, and might be appropriately labelled, in the language of Osric, in "Hamlet,"—"a hit, a very palpable hit."

Outlines of Mental and Moral Science: an Introduction to the Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics of Colleges and Universities, &c. &c. By DAVID STUART, D.D. Second Edition, enlarged. Dublin: J. M'Glashan. London: W. and S. Orr. Edinburgh: J. Menzies. 1853.

WE can commend this little manual of Mental and Moral Science to all desirous of commencing the study of the difficult and important subjects of which it treats, as a truly valuable and masterly performance. It has been the object of the author to impart a knowledge of the first principles of the Science of Mind and Morals, and this he has accomplished in a manner so attractive and graceful, as can hardly fail to induce many who shall have mastered these Outlines under the direction of preceptors or parents, to fill them up by a spontaneous application to the larger works enumerated in his critical catalogue. With Dr. Stuart, philosophy and religion go hand in hand, and the highest wisdom is the Word of God.

Stray Leaves from Shady Places. By Mrs. NEWTON CROSSLAND. London: G. Routledge and Co., Farringdon-street. 1853.

STRAY LEAVES are a series of tales, domestic and adventurous, by the authoress of "Lydia—a Woman's Book." There is a shadow of melancholy over them all, not without a few gleams of sunshine at eventide, when the shadiest place is lighted up with the promise of a bright morrow. The first of these sketches, "Gold, or the Half Brothers," is the best story, the most ingenious, natural, and probable, and for that reason, perhaps, is told in the least artificial and most forcible manner. "Geraldine" presents us with several exquisite pictures, but too many of them are forced and out of nature. In her anxiety to exalt woman, the writer unnecessarily distorts and debases man. Lionel Weymouth is an impossibility—a libel upon manliness and upon himself; and Geraldine loses dignity by winning him at last. Mrs. Crossland can write nothing that is not well worth reading, and fraught with instruction of some kind or other. Her sex will be wiser and better for the perusal of her books, as every page of them is written with a definite purpose; but in some of these shorter stories there are strange deviations from the dry facts of everyday life, hardly calculated to be of much service to woman or man either. Thus, one lady is described as rescuing her husband from embarrassment by earning twenty guineas a week by hair-dressing! If such a thing is practicable, of course the more widely it is known the better, but we never heard of such a thing before. Again, a young shopkeeper in a new neighbourhood saves money enough in a year to buy his neighbour's house! The invention of such brilliant fallacies always mars the application of a story, because they have a tendency to lead people to look for miracles to help them out of the mire. With the exception of some few blemishes of this description, these tales are excellent in their execution, as they are really admirable in design.

Agricultural Labourers as they were, are, and should be in their Social Condition. By the Rev. H. STUART, A.M. Blackwood and Sons. 1853.

IN this address, delivered before a general meeting of the Forfarshire Agricultural Association, in June last, the whole question of the treatment of agricultural labourers, their habitations, their social, moral, and domestic standing, as connected with their relation to employers, is gone into in a thorough, vigorous, and practical manner. The Bothy and Bondager systems are fairly discussed and their impolicy exposed: the substitution of the loom for the cow, and the consequent debasement of the married labourer's condition, is shown to be as unprofitable to the farmer as it is discomforting and ruinous to the labourer. The duty of property, as well as its rights, is zealously enforced by the best of all arguments, inasmuch as the farmer is led to see that his own interests are bound up with those of the individuals he employs, and that if he would have effective service, it must come from men not morally degraded or abandoned to domestic misery. There may be much in the reasoning of the author, who advocates the claim of the poor Scottish labourer, which is offensive to the disciples of *laisser faire;* but in such a case we care little for that; a great social evil has to be remedied; and experience, as Mr. Stuart shows, has in many instances pointed out the way in which it may be done. We might, if it were necessary, point to many other examples coming within our own knowledge, where the well-judged liberality, or rather justice, of the employer towards the employed has resulted in augmenting the interest of capital. Let the Scotch farmer accept this "address" as the exponent of his soundest policy.

Schools and other Similar Institutions for the Industrial Classes, &c. By the Rev. R. DAWES, M.A., Dean of Hereford. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1853.

THIS pamphlet is the substance of a lecture read before the Society of Arts, in April last. It gives a concise history of the foundation and working of the King's Somborne Schools, and of others in different parts of the country which have been established upon the Dean of Hereford's plan. It proves beyond a doubt the gratifying fact, that education, if it be really such, will, like everything else that is worth having, find its price in the market—and that those who undertake to dispense it, have only to administer the genuine article in order to secure encouragement. The King's Somborne Schools are self-supporting, because the education they afford is worth the money it costs; while many eleemosynary schools are declining, because the instruction they profess to impart is a mere delusion and not worth the

time lost in attending to receive it. The facts detailed in these few pages are worth whole volumes of theories, and ought to be well weighed at this particular epoch.

Sermons on some of the Trials, Duties, and Encouragements of the Christian Life. By the Rev. Charles Bradley. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and T. Hatchard. 1853.

It is very much the habit with a certain class of preachers and publishers of sermons just now, to wander away from the simple doctrines and plain language of which the Bible sets so forcible an example, and to envelop their meaning in poetic imagery or erudite forms of speech calculated to excite the imagination or tickle the ears of their auditors and readers. The author of these volumes follows a plan the very reverse of this—and, except in the use of a style remarkably chaste and correct, makes no exhibition of learning beyond a profound and intimate knowledge of scriptural truth and its applicability to the necessities of mankind. It is really refreshing, after a bout with the transcendental philosophy of one or other of the apostles of the new theologies, to sit down quietly and consent to be taught, in plain words, our plain duty, by one who, caring to teach nothing more, leads us back to the old paths and by the side of the still, clear waters, where the fruits of a Christian life best grow and flourish. These discourses are short, simple, and essentially practical. To those debarred from attending public worship, through distance or ill-health, they will prove a treasure, and will worthily fill a place in the library of any family where evangelical truth and sincerity are prized above oratorical display.

Thomson's Poetical Works. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: J. Nicholl. London: Nisbet and Co. Dublin: Robertson. 1853.

This volume is the third of Mr. Nicholl's new series of the "British Poets"—the first and second being the works of Milton, noticed above. Like them it is got up in an excellent and substantial manner, and prefaced with a most interesting biography and a good sample of discriminating criticism. Perhaps the editor's admiration of such a "fine fat fellow" as the author of the "Seasons" has slightly influenced his verdict with regard to his works. Thomson, in many respects the greatest poet since Milton, is at times more dismally dry and dull than he here gets credit for. Homer, it is said, sometimes nodded—but Thomson very often fell fast asleep.

Turkey and Christendom: an Historical Sketch of the Relations between the Ottoman Empire and the States of Europe. (Travellers' Library.) London: Longman and Co. 1853.

This work is a reprint, with additions, of an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1849. It is an able summary of European history, so far as that history is illustrative of the past and present position of the Turkish empire in relation to the European powers. Without some familiarity with the facts detailed in the commencement of this elaborate article, we can have no basis for forming a judgment upon the Eastern question, which is now the most important and all-engrossing topic of the day. At a very small expense of time and cash, the general reader may, by the aid of this pocket volume, put himself in possession of the whole facts of the case as it stands and has stood for centuries past; and if he lack the elements for forming a decided opinion, he will thank us for referring him to this essay as a guide.

Thomas à Becket, and other Poems. By Patrick Scott. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

We have had occasion ere now to speak in terms of admiration of the poetry of Mr. Scott. With a fine ear, a cultivated taste, great facility in metrical expression, and an extraordinary command of language, he can write nothing mean, or halting, or common-place. He is no lover of the stock and stereotyped subjects, of which young poets have made a common property from time immemorial—those established griefs and grievances, about which lackadaisical young ladies and maudlin youths, with turned-down collars and long hair, who are nothing if not melancholy and miserable, delight to sigh and groan to the music of crippled metres. He is a man of totally different stamp, who knows the world, and knows himself—and loves the beautiful and honours the good and true, and keeps a lash for folly and knavery, and knows how and when to use it. We parted with him last in the moon, where he had led us a very amusing dance—and are glad to shake hands with him again, occupied with a nobler theme, upon the broad platform of English history. The dramatic poem of Thomas à Becket is by far the most successful, as it is the boldest of Mr. Scott's performances. The plot is simple perhaps to a fault, deviating but little, beyond the attributing of jealousy as a motive to De Tracy, from actual fact. The assassination of Becket is not a subject for much imagery, and the poet has used that but sparingly, though at times with much force and felicity. The real strength of the poem lies in the true discernment of character and the intensity of language, which now with covert force, now with passionate vehemence, gives it its appropriate expression. We shall quote a part of a scene between Henry and the Cardinals of St. Nicholas and St. Peter's. After the hasty expressions of Henry, the assassins have started upon their bloody mission. The monarch suspects their purpose, and has dispatched peremptory orders for their return.

Henry. By the light of heaven,
Hath Henry none but traitors round his person?
Shall these, my own hired knaves, these common kestrils,
Swoop at a falcon? 'Tis a royal quarry,
To be struck fairly—ha! Lord Cardinals!
Rome, in her most considerate wisdom thinks,

That she, the head, rules best when most misrule
Pervades the members—'tis a gentle mother
To draw obedience from the children's quarrels,
Which her care lulls into a waking sleep!
This is your master's doing!

William. *Ours?* We've one;
Our Father, who's in heaven.

Henry. And wondrously
Ye honour the paternity!—'tis right!
Truly the Pope's a servant to the servants
Of—— Tush! hath England no more gold, my Lords,
That ye've no more devotion for its king?
Men, too, are mostly bribed to do what's wrong;
Yet I must buy you to my ranks to fight
Against an upstart priest, who would break down
The step on which he mounted—who would stop,
When he doth speak, the royal breath, which made
The life which he misuses?

William. He withholds
His hand's consent to what his soul rejects.
That is, when called by thee to ratify
The laws of man, Heaven's zealous servant adds
The words which save the honour of his God—

Henry. And of his order.

William. What herein doth Becket
To be called sinner?

Henry. Call him what ye like!
And add when first he sign'd those articles
With his full voice, which we advised drew out
As the ancestral safeguards of the realm,
That the arch-traitor sent his heart to Rome,
To witness his lips' lie at Clarendon!

William. Those godless customs touched on holy ground,
The Church's birth-land; he who breathed consent
To such a trespass, passed his powers, and gave
That which he could not give.

Henry. A subject owes
Allegiance to——

William. His God before his king!

Henry. His God!

William. As speaking through the mortal lips
Which He hath made his own!

Henry. The will of Heav'n,
Strain'd through such throats as thine, Lord Cardinal,
Would pipe to a strange tune! I gave this man
All that he has ——

William. Your highness gave him land;
And hard cathedral walls; and worldly coin:
But the great spirit and the soul that make
Infinity their field—the lofty faith,
That stands on earth, yet lifts its head to Heav'n,
And looks with shaded eyes into the secrets
Of God's pavilion there—the priceless wealth
Of blessing when and what he will (and, yea!
It *shall* be bless'd, and what he curses curs'd,
Or serf or Cæsar)—these thou gav'st not, Prince,
And these thou canst not take!

Henry. Intriguing priest!
Think not to reckon 'mid the slaves of Rome
Henry of England! Oh! would Heaven but grant
That I could cast into my people's eyes
Light from my own, in *your* authority,
They'd see a most foul monster, fed by fools
To fatten knaves! And yet the time *will* come,
When English hands, led on by reasoning heads,
Shall tear the veil from off the face of Rome,
And show the harlot's grin! And then, my lords,
The native honesty of English hearts
Will loathe it, as I now!

William. Yet present times
Empower his Holiness to interdict——

Henry (*springing forward*). God's eyes! Lay England under interdict!
Shall I, who can raise up and dash to earth
A castle from its rocky roots—shall I
I—Henry—how I hate ye!—shall I suffer
Pope, prince, or living thing, to touch the *name*
Of my dominions with his villanous breath?
Shall sandal, or arm'd heel, when I say nay,
Indent the dust of England?—Come, we waste
Our time with these men. Now, I hope in God
I never more may see a cardinal!
(Exeunt Henry and attendants.)

Otho. My Lord! methinks you let your language run
A dangerous length. His Holiness the Pope
Hath need of Henry. The world's scales are held
By Alexander, who, to trim the balance,
Puts princes for the weights.

William. Beyond a doubt!
But I know Henry—we'll not lose him yet.
Nor should Rome ever bend, but when she stoops
To pick up some advantage: a knit brow,
When there's no danger, will enhance the grace
Of a few smiles, where'er occasion needs.
Canst thou not see that Becket's hours are numbered?
'Twill not be long ere we shall gain a martyr,
And this hot king a thorn to rake his flesh
In such a festering sort, 'twill take to heal it
A costly outlay of humility!

Otho. Those knights that left the presence of the king
Were three in number—what in nature?

William. Bold,
Not resolute; fierce-hearted, but not firm.

Otho. Then will their purpose break like scattered foam
Upon the rock of action!

William. No! a fourth
Has follow'd them, I hear, who'll guide the wave—
Break when it will, 'twill make a shipwreck first.

Otho. Who's that?

William. I know not—some men say De Tracy.

Otho. Yet this archbishop is a shining light,
A tower of strength like that of Lebanon,
Which looks towards Damascus! Such a life
Will serve us——

William (*speaking low*). Less than such a death! A Becket
Is but a man, a wayward child of passion
And idle whims; with some rash notions too
About his sacred office. Becket's self
Is but half Rome's, while Becket's memory
Is hers, in whole!

Otho. But then—a violent death!
To see and suffer such a thing to be,
Does seem, I think, to war with——

William. Well?

Otho. The Scriptures!

William. The *what*, Lord Cardinal?

There are many scenes in the poem superior even to this, but we have not space for further quotation. The character of A Becket is well conceived, and finely sustained throughout. His first interview with the three assassins, whose purpose he withers with the breath of his mouth, is a brilliant specimen of dramatic declamation, in numbers that would have rolled appallingly from the lips of John Kemble in his glory. The parting scene between Agnes and De Tracy, while it is the most painful, is perhaps the most poetic passage in the

whole. We may be excused if we counsel the author, in a second edition, to delete some few words from the sarcasms of Blois; it is possible to be very keen and trenchant, without even the suggestion of indecency, and in the present day is found infinitely more profitable. To the "other poems" in this volume, we should be justified in awarding the most liberal meed of praise. "Lady Aubrey Leigh" is a most exquisite conceit, amplified in a truly artistic manner; "Iva" is no less captivating; and the "Lady's Dream at Church" is well worth reading and remembering.

Educational Works. By Drs. A. ALLEN and JAMES CORNWELL. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE had just opened a small packet of these neat little volumes, and not expecting from their unpretentious appearance anything either very important or very new, were about awarding them the customary dole of praise always due to a good intention, and nothing more. But a very brief glance at the first which happened to come to hand, *Allen and Cornwell's English Grammar*, soon showed us that in that compact little tome, at least, we had no mere ordinary schoolmaster's compilation, but the work of an accomplished philologist, thoroughly skilled in the languages which have contributed so much to the formation of our own, and equally skilled in the difficult art of teaching. Upon a careful examination of this grammar, and not without demurring at first to the novel structure of the English verb, which would have startled Lindley Murray and driven Cobbett mad, we have come, after calm consideration, to the conviction, that this grammar is, considering its dimensions, the best and completest elementary work yet offered to the public and the profession; and that the form of conjugation here adopted, is the one best calculated to familiarize a child with the proper function of the verb. It is a most unusual thing to find an accomplished scholar descending, as the authors of this work have done, to the level of the meanest capacity, and leading the learner gradually onward, by the plainest and simplest steps, to a complete understanding of a subject confessedly difficult. It is upon such a plan, however, that this grammar has been prepared, and it owes its undeniable value to the industry, the patience, and the complete success with which the plan has been carried out. For the benefit of very young children the authors publish an introduction, under the title of *A Grammar for Beginners*, which we take this opportunity to commend to parents and governesses, as the first work upon grammar to put into the hands of a pupil. *The Young Composer, or Progressive Exercises in English Composition*, is a work every way worthy of the authors of the "English Grammar," and, as far as possible, upon the same plan. It consists of a series of exercises in composition, commencing with the simplest phrases, and extending gradually to the appropriate use of figures and metaphors; and it exercises the intellect of the learner, who is led in a manner to teach himself under the surest guidance. It is accompanied by a "Key," in a separate volume, and is to be followed by a "Second Part," consisting of lengthened exercises in original composition. *A School Geography*, by James Cornwell, Ph.D., is a work written upon an entirely novel plan, and containing more originality, both in matter and design, than could be looked for in so comparatively small a space as three hundred pages. It is crammed with facts and information of the utmost value, and they are all admirably arranged under the heads, "Political," "Physical," and (in notes) "Etymological." A list of searching queries for the purpose of examination is appended to each chapter, by which the pupil may test his own progress, or have it verified by the teacher. Much persevering labour must have been bestowed upon this most useful volume, which will be found to differ most advantageously from all others of its class. *A School Atlas*, by the same author, and of the same convenient size, will be found, from the remarkable clearness and finish of the engravings, to be in practice more useful than many atlases of twice the size—and is beyond comparison the most complete pocket compendium which has yet appeared. *Dr. Allen's Eutropius*, containing a complete dictionary and an index of proper names, is a neat and correct edition of a work too well-known and appreciated in schools to need our commendation. There are many young men who teach themselves Latin in the intervals of business—to such this volume, which carries its own dictionary bound up with it, will prove a bonus. *Select English Poetry*, for the use of Schools, by the late Dr. Allen, is one of the richest collections of verse we have. Good taste and judgment have guided the choice of the compiler, and the book is one in every respect adapted for the use and delight of youth of both sexes. It contains a number of charming poems not found in ordinary collections, and on this account is well suited for a prize or presentation volume. We have only to add, that the above works have all reached a second—some a tenth—and some have gone beyond a twentieth edition. Seeing that their circulation must depend upon the approval of the very parties best qualified to judge, this is the best practical proof of their merits.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

The Angel and the Trumpet. By John Bennett. London: W. Kent and Co. 1853.

The Journal of Health for August, 1853. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

The National Miscellany for August, 1853. London: John Henry Parker.

Audrey. A Novel, by Miss Laura Jewry. In three volumes. London: T. C. Newby. 1853.

Calmstorm, the Reformer. A Dramatic Comment. New York: W. H. Tinson. 1853.

Clan Albyn. By Mrs. Johnstone. London: George Routledge. 1853.

Nature of Divine Truth. A Lecture, by the Rev. G. C. Hutton. Paisley: R. Stewart. London: R. Theobald. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Royal Insurance Company.—At the annual general meeting of the proprietors of this Company, lately held at their offices, Royal Insurance Buildings, Dale Street, Mr. Percy Dove, the Manager, read a report, of which the following is the substance:—

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1852.

"The termination of another year of the experience of the Royal Insurance Company, and the arrival of the period fixed for its annual meetings, afford the Directors the opportunity to lay before the Shareholders such a statement of its affairs as will enable them to judge alike of its present position and of its future prospects.

"FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The somewhat disastrous conflagrations of the early part of the year 1852, principally in North America, of which this Company had, in some instances, to share the results, gave rise to the expectation that the Directors might possibly on this occasion have to announce for the first time an unproductive if not an actually calamitous year. It happily occurs, on the contrary, that from the rapid increase of its revenue, exceeding even the estimate made in the last report, and from the absence of any serious fires during the latter portion of the year, the account, at its close, now shows a credit balance even larger than that of the preceding year. The American account, which, after the extensive fire at Montreal, stood with a balance of loss of about £17,000 after deducting the premiums received on current risk, had that amount reduced by the end of the year to the sum of £9,272 18s. 9d. The total amount of fire premiums from all parts for the year is £76,925 4s. 2d.; whilst, after the deduction of the entire losses and expenses, American and British, the sum to the credit of profit and loss for the year 1852 is £26,905 0s. 11d.

"LIFE DEPARTMENT.—The progress of the Life business of 1852 equals the highest anticipations which had been formed of it. After deducting from the business offered for acceptance thirty-six proposals, for a total sum of £18,108 6s. 2d. which have been rejected from various causes of ineligibility, there remains a total of no less than 422 new policies, covering an aggregate sum assured of £181,504 10s. 6d., which have been issued in the year 1852. The entire premium received in that year for renewals and new policies being £17,879 12s. 6d., which is nearly fourfold the sum received for the same period only four years since. The amount which has been paid for losses is £5,070, still below the sum which the tables of mortality would have indicated.

"It may be satisfactory to state, that the aspect of the Company's business for the six months of the present year is of a very favourable kind, notwithstanding the Company has sustained a heavy loss at New Orleans.

"The extensive losses referred to, which took place during the first six months of the last year, enabled the Directors, in their report in August, 1852, only to announce that the premiums were sufficient for that portion of the year to pay those losses and expenses accruing. An estimate, which has now been made of the corresponding part of the present year, viz. for six months ending 30th June instant, affords a far more pleasing result, as the balance to account of profit and loss, including interest and premiums for that time, will exceed £16,000.

"Taking this position of their affairs into consideration, and looking at the fact that the profit and loss account of the year 1852, has produced a sum of nearly £27,000, the Directors propose that a Dividend of 3s. per share, and a Bonus of 1s. per share, be declared, both free of income tax.

"Attention has been given, as far as opportunity would permit, to the extension of the Company's agencies; and the efforts which have been made in this quarter have been attended with a gratifying success. The Company has now upwards of 400 agents, comprising a body of representatives, here and abroad, equal in respectability, it is believed, to those of any other existing Insurance Establishment.

"The Directors having carefully examined and tested the position of the Company are enabled to close their report with an expression of confidence in the solidity of your business at least as strong as on any former occasion.

"CHARLES TURNER, *Chairman.*

"28th July, 1853.

London Mutual Life and Guarantee Society.—The third annual meeting of the above Society was held at the Society's Offices, 63, Moorgate Street, London, on the 6th July, 1853. The Chairman having taken the chair, called upon the Secretary to read the report, from which we derive the following particulars:—

"The amount of business completed since the commencement of the Society to the 30th June last has been as follows:—

	Policies Issued.	Sum Ass.	Annual Income.		
Total	2,357	£391,941	£12,546	8	2
Of which there were issued in the year 1852	553	92,010	2,938	2	8
During the first six months of the present year 1853 .	323	60,225	1,940	6	0
Being at the rate of	646	120,450	3,880	12	0

for the entire year, and showing an increase at the rate of upwards of 32 per cent. from the business of the present year over that of the year 1852. During the past year five deaths have occurred, the claims on which amount only to £650, all of which have been promptly paid, with the exception of the last, for £150, which is not yet mature. The average age of the assured for the whole term of life is nearly 37½ years. The average amount assured on each life is £268 11s. The average premium per cent. is £3 0s. 9d. The amount advanced on loan to the members, on approved security, during the year 1852 was £1,970, and the further sum of £3,208 has been lent during the past six months, and the total amount loaned since the commencement has been £10,189. In the latter part of 1852, Mr. Ballantyne, the Society's Secretary, having resigned his office, the Directors decided unanimously on the appointment of their Accountant, Mr. S. Linn Laundy to the vacant post. By this arrangement they were enabled also to promote other meritorious officers of the establishment, and at the same time effect a great saving in the expenditure of the office." The balance sheet shows that the Society is progressing prosperously; and we are happy to learn from the statements of the Chairman, that, following the advice of Mr. F. G. P. Neison, the eminent actuary, who, upon investigating their resources and liabilities, declares the existing fund of £7,800, amply sufficient to meet all claims: they have paid off their temporary capital, thus effecting a saving of £450 per annum. The Chairman further states, that by the adoption of a strictly economical principle, further reductions of expenditure have been effected, occasioning a decrease in the expenses of 1853, compared with the preceding years, of not less than £1,400; while, at the same time, the business has increased in the following proportions:—

In the first six months,

	No. of Policies Issued.	Sums Assured.	Annual Income therefrom.		
of 1851 . .	284 . . .	£40,644 . .	£1,228	15	4
1852 . .	310 . . .	48,360 . .	1,513	19	0
1853 . .	323 . . .	60,225 . .	1,940	6	0

There have been, since the commencement of the Society, proposals to assure £609,956; of these there have been declined, withdrawn, or not completed, with the exception of those still under consideration, £218,015. There have been 2,357 policies issued for £391,921, giving an annual in-

come of £12,546. After deducting lapsed policies, the present net income from life assurance premiums is about £10,000 per annum. It will be evident, from the above particulars, that this Society, now, by the discharge of its temporary capital, placed on a strictly mutual basis, is prospering as well as its most sanguine supporters could have anticipated.

Anchor Assurance Company.—On Wednesday, Aug. 3. the annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held at the offices, 67, Cheapside—W. Calverley Curteis, Esq., LL.D., in the chair.

The Secretary submitted an abstract of the accounts, from which it appeared that the total receipts of the Company for the last financial year amounted to £44,444 17s. 11d., and the expenditure and investments to £38,932 8s. 5d., leaving at bankers' a balance of £5,512 9s. 6d. The company's assets and liabilities, balanced by the sum in bank, amounted to £116,191 14s. 6d. The report of the Directors, which we are compelled to abridge, was then read.

REPORT.

"The Directors are gratified by having it in their power to report that the business of the Company continues to be characterized by marked and uniform progress. In the department of Life Assurance the number of policies issued in the present financial year exceeds, by one-third, the number of those issued in the previous year, although the Directors, under the guidance of their medical adviser, felt it their duty to decline a large number of the assurances proposed: the result of this supervision during this and former years may be evidenced by the fact, that the claims upon the Company arising from deaths amount, for the present year, to £2,119 1s. 4d. only, and that the mortality in its ratio has been under two-thirds of that for which provision has been made by the Company's tables. As regards the department of Fire Insurance, this may be termed the third year on which the Directors have to report their experience. During this period, the new policies issued covered insurances to an amount exceeding £2,000,000, yielding upwards of £5,000 of new premiums; and which, when added to the premiums on policies granted in former years, gives a total of fire premium exceeding £12,000. The losses during the year in question amount to £6,978 12s. 8d.; and as an index of the increase of the Company's business in the fire department, it may suffice to state that the Government duty for the three-quarters ending Michaelmas, 1852, amounted to £1,959 6s. 8d., while the duty for the succeeding Christmas quarter amounted to £1,511 2s. 7d. In addition to the local boards which, in the last report, were stated to have been established in Manchester, Glasgow, and Hull, the Directors have recently established a Board of Management in Leeds, composed of gentlemen eminently qualified by their experience and position to advance the welfare, and to watch over the interests of the company in that important locality. Since the last report, a great number of additional agents have also been appointed in London, and various parts of the United Kingdom. Foreign assurances, both in the life and fire departments, have been the subject of most careful inquiry and consideration with the Directors; and they have now to report that they have been enabled to secure the valuable services of influential persons as agents in the most important towns of Upper and Lower Germany, as well as in Holland and Belgium; and are now perfecting plans for more effectually extending the business of the Company in these and other foreign countries. While congratulating the shareholders on the marked increase of the business, and on the general progress of the Company, the Directors are not unmindful that this must be partly attributable to the numerous and important accessions, from time to time, to the large and influential body of shareholders; and which, in consequence of the high standing and commercial influence of the parties individually, have imparted increased confidence to the assuring public, and added strength to the resources of the Company. In thus recording the present satisfactory position of the Company, in regard to all departments of its business, and keeping in view the measures which have been adopted to secure its future advancement the Directors have, nevertheless, urgently to remind the shareholders, as a body deeply interested in the welfare of the Company, of how much importance it is that each, in his individual capacity, should maintain a continuous personal canvass for business. For it should at all times be borne in mind, as was expressed in a former report, 'That there is a great field for exertion and fair competition in the vast amount of property and of human life in this and other countries that must at all times be subjects for protection by assurance.' From their experience in office, the Directors are more than ever convinced, that it requires only the employment of the tried and legitimate means to which they have alluded, to disseminate a knowledge of the sound and advantageous principles on which the Anchor Assurance Company is based, and thereby more widely to extend its usefulness, and establish, in still greater security, a remunerative business, and enhance the value of the capital stock as an investment. Mr. Bremridge, Mr. Cleobury, and Dr. Curteis, three of the Directors, retire in ordinary rotation, and offer themselves for re-election."

The Secretary then submitted a supplementary statement showing the increase of business during the last six months; the report was moved and adopted unanimously; the outgoing Directors and Auditors were re-elected; and after the usual complimentary votes the proceedings terminated.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1853.

A TRIAD OF GREAT POETS; HEATHENISM, CATHOLICISM, AND PROTESTANTISM.

In the preceding essay we have sketched the practical experience of each of those men, whom we have chosen as the subjects of a biographical and critical comparison. We have seen each of them, as an active citizen of a free community, a signal example of patriotic virtue. It is, however, as *religious poets* that we now have to consider Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, in relation to the moral and intellectual state of their respective times. They will serve as representative men, to enable us to understand the modes of thought and the tones of sentiment which are perhaps alien from our own; but we shall find them, because they were sincere, still within reach of our sympathy.

The religious impressions of the heathen world, in the midst of which Æschylus lived, tended to foster the *indulgence* of almost every affection and propensity of human nature, even to the pitch of wild excess. This was, the more, their effect in Greece, because of the ardent and susceptible disposition of the race. The Hellenic polytheism was not, merely, the pleasant fiction of a vagrant fancy; it was not merely, as Wordsworth describes it in those beautiful lines of the "Excursion," the fancy of indolent shepherds who saw a beardless youth in the blazing chariot of the Sun; who transformed the "withered boughs grotesque" into lurking Satyrs of the forest covert, or the

> "Sunbeams, upon distant hills,
> Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
> Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly."

It was, also, an imaginative projection of human passions into the unknown region of divinity, where they assumed a dramatic attitude, and became the objects of an awful interest, which the believer sincerely felt, as he recognised their identity with the realities which swayed his own personal experience. He required no other proof of the existence of Ares, than that he had shared the fury and seen the slaughter and the shattered walls, the work of war; and in his own submission to amorous fascination, he found evidence of the potency of Eros and Aphrodite. In the same manner as, from his ignorance of natural processes, the primitive man assumed the existence of a great variety of unseen persons, whose volition was the perpetual cause of the familiar natural phenomena, so the heathen nations,—the Greeks *most* especially, because their life exhibited a more various and energetic development,—so long as they had acquired no metaphysical science, no systematic observation of the range of human affections, motives, and faculties, continued to believe in the special deity of each Passion, of each moral and intellectual Power or ruling Principle. The ideas, which Plato and Aristotle afterwards understood as abstractions, presented themselves to Homer, and in some degree also to Æschylus, in the form of mighty Persons, whose mysterious power over nature and the human heart was limited, in the final determination of events, by their dissensions and contradictions among each other; so that none was omnipotent, but the result of their joint counsels, or, in case of any dispute, the superior cunning and force of the abler among the contending gods, would in that instance dispose of the affairs of mankind. It must be allowed, we think, that in the Homeric theology, Zeus *alias* Jove is made to enjoy, if not an autocratic, at least a presidential supremacy, by which the ultimate issues of events are subjected to his decree, within certain constitutional limits; although he may be defrauded and beguiled, his interference, when deliberately pronounced, decides the Olympic law; but the cases in which he does not specially interfere are left to the administration of the minor deities. Much has been said about the supposed omnipotence of the Zeus of the Homeric poems; whose theology manifestly shows a discrepancy, as compared with the treatment of divine subjects, by the earliest Athenian dramatists, several centuries later, which is, at least, as wide as the differences between the Roman Catholic belief and that of any sect of Protestantism in our own day. That Æschylus continued still, we doubt not, to recognise the supremacy of Jupiter, not only over mankind, as when he says, "never may the purposes of mortals elude the order, *harmony*, of

Jove;" but also over the gods, for he makes Apollo say, in the "Eumenides,"

> "From my oracular seat was published never
> To man, or woman, or to city aught
> By my Olympian sire unordered;"

And there are several passages which, like the first line of the "Funeral Libations," warrant the general assertion that Æschylus regarded Jove as the grand source and giver of the powers exercised by all the other gods. This is, not the less, his serious conviction, although he looks to the agency of other gods in occasional emergencies, and leaves it to the choice of several, which of them shall interfere in the particular case: thus, in the chorus of the "Agamemnon,"—

> "But the gods see it; some Apollo,
> Pan, *or* Zeus, the wrong hath noted,
> And the late-chastising Fury,
> Sent from above to track the spoiler,
> Hovers vengeful nigh."

A similar example of the distracted uncertainty of choice between several objects of religious faith, which the poet has placed, with admirable judgment, in the mouth of a terror-stricken crowd of women, during the siege of Thebes, we find in their ejaculations of alarm, as they listen to the clash of weapons and the noise of the war chariots outside; they call in disorderly succession upon Jove, on Pallas, Neptune, Mars, Apollo, Hera, and the other principal divinities, invoking the succour of each or any of them, without appealing especially to the pre-eminent power of the king of gods and men. But his royalty was devoutly acknowledged by Æschylus, notwithstanding the magnificent defiance of the unsubdued Titan, with which he engages our noblest sympathies. We should remember that, in the religious ideas of a Greek, in the age of our poet, *eternity* was not involved in the conception of divine sovereignty. The gods, in whose existence he did most earnestly believe, those whom he identified with the ethical and emotional characteristics which humanity is conscious of possessing, were a comparatively new race; for tradition never ceased to indicate the truth that our own species,—consequently also the anthropomorphic deities,—must be, as it were, late comers on this earth; having been preceded, during a vast course of ages which the ancient philosophers had no clue to measure, by the elder creation; from the primal womb of Chaos, through the birth of Heaven and Earth and Ocean, through the tremendous physical revolutions which are represented by the convulsive efforts of the Titans, through the production of inorganic masses, and then of monstrous broods that are long ago extinct. This mythology, the like of which belongs to every uninstructed people, supplied the lack of geological science; just as the innumerable fables of the subsequent humanised gods who walked up and down amidst the primitive race of men, and, like the angels in Genesis, "saw the daughters of men that they were fair," supplied the lack of *historical* research, because they were received by the Greeks, even in their period of the most enlightenment, as a satisfactory account of the early history of their own and of other nations, while they also gratified the pride of each tribe and family, who could easily compute their generations of descent from the godhead, and show a mythical record of the circumstances under which their ancestress had been seduced by an Olympian visitor, who did them the prospective honour of begetting their heroic progenitor. We are digressing, a little, from the remark made above, that, as the Greek worshipper of Zeus considered the occupants of thrones upon Olympus to be not eternal, but a dynasty which had been established on the ruin of the primeval powers, and on the ruin, lastly, of Chronos, or vacant duration of Time, he would not deem it impious to conceive that a Prometheus, one of the elder race, foreknowing all things, might address them thus:

> "New gods
> Ye are, and being new, ye ween to hold
> Unshaken citadels. Have I not seen
> Two monarchs ousted from that throne? the third
> I yet shall see precipitate hurl'd from Heaven
> With baser, speedier ruin. Do I seem
> To quail before this new-forged dynasty?"

This lofty-minded recusant is the equal of Jove by birth, and by native endowments "all but less than he whom thunder hath made greater;" but we are sure that Æschylus would not have been guilty of the presumption of making a *human* hero, or even a second-rate god, utter such language, which in them would seem flat blasphemy. We thus arrive at another remark,—that the Æschylean idea of the reigning deity did not absolutely imply the idea of inherent sovereignty, but of despotic power, which had been obtained, like that of a terrestrial king, by conquest. The divinities had no "divine right," beyond their possession *de facto* of the actual resources of nature and humanity; if a new element should come into existence, as predicted by Prometheus, Jupiter might be dethroned. In this view of the temporal and conditional character of the Greek theological system, we may observe how the more thoughtful believers,—for Æschylus was not among the sceptics of his age,—reserved an admission of the probability of some future revolutions in the moral world, by which the religious faith of mankind should be directed to other objects than were presented by the existing heathenism. In the meantime they remained so far under the influence of the personifying tendency, which was the habitual operation of the Greek mind, that they relinquished very gradually, first in the domain of physical science, and, long afterwards, in the regions of moral speculation and human history, the habit of translating every phenomenon into the appropriate supernatural personage, whose agency supplied the place of a positive knowledge of the real secondary cause. When we remember that this was not the *make believe* sport of invention, but the serious action of the misdirected reason, we shall appreciate the moral effect of such a multitudinous development of imaginary forms, invested with the commanding attributes of deity,

while they were inspired with all human affections in transcendent force. The gods, fighting, thieving, loving, and carousing, expressing, each according to his gift, the whole range of mental and moral capacity with superhuman energy, were so *real* to the soberest understanding of a sincere worshipper, that his own conduct found a sanction in their example, and his own passions were excited by sympathy with the motives of the gods. Hence, the genius of Hellenic religion, —which, more than any other polytheistic belief, consisted of the diversified deification of humanity,—was that of almost unlimited indulgence. Hence, exempt from the restraint of any absolute authoritative religious principles, (with the exception of those relating to sacrilege, atonement, and vengeance for murder,) Greece was enabled to display that marvellous and rapid expansion of such various faculties, and that magnificent vigour of effort in every direction, actuated by such conflicting emotions, which have rendered its history and literature, produced within a small space and time, the most vivid and instructive panorama of the diverse capabilities of our nature. The main defect of this ethical system was analogous to that we have noticed as fatal to the political system of Greece,—its want of consistent unity. A people who acknowledged no central source or uniform standard of moral authority, but were at liberty to obey, each man after his own heart, the impulse of this or that divine prompter, out of a crowd who stood in dramatic opposition to each other, could not long retain any sure ground of public opinion as to what was right and wrong; until the formation of a critical philosophy, which came too late to save society from dissolution, the obvious rule of neighbourly convenience, and of the welfare of the state, was the only ground on which a morality, superior to the capricious fluctuations of desire, could be established. It is, therefore, in relation to the political and social conditions of the age, rather than to any expressly religious precept, that we should expect to find the higher moral life of a Greek man, who was not himself absorbed in ethical speculations, vividly manifested. The idea of *goodness*, which to a Christian is one with God, was, to a Greek,—we do not mean, to a Plato,—serviceableness to the city and to a man's own friends; humanity towards distressed strangers; it included, at the most, affability and graceful dignity of demeanour. It included, of course, a due observance of the religious institutions of the country, but not purity of the inmost heart. The Orphic and Pythagorean disciplines were a sort of monastic endeavour to attain a more spiritual frame of mind; but they were *in* the Hellenic religion, not of it; they were the peculiarities of a Puritan sect of dissenters. The third important remark we have to make, respecting the anomalies of the religious system, which Æschylus shared with his countrymen of that age, is, that the idea of godhead did not imply *holiness* of being. The objects of his faith were gods not eternal, not rightfully endowed with supremacy, not incapable of sin and moral disgrace. They were only the mighty and prevailing kings of the world. Indeed, it would have thrown the entire fabric of Grecian hypothesis into confusion, to have invested the gods with personal purity. We think it was in these pages of Tait's Magazine, that Mr. De Quincey observed, several years ago,—"Jupiter was such a rascal that an honourable Roman must have longed to kick him." We know some kings who are rascals, but who are not the less feared and served. But in justification of the Greek belief in the *Jupiter Scapin*, only suppose the god were considered an honest, a chaste, an equitable personage; what would become of the national history, the family genealogies, the hereditary distinctions of tribes and races, if the romantic adulteries and adventurous crimes were apocryphal, which connected every man with a divine patron or progenitor, most frequently with the amorous king of Olympus, in the mingled intercourse of gods, heroes, and men, in the mythical foretime? This peculiarity, the value of the popular mythology as giving consequence and completeness to local history, was an incalculable support to the Greek system of heathenism. If our readers will peruse the first volume of Mr. Grote's History, they may feel astonishment at learning what a complicated web of historical fallacies,—an entanglement from which he despairs of extricating the facts,—was made to depend on the religious fictions of Greece. A patriot like Æschylus, who had the poet's eye for the picturesqueness of these fables, and who had *not* the critic's eye for their inconsistency, would be the last man to reject them. We do not charge him with a gross literal interpretation of *all* the mythical stories; perhaps he would have agreed with his friend Pindar, in regarding the tale of the Tantalus' meal of human flesh as too horrible for credit; but he could unhesitatingly receive whatever was essential to the main purpose of the transaction. It was no more difficult, for example, to preserve a genuine conviction of the actual work of Prometheus, in conferring certain benefits upon mankind, and at the same time to use, with some latitude, the Hesiodic account of the particular circumstances, than it is difficult for an orthodox believer of our own age to retain his conviction of the personal existence of a malignant spirit, and of the actual agency of Satan in tempting the first pair of the human race to their fatal disobedience; while at the same time he may be of opinion, with many orthodox commentators, that the scriptural history contains particular circumstances, such as the speaking serpent and the forbidden *fruit*, the truth of which lies in their figurative, not their literal application. But in adopting for dramatic illustration those legends, the substantial veracity of which he stedfastly believed, Æschylus might allow his genius the still greater liberty of inventing new circumstances, adding new incidents to the affair, and composing speeches to be ascribed to personages whose reality was most sacred to him; just as Milton might, without incurring the reproach of impiety, describe the

throne and chariot of the Almighty Father, and the sending forth of the Son to overthrow the rebel host; and no one accuses Milton of atheism. This comparison is a sufficient answer to those who would infer, from the tragedy of Prometheus, or any other part of the *poetry* of Æschylus, that the poet entertained a secret scepticism in regard to the deities of Olympus. The bold opinions of the Ionian philosophers, who were nearly contemporary with him, may give an apparent colour to that suspicion. When Thales had, long previously, conjectured that the material universe was composed of a simple element,—when the mathematical and astronomical acquirements of Pythagoras had taken the first step towards exploring the Cosmos,—when another thinker, who died many years before Æschylus, had conceived the idea of an original undefinable causative principle, he must be already aware, that the movements of stars and sun, and all ordinary *physical* phenomena, were the result of regular natural processes. In the department of human experience, two or three persons, at Miletus and elsewhere, were beginning to write *history;* one of them—stating in his preface—"I write that which to me seems to be true; for the traditions of the Greeks are numerous, and, as it seems to me, ridiculous."

But it was the next generation, upon whom the elements of positive science, thus obtained, would have the effect of inducing religious scepticism. The Ephesian, who scoffed at the prayers addressed to images, who denied the need of reconciling the gods by a bloody sacrifice, and who bid his friends approach his domestic fireside, "for the gods are present *here* also," was not an average example of the mental state of his age; nor is it probable that Æschylus, having had his principles fixed by an Attic education before he went to sojourn abroad, would have become a convert to the Eleatic sect, which even in the Italian colonies was yet denounced as heretical. In Hellas proper, the imminent dangers of the Persian war, and the patriotic enthusiasm it excited, had naturally tended to prolong the popular attachment to the old religion of the country. Especially the Athenians, who had suffered the most perilous distress, and had experienced the most signal deliverance, were full of a grateful zeal for the gods who were rumoured to have been fighting on their side at Marathon, and to have sent propitious tokens at Salamis and Platæa. Their joyful piety rebuilt the temples which the Persian tyrant worshippers had overthrown; it appointed a sacred festival on the field of the "crowning mercy" at Platæa; it repaid the slain heroes of the war by decreeing divine honours to them and Jupiter with the new epithet of "the Liberator." If then we could test the sentiments of an Athenian audience who witnessed one of the plays of Æschylus in the temple of Dionysus, before his departure to Sicily, we should anticipate the expression of intense religiousness; manifesting itself, occasionally, in the case of ill-regulated minds, by frantic extravagances like those of some excited Quaker or Brownist in the contests of the seventeenth century. It was not only that the long struggle, first with tyrants at home, then with the foreigners which had covered nearly the whole lifetime—at least, the time of manhood—of most persons in the city, must have oppressed their social life with tremendous anxieties for the fate of the civilized world, making them shudder with horror when pillage and massacre descended on the Greek towns of the Levant, and enveloping whatever they saw in the gloom of a thunder cloud, which broke at length in the crash of the celestial artillery. But even previously to the great war, and while the military advance of the Persian empire, like the enormous riches and luxury of the Asiatic kings, were to them only the matter of marvellous recitals, the Greeks had undergone some extensive changes, in the state of their religious ideas and observances, which must have tended to foment the rage of devotional excitements as well as to enhance the lurid gloom of supernatural mystery. New ceremonies of an appalling and affecting cast, had been imported from Egypt, Phrygia, and Thrace; the furious orgies of Cotytto, and the frenzy of the votaries of Cybele, who like the priests of Baal gashed their flesh with consecrated knives, were imitated in Greece. At a certain period of the year, the passionate enthusiasm of the women was indulged, by allowing the nocturnal Mænads in a strange disguise, to assemble on the hill-side moors of Cithæron and Taygetus, and to give vent to frantic ebullitions of rapturous feeling, impelled irresistibly by the imaginary power of Dionysus, who forced them to utter delirious cries, and to revolve in a wild dance, which it would have been criminal to deride. The Bacchanal ecstasy, it is true, was not permitted to the women of Athens; but the frequency of such fanatical demonstrations in the country must have caused in even the Athenian public, a disposition to require highly stimulating exhibitions of a terrible and shocking hue. These influences, which affected the mind of Æschylus in common with the others, partly may account for the abundance of agony and horror which occurs in his tragedies. The drama was intended, at once, to satisfy the public craving for emotional entertainment, and to provide means of moral instruction with a gratification of the religious sensibilities more salutary than the barbaric orgies of which the people were too fond. It indicated a very altered tone of feeling in Athenian society, when the gracious and composed dignity of the muse of Sophocles, that perfect flower of the full prosperity of Athens, "the expectancy and rose of the fair state," had become more congenial to the public taste than the "galloping strain" of blustering vehemence, mingled with a shriller clang as of weapons, which the refined ear of later criticism detected in the portentous verse of the old soldier of Marathon. The age in which Æschylus received his education was comparatively rude, with a remnant of savagery here and there; there were still places in Greece where human sacrifices bled upon the altars. The ancestral faith, supported by the triple association of its legends with the popular

poetry, the local genealogies, and the political institutions connected with religious sanctions, yet stood firm. We should do it wrong if we did not give it credit for some moral efficacy. "The sacred rights of hospitality," says Herder, "and the right of unhappy suppliants to protection or to secure refuge in holy places, the belief in avenging furies who prosecuted even the unintentional murderer and his race to the third and fourth generation, and who visited upon the whole country the curse of blood unavenged, the customs of atonement to satisfy the offended gods, the voice of oracles, the sanctity of an oath, the inviolability of the domestic hearth, of temples and sepulchres, were all such restraining forces of opinion, brought into actual operation, as must have tended to impose moderation upon a rude people, and educate half-savage men to the duties of humanity." The progressive enlargement of religious ideas, which even the forms of Greek heathenism admitted, may be remarkably illustrated by comparing the views of Homer with those of Pindar, the friend of Æschylus and his companion at Syracuse, in regard to the life of the soul after death. The praise of a consistent endeavour to render the divine traditions useful in the moral instruction of his age has been given to the lofty lyrist; it belongs equally to our profound dramatic poet. A faithful seriousness, derived from cordially sympathizing with human affections, and wisely meditating upon the conditions of human life, prevails in his temperament. We do not think it was derived from the contagious atmosphere of his Eleusinian birthplace: it does not appear certain that he was initiated into the free-masonry of that mysterious order, who emulated the reserve of Isis, with her solemn inscription, "I am all that has been, all that shall be, and no mortal has ever lifted my veil." Without seeking, in his theatrical poems, for signs of his acquaintance with the esoteric doctrine of any sect,—since it is possible that the clamour against him, upon one occasion, arose only because of some accidental resemblance of his stage decorations and machinery to the sacred Eleusinian mummery, and he is said to have pleaded his ignorance of those rites as an excuse,—we may presume, that while in his childhood he loitered solitary near the well, where the prince's daughters came for water, when they found the bereaved maternal goddess seated under the olive tree, the tender and beautiful story, (one of the sweetest and yet sublimest of the Homeric mythology,) sank deep into his mind, as it did, we know, into the minds of those Athenian youths who formed the association of "Demeter the Sorrowful;" and it may be that Æschylus, with a pensive but not hopeless melancholy, as of one who waits through the winter for the vernal restoration of nature, could pray in the language ascribed* to him,—

> "Oh thou who nourish'd my young soul, Demeter,
> Make thou me worthy of thy mysteries!"

We defer, until we shall have to characterise more expressly the poetical genius of Æschylus, quoting any passages of his dramas,—and very copious they are,—which may show his fidelity in the calling of a great moral teacher, enforcing the virtues of modesty, reverence for our parents and for divine things, temperance and justice in the hour of success, and fortitude in the hour of adversity. If it is in the chronicles and the prophetic warnings of Israel, that we find our earliest lessons of these primary and old-fashioned virtues, we may seek them, not quite unprofitably, where, under the direction of this noble poet,

> "Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
> . . . .
> Where more is meant than meets the ear."

Let us be lookers on, where, to quote the testimony of one of his translators, (Professor Blackie,) "the great truth of a moral government, and a secret order of justice pervading the apparent confusion of this system of things, is planted by Æschylus on a visible elevation, whence, as from a natural pulpit enveloped with dark clouds, or from a heathen Sinai involved in fearful thunders and lightnings, it trumpets forth its warnings, and hurls its bolts of flaming denunciation against Sin." The grand old fellow missed the mark now and then, in the dim prospect of the heathen world; oftener, he has been misunderstood. Amongst his own countrymen, we find the satirist of a degenerate age looking back with a degree of respect, such as audacious Aristophanes felt for but few persons, on the big and burly bard, the "piler up of grave words," whose boisterous martial vehemence, however, he cannot resist the temptation of caricaturing; but he acknowledges the good work that Æschylus did, in making the Athenians enamoured of a brave and masculine valour. We give him credit for more,—a sincere religious intention to leave the world better than he found it. And if in the nineteenth century of Christendom *we*,—if at Oxford Mr. Sewell, the extremest asserter of the Anglican ecclesiastic system, can declare that in the poetry of Æschylus we hear "the voice of a self-constituted heathen church, protesting against the vices and follies that surrounded her,"—let us nevertheless remember, that whilst, in the "Republic," the reputed wisest mind of antiquity commended him for the character,—

> "He, caring not to seem, but to *be* just,
> Ploughed in his fertile heart a furrow deep
> From which arose a crop of good designs;"—

yet, in the same dialogue, Plato was obliged to censure him for adopting the mythical tale of Apollo's treachery to the mother of Achilles, and to say that, "praising much else, *this* we will not praise; and whenever anybody may speak such things of the gods, we shall be vexed and refuse approbation; nor ought the schoolmaster to give such instruction to the young, if those are to grow up to become the protectors of society, pious and godly so far as men can become so." But the

* Ascribed to his ghost, in the scene of Hades, where Aristophanes brings him in, disputing with Euripides; the latter, being a poet of the enlightened and sceptical "march of intellect," only prays to the "air, on which he feeds," and to his pliant tongue.

errors of Æschylean theology do not prevent the schoolmasters of *our* day from reading these poems at Eton or at Rugby, without apprehending that the religion of ther scholars may be impaired by the relics of heathenism. The gorgeous pageantry of the Olympic court has been dissolved to faith, but is bright as ever to fancy; it cannot again delude, but it continues to delight and instruct mankind.

We pass at once, through many centuries of history, to the period of the dawn in mediæval times, of a liberal scholarship, in the thirteenth century. The crusades brought the western nations into intercourse with Constantinople, and the settlement in Spain of the literary Arabians, had opened up some of the ancient mines of science. The exercises of the intellect were no longer to be restricted to the technicalities of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, of arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, the seven arts of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*. To these were added, in the course of the century or two preceding Dante, the study of theology, ethics, and metaphysics; with an aroused curiosity about, rather than any considerable acquaintance with, the facts of physical science. It is, especially, in his position as a student of those important subjects, which had been digested, within a recent period, by the scholastic philosophers, that Dante deserves to be considered. We shall avail ourselves of the book which M. Ozanam has written, entitled, "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle," to exhibit his relation to the scholasticism of his own age. "Metaphysics and logic," says M. Ozanam, "met each other face to face, and a dogmatic philosophy resulted from their union. The conditions of this union depended on a previous problem; namely this,—whether there is a correspondence between the invisible realities which metaphysical science presumes, and the abstract notions deduced by logic; between realities and ideas? This was the celebrated problem of universals, transmitted by antiquity to the middle ages, which accepted it for discussion. St. Anselm resolved it, by concluding the existence of God, from the notion of God; by establishing the necessary reality, likewise, of the idea of perfection; by realizing, thus, all the general ideas, and so making himself chief of the *realists*. Others, on the contrary, denied the objective value of general ideas, and recognised only, in the characteristics of *genera* and species, the arbitrary creations of language; these were the *nominalists*." These great parties (who are still engaged in the same dispute, which M. Ozanam calls "la lutte interminable de l'idealisme et du sensualisme," and which is found quite as prolific of subtle quips and cranks, by German and English philosophers of the nineteenth century, as it was by Abelard and his contemporaries at the University of Paris,) were subdivided into several minor sects; but their nice distinctions are not otherwise important to our present purpose, — since Dante himself never appears as a mere metaphysical disputant,— than as they served to train the intellect of all educated men, in the age of Dante, to a marvellous degree of over-refined subtlety. The common proverb accuses metaphysicians of "splitting straws;" and, certainly, the Rue de Fouarre, the "street of straw" at Paris, where Dante listened to the dialectical displays of Professor Sigier, was a very appropriate place for such occupations. M. Ozanam, however, makes it evident to us, that the eminent men, who summed up the results of the scholastic philosophy, and applied those results to the quest of substantial *good*, are entitled to the perpetual gratitude of mankind as the founders,—at least the restorers in modern Europe,— of those sciences which contribute most to our practical benefit. Such was Albertus Magnus in Germany, whose chief merit was enormous and encyclopædic erudition in the accumulated opinions of the past; such was Roger Bacon in England, whose experimental investigations opened the inlet of physical science; in Italy, such were Bonaventure, by devout contemplation attaining to pure and rational conceptions of the Divine nature; and St. Thomas Aquinas, who did so much to determine the principles of morality, the individual and social obligations of man. These four persons are regarded, by the critic whom we follow, as the pillars of that more solid and commodious philosophy which was erected upon the basis of the metaphysical arguments of the scholastic disputants. They were all men of lofty and enthusiastic character; two of them had left the palaces of noble ancestors for the Dominican cloisters; and the other two, as Franciscan brothers, submitted to the humility and rigour of monastic life. They were men, inspired with a religious zeal for the welfare of mankind, who did not spend their entire strength upon the sterile discussions of the schools, in which worldly honour and advancement were to be achieved; but devoted no small part of their energies to the task, which their contemporaries did not appreciate, of promoting the useful knowledge of human, divine, and natural things. To the study of rational theology, ethics, and physical phenomena, they brought the aids of learning, experiment, intuitive contemplation, and logical acumen, by the pre-eminent possession of which they were respectively distinguished; and it is on account of this practical direction of their efforts, that M. Ozanam attributes to them such a remarkable superiority over the multitude of disputants in their age. In this peculiar merit their disciple Dante must be esteemed as partaking. His mind could not feed upon a diet of airy notions; but he sought, with such imperfect helps as his time allowed, for the knowledge of human nature, of human duties, of the supernatural relations as well as the social ones of men; he sought, likewise, the knowledge of the physical creation; and in all these departments he was equal to the degree of attainments which the thirteenth century had achieved. If we smile at his errors, let us remember that his teachers, mistaken as they sometimes were, taught those whose descendants have taught *us* all we know.

"When the first delight of my soul was lost," by the death of Beatrice, "I remained so pierced

with sorrow, that no comfort would avail me. But after a while my mind, seeking to be healed, was inclined, since neither my own nor others' consolation could avail me, to look what manner other distressed persons had taken to console themselves. And I set myself to read that book of Boethius, not known to many, in which, when he was a prisoner and in exile, he consoled himself." Ah, that immortal book of the last noble Roman, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ!" how its gentle and lofty wisdom is endeared to us, in our good Chaucer's version, by the sympathy of the high souls whom it has cheered, as it did Dante, in their hour of calamity! "And hearing too," he continues, "that Tully had written another book, in which, treating of Friendship, he had touched on the words of consolation of Lælius, an excellent man, at the death of his friend Scipio, I set myself to read that too." Yes, there is another most tender and precious fountain of comfort to the bereaved: "mihi quidem Scipio, quanquam est subito ereptus, vivit tamen semperque vivet; virtutem enim amavi illius viri, quæ exstincta non est:" how many sad hearts have been made serene by this thought! "And although it was difficult for me at first," says Dante, "to enter into their meaning, at length I entered into it, so far as the grammatical skill which I had, and a little talent of my own, enabled me to do; by which faculty I already perceived many things, but as it were dimly, in a dream; such as may be read in the *Vita Nuova*. And as it happens, that a man goes to seek for silver, and beyond his intention finds gold, which a concealed chance offers to him, perhaps not without divine providence; I, who sought to console myself, found not only a remedy for my tears, but the language of authors and sciences and books; considering which I judged well, that Philosophy, who was their mistress, must be a grand thing. And I fancied her personified as a gentle lady, and I could not conceive her in any attitude but compassionate." Let us turn from Dante's tribute to his second love, whom he calls "that fairest and most honourable daughter of the Emperor of the Universe, queenly Philosophy," to compare her with the glorious shape in which she visited the lonely cell of Boethius,—and let us take Chaucer's translation. "I saw standing above the height of mine head a woman of full, great reverence, by seeming. Her eyes burning and clear, seeing over the common might of men, with a lively colour, and with such vigour and strength that it might not be named; all were it so, that she were full of so great age, that men would not trow in no manner that she were of our eld. The stature of her was of doubteous judgment, for sometimes she constrained and shrunk herself like to the common measure of men: and sometimes it seemed that she touched the heaven with the height of her head. And when she heaved her head higher, she pierced the self-heaven, so that the sight of mine looking was in idle; her clothes were made of right fine thread, and subtle craft of durable matter. The which clothes she had woven with her own hands, as I knew well after by herself declaring and showing to me the beauty; the which clothes a darkness of a neglected and despised eld had dusked and darkened, as it is wont to darken by smoked images. — And forsooth this aforesaid woman bare small books in her right hand, and in her left hand she bare a sceptre." We will see how Dante continues. "And, in this imagination, I began to walk where she showed herself truly, that is, in the school of the religious, and in the discussions of the philosophers; so that in a little time, perhaps in thirty months, I began to feel so much of her sweetness, that her love drove away and overcame every other thought." Such was the poet's introduction to the science of his age, which he pursued, henceforth, wherever it could be procured, sojourning at the several Italian universities; at the great one of Paris, whither, at that time, no fewer than forty thousand scholars resorted; and perhaps, even at Oxford; but this last incident rests upon very doubtful testimony. Whatever that imperfect science could supply, he acquired. Its imperfection, and even the absurdity of some of its conjectures, may be exemplified by reference to Dante's account of the celestial structure, in conformity with ancient astronomy; his positive tone is rather amusing. "I say then, that of the number and position of the heavens, there have been several different opinions, although the truth has been at length discovered. Aristotle believed, following only the ancient rudeness of the astronomers, that there were just eight skies, the outermost of which, and that which included all, was that one in which are the fixed stars, that is, the eighth sphere; and that, outside of this, there was not any other. He believed, also, that the sky of the sun was next to the sky of the moon; that is, the second one from us. And this erroneous opinion of his may be seen by any one who wishes, in the second chapter "Of the Heavens and the World," which is in the second of his books on natural history. It is true that he excuses himself for it in the twelfth book of the Metaphysics, where he shows well that he only followed the opinion of others, when he had to speak of astronomy. Ptolemy then, perceiving that the eighth sphere moved with several motions, seeing its orbit departed from the true orbit, which makes all revolve from east to west, constrained by the principle of philosophy which necessarily requires a simple *primum mobile*, placed another heaven outside the starry heaven, which outer one makes that revolution from east to west, and completes it, I say, in twenty-three hours and fourteen-fifteenths of another, calculating roundly. So that, according to him, and according to what is held in astronomy and in philosophy, the moveable spheres or skies are nine; the position of which is manifested and determined, as, by an art which is called arithmetical and geometrical perspective, it is rationally and experimentally discerned. . . . . . And the order of this their position is, that the first to be reckoned is that in which is the moon; the second is that one where Mercury is; the third is that one where Venus is; the fourth is the one in

which the sun is; the fifth is that in which Mars is; the sixth is the one where Jupiter is; the seventh is that one where Saturn is; the eighth is that of the fixed stars; the ninth heaven is that which is not perceptible to us except by the effect of that movement which it has, as above mentioned; and many call it the crystalline heaven, that is, diaphanous, or quite transparent. Certainly, outside of all these, Catholics place the Empyrean Heaven; that is to say, the heaven of flame, or luminous; and this they suppose to be immoveable, because it has in itself, and in every part, that which its essence requires. And this is the cause of the first moving heaven, the *primum mobile*, having such velocity of motion; because, through the very fervent desire which every part of that ninth heaven feels, to be united with every part of that divinest and serene empyrean heaven it revolves beneath it with such eagerness, that its swiftness is quite inconceivable; and the serene empyrean heaven of peace is the residence of that Supreme Deity who only can behold Himself in His perfections. This also is the residence of the blessed souls, according to the doctrine of Holy Church, which cannot speak a falsehood; and Aristotle appears to believe the same, if he is well understood, in his first chapter, 'Of the Heavens and the World.' This is the sovereign edifice of the universe, within which all the world is contained, and beyond which there is nothing; and *this* is not situated in space, but was formed solely in the primal mind, of which the Greeks speak; this is the magnificence, of which the Psalmist speaks, when he says to God, 'Thy glory is exalted above the heavens.'"—Such was Dante's idea of the form and extent of the universe, which we have thought necessary to present to our readers entire, because the whole mass of his thoughts, whether in scientific speculation or in artistic imagination, took the same shape, from the fancied existence of concentric spherical heavens. Our classical fellow-students will not need to be reminded of that passage in the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, in which a similar view is exhibited. "Which things, while I beheld more attentively, Africanus said to me, I pray thee, how much longer shall thine eyes be turned towards the earth? Dost thou not see into what temples thou hast come? In nine vast orbs, or rather spheres, all things are bound together; of which one is the celestial, the outermost one, embracing all the others; itself God supreme, limiting and containing the rest; in which are fixed the sempiternal courses of the rolling stars, and to which the seven planets are subjected." Cicero goes on, poetically describing the different characters and functions of the planetary spheres. "But beneath the circle of the moon," he says, "there is nothing but what is mortal and perishable, *except* the minds given to the race of men, by the favour of the gods; above the moon, all things are eternal; for this earth, which is the ninth inward and the midst, does not move, and is the lowest, and all weights fall to it of their own accord." Such was the cosmical theory, which sufficed, however fallacious, for the most comprehensive minds of antiquity, and the sages of mediæval lore. It does not become us to deride their ignorance, but to observe with admiration, how their faith and genius were able to transcend these ninefold barriers, and to soar often, with imaginative aspiration, in the supernal regions of infinity.

That the habitual action of Dante's mind was methodical, even to a fault,—a fault evinced, only too conspicuously, in the rigid absolutism of his political theory, as we have seen; and also, as we shall hereafter see, in the mechanical precision of his artistic forms,—we ascribe, especially, to the influence of the scholastic modes of instruction. It was the period of the reign of intellectual formalism; when the standard of canons, and the process of the syllogism, ruled every thought with an exclusive control; requiring categorical distinctness of assertion, and leaving no room for modest doubts, and for the uncertain beginnings of new truth. The excessive systematising tendency, which Dante imbibed, is manifest in his elaborate attempt to find an analogy between the several departments of learning and the supposed celestial divisions; the seven sciences of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, corresponding to the seven planetary skies, while he invents the most ingenious reasons for asserting, that the eighth or starry heaven corresponds to the sciences of physics *and* metaphysics; the crystalline, or *primum mobile*, to ethical philosophy; and the empyrean, of course, to divine theology. We shall see, when we examine the "Divina Commedia," that this conception of the structure of the heavens determines the plan of his great poem. The same formal arrangement regulates his description, in the "Convito," of the angelic multitudes. "Holy Church, the spouse and secretary of our Saviour, says, believes, and preaches, that these noblest of creatures are, as it were, innumerable; and she divides them into three hierarchies; that is to say, three holy or divine principalities; and each hierarchy has three orders; so that the Church holds and affirms to be nine orders of spiritual creatures. The first is that of the angels, the second of the archangels, the third of the thrones; and these three orders compose the first hierarchy; not the first in nobility, nor in creation, (since the others are more noble, and they were all created together,) but the first reached by us in rising to their height. Next are the dominations; after them, the virtues; then, the princedoms; and these make up the second hierarchy. Above these are the powers; and the cherubim; and over all are the seraphim; and these form the third hierarchy. And there is a most potent reason for their speculations, accordant with the number of the hierarchies, and of the orders; because, whereas the Divine Majesty is in three persons, who have one essence, He may be, to them, the subject of a threefold contemplation." Dante here proceeds into a consideration of the doctrine of the Trinity, in which it is unnecessary for us to follow him. There is no doubt that the opinions of Dante were strictly consistent with

Catholic orthodoxy, in the main features of the ordinarily received creed. Whether, indeed, the poet was a thoroughly consistent subject of the Church of Rome is a question which has been much disputed. Ugo Foscolo and others have endeavoured to make out, that he secretly favoured the Paterani and Albigenses of his time; or that he looked for a church reformation of *doctrine*, as well as of discipline; and that he kept the "Divina Commedia," as containing certain suggestions of this character, concealed from the public eye during his lifetime. This theory is not a new one, but was set up in the sixteenth century, and replied to by Cardinal Bellarmin: it was adopted also by the Jesuit Harduin; but the same person was so fond of these paradoxical theories, that he conjectured the Æneid of Virgil to be the work of a monk of the middle ages, allegorically describing, under the figure of the adventures of Æneas, the voyage of St. Peter from Palestine to Rome. We are disposed to reject, altogether, this theory, of the private inclination of Dante towards the reformed doctrines. That he openly and boldly insisted upon a reform of ecclesiastical discipline,—that he never scrupled to upbraid the priesthood with their vices, and to condemn even unfaithful pontiffs to hell,—is not inconsistent with his sincere submission to the priestly authority, and his unhesitating acceptance of every dogma of the Catholic faith. We agree with the Marquis Trivulzio, with Count Balbi, and with M. Ozanam, in regarding the poet as a genuine son of the Roman Catholic Church. We need only refer to his metrical paraphrase of the creed, including a profession of faith in the sacramental offices, and the "Ave Maria," which would suffice to separate him from the Reformers. The fact of his taking the minor vows of the Franciscan order is not, we are aware, of any importance; but, throughout the "Divina Commedia," we find ample evidence of his attachment to the established religious system. "He always bows before the papacy, (not the *pope*,) as before a sacred magistracy, a power which Peter had received from heaven and transmitted to his successors: he makes it the principal object of the designs of Providence, the secret of the great destinies of Rome, the link between antiquity and the modern world." Although he reviles and damns wicked popes, yet, as M. Ozanam, who is an ardent Catholic, observes, "Catholics have never been bound to believe in the impeccability of their pastors." Dante not only proclaims revelation as the supreme criterion of speculative truth and of the moral law; he prepares, for heretics, the burning sepulchre in his hell; and for schismatics, the punishment of mutilation: he condemns to the former, Frederic II. and Cardinal Ubaldini, idols of the Imperialist party which Dante espoused; and, to the latter, Fra Dolcino, the enthusiastic Reformer, a precursor of Jerome and of Luther, who was, in those days, a hunted fugitive among the snows of the Lombardy Alps, for the sake of religious liberty. The poet, we must avow, shared all the bigotry of his time; and, what seems to M. Ozanam his merit, is to us a lamentable fault. In the twelfth canto of the "Paradiso" we find St. Dominic, founder of the Inquisition, and exterminator of the Albigenses, glorified as "the holy champion, kind to his own, and cruel to his enemies;" and we find his inhuman persecutions thus celebrated:—

> "He did, with doctrine and with earnest will,
> The Holy Apostolic Office move,
> Poured like a torrent which high fountains fill;
> Against the roots of heresy, he drove
> His main assault where they did most withstand."

The Reformation cannot claim Dante; though he does represent, in his vision at the summit of purgatory, the corrupt and meretricious papal court, in the form of a prostitute seated in the chariot of the Church. He never questioned its dogmatic infallibility: tradition, the power of the keys, the validity of excommunication and of vows; the efficacy of penance, of indulgences, of prayers for the departed souls, and of the intercession of the saints and Virgin Mary, were objects of his entire credence. To him an ecclesiastical appeared as necessary as a civil monarchy. "Opus fuit homini duplici directivo; scilicet summo Pontifice, qui secundum revelata humanum genus perduceret ad vitam æternam; et imperatore, &c.," such is Dante's theory of the co-equal and separate jurisdictions of the religious and temporal sovereigns. It is true that a good deal of scepticism had begun to prevail in some quarters already, besides the opinions of the sectaries. Not only the most audacious freedom of inquiry was claimed in the schools; a remarkable instance of which has recently been exposed, in the discovery of some old manuscripts at the Sorbonne, which contains minutes of a discussion held in due form before the doctors of the school at Paris, where a certain sophist, (probably the very Sigier of Brabant whom Dante had attended,) undertook, for the sake of dialectical exercise, to prove the non-existence of God; but in general society, a sort of Epicurean or Lucretian philosophy had found its way into the minds of literary and accomplished men like Dante's early friend Guido Cavalcanti, who was accused by the vulgar of atheism. This sceptical tendency had, in a preceding age, been greatly favoured, especially amongst the Ghibelline and patrician classes, by the example of Frederic II., who defied the prejudices of his age with extraordinary nonchalance, hired a Saracen army to make war on the Pope, enlivened his court at Palermo with heathenish games and liberal jests at the expense of the Church, and was reputed to be the author of a scandalous book, in which Mahomet, Christ, and Moses were exhibited as "The Three Impostors." But the spirit of infidelity or of rationalism, which always, applied to the orthodox mysteries, incurred the serious disapproval of Dante, had not considerably affected the middle classes of society. The zealous efforts of the friars kept up the heat of religious sentiment throughout the general mass of the people. An example of the devout impulses, which, in seasons of peril and distress, actuated the men of the thirteenth cen-

tury, we find in the conduct of the citizens of Sienna, when besieged by the Guelphic army just before the battle of Monteaperto. The chief magistrate of the city, Messer Buonaguida, "stripped himself of every part of his daily garments, even to his shirt, and," says the old chronicler, "clothed in an incredible warmth of divine ardour and burning affection for his country, he came forth to the people," and proposed in a pious and affecting speech, "that the city should be formally *given* by them to the most illustrious Virgin, before every other the delight of God; and then, without waiting for any answer, his bosom bathed with many tears, thus barefoot, in his shirt, with frequent sighs burst and drawn from his exalted breast, and moving with rapid pace, the keys of the city in his hand, accompanied by the weeping citizens, with loud exclamations imploring mercy, he arrived at the temple:" the ceremony was completed, the priest receiving, in the name of Mary, the custody of the besieged city. A scene like this may give us more insight into the moral life of mediæval Catholicism than any exposition of doctrines, which would be out of place in the pages of a magazine like this. We must forego, from our limitation of space, the satisfaction of extracting some passages of the "Convito," or Banquet, in which Dante, with equal elegance and perspicuity, and with a very agreeable play of fancy in his illustrations, has explained his views of the constitution of man. We can find much good sense and practical wisdom in the "Convito," and can peruse it profitably as well as with pleasure, in spite of the formal and old-fashioned pedantry which disfigured, in a much greater degree, all other grave literature of that age. Those who wish to see a systematic digest of the whole body of Dante's philosophy, may find it cleverly summed up by M. Ozanam in three main divisions; namely, as it exhibits what is absolutely evil; as it regards the good contending with evil; and, finally, as it contemplates the absolute good. This comprehensive summary, or, as Mr. Carlyle would call it, "world theory," appears to us to be, as a whole, at least not less valuable than some of the subtle emanations of the metaphysicians of our own day: while it is uniformly capable of a practical bearing, its aim is the attainment of positive *good*, into which, as with Plato, all science is resolved; but with Dante it is directed, he says, by "our *faith*, from which comes the *hope* of the desired thing foreseen; and thereby is produced the work of charity; by which three virtues we may ascend to philosophise in that celestial Athens, where Stoics, Peripatetics, and Epicureans, through the power of eternal truth, agree harmoniously in oneness of mind."

Anticipating the concord of that "celestial Athens," it would be a symptom of unworthy intolerance if we, Protestant Englishmen of the nineteenth century, should refuse, because the opinions of Dante were those of the middle ages, —and so distinctively were they such, that his great poem has been aptly called "le dernier mot de Catholicisme,"—to sympathise with his pure and patient wooing of that divine mistress, the fair and lofty Lady Wisdom; whom he courted so assiduously through the foul and fickle weather of his tempestuous life, serenading her in those mystical tender canzonets, which we should have mistaken, as we have mistaken the lyrics of Petrarch, for the tributes of a merely human amour, if their author had not, in this case, happily supplied the explanation of his own allegory! "Oh, in how many nights, when the eyes of other people were shut and sleeping in repose, did mine gaze fixedly on the habitation of my love!" And *what* was this object of his life-long devotedness? It was not the technical mastery of a special science, for the sake of lucre or professional renown; secondary motives to learning, which Dante reproves, if not as eloquently, at least with a better grace, considering his disinterested character, than Bacon does in the celebrated passage we all know. It was the sentiment of Dante, that "the true philosopher loves every department of Wisdom, as in true friendship a man loves his *whole* friend; and Wisdom loves every part of the philosopher, drawing him wholly to herself; as she says in the Proverbs of Solomon, "I love them that love me." He neglected no accessible branch of the tree of knowledge, in all his busy and disturbed life. And if our age gives us the advantage over him, —if we can smile at his astronomy,—and if a child, in any school to-day, could probably detect the blunders of that scientific lecture (!) which he delivered to an admiring audience at Verona, on the composition of fire and water,—if, what is more important, in the region of ethical philosophy, which he compares to the *primum mobile*, the crystalline clear sky whose movement regulates all inferior motions, we can, perhaps, suggest some amendment of the strangely perverted precepts, which the middle ages deduced from Aristotle as from an inspired teacher,—and if our own more clear morality would dissent from Dante's notions, that usury and profanity belong to the same degree of guilt with the most infamous and unnatural crimes; that misers and spendthrifts deserve an equal doom; and that Brutus and Cassius, as king-killers, deserve a place in the very jaws of the devil;—if, moreover, in the supreme science of Divinity, likened by the poet to the pure empyrean, filled with tranquillity and light, our Protestant religion is different, in some respects, from that system which he was taught to revere, so that we should hesitate to condemn all the faithful men of antiquity, for lack of baptismal regeneration, to a gloomy joyless limbo; while certainly we should not rank the author of the Inquisition in the fourth heaven of Christian rapture, not if we expected, at a higher stage, to be catechised by St. John upon the grace of charity,—yet, notwithstanding all these grave errors and ignorances, which are attributable to the *age*, and not to the *man*, we do claim for Dante Alighieri, as we have claimed for Æschylus, the enduring glory of having consecrated his genius, with a conscientious adherence to what he believed was right and truth, to the divine

task of impressing the great primary axioms of morality upon the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, by means of an imaginative representation of those religious ideas, which it was the function of the priesthood to symbolize and of the teaching ministry to proclaim, but which might also, not quite vainly, be illustrated to the popular taste, with mythical tales and pictures, by the inventions of the religious poets. How this was performed by Dante, and how it was a requirement of his age, which others had endeavoured, less efficaciously, to supply, we shall see in our concluding chapter; and we shall see, that his great work has a more permanent value,—that its contents of goodness, truth, and beauty may be, to us who can sift them from the false alloy of temporary admixture, more available than to the adoring crowds who hastened, in the generation after the poet's death, eagerly to hear the "Divina Commedia" expounded by the famous scholars of the day, who were, in all the chief Italian cities, appointed and specially salaried as professors of the Wisdom of Dante. But a larger measure of wisdom, as *we* believe, was to be given to the world. It was not in vain that the famished Paterani, and the disciples of Dolcino, whom our poet despised as insane fanatics, went forth out of their homes to die in the wintry wilderness,—not in vain that the Albigenses were slaughtered in Languedoc, and that, somewhile afterwards, the memorable drama of the Council of Constance was enacted, and Jerome and John Huss delivered their souls of evil, and delivered their limbs to the fire. True-hearted Wickliffe was to move, with tongue and pen, in the same cause; the Lollard poor weavers, murmuring of the love of Christ at their looms, were to die in flames for that murmur; and, with them, brave knights and gentlemen were to walk manfully to the stake. Luther was to stand before the princes and prelates of Germany, with his final magnificent egotism, "Here I am; I can do no otherwise; God help me!" Protestant liberty of conscience was to be acknowledged, after immense trouble and dispute, as the essential principle of the new dispensation.

It was very difficult, in England, for the first century or two of the Reformation, to make people understand what it meant. Spiritual peers, and royal defenders of the faith, supposed it was something for their proper advantage. Puritans fell into the same error; till persecution, and Laud's High Commission Court, with the gaol and pillory, taught them to seek in it nothing short of absolute toleration for all. Milton, the son of a Catholic who had been disinherited for adopting the Protestant faith, discerned the essential truth at the first glance. We are not going to analyse Milton's opinions either upon the doctrines or the discipline of the Church. Episcopacy, or presbytery, liturgical and ceremonial services, Athanasian or Arian creeds,—these are matters about which we do not yet agree; but we agree, pretty well, in letting each other think alone. We prize Milton's theological writings mainly for this,—that, more vigorously than any others of that age, they assert the freedom of discussion, whether against an usurping prelacy, or "new presbyter, who was but old priest writ large." Their tone is not, always, very modest or gracious; but the hearty and honest temper of the man should make a candid adversary even forgive his scorn.

And it was from his conviction of the incalculable worth and dignity of *humanity* that Milton derived this noble zeal for the enfranchisement of man, this indignation with all spiritual as well as political usurpation. It was because he held a man, with his nature freely exercised, the genuine lord of himself and his own life, to be the crown of all earthly things, and incomparably superior to all distinctions of conventional creation, that he never ceased to advocate the cause of free manhood. And when the kind obscurity came over his outward prospect, and allowed his mind, relieved from the "garish eye" of public controversy, to "soar as a poet in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him," it was the primitive nature of man, the naked innocence of Eden, unadorned by the additions of external circumstance, that he chose to celebrate; and the loss of that innocence he chose to deplore.

We design to make the *poetry* of our three great poets the subject of one concluding essay, to the purposes of which all that has been stated hitherto will be found contributory. We have abstained from reviewing the events and social influences of Milton's age, on a scale proportionate to the space given to the former two, because they are topics familiar to most of our readers; but he will deserve the greatest place, judged by his poetic genius.

(To be continued.)

BLACK MADS. A ROMANCE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

FROM THE DANISH.

CHAPTER III.

THE NISSE.*

Who does not know—by name at least—this little sprite, whose tricks generally bear the stamp of good-natured merriment? Who has not heard of his plump little figure, and his red Jacobin cap—the symbol of unrestricted liberty? Who does not know that the house he chooses for his abode, is perfectly secure from fire, storm, and thieves? And, therefore, who would be severe upon him, although he does sometimes prove himself a little

* Name given in Denmark to he little household sprite described in the text.—*Trans.*

mischievous? That he rides the horse in the stable until it is covered with foam, is no doubt for the purpose of giving the animal wholesome exercise; that he milks the cows before the milkmaid arrives, is merely to teach her to rise earlier; and if he do now and then steal a hen's egg, or run a race with the cats in the garret, or upset a pail of milk in the dairy, who would quarrel with him, or begrudge him the portion of Christmas porridge* which a thrifty housewife never fails to set aside for him in a corner of the garret. It is only when this attention is neglected, that his tricks assume a character of malevolence; for, where this is the case, the good dame may be sure that the porridge or the soup will be burnt, that the beer will turn sour, that the milk for the cheese will not curdle, or that she may have to churn a whole day without getting butter.

Well, a little bogie of this description had from time immemorial taken up its abode at Ansbjerg, although it would seem that this was not his only dwelling-place, as years would sometimes elapse without his being heard of. However, just at the time when our story commences, he had again begun to play his pranks in the manor house. From time to time the gardener missed his sweetest flowers and his finest fruits, and, strange to tell, these would in the morning be found in Miss Mette's room, a circumstance which seemed to prove that this young lady stood high in the good graces of the Nisse. Further, the grooms related that, often at night, matters were not right in the stables, and that in the morning one or another of the horses would be as completely done up, as if it had been on a long and fatiguing journey. The grooms asserted (and who would doubt the truth of their assertion), that they had frequently gone into the stables to ascertain what was the matter, but everything would then become suddenly quiet. Once only they had spied the *Nisse's* red cap, and since then they had never ventured to interfere. These accounts were still further corroborated by the fact that, one night, as Niels Gamekeeper was returning from Viborg, he could not for the life of him find his way from Demstrup to the manor, though he was neither tipsy nor demented, and although the road was as straight as an arrow, and the moon was at the full. Whether he would or not, his legs would carry him in among the alder plantations in the marshes on the roadside, where he repeatedly saw the red cap peeping at him from behind the trees. As Niels was a courageous fellow he challenged his mischievous tormentor, but every time he opened his lips he stumbled, and the only answer he got was a shrill cry, which sometimes sounded like the crowing of the blackcock, and sometimes like the notes of the woodcock. When, at length, he had made his way out of the swampy labyrinth, tattered and torn and covered with mud, he thought he heard behind him the bleating of the fawns and the whistle of the snipes, though it was neither the season for fawns or snipe. Such highly respectable testimony as to the presence of the *Nisse* could not of course but make a strong impression on the inmates of the manor-house, particularly on the females, and even his honour himself received these and similar accounts in significant silence.

Thus stood matters when the expedition against Black Mads was undertaken; an expedition that formed so memorable an epoch in the history of Ansbjerg that, for many years after, it was usual among the inhabitants to date from this era. The day passed, and the inmates of the manor who had remained at home awaited in anxious expectation the return of the army of execution; but evening came, and midnight came, still the troops did not make their appearance. It was then thought likely that the delinquent, having been captured, had at once been conveyed to Viborg, and that the captors, requiring rest and refreshment after the fatigues of the day, had determined upon remaining the night over in the city. This being ultimately taken for granted, the ladies and the whole household, with the exception of one man-servant, went to bed. At length, about an hour after midnight, Squire Kai and his groom returned. But, before I proceed further, I must explain the cause of this late return, and of the non-appearance of the rest of the expeditionary force.

The poacher's cabin—which had been built by himself in a very simple style, with walls of grass turf, and roof of heather laid loosely on the top of crooked branches of oak, propped against each other in the way of rafters—enjoyed a most advantageous position in point of defence. From the middle of a peat-bog, which was upwards of two miles in circumference, rose a little mound, which had never been known to be under water even after the most sudden thaw, and which could not be approached on horseback except by a narrow strip of firm ground, which wound its way through the bog: upon this mound Black Mads had built his idyllic dwelling, and here he and his wife and three children lived on the chances of the chase. The large game was either eaten fresh, salted, or smoked; the smaller game was stealthily sold, together with the skins of the deer and the fox—and with the money thus procured they bought bread and bacon, and the mother and children begged milk from the neighbouring farms. Day had just begun to dawn when the owner of Ansbjerg and his troop arrived at the bog. Niels Gamekeeper, who was well acquainted with the *terrain*, rode in front, and led the united armies successfully to the place where he had many a time seen and sworn at the humble citadel. But to his utter amazement no cabin could he now discover, though it was quite light enough for him to see it had it been there. As usual, the first thing he had recourse to was an emphatic oath. The Squire, who rode up to inquire the cause of so hearty an outpouring, gave his gamekeeper a similar morning greeting, and insisted that he had mistaken the road and brought them to a wrong place. But Niels, who was sure

* Rice boiled in milk so as to form a thick porridge forms the Christmas dish of the people of Denmark.—*Trans.*

that he had made no mistake, declared, nay, even called a dozen black angels to witness, that the cabin used to be on that very spot, but that Mads must have made it invisible, with the help, no doubt, of his good friend with the cloven foot; for it was quite certain he understood the art of what the common people call "deceiving the sight." The Squire was on the point of adopting this view of the question as the most reasonable, when Squire Kai, who had ridden further on, cried out, "There is fire here!" Every one now hurried forward, and it was soon discovered that the cabin lay in ashes, in which a spark was here and there still glimmering. This discovery led Niels Gamekeeper to the conclusion that the long-tailed personage before alluded to had at length taken possession of Mads and the whole nest. The young Squire, on the contrary, was of opinion that Mads himself had set fire to the cabin and then fled. It being now broad daylight, the party proceeded to explore more fully the spot where the conflagration had taken place, but nothing was found except ashes, embers, coal, and charred bones, which latter the huntsman pronounced to be those of red deer. It was now resolved that search should be made on the surrounding heaths, as in all probability the fugitive and his family were not far off; and in consequence, the troop divided into four divisions to explore the four quarters of the compass, the young Squire selecting the east for himself and his groom and one man more—perhaps with a view to being nearer to Ansbjerg and his betrothed. But all his exertions were fruitless; it was to no purpose that he rode backwards and forwards, fatiguing himself and his men and horses. Sometimes he thought that he could discern objects moving at a distance, but upon closer examination they were found to be sheep, or heaps of peat. At one moment he felt certain that he saw human beings, but, as he and his followers advanced, the forms became gradually more indistinct, till at length they entirely disappeared. The groom explained the optical deception by an old tradition which says, that in olden times a battle was fought in this locality, and that the spirits of the fallen sometimes played the bloody game over again. Indeed, "when he was shepherd-boy, he used often at sun-rise to see whole regiments drawn up, and officers on horseback riding up and down the lines, and the hostile armies meeting and fighting, now the one retiring and then the other. In his grandfather's time they could distinctly hear the word of command, the sound of the trumpets, the clashing of the weapons, and the groans of the wounded." But the young Squire, who had heard a good deal about *fata morgana*, and had witnessed the phenomena himself, laughed at his servant, and in his heart cursed the black poacher and all his tribe.

In making preparation for the expedition it had been forgotten to lay in a stock of provisions, but food being a necessary foundation for heroic valour, the third part of the young Squire's division had been despatched to make up for past neglect; but as evening was coming on, and the man had not yet returned, the hungry Squire resolved upon turning his steps homewards. However, it was easier to come to this decision than to carry it out: the horses were fagged, and as much in want of refreshment as the riders. The retreat was therefore but a slow one, and they were not able to get across the heath before night came on. The consequence was, that this detachment of the operating army lost its way, and therefore did not reach Ansbjerg before midnight.

In order to avoid further digressions in my story, I will here briefly mention, that the three other divisions had been equally unfortunate. In vain did they search other bogs; in vain did they scour the country, riding up hill and down dale; in vain did they make inquiries in every village in the neighbourhood, and at every detached house that they came to: no one had seen or heard anything of Black Mads. The whole day was spent in this way, and the troops being ultimately compelled to go into night quarters, the Squire of Ansbjerg took up his at Rydhange, and not until after two days' successful grouse shooting did he reach his home.

The weary young Squire, who, as we have seen, had at length come safely into port, had hardly finished satisfying the demands of hunger, before he seriously thought of paying his debt to sleep. He therefore ordered his servant to light him up to his room, but as the latter was unlocking the door, the key broke, and the comb remained in the lock. What was now to be done? To curse the door, the lock, the smith, the servant, and Black Mads into the bargain, was tried without avail. To get the lock off, hammer and screw-driver would be necessary, and the noise occasioned thereby would wake every one in the house. If this were done, what would be the good of his having kept so quiet hitherto, in order not to disturb the ladies, and of his having even been content to sup upon nothing but a slice of cold roast beef, which his servant had by some means or other procured for him? In cases such as this first thoughts are best; and the servant, with a doubtful glance at his master, therefore ventured to suggest that he should sleep in the turret chamber. At the mention of this well-known room of ill repute, a slight shudder came over the young Squire, but he tried to conceal his fear behind a smile, and by asking in an indifferent tone of voice: "If the bed in that room was made?" The answer was in the affirmative; the mistress always had a bed ready there in case it should be wanted, though, in the memory of man, it had never been occupied. As the good lady always kept the keys of the other spare-rooms, but considered it an unnecessary precaution with regard to this one, which only contained a bed, a couple of chairs and a table, and was besides protected from thieves by the mystery which hung over it, evasion and objections would no longer avail, and Squire Kai therefore allowed himself to be ushered into the room.

The servant having assisted his master to undress, and having placed the candle on the table, left the room and shut the door.

It was a gloomy autumnal night. The moon, which was in the third quarter, shed her rays through the narrow window. The wind blew high; small clouds passed in rapid and regular succession over the moon, and their shadows glided like the pictures in a *camera chiara* over the white walls of the turret chamber, and disappeared up the chimney; while the wind shook the lattice and whistled through the crevices. Squire Kai was not a coward; he feared not to meet a foe face to face, or to ride the most spirited horse—even were it a Bucephalus; in short, he feared nothing living, but for spirits he entertained a very great respect. Time and circumstances, but particularly the ill repute of the turret chamber, now made the blood flow faster in his veins; and all the old ghost-stories he had ever heard presented themselves to his heated imagination; phantasms and Morpheus were contending for power over him, and the first gained the victory. However, his valour still so far maintained the mastery over his fears, that he did not close his eyes, but stared fixedly at the opposite wall, where the shadows seemed gradually to take form and acquire significance. In such cases it is always a relief to feel that one's back is free; the brave Squire therefore raised himself up, cast aside the curtains at the head of the bed, and looked back. The bed stood close to the wall, opposite the spacious chimney and the door, at the foot of it was the window, and at the head hung an old picture of a redoubtable knight, clad in armour, with a face as big as a pumpkin, surrounded with a profusion of black ringlets. On this picture, which was more or less distinctly visible according as the clouds flitted over the moon, Squire Kai's anxious gaze was fixed. When the bright light of the moon fell upon it, the knight's face seemed to expand into a smile; when a cloud threw its shadow over it, it contracted to a fearful scowl. Perhaps it was a former owner of the manor, who, now that his race was extinct, and his property had passed into other hands, had been banished to this remote corner; and who, by nightly visits, revenged himself upon his successors for the contempt with which they treated him. Courage and fear succeeded each other in the young Squire's breast, as did light and shadow on the wall. At length, making a prodigious effort to get the better of his fear, he laid himself down on his pillow and surrendered to the power of Morpheus.

Great fatigue does not always insure the soundest sleep. The young Squire had not, perhaps, slept more than half-an-hour, when he was awoke by a noise like the turning of a key in a rusty lock. Involuntarily he opened his eyes; they fell upon the door opposite, where a white figure appeared and vanished almost at the same moment—the door closed with a slight creaking. A cold, creeping sensation passed over the young man's head, and he felt as if his hair were standing on end, but he did not lose his self-possession; imagination had not yet quite conquered reason. "It might have been the servant," he thought, "who, though undressed, wished to ascertain if the candle had been extinguished." Somewhat tranquillised by this hypothesis, he turned away his eyes, but now beheld at the window the upper part of a man's figure. The outlines of the head and shoulders were perfectly distinct, and lighted up by the moon's rays; the figure seemed to turn its back towards him. Fear now got the upper hand and almost took away his breath. The figure sighed, raised one hand and seemed to trace some words on the window-panes. On seeing this the young Squire's courage entirely forsook him.

What was to be done? Escape he could not; for if he attempted to do so by the door through which the white figure had vanished, he might fall into an ambush. The window was defended by its mysterious occupant, and other outlets he knew none. True enough there is one more resource, to which people sometimes have recourse, viz. to creep under the bed-clothes; but as it is well-known that some ghosts are so playful that they even go so far as to pull the bed-clothes off people, I could not venture unconditionally to recommend this expedient. As for our Squire, he was either not acquainted with it, or he was ashamed to resort to it, and his natural courage once more rose to such a pitch that he called out, "Who is there?" At this challenge the apparition seemed to turn quickly round, but gave no answer: after the expiration of a few moments it vanished slowly, sinking down below the window, and all was quiet. No wanderer who has lost his way can long more intensely for daylight than did the poor young Squire. He did not venture to shut his eyes, for fear that, when he opened them again, he might behold something that he would rather not see, but continued to stare at the door, the chimney-place, and the window. Terror-stricken, he listened with fixed attention to every sound, but heard nothing save the whistling of the wind, the rattling of the window-frames, and his own heavy breathing. At last day began to dawn, and as soon as it was light enough to distinguish the objects in the room, he got up and examined them all minutely. But his trouble was fruitless: the chimney-board was in its place, the door of the chamber was shut, the window was well fastened, and other outlets there were not. He was now convinced, and hurried to leave these unquiet night-quarters, with a fixed determination never to enter them again.

As soon as the family met at breakfast, and the young Squire had given an account of the unsuccessful expedition of the preceding day, his hostess very naturally inquired how he had slept after all his fatigue. "Very well!" was the reply. Miss Mette smiled: "Did you not sleep in the turret-chamber? I think my maid told me so." Squire Kai confessed that he had, but as he was anxious to conceal from his betrothed what a fright he had been in, he found it necessary to be silent with regard to what he had experienced. Miss Mette, however, determined to make him confess, assured him "that she could see by his eyes that he had passed a sleepless night, and that he looked very pale." In order to put an end to this unpleasant conversation, he assured her, in return,

that the room had been "purified," adding, that even she might sleep there if she had the courage to do so. "Well, I think I will try it some night," she replied, and the subject was then dropped.

Several days elapsed after the return of the elder Squire, before the turret-chamber was again alluded to; for, in the first place, every one was engaged in suggesting, weighing, and considering various ways and means by which Black Mads might have been captured, and in conjecturing where he now kept himself concealed; and next, it took some time to give a minute and detailed account of the two days' sport at Rydhange. When this subject also was exhausted, Miss Mette led the conversation to the haunted chamber, by informing her father that her betrothed had spent a night in it, and making him observe how very grave he became. The young Squire had now to undergo a second examination by two inquisitors, one of whom, the young lady, drove him so completely into the corner by her playful attacks, that he at length recalled his former assertions, and confessed that he should not be inclined to occupy the turret-chamber again.

"For shame! ought a man of gentle blood to be afraid of a shadow?" said Miss Mette. "Woman as I am, I would not hesitate to encounter such an adventure."

"I will bet my brown gelding that you will not venture to do so!" answered the young Squire.

"And I will put my Isabel against him," exclaimed the young lady.

At first this was supposed to be a jest on her part; but when she insisted that the bet should stand, both her betrothed and her father endeavoured to dissuade her from so rash an undertaking. However, she continued firm to her resolution; and on perceiving this, the young Squire felt that he ought to make full confession of all that he had seen. The old Squire shook his head; but Miss Mette laughed, and insisted that the whole had been a dream; and to convince him that it was so, she felt the more bound to carry out her determination. The old gentleman, whose fatherly pride was flattered by his daughter's courage, now gave his consent to her plan; and the only point Squire Kai was able to carry was, that a bell-string should be hung within reach of her bed, and that her maid should sleep in the room with her. Miss Mette, on her side, made it a condition that no one should stir out of bed, that it might not afterwards be said that they had scared away the ghosts, and that no one was to have a light after eleven o'clock. The father and the betrothed took up their quarters in the so-called gilded chamber, which was only separated from the turret-chamber by a long passage, and in which hung the bell which the young lady was to ring in case of need. Mrs. Kirsten, not less courageous than her daughter, made no objections to the arrangements, and the ensuing night was fixed for the experiment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ABDUCTION.

THE important night on which the future destiny of the brown gelding and the Isabel was to be determined, brought but little sleep to the family and the servants; every one was in anxious expectation of what was to happen, and the noise of the cats and the screeching of the owls, and the barking of the dogs, drove away "old shut-the-eye" whenever he attempted to steal a march upon them. The grooms heard the horses snort and kick; the steward fancied that he heard bags of corn being dragged about in the corn-loft; to the dairymaids it seemed as if the churn were working; and the housekeeper was sure that some one was rummaging about in her store-room. The inmates of the gilded chamber were as wide-awake as all the rest; both the gentlemen lay perfectly quiet, glancing from time to time at the little silver bell which hung between them; but it remained silent. When the turret-clock struck one, the young Squire began to think that there was a possibility of his losing his wager; but consoled himself with the thought that to lose to a wife was only like taking from one hand to put into the other. But to be brief: the night passed as quietly as if there was no such thing as a ghost or hobgoblin in the world. At the first dawn of day both the gentlemen got up, and hastened to give a morning greeting to the daring spirit-queller. They tapped at the door; no "come in" resounded. Both mistress and maid were probably still in a sweet sleep. Papa opened the door—stepped in—and lo! Miss Mette's bed was empty and the covering thrown aside. "Bravo!" cried the young Squire, who learned the fact from the amazed father's exclamations; "she has taken flight, and the Isabel is mine." The old gentleman now turned to the maid's bed. She was not either to be seen; but when he pulled down the covering, there she lay, looking as if she were in a burning fever. To her master's first anxious inquiry she made no reply, but stared wildly at both the gentlemen. At length she recovered her speech, and related, in an agitated and unconnected manner, that a little after midnight she saw a terrible ghost come out of the wall, and that she had been so frightened that she had crept under the covering, and had remained there ever since: of what passed after she had thus got herself into safety, she knew nothing. But this soon came to light; for it was discovered that the window was open, and that a ladder was on the outside of it: that Miss Mette had been carried off was evident, but by whom?

The whole house was in the greatest uproar and confusion. Cries, and lamentations, and maledictions were heard on all sides. To pursue the fugitives was the father's and the betrothed's first thought; but in what direction? Mrs. Kirsten, the most collected of them all, proposed that there should first be a general review of the household; and the master undertook this in person. He called over the names of the servants, and declared that none were missing. Every one laboured

under the same mistake, until Mrs. Kirsten asked, "Where is the clerk?" "The clerk! the clerk!" passed from mouth to mouth; every one looked around, they looked at each other, they looked at themselves. No! the clerk was positively not there. The steward and two or three of the others now hurried over to the steward's office; and the master called to the grooms, "to saddle the horses and to be as quick as thunder and lightning!" The steward came back panting and out of breath with the news, that the clerk must have decamped, for his bed had not been slept in the night before; his spurs and his whip were not either to be found. At the same time one of the grooms came running to say, that the Isabel was not in the stable. Every one stood in dumb amazement, until Mrs. Kirsten broke the silence. "Our daughter," she said, "could not possibly have been carried off by a low-born scrivener; that fellow must have come here as the spy of another. I have an idea that the spoiler comes from the West; try if you cannot discover their traces on the Vium Road, and then hasten after them. It is not too late to overtake them; the Isabel cannot go far with two on her back."

The lady's conjectures proved to be correct. On the road mentioned were discovered prints of the hoofs of a horse going at a brisk pace; and not far from the house a bow of ribbon was found, and a little farther on a glove, both of which belonged to Miss Mette.

Both the Squires set out armed with guns, pistols, and swords, and followed by the game-keeper and four men also well armed; and Mrs. Kirsten called out to them to bring home the young people dead or alive. Until they reached Vium the traces were perfectly distinct; but here the pursuers would have been foiled, had not a peasant whom they met told them that a couple of hours before daybreak he had heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming on the west side of the town. Acting upon this hint, they soon again discovered the traces, which continued in the same direction past the inn at Ilvam, where they learnt that two hours ago the dogs had been barking furiously. It was plain that the fugitives had here begun to slacken their speed. Their pursuers arrived at Sjörup, where a man had heard a horse go by, and thought he saw two persons on it. But now the traces were lost. From this point ran several roads, all with deep and narrow wheel-ruts; which was the right one? The fugitives had not chosen either of them, probably fearing that the horse might fall; but had gone in on the heath. The Ansbjerg cavalcade halted in order to hold a council. One of the three principal roads ran in the direction of north-west, another in south-west, and the third right between the two. While it was being discussed which road should be taken, the conversation turned upon the occurrences of the night, and in particular upon the suspected clerk. One of the men said, that it seemed to him that he had seen the clerk before while he was in the Dragoons; but he could not remember where. Another had seen a stranger speaking to him in the woods a couple of days before, and he thought he heard the stranger call him lieutenant. A sudden thought now flashed through the old Squire's mind; "Ha!" he exclaimed, "then we will take the middle road, that leads to Vestervig. I'll be bound the clerk is no other than the Major's third son, who is a lieutenant in the Dragoons. I recollect that Mrs. Kirsten once warned me about him, and said that he was looking after Miss Mette. And you," he said, calling to the steward. "Gracious, sir," rejoined the steward. "You yourself saw that the steward of Vestervig had given him a character; either he has deceived us, or the letter is a forgery. The young man was so quiet, orderly, and industrious, and so very modest, that I never should have taken him for a nobleman." "As for his nobility, that is in the moon," said the old gentleman, putting his horse into a canter; adding, "the person who first gets sight of the deserters shall have three crowns!"

The troop had still about a mile and a half to ride before it could reach the place where it was to ford the little river at Karup. In the meanwhile I will, with the reader's permission, outspeed them and come up with the fugitives, who have just reached the opposite bank.

The poor Isabel was proceeding at a very slow pace up the heather-covered bank. The lieutenant, for it was really he—often looked back with an anxious expression of countenance, and each time snatched a kiss from his sweet Mette, who sat behind, holding him tightly round the waist. "Do you see anything?" she asked anxiously; for she did not venture to look back. "Not yet," he answered; "but I fear . . . . the sun is already high in the heavens; they must be in search of us . . . .; if only the mare will hold out." "But your brother's carriage?" she asked after a pause. "It was to have been at the river side at the break of day," he replied; "I cannot imagine what has detained it. We have still two miles to ride before we can get out of the heath, and if they have found the right track . . . ." As he said this they reached the top of the slope, and the great western heath lay spread out like a sea before them: but no carriage, no living being was in sight. The lieutenant drew in the reins to let the horse take breath, and turned half round to get a view of the eastern heath which they had just left behind them. It was barren and deserted: nothing was to be seen but a few stacks of turf; nothing to be heard, but the voice of the blackcock, the murmuring of the river, the Isabel's panting, and their own sighs. They continued in this way for some time, when the silence was broken by Miss Mette asking, "Do you not perceive something moving at a distance?" She said this in an under-tone, as if she feared the wind might waft her words to the other side of the desert. "We must not stay here longer," he replied; "I fear that it is your father, who is in pursuit of us." With these words he turned once more to the west, and gave the spurs to his horse. "Good heavens, my father!" she sighed, and clung closer to her lover. He looked back again: "they seem to gain upon us . . . .; if I urge the

animal on it will drop." They rode on a little further with anxious and beating hearts. "I must walk," he said, "it will relieve the poor beast. Do not look back, dearest Mette!" "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "can it be they?" "As far as I can see, they are seven or eight in number, and all mounted." "What distance do you think they are from us?" she asked again. "About half a mile,"* was his reply. Regardless of the advice of her companion, Mette again looked back. "I cannot see them," she cried. "Nor can I now," he said; "but I suppose they are in the hollow . . . .; there! now one emerges, now another . . . .; come on, come on, poor Isabel!" he exclaimed, leading the mare by the bridle. After a pause Mette said, "I wonder if they can see us?" "They are following us," answered the lieutenant; "they are gaining more and more upon us." "Heaven forbid!" she exclaimed; "if they overtake us my father will murder you; but I will throw myself between you and him, dearest Holger! I could not survive you."

The fugitives had by this time laid the western bank of the river about half a mile behind them, while their pursuers were close upon the eastern bank, and were so distinctly visible that their numbers might now be easily counted. The lovers were in despair—they saw no chance of escaping. The lieutenant was still running beside the horse; his companion was weeping bitterly, when suddenly a tall man clad in a suit of brown, with a gun in one hand, and a slouched hat in the other, stood before them. The fugitives stopped.

"Who are you? From whence do you come?" cried the lieutenant.

"From where the houses stand in the open air, and the geese go barefooted. And where do you come from, and who are you? But stop a bit, methinks you and I have met before! Are you not the person who begged me off when Niels Gamekeeper was going to topple me over?"

"Black Mads!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"So they please to call me," replied the poacher; "but what has brought you out upon the heath so early in the morning, and with such a nice young lady to boot? You hav'n't been poaching a bit, have you? If I can help you in any way, say so."

"In time of need the first friend is the best. I am the son of the Major at Vestervig, and have been at Ansbjerg to fetch a wife. Her father and a whole troop of men are in pursuit of us. If you can rescue us, or hide us somewhere, I will be grateful to you as long as I live, and will reward you as far as lies in my power; but we have no time to lose," he added quickly looking round, "for there they are on the other side of the river."

Mads shaded his eyes with his hat. "Yes, as I am alive, there comes the master and all his men. 'Kin is worst to kin,' said the fox, when the red dogs were after him. Well, if you will promise never to tell where I take you to, I will help you out of your trouble!"

The young people promised faithfully not to betray him, and he then continued:

"Listen to me, young ones; they are just riding down the last slope on the other side of the river, and it will take time before they reach the top of the one on this side, so they will not see what we are about. In the meantime we will put something in their way which they will not so easily get through." Saying which, he laid down his gun, took his tinder-box from his pocket, and struck fire; then gathering some handsful of dry moss, he laid the tinder on it, and blew it until he raised a flame; after which he threw the moss in among the heather, where the fire instantly began to crackle and spread.

During this manœuvre, the meaning of which the fugitives did not at first comprehend, Black Mads gave vent to his thoughts in the following unconnected sentences:—"The wind is in our favour . . . . and the heather is dry . . . . Niels Gamekeeper will soon have wherewithal to light his pipe . . . .: it will be the second time that my tinder-box has been of use to him . . . . I'll be bound he will make a deuced racket about my roasting blackcock without lard . . . . but necessity has no law . . . . and good people are scarce . . . . there! now it has taken! and now do as I do! he said to the lieutenant, "take a bunch of heather, light it, run ten steps towards the north and set fire to the heath, then take another bunch, and go on setting fire to the heath always in the same direction, until you reach the knoll you see yonder; I will do the same in the opposite direction; and then we must run as fast as we can back again to this spot. The young lady must remain here with the horse . . . . . it will soon be done." And with the words, "Light before and dark behind, and no one shall know whither I go,"* the poacher commenced his operations. The lieutenant followed his instructions, and in a few minutes the heath was on fire to the extent of half-a-mile in breadth, and both the men had returned to the terrified young lady."

"Now that we have earned our breakfast," said Mads, "be so good as to follow me, and excuse the poor accommodation and frugal fare . . . but, zounds, what shall we do with the beast," he added, giving Isabel a smack with the flat of his hand: "Can she find the way home alone?"

"Oh!" replied Miss Mette, "she will follow me wherever I go."

"The devil! but she must do no such thing! she will betray us if she does. The door of my house is too low for her to enter, and we cannot let her remain outside. You are too good to be made away with, it is true," he said to the animal, as he was taking the saddle and parcels off its back, "but we must think of number one before we think of number two."

* There are between four and five English miles to one Danish.

* In an old fairy tale it is told that a certain princess could at any time make herself invisible by repeating these words.

The lieutenant who understood Mads' intention, took Mette by the hand and led her away, as if to guard her against the fire, which was making way against the wind, and the poacher took his gun and clapped the muzzle to the animal's ear, and pulled the trigger. At the report Mette turned round with a scream just in time to see her poor Isabel drop down on the heath. Tears flowed down the young girl's pale cheeks.

"The creature is as dead as a herring!" cried Mads, as if to console its mistress, "and did not even hear the report." And taking the saddle and parcels on one shoulder and the gun on the other, he now informed the fugitives that his palace was not far off, and invited them to follow him as speedily as they could; adding as he set off with long strides and double-quick pace, "Don't look back, but remember Lot's wife."

Impeded by her long riding habit which every moment got entangled in the heather, the young girl could proceed but slowly, and often stumbled; seeing this, the lieutenant, without asking permission, took her upon his arm, and, notwithstanding her resistance, persisted in carrying her. Though a pretty girl's specific weight must be equal to that of an ugly one, yet I have been told that there are cases in which it is easier to bear the weight of the first, particularly if a man is in love, and I trust, therefore, that my veracity will not be doubted, when I relate, that the lieutenant carried his beloved full half-a-quarter of a mile without resting. Black Mads offered several times to exchange burdens with him, but he always shook his head; while the young girl with one arm round his neck, and with the other fanning him with his hat, and pressing her lips to his forehead, endeavoured to lighten her own weight and make him stronger.

"Here we are at my home!" at length exclaimed their guide, throwing down his parcels at the foot of a little heather covered hill.

"Where!" cried the lieutenant, likewise depositing his burthen, and looking round without being able to discover anything that resembled a human habitation.

"Here!" answered Mads, moving aside a very large piece of turf. "A few days ago I lived above ground: there I was not allowed to stay; but it must be a poor mouse, indeed, that has not more than one hole to creep into." Saying which he rolled aside some large stones, thereby bringing to view an opening big enough for a man to creep through.

"It looks as if a fox had been unearthed here," said the lieutenant.

"That's just how we want it to look," replied the poacher; "but before we go in we must make sure that nobody is watching us. I don't mean the Ansbjerg folk, for they cannot have got past the burning heath yet—but there might be other stragglers abroad."

They looked round on all sides, but no living being was in sight, and the whole of the east side of the heath was enveloped in clouds of smoke, so dense that the rays of the morning sun could not penetrate them.

"Be so good as to stoop and follow me," said Mads, crawling in on all fours. "The door is low, but the room is big enough to hold us all. Your parcels I will fetch by and by."

With some trouble the young people followed their guide, and soon found themselves in an under-ground habitation, consisting of a good-sized room, the walls of which were lined with large stones, and the ceiling formed of beams placed close to each other. From the ceiling hung a lamp, which only partially lighted up the surrounding objects, viz. two beds, a larger and a smaller one, ranged on the one side of the room, and a bench, a table, two chairs, a chest, and two presses, which occupied the other. In the one bed lay three naked children, who, on the arrival of the strangers, dived down under the bed-clothes like wild ducks into the water. At the edge of the other bed sat Lisbeth, Mrs. Mads, knitting a stocking, which, however, she let fall into her lap in her surprise at the sight of the unexpected guests. At one end of the table stood a little red-haired man, clad in skin from his chin to his knees, and whom the host presented to his guests under the name of *Mikkel Foxbrush*. "We were beating about the bush, one day," he added, smiling, "in search of his half-brother, when we came upon this berth. Mikkel thinks that it was a robbers' den in olden times; but it might perhaps also have been a grave mound, for we found a couple of black jars containing ashes and bones."*

At the words *robbers' den* the young girl shuddered. Her betrothed, observing it, said in French, "Fear not, my beloved, here we are safe; but it grieves me that the first dwelling I take you into should be one that inspires you with fear and disgust."

"I will show you my domains," continued the poacher, opening a door in the background. "This is my kitchen, where we can never venture to light a fire except at night; it is also my larder," he added, pointing to a salting tub and some haunches of venison which were hanging in the chimney to be smoked; "I have bread and meat, also, and when I was last in Viborg I got a drop of mead in exchange for a deer-skin." With these words, he placed a stone jug and a wooden platter on the table: "Eat and drink as much as you please of what the house contains; and when you wish to go away you shall have a good guide."

The young lieutenant pressed the faithful Troglodyte's hand, saying, "At this moment I have nothing to offer you but my heartfelt thanks."

"I will not accept any," interrupted Black Mads; "only promise that you will never betray me, or tell any one where my cave is!"

The promise was given with the sincerest assurances that it should be kept, and the young fugitives enjoyed a breakfast to which hunger and

* Such, *Satte-stuer*, as they are called, are not uncommon in Denmark, and have furnished a great part of the contents of the rich museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen.—*Trans.*

joy at having escaped from their pursuers gave a peculiar relish, and following their host's advice they determined not to set out again upon their journey before evening.

Mikkel offered to go out and reconnoitre. The first time he went forth he did not get further than to the opening of the cave, from whence he gave the information that the pursuers had got round the fire, and had divided into two parties, and were now riding towards the west. Some hours after he ventured out a short distance on the heath, and returned with the intelligence that they were now proceeding in a north-west direction, and that, in consequence, the heath would probably be safe, as having scoured the country around they would not suppose that the fugitives were still there. In consequence, Black Mads left the hiding-place a little after mid-day, to order a carriage for the fugitives, in the nearest village not on the track of the pursuers: however, on his way he met a young man whom he discovered to be the lieutenant's servant, who, by mistaking one rivulet for another, had missed the spot where he was to meet his master, and was now in search of him. Mads having ascertained that all was as he said, returned to the cavern with the young man, and, shortly after, the young couple were rolling over the heath in the carriage which the servant had brought with him; and on the following morning they arrived safely at Vestervig, where the marriage ceremony was immediately performed.

Miss Mette, if we may still call her so, subsequently wrote to her parents asking their forgiveness, but as long as her mother lived this was denied. However, after the old lady's death, the Squire relented, and his daughter and her husband then left the little farm on which they had hitherto dwelt, and went to live at Ansbjerg with him, and so happy did the old gentleman feel in their society, that, at the solicitations of the grateful young couple, he offered Black Mads the situation of wood-ranger on his property. The poacher, thus retrieved from his lawless life, became an honest member of society, a sworn enemy to all brothers of the craft which he had formerly followed, and a faithful ally of Niels Gamekeeper, who generally spent his evenings at Mads' cottage, with a pipe of tobacco and a tankard of beer. As for young Squire Kai, he soon got the better of his disappointment, and married a lady who, though having fewer personal attractions than Miss Mette, had even greater store of this world's goods.

A TASTE OF IRELAND.

It was not that I was seized with a sudden fit of extra loyalty, but because my annual holiday came off at the precise nick of time when Her Majesty set out for Ireland, that I found myself in the Queen's wake the other day, and treading close upon the Royal heels, when I set forth upon a trip long ago determined upon, to the good city of Dublin. I had never before set foot upon Irish ground, but having received an invitation from an old friend with whom I knew I could make myself perfectly at home, and tempted besides by the reputation of the Dublin Exhibition, I resolved to devote my week's leave of absence to such a glance at the green isle as fate might permit in the course of a six days' ramble.

With this view, in company with a few young friends, I took the rail as far as Chester, on the Monday; slept there, after walking through the streets and arcades of the old city by gas-light, and proceeded the next morning along the margin of the estuary of the Dee, as far as Bangor—perhaps the most picturesque and delightful railway run in all England. At Bangor our party alighted, and proceeded on foot over the hills to the Menai Bridge, and, crossing it, proceeded onwards on the northern side of the strait to the Britannia Bridge, the world-famed tube, the marvels of whose construction and triumphant erection are too well known to need recapitulation. First mounting to the top of it, to take a view of the magnificent prospect around, and then passing through it, under the conduct of a guide, we lunched merrily in the neighbouring inn, and taking the next passing train to Holyhead, arrived there early in the afternoon. Holyhead is a rambling, straggling, half-finished, half-ruined, out-of-the-world sort of place, infested with ragged touters, with sun-burnt faces, who pass their infant lives in the attempt to lug into no end of unsavoury dens, miscalled coffee shops and taverns, the luckless strangers whom the iron road discharges from its embrace and delivers over to their very questionable hospitality. At one of the most specious of these houses of entertainment five of us sat down to tea, which, to the credit of Welch alacrity, stirred up by frequent appeals to the bell, was brought in after waiting rather more than an hour for its appearance—and in consideration, it is to be supposed, of the labour involved in its preparation, had to be paid for at about double the customary charge.

The Cambrian steamer was to sail at half-past six, and having strolled upon the pier until the bell gave note of warning, we hastened on board, where we found a pretty numerous company who had taken possessiom of the cabins and seats, where not a few of them had literally laid themselves out for the endurance rather than the enjoyment of the transit. The wind blew a rather stiff breeze inshore; the clouds lowered black and heavy, and the dark green billows showed their white summits along the line of the seaward

horizon. We started punctually at the appointed time; and having, in a few minutes, cleared the harbour and the sheltering points of land on either side, were soon pitching and rolling about in a style not at all in harmony with a landsman's notions of comfort. Twilight came on rapidly, and as it grew darker the wind blew stronger, and the waves wildly dashed over the deck, producing many a wet jacket. The sailors promised us a "dirty passage," and the older voyagers got into their oil-skin great-coats. It soon became difficult, if not impossible, to stand without holding on to something—the unfortunate ladies, of whom there were a goodly number, were long before dark in a truly pitiable condition—and fully one half of the gentlemen, most of them from cockney-land, were in no better trim. The anticipations of a dirty passage were, however, not realized to their full extent. Though it lightened a good deal after dark, we heard no note of thunder, and before ten o'clock the dark clouds partially cleared off and the stars shone out. As the vessel drew near the Irish coast the wind lulled considerably, and many who had buried themselves in the cabins now came forth on the look out for the Kingstown light. It soon hove in sight, and not long after our captain, armed with a red-hot poker, sent a couple of rockets aloft to give notice of our arrival. The signal was answered from the shore, and having first narrowly escaped running foul of a man of war which, its rigging swarming with flags, lay across the mouth of the harbour, we stopped alongside the quay, and, carpet-bags in hand, hurried on shore, after a passage of exactly five hours.

It wanted less than half an hour of midnight when we stepped into one of the open cars which on the Dublin and Kingstown railway do duty as second-class carriages. There we had the pleasure of sitting near half an hour before the train moved on, which it did at length at the command of an official, who having finished a very deliberate conversation with a friend, at last uttered his fiat, "Go on, Jack," and on we rolled. But we stopped again in two or three minutes at Salt Hill, and out jumped a dozen or two of our fellow-passengers, any one of whom might have walked the distance ten times over in the time we had wasted in waiting. We stopped at various stations on the short route, setting down passengers. At one of them as the train drew up, there came shambling forward that identical old "Charley," who forty years ago slept nightly in his watch box near Temple Bar—bent double with age, and bearing in his withered hand the well-known old lanthorn of three-gallon capacity: he twice gave hoarse utterance to a sound which we can only represent in writing by the letters "B'berrryub," and which upon inquiry we understood was intended for "Merrion," the name of the station at which we were momentarily halting. Arrived at Dublin, I had the pleasure of discovering that I had been participating in a sitz-bath all the way from Kingstown, the cushions of the open carriage into which we had inadvertently stepped having become thoroughly sodden through exposure to the late rains.

It was now nearly half past twelve o'clock, and judging it too late to knock up my kind friends, who resided at two miles distance, I applied, with my companions, to a functionary installed in a kind of office, who, without fee or reward, professed to direct travellers to houses where they would meet with good accommodation. He gave us a ticket to an hotel where he assured us we should find eight beds unoccupied, and which he averred lay at the distance of but half a mile. With hard walking, under the conduct of a guide, we succeeded in reaching it in three-quarters of an hour. We found the hotel shut up, but a light still burning in the hall. Our appeals to the door were answered immediately; but the apparition of five muddy pedestrians—for we had not been able to secure a car—all armed with carpet-bags, was greeted with a tremendous chorus of laughter from a group of young fellows chattering and smoking cigars round a sort of open bar, in which sat a young lady, framed like a picture—not exactly that of a Madonna—the priestess of an alcoholic shrine. I produced the card given us at the railway station, and demanded sleeping-rooms.

"It is all a mistake," said the head-waiter, who now made his appearance; "we have but five-and-thirty beds, and there are threescore people in them. Sorry, but we can't accommodate you here."

"Where are we to go?"

"There is the —— hotel higher up the street, but I am afraid they are pretty well full; but you can try it."

"We're rather full here," said one of the smoking party—beds, floors, tables, and all; but you shall, one of you, sleep on my table—that's it—capital mahogany—for a sovereign, with a proviso that you allow me to stretch myself under it."

"These two chairs are mine," said another; "you shall sit up in one of them for the same price, if you like."

These liberal offers, which were declined with thanks, sent us further a-field. The next hotel at which we applied was still more tightly crammed, and the waiter refused to admit us within the door, from an evident fear lest once in we should decline to retreat. He directed us to another—that other to a fourth, and so on, with equal bad success. At length one man, compassionating our case, as we stood in the drizzling rain, which seemed to have set in doggedly, advised us to try some of the private lodging-houses. We had little hopes from that, because the streets were resounding on all sides with the noise of belated travellers banging at doors to be admitted, to whose appeals nobody seemed to respond. But no other chance remained, and we began trying our hand rather indiscriminately at the knockers. At this some of our party were so far successful as to bring now and then a sleepy servant-girl to the door. All they could do, however, was to send us further on, to find a like reception at other places.

We were well nigh making up our minds to

pass the night in the muddy streets, when the glimmering of a light in an area induced another assault upon the knocker of a respectable-looking house. In a few moments a grinning Irish lass appeared in the area shading the candle with her hand.

"Mary," said I, "good luck to you! have you any beds?" and I looked half hopefully at the good-natured face that told me she had leaped out of her own to answer the unconscionable row we had made.

"Beds!" said she, "I should think we had—the saints be praised!"

"Thank heaven!" I ejaculated internally, "we are housed at last."

"With thravellers tucked in 'em"—said she.

"The devil!" I exploded aloud. "But can't you come up, asthore—sure you can make room for us—at any rate, you will surely come up and open the door, and do what you can to save us from walking the streets all night."

"Thin it's the misthress knows best—but anyhow, I don't mind seein' about it."

And off she goes to see about it.

In a few minutes the door is opened, and the mistress, a quiet, elderly dame, "given to hospitality," comes gliding stealthily down the stairs. As the grinning damsel holds the door in her hand we enter one at a time. She is evidently alarmed at our number, and, as the last makes his appearance,

"Has your mother sent any more of you?" she inquires; and being assured that this is all the family, shuts the door quietly; and then a curious parley follows. The good lady of the house, which is a roomy and substantial mansion, has every bed in it carrying double, and can afford us no accommodation; but it is something, as we begin to feel, to be housed from the mud and driving rain, and we have no intention, come what will, of turning out again. She, on her part, has no notion of turning us out, but invites us up into the drawing-room, which, though let to an English gentleman, is at this moment empty, he being fast asleep in the room above. We ascend gingerly, and seat ourselves, while the servant undertakes a cruise in the neighbourhood on our behalf. She is absent on this expedition more than half an hour; but her exertions are all in vain; and, finally, there is nothing left for it but to make the best of the used-up resources of the house, and remain where we are. Mistress and maid now set forth on a foraging expedition. Now a sheet, now a rug, now a blanket, is rummaged up from some long-forgotten depository, and bed number one is rigged up on the sofa, of which I have the luck to get possession. By and by an X-bedstead crawls up-stairs, and that, with the aid of further coverings, provides the needful for two more. The maid now suggests, that as the gentlemen in No. 6 are sleeping on two feather beds, it might be practicable to draw one of them from beneath them—and they mayhap none the wiser. The mistress doubts very much the success of the experiment, and rather relucts at the enterprise. Whether it is finally resolved on and accomplished, I cannot undertake to say, but certain it is that the good women are absent for a few minutes, and then reappear lugging in a broad feather bed, which by their united efforts is soon made up on the floor, and we are all at length accommodated, after a sort, and left to court sleep with what success we may.

I don't know whether I am peculiar in a prejudice which I have always entertained; but the fact is, that that sonorous invitation to slumber which many worthy persons give forth from their nostrils when they are themselves fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, so far from beguiling me to a like state of forgetfulness, invariably keeps me awake, and would, I feel thoroughly convinced, prove in my case the best remedy that could be administered for an overdose of laudanum. So it happened that my first night in Dublin was passed without a wink of sleep, in listening to the performance of a member of our company, who had no sooner laid down than he commenced a solo on the nasal organ, which endured without a pause till it was broken off by a sudden staccato, when he was roused up by his neighbour in the morning. To this circumstance it was that I owed my consciousness that Dublin was alive all that night—and that, unlucky as I and my party had been in our search after accommodation, there were considerable numbers of others who were infinitely worse off. The noise of hurrying foot-passengers, and the banging at the doors of lodging-houses and hotels, and the plaintive appeals of bewildered strangers, wandering houseless in the rain, never ceased all the night through. I was beginning to lose my recollection about six o'clock, when the beams of the morning-sun darted into the room across the wide street, and revealing the curious figure my companions cut, sprawling in their extemporised couches, aroused me with a sense of the ludicrous, and brought me to my feet.

It was necessary to clear out before the tenant of the drawing-room should by any chance make his appearance; and as we had all laid down in our clothes, but little time was lost in dressing. We bade farewell to our considerate hostess while it was yet early, and feeling the need of some substitute for the refreshment of sleep, set forward in search of a warm bath, which, in such cases, is the best reviver. This we had no difficulty in finding, a respectable bathing-establishment existing not far from the house in which we had passed the night. The baths were excellent of their kind, though they offered but an imperfect opportunity of making one's toilet, after the agreeable refreshment of a stretch at one's ease in the warm brine. With every other accommodation, there was no fresh water to be had; and when I asked the attendant how I was to get rid of the salt from my hands and face, "Sure," said he, "you can do that at home."

Invigorated by the bath, and parting there with two of our companions, we soon emerge into Sackville-street, where, hailing a carman, I direct him to drive me and my two friends to the classic banks of the Poddle, giving him the address of my Irish host of the locality of which I had not

the remotest conception. He is plainly no wiser than myself in this respect—but he drives us off to a neighbouring stand, where, alighting, he holds a consultation of a few minutes with some of his brethren, and then remounting, rattles us off at a brisk trot, through a sea of mud covering the horse's fetlocks at every step. We find the motion of the car, however, most pleasant and agreeable, and as we trundle along sideways, are struck with the noble aspect of the city, the grandeur and magnificence of the public buildings, the loftiness of many of the private ones, and, above all, the ample width of the streets, and the perfect convenience afforded for traffic, by the spacious quays on either side of the river. But we soon begin to dive into a quarter the very reverse of all this, where, amid fœtid and narrow thoroughfares, and incensed with indescribably filthy odours, rises the dun and dilapidated tower of St. Patrick's cathedral. This quarter is evidently the Rookery of Dublin; but it is not to be studied from the seat of a car, and leaving it rapidly in our rear, we soon alight at my friend's house, where we find the family on the point of sitting down to breakfast—and our troublesome wanderings at an end. A hasty toilet, followed by a hearty breakfast, during the discussion of which the sun shines out in all his splendour and gives promise of a glorious day,—and we are ready for an expedition to Merrion-square, where her Majesty is expected to grace the Exhibition with her presence.

Of the Exhibition itself there is no need that I should say anything. All the world knows that it is most admirably got up, and that it is inferior in nothing save extent, and save perhaps a little extra gaudiness in the internal decorations, to the monster spectacle in Hyde Park. At the same time it possesses one powerful attraction of which the London Exhibition could not boast—I allude of course to the galleries of pictures by ancient and modern masters, which together form a collection unrivalled, both in value and in number, by any to which the public of Great Britain have ever had access, and which alone is worth a pilgrimage to see. We had some difficulty to squeeze our way in, and it struck me that the money-taking arrangements might be improved, without much expenditure of genius, and that a better exchequer might be elaborated than the very unexceptionable hat of the receiver-general, into which our coins were pitched as we paid the price of admission. Within we found the catalogues tumbled in a heap on the floor, and the salesman at his wits' end, bothered by his numerous customers, and clamouring in vain for a table on which to arrange his goods. The building is handsome and light, and excellently adapted for its purpose. The Queen, God bless her! was there, and looked well, though a little flushed, perhaps, from the somewhat unceremonious reception which on that morning a people enthusiastic to a proverb, and unaccustomed to the presence of royalty, spontaneously awarded her. Arm in arm with the Prince, and accompanied by two of her children, she made a rapid tour through the galleries, and disappeared under the great organ, swelling with a peal of welcome, soon after noon-day.

A leisurely ramble round the city was a pleasant relief to the glare of the Exhibition. Dublin, in spite of its mud, and the evidences, all too numerous, of melancholy dilapidation which meet us here and there, can hardly fail to rise in the estimation of the stranger the more familiar he becomes with its aspect. The Bank of Ireland, the Custom House, the Four Courts, the University, the venerable cathedrals, the numerous and noble bridges — all are evidences of nobility in design and liberality in expenditure. The public ways are with few exceptions spacious and convenient — the squares ample and well laid out — the shops, many of them, are scenes of luxurious magnificence, hardly surpassed, if equalled, by the most ostentatious in London — and, to crown all, the people, so far as our brief experience goes, are uniformly kind and civil. Altogether the impression made upon a stranger, by a visit to the capital of Ireland, is more than commonly satisfactory and gratifying. One thing seemed especially worthy of praise, and that is, the absence of that spirit of extortion so prevalent on this side the Irish Channel, which leads every man, woman, and child, to take the utmost advantage of an exigency, and to make a victim of the stranger in his hour of need. To our taste, the Dublin car, independent of the comparative lowness of the fare, is decidedly preferable to the London cab — it travels more quickly, and more comfortably — gives more freedom of view, and in case of accident is safer, as all you have to do if you find yourself falling, is to step off the conveyance and leave it to its fate.

Returning on foot through the district around St. Patrick's cathedral, part of which is known as the Coombe, and through which we had been driven in the morning, we had a better opportunity of recognising the distinguishing and not very agreeable peculiarities of the locality. Into narrow and muddy streets, ill-paved or unpaved, hundreds of narrower, more filthy and gloomy courts and passages disgorge each a swarming tribute of squalor and half-naked wretchedness. The whole neighbourhood reeks in a stew of villanous stenches, which would appear to have their head-quarters in dead and rotten "Marrow-bone Lane," but which permeate every avenue, and infect every breath you draw in its vile vicinity. The narrow closes, overshadowed by the cathedral, and the slums debouching in Patrick-street, and other streets of a like description, all teeming with life and laziness, seem to be at once the clothes (if rags are clothes) and provision marts, the lairs and lodgings of the most hopeless, careless, and demoralized class that Ireland or any land can produce. Lounging lazy men, and barefoot, rag-ridden hags of women, lie and squat about the door-steps and pavements in spite of drizzling rain and viscid mud. Among them walk the stately forms of young girls with mop-looking heads of matted hair, and naked toes half buried in the mire — while younger children, inured to

deprivation of every sort, wander heedless hither and thither. In dark holes of shops, coals and "murphies," peat-sods, vegetables and butter-milk, are retailed by dusky dealers, whose stores are mingled with malodorous dens, where in confused and tangled piles lie the unwashed robes and rags which one cannot help thinking are the identical habiliments of which the wretched women and children have stripped themselves for food. The district is far more repulsive in outward aspect than the worst looking of similar rookeries in London, (and of which, for aught I know, it may have been the original pattern,) because we miss here the flaunting gin-shop, which sheds a meretricious glare upon such scenes at home. The Irish whiskey-shop has no such magnificent pretensions, but is a simple grocer's shop, in this part of Dublin of the humblest sort, and serves by no means as a set-off to the surrounding poverty. I had heard much of Irish beggars, and naturally expected to find them on the alert in such an arena as this; but no appeal was made to me for charity, and, beyond the solicitations of a few tattered urchins who were eager to introduce us to the interior of the cathedral, we suffered no kind of molestation. The appearance of the dwellings in this singular locality is something perfectly unique. It is difficult to conceive that they can come under the denomination of property, because there is about them no visible trace of repair, or attempt at repair, beyond the stuffing in of an old rag to keep out the wind.

It came on to rain in torrents while we were yet lingering in the Coombe and its approaches; and though the descending shower had but little effect in housing the swarming lazzaroni of the place, it drove us to our hospitable quarters, where, dinner being duly honoured, we answered the pattering of the storm without with songs and music within, and closed an evening of cheerfulness and harmony by induing an Irish night-cap woven from the fibreless contents of the whiskey bottle.

On the following morning the sun did not condescend to show himself to the inhabitants of Dublin, and the Wicklow Mountains, which I ought to have seen from my chamber window, were enveloped in an impenetrable screen of mist. But we had made up our minds for an excursion to the Dargle, and to the Dargle, let the weather behave as it might, we had resolved to go. At nine o'clock, therefore, the car, in obedience to previous orders, drew up at the door, and having first liberally victualled and liquored it, and provided ourselves with rugs and railway wrappers in case of the worst, off we drove in company with our host. The way lay for some time in a nearly parallel route with the course of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, and afforded us a fine view of the Bay of Dublin and of the heights beyond Kingstown. But we soon left these in our rear, and drove into Bray, where, stopping to bait the horse for a few minutes, we were regularly beleaguered by a pretty numerous sample of the Irish peasantry, who, with fruit to sell, peaches, grapes, apricots, &c., could not be persuaded but that we had come on purpose to buy. Bray has the appearance of a neat market-town, and is situated in a romantic district closed in with rather lofty mountains at no great distance. From Bray, as we gradually approach the ravine of the Dargle, the scenery becomes more varied and picturesque, and the river, rushing with a hoarse noise through its narrow channel, gleams foamily at intervals through the foliage that lines the road. Stopping at the gate of a small lodge, through which we must pass to the private grounds, and directing the carman to wait for us a mile or two further on, having first relieved him of the provisions, we proceed beneath the over-hanging trees to ascend the precipitous banks of the now roaring stream. Owing to the late plentiful rains the water of the Dargle is of a rich umber tint, almost the colour of its own rocks; and owing to the same cause, there is such an abundance of it that it comes tumbling and thundering headlong down with a voice like a continuous crash, and carrying broad white feather-beds of foam upon its surface, which, dashing from rock to rock, are crushed and blown into atoms as fast as they are formed. The spectacle becomes more savage as we advance; the water deepens in colour, and the huge crags that lie scattered in mid-channel, each girdled with a band of undulating foam, appear to heave and sink as though some mighty enginery were at work unsettling them from their foundations, and one half expects to see them start from their beds and go roaring down into the torrent below. Suddenly the path, which has led us down to the water's edge, where in a wide pool the clouds of snowy foam ride calmly in a tranquil eddy, winds up a steep ascent between the trees, and brings us, after a few minutes' walking, to a pleasant open spot immediately overhanging the river at a height of some hundred feet. Here stands the hermitage, a rustic shelter furnished with seats, and placed at one of the best points of view along the whole bank. The view, however, is not by any means extensive, the spectator being shut in on every side by trees in their most luxuriant foliage, and which, rising on either bank, cross and intersect each other with their long branches. Below we catch glimpses of the dark stream and white foam of the river, whose hoarse song ever drumming upon the ear loses at this height its savage sound, and with its wild lullaby half invites to repose. But instead of reposing we set to work uncorking bottles and disembowelling pies and pastry, for which our rapid ride and rather laborious walk had furnished a good appetite. A pleasant hour we passed in company with that hoarse syren the Dargle roaring amid her rocks and whispering trees a never-ending song—and pleasanter still we should have found it but for the presence of a couple of Irish fiddlers, who had forgotten to learn to play before they took up the trade, and who would not be persuaded to spare us the infliction of their no-music, of which the jealous Dargle fortunately allowed us to hear but little, during our repast.

The feast being finished we pursued our way

to a point of view called "The Lover's Leap." Here the scenery assumes a new character, and one too of extreme beauty and grandeur. The river lying far below, its voice is subdued to a pleasant murmur. The trees being more thinly-scattered the landscape is open, and we are afforded a magnificent view of mountains both near and distant, the far horizon being bounded by one of a conical shape and vast dimensions. The prospect is one which forms a noble picture, and I recognised it at the first glance as the original of more than one admirable production which I had seen upon the walls of the London exhibitions. While we were all enjoying the view, however, the rain, which up to this moment had done no more than threaten our composure, came down in a sudden torrent, and drove us to seek for shelter. The first that offered, and that was not till we were tolerably well soaked, was an Irish cabin of the better sort, into which without much ceremony we all entered, and with still less were all cordially welcome. The good man of the house was from home, but his wife was in the act of preparing dinner for five young children, the eldest not more than nine, who stood round a small table, each with a little tin can of buttermilk in its hand. The dinner consisted of about half a peck of potatoes with their jackets on, which without the incumbrance of dish or plate, were turned out upon the table. The children seized them incontinently and peeling them with their fingers, and cooling them in the buttermilk, ate them with a relish, and a rapidity too, unexampled in my experience. In three minutes not a vestige of one remained. The children looked remarkably healthy, and it was evident from their behaviour, and their uniform quiet obedience to the mother, that she know how to keep them in admirable order. The eldest boy was the only one barefooted, but his shoes and socks lay on a bench in the corner, and he had only taken them off that he might serve as errand-boy to his mother without the risk of damaging them.

When the rain had in some small measure abated, we proceeded on our way, and soon debouching at the entrance of the Powerscourt estate, came upon a crowd of cars, carriages, and vehicles of every description, awaiting the arrival of the Queen, who was momentarily expected on a visit to the mansion and its picturesque vicinity. Among them was our own car, drawn up under shelter of a tree. Just then an express arrived to announce that, owing to the unfavourable weather, her Majesty's visit would be deferred. This unwelcome news scattered the expectant crowd, who drove off in various directions. We were not slow in following the example thus set us; and having wrapped ourselves up in warm dry rugs, set our faces towards Dublin, returning through Inniskerry and the Scalp. We had glimpses of fine mountainous scenery at first as we drove along, but soon the clouds came down and swallowed up the mountains before our eyes, and we saw no more of them. Of Inniskerry, which is an entirely Protestant town, I have but a passing recollection, in which it figures as a neat, clean, and picturesque spot. Of the Scalp I suppose I shall ever retain the image which in that peculiar atmosphere of rain and mist it impressed upon my mind. Let the reader imagine two rugged hills of about four hundred feet in height, and a mile in length, lying one on each side of the road, and ascending on either side at an angle of about thirty degrees, their summits lost in a crown of mist: let him further imagine the declivitous sides of these hills, which face the road along the whole distance, sprinkled all over from the summit to the base, with enormous masses of angular rocks lying in the utmost confusion, here in clusters, there in solitary shapeless masses, some of them as big as a moderate house, and others no larger than he could lift, and all thrown about in the wildest disorder — some lying half embedded in the soil, and others beetling over them and threatening to topple forward into the road — and he will have some faint idea of the Scalp. There is, of course, a legend connected with this portentous-looking spot, and which attributes its formation to the Irish Giant, Mr. Fin-ma-coul, who from some cause or other upset a load of building materials, while carting them from the quarry, and never took the trouble to gather them up again.

We were scarcely out of the Scalp, when our friend the carman deemed it expedient to pull up at a road-side grocer's, or whiskey-shop, to refresh his horse. This he did in a manner which, perhaps, is peculiar to Ireland; by giving the animal a couple of glasses of whiskey. He took none himself, being a disciple of Father Matthew, "but sure," said he, "the baste hasn't taken the pledge, and has a right to a drop." The whiskey, be it remarked, is administered to the horse in a quart of water, and it is only accomplished then by compressing his nostrils so that he shan't smell it, because if he did he would decline to drink it. Being by this time thoroughly wet through, we thought it advisable to partake of the same universal restorative; and for this purpose we alighted and walked into the house. We were pointed to a refreshment room, in which was a cheerful fire and a fair stock of substantial but astonishingly dirty furniture. Mahogany tables and chairs which should have been, and once were, bright with French polish, were absolutely filthy with the smeary stains of a twelvemonth's accumulation. I had observed the same thing at Bray, and could not help contrasting it with the scrupulous and appetising cleanliness of the roadside inns in England. I am informed that such neglect is almost universal in Ireland, and the fact is an unwelcome one, because it tells heavily against the Irish domestic character.

Wishing to carry home with us some memorial of our visit to the Green Island, we pulled up on our way home at a respectable shop in Dublin, and purchased a few ornamental articles delicately carved from the black bog oak. The shopkeeper presented another contrast, and a rather amusing one, to the same class of functionaries at home. His dawdling deliberation was a perfect study. He moved as slowly almost as the hands of a clock —paused in his motions to give us the current

news of the day—warned us not to spend all our money in Dublin, but to save enough to carry us home again—and then ran out into a long laudation of bonnie Scotland, whence, judging from a plaid scarf over the shoulders of one of the party, he supposed we had all come. He would have chatted an hour, had we not cut short his tale and brought the business to a conclusion. That accomplished, we were not long of reaching our hospitable home. We saw a cheerful fire awaiting us, and around it, being first accommodated with dry clothing, we found it pleasant to congregate, though it was but the last day of August, and the fruit in the garden had yet to ripen.

Next morning, we took early leave of our kind friends, and bade farewell too to Ireland. Sailing from Kingstown, on board the *Anglia*, soon after nine, we entered Holyhead harbour in exactly four hours and a half from the moment of starting. Some of our party had got well pickled in brine, owing to a rather rough passage, and had to be hung up to dry before we could proceed on our journey. We reached Chester the same night. I rose in the morning and took a solitary walk round the whole circuit of the walls of the ancient city, breakfasted, and in a few minutes after was rolling along in the rear of the iron-steed towards London; not at all sorry to have added to my travelling experience something, though but a "Taste of Ireland."

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Those evening hours, which were passed in the hut on the river side in such agreeable converse between the Kentuckian and his new friend, found another actor in the duel scene associated with far different companions. "The middle aged" individual who called himself Deveria, had been one of the victims of the explosion, and was severely wounded in the head and arm. They had transported him, with the other sufferers, to the city of Noph, and that noted personage, Mr. Tunney, with his follower, Mr. Pike, in remembrance of their devotion to a common cause on the previous evening, had taken him under their especial charge. He had been conveyed, on their disembarkation, which took place a few hours after the accident, to an hotel, where they had left him to the care of a surgeon, and then proceeded to their especial business—namely, to raise the town for a meeting on the great Native American question, on the morrow.

Meanwhile, the wounded man was bled, bandaged, and left in the company of a dose of morphia. An attendant was desired to watch by him; and the man, seeing his patient quiet, sunk into a chair and fell asleep.

Deveria's eyes, though closed, were however unvisited by slumber. The pain was completely gone; and he abandoned himself to that numbness of the senses and Elysian tranquillity of the brain, induced in the first stages of opium—a state in which all the delights of the sleeping and waking existence seemed blended into one—the wrapt repose of the first, with the intense vital consciousness of the other. A dim lamp burned beside him, and filled the room with shadows which looked like phantasms to his dozing eyes. In a short time he became conscious, as it seemed to him, of one of those phantasms sitting by his bed-side. He felt neither fear nor surprise; and lay mutely gazing at the figure, which remained as silent as a shadow, and unnaturally still.

"Who art thou!" said Deveria, at length, in no way disconcerted by the company in which he found himself. "Who art thou—and wherefore art thou come?"

"Dost thou not recognise me?" whispered the figure—and the whisper sounded strangely familiar—so familiar that it seemed like the echo of his own voice.

"Nay," said Deveria, "expound thine errand and thyself."

"I am thine eidolon, then—thy shadow—the reflex of thyself. Dost thou not recognise me?"

"Even so!" said Deveria, falling into the manner of the spectre in the most natural way possible. "Even so! what wouldst thou?"

"There are secrets between me and thee!" said the spectre, sitting quite motionless. And it seemed as if his words glided out in breath, rather than in sound.

"What! thou comest not to upbraid?"

"To upbraid—no!" returned the shadowy voice. "Thou art but rendering obedience to that *law* to which thou hast bound thee, body and soul. The annihilation of the will is the extinction of the conscience. There is no room for upbraidings. On this point thou art invulnerable!"

"Not to terrify, then, with the prospect of perils from without?" returned Deveria.

"Nay!" said the shadow—"who knows!"

"None!" returned the substance triumphantly. "None saving this bosom. In this plot of yesternight, so nearly successful, who could ever divine; or divining, prove? Who knew of this daring young agitator, so formidable to us, that I had dogged him with intent to effect his ruin. And discovering as I did, that an excited enemy lurked within his reach, did then work him to utter words of insult; did afterwards incite them to deadly encounter—did prepare the steel for his heart—who knows? Not one. We have no confederates nor accomplices, save in system: in special acts, none. Eschewing words that rise up in judgment, we *say* not, we only *do*. Always keeping beyond the line where human tribunals begin to take cognizance—who can accuse; or

accusing, prove. Suspicion may surround us with its black atmosphere, but our secret is safe. What then have we to fear?"

"Even so, be of good cheer!" whispered the shadow.

Deveria was now aware of the rustle of some other figure approaching the foot of the couch, and he beheld in the dim light a gigantic, though grotesque shadow, whose appearance, as in the case of the former apparition, struck him with no manner of surprise. It was of gigantic, though grotesque, proportions, stuffed with straw like an effigy, and covered with a garment of the "Stripes and Stars." It had a crown of the maize flowers round the temples and a large flowing beard of the same material. In one hand was a mysterious coil of rope, which struck Deveria while he regarded it with a shudder.

"What the tribunals cannot do I can do"—so seemed the figure to say: "I am Judge Lynch, in other words, the righteous instinct of the popular heart, executing justice in exigencies which the forms of established law have not yet been framed to meet. Judge Lynch has never met thee on the other side of the great water. He is a new foe for thee here. Beware of Judge Lynch. He is an inexorable adjudicator; a prompt one too, and not to be escaped. Judge Lynch is wise: the great popular heart is ever right. We meet again—we meet again," said the figure. "At Philippi we meet again. Beware! Beware!"

"Judge Lynch shall soon be cast down," said the shadow, sitting beside Deveria; "the advancing civilization of the world is against him."

"Not till he has maimed and wounded and trodden upon thee," returned the gigantic figure, pouncing like a catamount upon his throat. While Deveria at the instant felt that it was his own, which had been thus seized, and he groaned and struggled and experienced the agonies of the dying.

His struggles awoke the attendant, who upon rushing towards him, found his face livid and distorted, and bearing the oppressed expression of one in a fit.

"Wake up, sir," said the attendant, as he shook him violently, and with great difficulty restored him to consciousness—"you have had a bad dream."

"Is no one here?" returned the wounded man, while he looked round inquisitively and anxiously, and saw only the dim rays of the night-lamp, and the servant standing beside him.

"No one, I assure you, sir! Do you want anything?"

"Nothing except to go to sleep."

"Very well, sir," said the servant, returning to his chair, and the next moment Deveria turning on his side fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

The two young men drove in a hired cabriolet towards the Kentuckian's residence, which lay a few miles out of town on the river banks. Arrived at length, they drove up to the porter's lodge; and Denning saw a white house at a little distance embowered in trees and surrounded with balconies and colonnades.

The black face which presented itself on their summons at the door of the lodge never thought of opening the gate, but disappeared in an instant, and presently returned with a large troup of other black individuals—Phillis, the wife of the bosom, and all the other little Jacks and Phillises, shouting, and screaming, and grinning, till Denning thought he had alighted upon a nest of macaws.

"Massa come back! We think you blowed up—we hear you explosioned. Massa no drown—massa no dead. Run, Phillis, run, and clap your hand." And suiting the action to the word, Phillis and her tribe ran like lunatics in the direction of the house.

"Why don't you open the gate and let me in, old Jack?" said his master. "A precious crew you are, to keep us waiting outside here all day."

"Oh true! pardon, massa, me so joy!" and flinging open the gate, the young men trotted through. On their way along the drive, they were met by several excited negroes, who came running out to welcome them. Phillis had spread the news as she ran along like the signalling of a fiery torch, and the number thickened while they drove onwards. On they came, hallooing, grinning, shouting, showing their white teeth, jumping and gambolling about the cabriolet like a kennel of hounds welcoming a long lost master. The train swelled as they reached the house.

"Massa no drown! massa no die! massa brave and handsum as evar—beautiful massa!"

"What you keep shoutin' about massa dat way, you noisome niggers?" said a sable-faced individual in authority, clad in a handsome livery, as he issued down the steps from the front door of the mansion. "Let massa speak in peace to Lady Missus and Miss Awly. Lady Missus and Miss Awly craze for joy to see him."

Springing through the sable crowd, the young man jumped up into the portico, where a fair vision rushed out to meet him; and immediately went in with him to the house to meet his mother.

Denning, though his eye had rested on it but for a moment, could not fail to remark that the vision was attired in those half-masculine, half-feminine habiliments known to the world by the name of "Bloomer." But in such good taste did the thin white folds hang about her, and so pliant and youthful was the figure they invested, that they brought no feeling of oddity or incongruity to his mind. In a few minutes they all returned, while Denning was presented in form. The elder lady, an extremely elegant and benign-looking personage, while she welcomed him, let fall tears of joy and gratitude; and Alida, quite unreserved, showed by her manner, that the signal service he had just rendered them forbade every other feeling than that entertained towards a familiar and cherished friend. Though very easy and charming, Denning could not fail to notice a slight dash of eccentricity—perhaps in keeping with the style of her costume, while she showed her sense of the mighty

obligation he had rendered. Her manners in this, as in all else, seemed to be those of a free and easy merry boy; and would have appeared as odd, but for the delicate, feminine countenance and gracefully formed expressive figure with which they were associated. Denning felt quite at home with these excellent people, and only wished they would refrain from thanks and protestations on account of an act which, however it brought joy to their household, was, in itself, only prompted by an ordinary feeling of humanity.

They dined early; it was the custom of the country. The weather was extremely hot; and the repast consisted, in most part, of salads and other cooling vegetables, and partaken in a very dim room, where half-a-dozen negro servants attended, like silent spectres, gliding through the gloom. Little was spoken during the meal; everybody was languid with the heat; and besides they could scarcely distinguish one another's faces in the dimness of closed jalousies and shadowing window draperies. When the ladies retired, and they were left with iced sangaree, Sheldon ordered cigars; but Denning did not smoke.

"Then, my dear fellow, let me show you your room; we all take our siesta here, at this period of the afternoon."

He conducted him into a charming cool apartmen, with an open balcony, from which there was a view of the river. At present everything was darkened to keep out heat and light. But Denning could distinguish a lounge, upon which, feeling drowsy, he threw himself.

"We shall not see you again till the evening," said Sheldon. "We are like owls and moths at this season; and are good for nought till the periodical return of night and darkness."

Denning felt that it was quite true, and upon the departure of his friend soon found refuge from the heat and languor in sleep.

Evening, which descends with a rapid pace in these southern climes, had at length brought reinvigoration for the drowsy household of the Kentuckian, and Denning descended into the drawing-room. The windows were all standing wide, and a dim lamp with the reflection of the moonlight from without, made a delicious twilight in the apartment. Sheldon was sitting in conversation with his mother and sister, and detailing his adventures. Denning joined them, but found that he had no heart for the attempt. His spirits were beginning miserably to flag. This, the first period of inaction he had experienced since his misfortune, left room for the full consciousness of it to awake within him, and he could not drag his thoughts from the terrible past. He sometimes endeavoured to discourse with Alida, and seconded her efforts to entertain him; but he quickly returned into his own train of thought, and felt that he was absent and abstracted.

"Do you like music?" said Alida; "suppose I get my guitar. Iris, get me my guitar." This was addressed to a half grown negro girl, who was very gaily dressed, with a turban of many colours on her head; a circumstance of which she seemed to be very conscious and highly delighted. She was always in attendance upon Alida, and seldom out of her presence in bower or hall, in bed-room or drawing-room. Iris was always most supremely happy and at her ease. Generally squat on the floor, and occupied in braiding hair chains or making doll's clothes, or some other dainty but useless work, she was quite a picturesque object.

"There it is, Miss Awly," said Iris with a grin.

"Shall I go out into the verandah," said Alida; "I like better to sing in the open air."

Alida went out, and Iris brought cushions. They all soon followed, and Alida tuned her guitar. With her colourless though clear complexion, her black hair and eyes, the latter fringed by pencils of long silky lashes—I shall not attempt to describe Alida — innocent and impassioned child of southern skies, with a countenance speaking of ardent sensibilities and an impassioned heart, but in the glad light that played upon it indicative of an untried existence, and of a nature upon whose surface had only hitherto played the light and the airs and the dews of heaven, but whose depths had been unfathomed and undisturbed. Denning had no eyes for her; he scarcely knew what she was like. She called upon her brother to assist her, and the voices of the two rose clear and harmonious on the evening air. She did not know what destiny had so guided her in the selection of a song; but it was a wild love ditty that she had chosen, of ruined hopes and a broken heart. Denning's thoughts reverted, in spite of himself, to another evening and another singer; and as he stood leaning against the pillar with his back to the moonlight, and his face shaded, a few large tear-drops rushed from his brain. The music and the hour favoured it, but Denning despised himself for so much weakness; however he was sure they had been unobserved. He took pains to recover himself; and devoting himself to Mrs. Sheldon, contrived to be very entertaining. Henry hummed and thrummed with the guitar; and Alida sat still, thinking of and watching the handsome guest, so young, and as she thought so sad, whom chance had thrown in her path. Never had she seen such an impersonation of melancholy. Had she been a painter, and desiring an ideal of a Penseroso—who more fit?—so beautiful, so young, so sad! What had been his affliction? She dared not attempt to divine; but that some dark cloud had crossed his life, there appeared no doubt. Oh! quick woman's wit! and she had been watching his face all the while of the touching melody of her song, and had seen the tears fall. A thought struck Alida. She would devote herself to the extirpation of that melancholy, and endeavour to bring back once more the natural light of youth to that young face. It seemed a fit recompense for the salvation of her brother's life—a life so dear to Alida.

When Denning and Mrs. Sheldon had retired, and the brother and sister were left alone, their visitor came on the *tapis* directly. "He is strikingly handsome," said Alida; "but he looks too grave. I wonder if he has any misfortune to

complain of; perhaps he may be mourning the loss of some dear friend—or perhaps, poor fellow"—added Alida, *naively*, with a sigh—"perhaps he has been crossed in love."

"I don't think he has had any misfortune to complain of," returned Sheldon; "he only is, as I am myself, confoundedly tired. I don't think he has been crossed in love; on the contrary, I learned that he is engaged to be married to a young lady of fortune in Philippi. He had been very nearly brought into fighting a duel about her the other night. He is a brave young fellow, that I know."

It seemed the most natural thing in the world that Sheldon should say this to his sister. Sheldon was a foreseeing and sagacious young man.

Alida was now more than ever determined to devote herself to Denning. She felt quite sure that he was suffering from some unknown cause, and was determined that the profound sympathy which she felt, animated and enlivened by the gladness of her disposition—a disposition which she could not but be aware was like a sun to warm everything within its sphere—should be in his case not without avail.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE next morning at half-past five o'clock a servant awakened Denning, with Miss Sheldon's compliments, that if he felt disposed for an early ride with her, the horses would await his pleasure. Denning took his coffee, and proceeded to dress. Upon descending into the portico he found Miss Sheldon in broad-brimmed hat, surcoat and trousers *à la turque*, leaning against a post—and, start not ye celestial powers who watch over the destinies of the fair—smoking! What?—a cigar? No, not a cigar, but a roll of sweet-scented leaves, made to look very like one, and emitting a delicious perfume. She had a little riding switch in her hand, and was thumping it against the ground in a most gentlemanlike manner.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Denning! I feared you might not like our early rising; but a gallop at any other time of the day is impracticable, as perhaps you don't know, in this volcanic climate."

Denning professed himself delighted.

"I hope then you enjoy riding; for I have an exquisite horse for you. He'll leave the wind behind him, and not a damp patch on his coat. Five hundred dollars, as I'm alive, he cost me, and not a cent less! Hollo, Prince, there you are, you darling," continued she, as the groom led forward an elegant chesnut creature, with a proud curve in his neck—a broad chest, slender-veined limbs, giving evidence of the thorough-bred, orientally ancestred horse—the noblest living creature, next to the human, that walks the earth.

"And," rattled on Miss Sheldon, "this other dun animal is for myself—a regular lady's horse, and famous at a canter, though no more to be compared to Prince than dust is to diamonds. You see I don't use a side saddle;" and suiting the action to the word, she leaped on the back of the brute like a roe, leaving Denning, who had come forward to assist her, in mute astonishment.

They trotted away, side by side, with a negro groom behind. The country was in that half wild, half cultivated state, common to the newer settlements of North America, with two-thirds wood, and the remaining portion in cotton, maize, and tobacco, and other southern productions. Soon they emerged upon a common. "What would you say to a race?" said Miss Sheldon—"and that tree at the far end of the common to be the winning-post; it will give you an idea of the capabilities of Prince. Remember you have the advantage in your horse; though, to be sure, he is unused to his rider, and may not go so well under you. Once—twice—thrice—go it!" while away flew the horses like lightning over the grass. Prince won it; though the lithe little figure of Alida clung to her horse, as she urged him on by voice and spur with tremendous energy.

"Floored, by Bucephalus, floored!" said she, laughing. "But I rejoice for Prince's sake. I would not have him beat for the world, not even by my own darling self."

"He is indeed a noble horse," said Denning, who had now resolved to lay wonder aside, and amuse himself by chiming in with the pranks of this little virago.

"Yes, but not equal to my dun pony at a leap. Will you try me at a leap?"

"Assuredly, if you desire it; but have you no fears of being hurt, or at least fatigued?"

"Bah, no! trust me! I shan't be the first to cry out tired or wounded."

"As you please, so be it!" returned Denning.

"Do you see then that mule's waggon?"

"What! the waggon with the people in it?"

"Yes, only some of our own negro people; they know my way." And indeed there was a waggon passing near them on the common with a few sables of both sexes in it, who were thus being transported to their daily toil on a distant part of the plantation.

Denning had it between his lips—"Are you mad, Miss Sheldon?" when she had planted her heels into the flanks of her steed, shot like an arrow in the direction of the cart, rose at it, sprang with her horse like a bird into the air, and alighted safely on the other side. Before Denning had time to exercise a consenting control or otherwise in the matter, Prince, urged by the instinct of example, careered in a like headlong manner in the same direction; but with a different result: for Denning being unprepared to second his efforts, he stumbled backwards at the cart, reared almost upright in the suddenness of the rebound; and had he not been a perfect jewel of sagacity and breeding, would have fallen backwards with his rider under him. He recovered his position, as if by magic, and stood still like a lamb. And now arose an enormous guffaw from the cart as only the negro throat can utter it. The sables had looked astounded at first, when they saw four legs at a flying leap in the air above them. But now it was "guf-faw, guf-faw, guf-faw;" thus duo-

syllabic in true African guttural. "Heh, Miss Awly! hoh, Miss Awly! at your old tricks again; nebber halt, Miss Awly, till you put Lady Missis and Masser Henry in mourning clothes for you: delightful fun — plenty of laugh — guf-faw, guf-faw, guf-faw!"

"Come along, Mr. Denning," said Alida, putting her horse into a canter; "turn about, is but fair; I trust though that Prince behaved well, and did not let you get hurt, albeit he missed the leap. 'Tis true, my dun pony could scarcely fail of it, being less heavily mounted; and I doubt not his rider is of lighter material than that of yours, in more senses than one."

"True! Wit is the lightest thing in the world!"

"Excepting only — vanity."

"I am as poor a match for Miss Sheldon at a banter as at a flying leap."

"At aught like banter, so light and vain — perhaps yes!"

"If you are determined to lower yourself in my esteem, that you will never do."

"Not even by exalting you at my own expense — so you intend to set up for that *rara avis*, the self-denying, self-sacrificing man."

"Not so rare an article as a clever woman, too unconscious of it to be vain."

"Oh, I see you don't know the Kentucky girls yet; I am considered a perfect flat amongst them. You have heard of Kentucky marksmen, Mr. Denning, as who has not, in the wide world. Will you object to dismount for a few moments, for I wish to show you a Kentucky feat?"

Miss Sheldon stopped and gave a shrill whistle through her fingers, by way of signal to her groom, who was riding in the rear. The man advanced and awaited her pleasure.

"Now, Jupiter, dismount and give me hold of the bridle of your nag. Fasten this silk pocket-handkerchief to my switch, after the manner of an election flag. You understand, Jupiter."

"Yes, Miss Awly," said Jupiter, performing the feat.

"And now stick it up across Prince's face, through his bridle bands, there. And now Prince you have a banner on your forehead — stand still my jewel! stand still."

Throwing back to the groom the bridle of his steed which she had held while he did her bidding — she stooped forward, stroked Prince, patted him on the neck, and whispered a few words in his ear when the noble animal seemed to have the comprehension of a human creature, and stood as still as a horse of bronze or marble. Then to Denning's unutterable surprise she drew a horse pistol from under the saddle, and after examining to see that all was right, proceeded to cock it.

"Mr. Denning, do pray be so kind as to retire to a little distance, and look after Jupiter, for he is always in the way." Denning did quietly as he was bid. Then going at a full gallop on her dun steed with the cocked pistol in her hand, she described a circle, of which Prince standing stock still was the centre. Crack, bang! went the pistol, and the rider stopped. The flag had been pierced with a bullet at its very centre; and the horse, whose skull stood not five inches below, paused and snorted as if in joy for the success of the feat. Denning was quite excited with the exquisiteness and beauty of the aim, thus taken after the manner of the mounted Indians at a full gallop, and he rushed forward to examine the bullet hole in the handkerchief.

"I should not mind," said he to the young Amazon, who had joined him and busied herself in stroking and murmuring soft words to her beloved Prince, "taking my station on the back of your doughty steed, and holding the flag in person, if you fancy trying it again — so practised, so certain, is your admirable hand."

"By no means," said Alida, all a woman's softness rushing into her eyes. "Heaven knows, I am wild enough, but not yet prepared to risk a fellow-creature, much less my own and my brother's friend. I have no doubt our exercise has sharpened your appetite for breakfast, as it certainly has mine; and we had better turn our horses' heads homewards. What say you? Are you entertained with the first specimen of Kentucky manners?"

When they arrived at the house, and had taken their places at the breakfast-table with Sheldon and his mother, it surprised Denning that neither appeared to regard the strange behaviour of Alida, maintained as it was in their presence, as anything out of the common routine, or as meriting to a marvelling stranger, like himself, the least word of apologetic remark. Perhaps it is the custom of the country (which she maintains), he thought; and he resolved to do in this case what, as a traveller, he had ever found the wisest course, viz. to treat nothing as odd or extravagant, however unconformable it may be to our pre-conceived ideas; for oddity is only a comparative term, and oftener has its source in our own proper and peculiar ignorance than in any objective field.

Wonder is the faculty of childhood; and as with ripening manhood, so with extended knowledge of men and things, it is astonishing how soon its greenness withers away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

On returning from the breakfast-table, where she had sat chattering like a little eloquent and amusing parroquet, Alida signified that she would take leave of them for the day, being determined to enjoy it in the seclusion of her own apartments. Henry had announced a party of gentlemen, with whose presence the absence of Alida was probably associated. They consisted of several of the young planters, a race of men more genial than refined — and others, who had been invited to spend a festal afternoon, after the manner of the country. The principal entertainments on these occasions lie, in the first place, in the consumption of quantities of fruits — an incredible variety of which are disposed in a tempting manner, in a cool, darkened room, inviting the attention of

consumers, along with the fascinations of iced champagne and sangaree. Seated thus, around the enticing board, or loitering about, chattering, or lounging in verandah, portico, and shrubbery, with the dear, delightful cigar, how luxuriously is many a long day thus spent, by the lords of the creation, in the torrid summers of the South West!

But to return to Alida's sanctuary, where she too in these fervid days spent many a delightful hour, delightful though lonely. No books, no portfolio, no needle-work, decorated this female retreat. It is even questionable whether Alida had ever read through one entire book. I have no doubt she could read; she used to read at school, but that was a long while ago, and Alida was now no longer a child, and had put away childish things. As to writing—what is the use of writing when one knows not how to spell. She never could be taught to spell, that was an accomplishment quite beyond the peculiar powers of Alida. Yet was the apartment furnished most deliciously and situated in the coolest part of the house; for well did Alida understand comfort and luxury, though she had no faculty for spelling. Her favourite mode of passing time when she was not actively engaged, consisted in getting Iris to braid and curl her long hair while she lay on a sofa, doing nothing. She was ever in one of two states, either most ardently active, or in an absolute quiescence, which would vie with the lazy languor of an Indian princess. On this morning she happened to be busily engaged with her pets, whose name was legion. First in the list of these was a cage full of English finches, and a mocking-bird beside them who imitated all their several notes, blending them into a delicious *mélange*, quite original. There was a parrot and two falcons on the same perch, one of the latter of which was sitting decorated under his plumes and jesses, and looking very foolish, much like a jester with cap and bells. Then there was a couple of squirrels which went rattling round and round in a rotating cage, and made, doubtless, their little heads very giddy, as they certainly did those of all beholders. The other purtenances of this apartment were, a stuffed rattlesnake, which had fallen a victim to the prowess of the redoubtable little occupant; besides fishing rods, and tackle and nets, and swarms of artificial flies, in the glorious colours of the tiny gauze-winged creatures that flit like shreds of rainbows over the western waters. There were, besides, one or two guitars—and shudder not, shade of good St. Cecilia!—a fiddle—a veritable graceless Cremona—with its two slits like a couple of mouths all awry—which Alida took especial delight in laying under her chin, and flourishing upon it in the most redoubtable and Paganini-like manner. A most delicious player was Alida, for she loved her fiddle as she loved her horse; and if there was aught in which she excelled more than in music, it was only at a flying leap.

There was, besides, an open balcony into which her apartment opened, by means of glass doors, occupied as a sort of conservatory by rare tropical plants. Much care did Alida bestow upon these; and having occupied her morning very industriously as she thought, with these her chief sublunary concerns, she betook herself to a sofa, and called Iris to her hair. Iris delighted to stick all sorts of flowers and decorations therein, for her own private and peculiar amusement; and often made by these means quite a harlequin of her mistress.

"There now, Miss Awly, you look so 'chanting; there now. Eh! oh!" ejaculated Iris, fastening in a great yellow plume of laburnums, and looking at it askance with infinite gratulation in the corners of her African eyes. "Let me get the mirror, Miss Awly; you look at yourself."

"Oh! very fine: you are a first-rate hair-dresser," said her mistress sleepily. "Go on!"

Iris was mightily pleased both with herself and her mistress, as she always was on these occasions; and went on paltering and smiling, like a dainty little negro as she was.

"Oh! now, I get the pearls," soliloquised Iris; and going to the jewel case, she drew forth some strings; and arranging Alida's long black hair on either side of her face, she put the pearls on like a coronet; and really, by accident of course, succeeded in bringing about an effect very lovely and ideal-looking. Alida was reclining thus asleep on the lounge, while the curtains, which had been drawn over the open doors of the balcony, were agitated by a slight breeze, and flung fluttering shadows over the half-darkened room and upon Alida's face. In a little while Henry Sheldon presented himself at the door of his sister's apartment. There was nothing, however, noticeable in this fact, except that it was not his usual custom at this time of the day. He seemed unwarrantably surprised to see her asleep; and his surprise increased, while coming closer, he continued to gaze upon her. He shifted his position once or twice, so as to obtain a different view of her features; but he appeared still unsatisfied. He examined and moved the curtains to watch the effect of the dim light upon her face; but his surprise remained the same.

"Can it be fancy?" murmured he to himself. "I never saw so striking a change; she looks like a spirit or a saint. Can it be the way you have dressed her, Iris? No! it is not that," said he, moving the hair from her face. "And does she always sleep so soundly at this time of the day?"

But Iris only grinned, as being quite at a loss on the subject of Henry's bewilderment.

"You wish to speak with Miss Awly, sir; then I wake her up;" and Iris adopted the usual approved means for this purpose.

But Miss Awly slept on, and refused to be restored to her senses.

"Very odd!" said Iris; "she sleeps as heavy as a coloured person." And then Henry undertook the task, and shook her, and kissed her, and bawled in her ear; but in the matter of bringing about the great fact of consciousness, he was as unsuccessful as Iris. She spoke, and muttered, and answered, though quite irrationally; and as Henry found that he only disturbed and distressed

her, he ceased, and she sunk into her former profound slumber. "Is your Mistress always thus difficult to awaken," he inquired.

"Oh, bless you, no, sir; she sleep as light as a cat; and a mouse running across the floor will stir her up."

"Most singular!" muttered Henry; "there must be something in it, after all—and that look of transcendant beauty, which I never saw before."

There was decidedly something uncommon in the appearance of Alida, thus wrapped in profound slumber. Perhaps it was merely the effect of the extreme loveliness natural to her, now denuded as it was of that brusque, swaggering manner, which either of perversity or of affectation, obtruded itself so disadvantageously into notice during her waking hours. But no! it was more; it was a regard of elevation and exaltation blended with supreme calm, which made him feel as if he were in the presence of something holy—a something which her brother was totally unable to analyze, but which, had he been a fanciful man, might have seemed to him a sort of transfiguration, or as a likeness befitting the anticipated intelligences of the new heavens or the new earth. Henry stood gazing long; and he rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether his sight might not possibly have deceived him. Iris, attracted by his behaviour, moved from the top of the couch where she had been kneeling, and stood at her mistress' feet, likewise to gaze.

"Wo! alas!" exclaimed Iris, bursting into tears; "what is the matter with Miss Awly."

"Nothing! you foolish girl," returned Henry; "don't you see she sleeps like a lamb?"

"But she will die—she so beautiful. God makes beautiful whom he takes to himself; and I never saw Miss Awly thus till now."

"Keep quiet," said Henry, "and don't awake your mistress; let her sleep till she wakes."

"Very good, massa," returned Iris, drying up her tears; "perhaps she dream beautiful things; and the shine of the dream is on her face. Perhaps she enchanted, and some good fairy make her so."

"Just so!" said Henry, going out softly. "It is very extraordinary!" he continued, as he turned his steps in the direction of his guests; "it is at least very extraordinary, and there may be some reality in these new doctrines, after all."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BIOLOGIST.

Why was it, upon the re-union of the family at the breakfast on the following morning, that Henry looked intently at his sister, though stealthily—looked and watched, and looked again? But Alida was just as usual, swaggering and chattering in her ordinary demi-masculine attire—full of life and jocularity, like a merry boy refreshed with the slumbers of the night. She proposed a day's fishing; to carry luncheon in the skiff and regale themselves under the trees. Though too hot for the middle of the stream, they could shelter themselves under the shadow of the banks, and take plenty of cat-fish at least. An excellent fish and capital sport; for they are so cunning and difficult to catch—more difficult than any thing she knew except the young alligators, of which she undertook to prophesy some specimens that day, the water was so warm and muddy. Thus said Alida; and the skiff being ordered, the two young Sheldons, with their guest, went on their way.

Now it so happened that Denning and this Amazonian young specimen, being thrown thus continually day by day into each other's company, became on very familiar terms; in fact, jolly companions, chums—and what more expressively than elegantly might be denominated "Jack and Tom." Denning was so far amused with her unfailing fund of singularities and oddities that it served to divert him from the contemplation of things more nearly affecting himself, and from the indulgence of feelings uppermost in his heart. Alida was delighted, and exerted herself more and more. She was congratulating herself that she had succeeded in the object which she had proposed. Every day brought some new scheme of interest or diversion into operation; and weeks flew by, and found Denning still at the residence of the Kentuckian. As to Alida, the society of her new associate perhaps yielded her greater pleasure than she was at all aware. What more natural, surely, than that the society of a young person of about one's own age should do so, who knew so much more, had dwelt in distant and stranger lands, had seen so much of that life which was for her unsophisticated heart yet "a glory and a dream," and had so many interesting themes upon which to discourse, in such an interesting way,—all his own,—and broke in upon the routine of the daily existence of that demi-civilization where her lot had been cast, like an unexpected sunshine from some richer and more genial clime, colouring all with that new light—a light of magic and romance? It was mainly when Alida was alone that such thoughts flitted through her little brain. Then she would sit and dream for hours; and when the reverie was over, would sometimes smile within herself to remember how unfailingly it had been concerned with one subject. Soft and bright were the images that then drifted over her soul; and, partly tamed by their influence, did ever the thought at such moments strike her, that these wild ways of hers were unbecoming, and deteriorated from the charms and graces of her sex. We shall see.

One evening it was, and the moon shone as in those climes it only shines, clear as the noonday, but with a softened splendour, as fitted to illuminate the world of romance and dreams. Alida was seated upon a step of the portico, alone; except, of course, Iris, who crouched at her feet, wriggling and smiling as usual—and this time amusing herself with a *cat,* which she held on her knee. Iris had no thoughts, and therefore could not rest in their company—always requiring for her comfort some extra means of occupation. Alida's face was buried in her little hands—a most uncommon situation for Alida. And

therefore it was that Denning, who happened at this time to be going up the steps towards the house, was startled with the vision, and stopped to inquire what was the matter. He was still more surprised to see traces of tears on the face, as it turned up to him quietly in answer. He sat himself down by her side; "What is the matter?" said he, gaily. "Anything wrong with your affairs — anything wrong with Prince?" No reply.

"Is it the parrot then? or perhaps the squirrels have been running away—the wild restless things — they are as restless as young ladies' hearts, and always panting for an opportunity to be free."

"Not that," replied Alida; "but when I was in the stable this morning talking about Prince"—

"About Prince—did I not know it was about Prince?"

"Not exactly that," said Miss Sheldon; "but when I was in the stable, as I said, talking about Prince, who is to ride at the Newport races; and young Mr. Scamper came in and Henry; and Mr. Scamper said he would bet to any amount on Prince—and as he understands me better on his back than any other creature, I offered to ride him on the course for Mr. Scamper's bet. But Henry said that would never do; for no lady ever rode at the races—not even in Kentucky; and that no sister of his ever should do so. And when I naturally insisted, as being mistress of my own horse and my own actions, he chose to be angry, and told me I was as wild as a colt myself—and that he thought so, and that Mr. Denning thought so, and that he was ashamed of me: and said that if nothing else would do as a corrective, he would have done for me what the Arabs do to tame their unmanageable colts."

"And what is that Alida?"

"He said he would have me biologized, as sure as there was a world and a sky above it; *biologized*, that is the word! Do you know the meaning of it, Mr. Denning; it must be some very dreadful thing?"

"Henry was only jesting," said Denning.

"By no means; he looked very much in earnest," and perhaps Alida in her heart of hearts felt that she had given too much occasion for these reprehendatory remarks. For the first time since their acquaintance Denning beheld her in a serious humour. "Did Henry never then inform you?" said he. "No!" returned Alida like a hound starting the scent; "no, what is it?"

"Little of any consequence — but as you wish to be informed what he meant by the word 'biologize.'"

"Most true, that is the word."

"But perhaps I ought not to mention the circumstance."

"What," said Alida.

"At least it can do no harm to let you into the secret, if secret it is — or indeed anything at all beyond an odd concurrence of circumstances — or a sheer illusion."

Alida was no woman, or in truth no mortal, if her curiosity was not by this time sufficiently on the stretch.

"Do be less mysterious, Mr. Denning!" said she imploringly.

"You probably recollect then," replied he, clearing his throat for a narration, "about three days after my arrival, that there was assembled here a party of gentlemen, among whom you did not make your appearance. We were all chatting away, and, in due course, some of the novel subjects of the day came on the table. Among other themes there turned up what has been denominated Electro-biology, a new science that I daresay you have not heard described. It consists of some peculiar effects, which one person exerts, or is supposed to exert, upon the nerves of another, conveyed by certain waves of the hands, sometimes by the fixed gaze of the eyes, and often by mere concentration of the mind of the operator upon a person either present or at a distance. One of the party, who talked most upon the subject, and who professed to be more particularly acquainted with it than his fellows, chose to single me out, and said that he had rarely met with any person more calculated to be a powerful operator than my poor unconscious self. I laughed very incredulously I suppose. 'I will venture to say,' continued the gentleman, 'that if you chose to single out any excitable subject of your acquaintance this very instant, and concentrated your mind powerfully, that you could produce trance, in whatever part of the world, near or distant, your subject might happen to be.' Will you pardon me, Alida, if I confess that you happening to be in my mind's eye at that moment, I selected you — out of pure curiosity—mentioning it to Henry, who I saw was interested in the success of the experiment. He then, half in jest, said he would go in search of you and discover what redoubtable effects had been produced. He returned after a little time, stated that he had seen you, and that you were certainly in a deep sleep; but this fact was nothing to the point, as Kentucky ladies in general, and yourself in particular, maintained an unfailing habit of going to sleep every afternoon."

"Do you remember anything of this, Iris?" said Miss Sheldon.

"Oh, yes, Miss Awly," returned Iris, who had been agape for some time. "Me remember it well; and you not wake up, though Massa Henry shake you ever so. And Massa Henry ask me so many questions about your go to sleep; and me and Massa Henry we both think you look—so, oh so!"

"How did I look then, Iris?"

"Oh, so! Oh, so!"

"Mr. Denning, I should not object to a second experiment, for curiosity's sake. I will remain quite still, if that is all."

And so Denning, fixing his deep eyes upon those of Alida, saw that in a very short time a change had passed over her countenance. She sat quite upright, and still with her eyes open; and uttered the long respirations of slumber; seeming, at the

same time, quite unconscious to the world around her. He noticed by degrees a change coming over her countenance, probably the same which had formerly so startled her brother. Be it fact, or be it fiction, there sat Alida with the moonlight around her, and a glory on her face which was not of this world. Her voice had become soft and low, while she spoke quite collectedly in answer to Denning; and the abrupt manner was changed into a sweet contrast of gentleness and grace. Denning sat beside her long, and gazed as upon some exalting spiritual presence; and gazed again, and talked. Her voice, though clear, seemed like that of a person far off, and not like the voices of this world. Iris began to cry again; but Denning told her to keep still, and she sat hushed and awed, as indeed Denning felt himself, as if in the presence of a departing spirit, or of some holy thing. Long she sat thus beside him, and they talked in low tone; till at length Alida gently wound her arm round his neck, and laid her head on his breast. Denning gently disengaged her, and she burst into tears and wept softly like a child.

"Good, generous Miss Sheldon!" he murmured rather than uttered; "would I had seen and known you long ago; before this fatal blight upon my existence, which has rendered it too withered a stem to be entwined by the young blossoms of thine—before this fatal heart-blow, which has rendered it a cistern too shattered upon which to lavish the glad flowing streams of thy youth. But you will be happy still; this is only a dim dream, and yet but half-shadowed out in thy consciousness. Happy that I know it in time! You must forget me, Alida," said he, more directly addressing her; "or try only to remember me as a brother and friend."

And then Alida dried up her tears, but the very soul of sadness was in her face.

They had not remained thus long, when Alida started up as from a sleep, and the ordinary expression of her face returned. Denning saw by her demeanour that no trace of what had recently passed remained in her memory. She asked if she had been asleep, and had been really biologised, and had made herself at all ridiculous; admitting that it was the most unaccountable thing that ever had occurred to her. As he wished her good night, Denning felt quite at rest upon the subject of any information that could be transmitted to her through the testimony of Iris, the whole being doubtless quite unintelligible to that marvelling little negro.

When Alida made her appearance the next morning, she was informed by her mother that Denning had taken his departure before the ladies were up, and was now *en route* for St. Charles, to which an unexpected necessity had summoned him. She added that he had left his love and apologies for them with Henry. Why did Alida, probably as unexpectedly to herself as to her mother, burst into tears? and being taken to the watchful and sympathising heart of that excellent parent, weep and sob for some time like a tired child?

Alida soon recovered her gaiety; but it was remarked that, after this, she laid aside her Bloomer attire; neither did she leap any more fences, nor did she ride at the Newport races.

(To be continued.)

INDIA, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS GOVERNMENTS.

No. 2.—THE MOGULS—(*continued*).

THE recent debates on the Bill for the Government of India afforded an opportunity, of which far more than sufficient advantage was taken, to make long speeches, loudly delivered, by some who had much experience in the House of Commons, and a fair reputation, when they confined their views to domestic affairs—to home subjects which they practically understood—to those things which they had beheld with their own eyes. But the longest and dullest speeches were made by new members who seemed to take possession of India as political and professional capital—gentlemen, in fact, who had neither legislative nor administrative experience, and who practically understood nought of the *brief* which they held, or the cause for which they pleaded. Both judged of India—would legislate for India, as if its numerous races, religions, and languages were to be metamorphosed by parliamentary sorcery into men of Lancashire, citizens of Bath, or residents of Doctors' Commons. Their ideas respecting that vast empire of many nations, between Cape Cormorin and Affghanistan, extending from Malacca west to beyond Guzeratt, could not practically be more delusive, than if they believed that, on the arrival of the constitution, which they would devise, at Bombay, Madras, Bengal, and Agra, a miracle would not only make the Mussulman, the Hindoo, and the Budhist forget their respective creeds and languages, and transform them all into good Christians, speaking, writing, and reading no tongue but that of the Houses of Peers and Commons, the courts at Westminster, or the Free Trade Hall at Manchester—nay! but that Mohammedans, Hindoos, and all other Indian races, were to be made to change their personal forms, cast their skins, and salute the so-devised constitution in the figures and complexions of stalwart Anglo-Saxons, living as such in all the cities and villages of British India, and in comfortable houses built of red brick and white mortar.

When such a miracle shall have been performed,

we will join, with all our hearts, in giving the British constitution in all its fulness to India. In the meantime, we will proceed with our essay on India, its People, and its Governments.

We have already briefly sketched the condition of India when first invaded by the Turks, and afterwards under the Affghan and Mogul dynasties; we will now enter upon the intercourse of Europeans with that empire.

In the year 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Mozambique in March of the following year, and shortly afterwards at Calicut, where he opened an intercourse with the Prince or Zamorin. Here and at the other places at which he touched, he found the Arabian or Mohammedan merchants carrying on an extensive and lucrative trade. They had heard of the Portuguese and Spaniards who had so cruelly persecuted the Moors, and their jealousy of Europeans coming to India as traders proved nearly fatal to Vasco de Gama, whom, and all Christians, they represented as pirates. In their justification we cannot deny that not only the English, but all the European navigators of that period and for a long time afterwards were scarcely of a character more honourable than that of corsairs or buccaneers; nor can we except from the catalogue the names of Drake, Hawkins, and other English navigators. Vasco de Gama, after escaping imminent dangers, returned from India and arrived at Lisbon, 1499, where he was received with great distinction by the sovereign. A fleet of thirteen armed ships was then dispatched for India under the command of Pedro Alvarez Cabral, accompanied by a band of Franciscan monks to convert the Hindoos and Mohammedans, and with 1,200 soldiers to enable him either to conquer or to plunder. Sailing west he accidentally discovered Brazil, to which he gave the name of Santa Cruz, and although that country had been previously discovered by Pinson, the Spaniards did not dispute the claims of Portugal to its possession. Cabral lost four of his ships in a hurricane, before reaching Mozambique, where he refitted his ships, now reduced to six in number. On his arrival at Calicut, the Zamorin allotted him a house, where about fifty Portuguese established a factory. He visited Cochin and other parts of the East, and returned to Europe with his vessels richly laden; and with ambassadors from the petty chiefs of Cochin, Quilan, and Cananore. The Portuguese had quarrelled, by their arrogance and religious interference, with the Zamorin; and the fifty who lived ashore were massacred.

Four ships were, in the meantime, sent from Portugal, under the command of Juan de Novo. He missed Cabral, but he encountered and defeated and plundered a fleet sent against him by the Zamorin of Calicut, and returned with valuable booty to Lisbon, having discovered the island of St. Helena on his passage.

In 1502, De Gama as admiral of twenty large ships sailed from Lisbon for India, formed friendly relations with several Indian princes, and captured the fleet of the Zamorin of Calicut. One of the vessels contained an idol of pure gold weighing 60lbs., with emerald eyes, and its breast adorned with rubies; two of the ships were laden with gold and silver. De Gama with these prizes returned to Europe, leaving Vincent Sodrus in command of six of the largest vessels. This commander neglected the friendly chiefs of Malabar, and intent only on amassing treasure, he made piratical cruises off the Red Sea and plundered several ships; but remaining in these latitudes during the tempestuous season, his vessels all foundered and the crews perished.

In 1503, Francesco de Albuquerque commanded a fleet of nine ships, and sailed to India. His nephew Alphonzo also held command over a portion of this fleet. The Albuquerques engaged in the quarrels of the native princes, and they obtained permission to construct a fort at Cochin, and a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew. Leaving three ships and one hundred and fifty men at Cochin, the others were laden with rich cargoes for Europe. Francesco and his ships and crews perished on the homeward passage; but Alphonzo arrived with his ships and cargoes safe in the Tagus. Among the treasures which he brought home were forty pounds of pearls, a great diamond, and a Persian and Arabian horse.

Don Francisco Almejda was then appointed vice-regent, and governor-general of India. He sailed from Lisbon in 1507, accompanied by guards, chaplains, and a strong force, on board of a large fleet. He attacked the city of Mombaza, enslaved the inhabitants, and arrived with all his vessels in India. He reduced Dabool to ashes. At Diu he attacked with great slaughter the Arabian or Egyptian shipping, and those of Cambay and Calicut, and captured or destroyed them. The treasures on board these ships are described as of immense value. He devastated and subdued the whole country between Diu and Cochin. He returned towards Europe in 1509, but on landing at Saldahana Bay, in Africa, he was killed, with fifty of his crew, by the natives. Alphonzo de Albuquerque, who succeeded Almejda, made a successful attack on Calicut, which he reduced to ashes. He next attacked the city of Goa, then inhabited by the Moors, all of whom he put to the sword. In this city he established the Portuguese power, seized its treasures, and made it the seat of government. He then made a piratical expedition to Malacca, attacked and killed the Moorish princes, and carried off plunder to the amount of one million pieces of gold, and two hundred thousand of silver, whereof one-fifth was reserved for the King of Portugal. He built a church and fort at Malacca; and afterwards, with little resistance, gained possession of the citadel of Ormus, with its artillery, and this celebrated place became a Portuguese settlement. He died on shipboard near Goa, 1518, and left a name for daring exploits and successful plunders, which have led the Portuguese historians to style him as "the great" Albuquerque. But in truth Albuquerque, as well as Cabral and each of the Portuguese commanders, were lawless corsairs, and reckless and cruel conquerors. After the death of Albuquerque, who had just before his death been superseded by a most un-

grateful king, the power of the Portuguese in India began to decline. Bad and cruel as had been the Mogul despotism in that empire, the injustice, extortions, massacres, and plunders, and piracies of the Christian Portuguese were not calculated to inspire confidence or friendship among the native princes.

At this period the Portuguese dominions in the East included those which they still retain in Eastern Africa: the Cape of Good Hope, the factories at Ormus, Goa, Calicut, Cochin, and the Moluccas or Spice Islands.

In 1517, the Portuguese established a communication with China, and in 1852 three Portuguese deserters being driven in a vessel from Siam by storms to the coast of Japan, this discovery led to an intercourse with that country.

But the Portuguese were destined to be supplanted nearly altogether by a more hardy nation. When the Dutch appeared in the Indian seas, the Portuguese had acquired by conquest or negotiation about thirty factories, including the Cape of Good Hope, Ormus, and those on the Coromandel coast, and other parts of India, as well as at Siam, Java, Sumatra, and Malacca. Those factories, however, were little more than fortresses without any adjacent territory, and the Portuguese in the East exercised no power except as rovers, plundering the vessels and coasts of all eastern nations, and carrying the cargoes either to their fortresses or direct to Portugal. In the year 1570, Goa, which contained but a small force, was besieged by a great army, under one of the generals of the Mogul emperor. This attempt to drive the Portuguese out of India was unsuccessful, and from that period, by their extraordinary and piratical exploits, they maintained their supremacy on the Indian seas until the first year of the seventeenth century, when the Dutch, after a brave resistance to the tyranny of Philip II., had become independent of the crown of Spain.

A company had been formed in Holland four years previously for the purpose of opening a trade with India, and in the year 1597, a squadron of Dutch vessels sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, and in safety reached the island of Java. On its return to Holland another squadron, consisting of eight ships, under the command of Houtman and Vaneck, sailed for India, and reached Sumatra and Java, where they carried on a profitable trade in spices and other commodities, and freighted four vessels with valuable cargoes, which returned to Holland under the command of Vaneck.

During the following year, not less than forty ships, of 400 to 600 tons burthen, belonging to different companies, none having exclusive privileges, sailed for the East. They soon supplanted the Portuguese in the spice trade, and soon became conquerors as well as traders. Aided by the Malays, they attacked the Portuguese factory at Acheen, massacred the garrison, and in a very short time drove them altogether from the Molucca Isles.

Philip II. of Spain having usurped the crown of Portugal was enraged at the treatment of his new subjects in the East, by a people who had but lately overthrown his sovereignty. He accordingly armed a fleet of thirty large ships, in order to intercept the Dutch East India fleet on its homeward voyage. But this formidable squadron was encountered by the Dutch admiral Spilbergen, who had at the same time sailed from Holland for the East with eight ships under his command, and after a brave, desperate, and successful resistance, the Spaniards were beaten off, and the Dutch fleet with little loss continued its voyage to India.

The Portuguese, though driven from most of the Spice Islands, had not abandoned their piratical descents on various parts of India. The Dutch yearly increased their fleets, and in 1615, with an armament of nineteen new vessels and 2,000 troops, they successfully assailed the Portuguese at Amboyna and other settlements, capturing all the shipping in those ports, and finally establishing their supremacy on the Indian Seas. The Dutch, about the same period, made an attempt to form a settlement at Kandi; but on this occasion, through the imprudence and assumptions of the commissioner, at the native court, he and his comrades were killed. On the following year, having entered into a league with the King of Kandi, the Dutch, with their whole armament, attacked the Portuguese, over whom they gained a complete victory, and, in 1656, expelled them altogether from Ceylon. The Dutch, about the same period, founded the city of Batavia, in Java, which, from its remarkably convenient geographical position, they resolved should become the capital of all their Oriental settlements, and the chief emporium of their commerce. On the continent of India, the Dutch have never had any important settlement; although, at the Cape, they succeeded in driving away the Portuguese, who had there established themselves in a flourishing colony.

The first attempts of England to trade with the East were made with the view of discovering a passage from Europe, in a north-west direction, by America. Cabot, Frobisher, Davis, and Hudson were among the early navigators who endeavoured to find a passage in that direction; but every attempt, down to the present day, has proved fruitless; nor is it probable that a practicable north-west channel will ever be discovered, unless by some phenomenon of nature the climate of the Arctic seas shall become temperate.

Drake, who had successfully plundered the Spaniards in the West Indies and on the continent of America, sailed from Plymouth in December, 1577, with five vessels, the largest only one hundred tons, and the smallest not exceeding twelve, passed through the straits of Magellan, and made some rich prizes on the west coast of Spanish America. But his small fleet having been reduced to one vessel, he resolved to return by a north-west passage to England. He discovered the coast of California, which he called New Albion; but instead of proceeding further north, he crossed the Pacific to the Moluccas, where he opened the first English trade with the East, by

forming an alliance with the King of Ternate, who was then engaged in hostilities with the Portuguese. He returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope, after a voyage of two years and ten months. Six years afterwards, Cavendish sailed from Plymouth round South America, plundered such Spanish vessels as he met, crossed the Pacific, opened a communication with the natives of the Philippines, in which the Spaniards had formed settlements, traded with the princes of Java, and returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope, having been absent one year and ten months.

Newberry and Fitch, in 1583, left England in order to reach India by an overland expedition. They were both imprisoned at Ormus, and afterwards at Goa by the Portuguese. They, however, escaped, and finally arrived at the royal city of Bejapore. According to Fitch, they were amazed at the pomp of Hindoo idolatry and the magnificence of their temples. "As for the idols," says his narrative, "some be like a cow, some be like a monkey, some be like peacocks, and some like the devil." He was also amazed at "the abundance of gold" and the "grandeur of the war elephants." Golconda, which he visited, "was a fair and pleasant city, with houses well built of brick and timber, while the country abounded with delicious fruits and rich diamond mines." He also visited Barhampore. Here he saw Hindoo boys of eight or ten years of age married to girls of five or six, the ceremony being celebrated with "great pomp and piping and playing." He visited Mandoo, the capital of Malwa, a very strong town built on a high rock in the time of Akbar. Agra he found "a great and populous city superior to London,—well-built of stone, and having fair and large streets. The grandees were conveyed in little carts carved and gilded with fine silk or cloth covering, drawn by two little bulls." On the banks of the Jumna he saw the "Brahmins come to the water, in which, though it were never so cold, they prayed and walked and dressed themselves, and to which their wives in tens, twenties, and thirties came singing together, and washed themselves, and performed other ceremonies." "A great account," says Fitch, "was made of native beggars." "One, a monster amongst the rest, had his hair hanging more than half down his body, his nails were two inches long, and his beard enormous. He would cut nothing from him, neither would he speak; he would not even speak to the king." The Brahmins were a "corrupt people — worse than the Jews." He visited Allahabad, and descended the Ganges to Benares, then a great commercial city filled with temples and idols. Many of the idols "are black, have claws of brass with long nails, and some ride peacocks, which be ill-favoured." In his journal he describes the Suttee custom and many other usages revolting to humanity. "When one is sick, they will set him all night before the idol, and if next morning there be any signs of recovery, his friends will come, and sit beside him; thereafter placing him on a little raft made of reeds, they let him go down the river."

Priests, in all superstitious countries, have invented various modes of acquiring money or commodities. Here is a marriage ceremony: "The man and woman go into the water with a cow and calf and an old priest. The man doth hold his hand by the old man's hand and the wife's hand by the husband's, and all have the cow by the tail, and they pour water out of a brass pot on the cow's tail, and then the old man ties him and her together by their clothes; then they give to the Brahamane the cow and the calf. Then they go to divers other idols and give money, and then they go their way." It is needless to observe that the money given to the idols at the conclusion of this marriage ceremony is "taken by the priest."

Benares he describes as a large city, but containing houses only of earth and straw. The Dakoits, or robber gangs, according to him, infested the country, plundering property and destroying life. They wandered, he observed, "like Arabs, from place to place." After visiting various parts of India, of which he gives very minute accounts, he proceeded south to Hooghly, the chief settlement of the Portuguese. The borders of Orissa he found "almost a wilderness, with a few villages, and grass longer than a man, and very many tigers." After visiting Molucca he touched at Ceylon, which he describes as a "fruitful and fair" island, and "the Cingalese soldiers as naked people, all of them, though some were armed with muskets." Fitch finally reached Ormus, where he had suffered imprisonment at the commencement of his journey.

The first English trading expedition by sea was made in 1591, when three ships were fitted out respectively under the command of Raymond, Kendal, and Lancaster. The expedition, however, had hardly reached the Cape of Good Hope than the great number of invalids among the crews rendered it necessary that Kendal should return with them, and shortly after Raymond's ship became separated from the other, and was never heard of. Lancaster's ship was struck a few days afterwards by lightning, and four of his men killed. Sixteen of his men were killed by the natives on the island of Comora. But Lancaster, undaunted, continued his voyage. He doubled Cape Comorin in 1592, sailed to Sumatra, and remained during the stormy months of July and August in Pulo Penang. He captured one of three vessels belonging, according to his account, to the Jesuits; also a vessel of 250 tons, laden with rice, and a galleon of 700 tons, from Goa, richly laden with commodities for the Indian market. He next sailed for Point De-Galle, in order to intercept the Portuguese fleets from Bengal; but his men becoming mutinous, he sailed back round the Cape in 1593, wherefrom, on account of the shortness of provisions, he was compelled to sail towards America. He reached Bermudas in the same year; but a tempest having arisen, his ship was driven away from her moorings, and Lancaster and his crew were left on a barren island, from which they were rescued by the accidental arrival of some French vessels, who carried them to Dieppe. So ended,

after a voyage of three years, the unfortunate expedition which first sailed from England to establish a commerce with the East.

Five years afterwards an association was formed, £30,000 subscribed, and three ships fitted out for conducting a trade with India. Queen Elizabeth, at the same time, sent Sir John Milden Hall as ambassador, overland, to the Great Mogul, to negotiate for commercial privileges. In the year 1600, the association was reinstituted as the "Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," with George, Earl of Cumberland, as its president, and 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants, and an exclusive right to trade with all countries east of the Cape of Good Hope, and the privilege of exporting £30,000,000 in bullion and English goods for the first four voyages, without payment of duty. £39,771 was invested in shipping, £6,860 in merchandise, £28,742 in bullion; and in April, 1601, five ships of 130 to 600 tons sailed under the command of Lancaster, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at the Madagascar and the Nicobar islands, and negotiated a commercial treaty with the King of Sumatra. Spices, however, were so scarce, and their price so high, that Lancaster resolved to obtain freights by plundering other vessels for the commodities which he could not afford without loss to purchase for money. He captured a Portuguese galleon of 900 tons, laden with calicoes and other valuable commodities. He negotiated a commercial treaty at Bantam, and after arranging for future cargoes of spices, he sailed heavily laden for England.

In 1604 another fleet was equipped and sent out to India, under the command of Myddelton. The vessels, four in number, arrived at Bantam in December of the same year. Two were loaded with pepper, and Myddelton proceeded with the others towards the Moluccas, where the Dutch, in conjunction with the King of Ternate, were at war with the Portuguese. A separate expedition, under Michelborne, was sent out from England, but the adventures of this navigator were almost entirely of a piratical character. In attacking a Japanese junk he lost one of his captains and several of his crew, before effecting its capture.

From this period expeditions were continually made to India, each consisting of separate commercial adventures. Those were chiefly directed to the Spice Islands until 1611, when Myddelton, with three vessels, sailed to Ceylon; and after an engagement with the Portuguese, in which the latter were discomfited, and one of their large barques captured, he succeeded in opening a commercial intercourse with Kandi. A trade was next opened with the merchants of Surat, under an arrangement with the city authorities. Disputes however occurred; the natives complaining that Myddelton had forced them to take goods which were unsaleable. His conduct appears highly unjust. He treacherously, while they were confident in his hospitality, on board his ship, placed under arrest the governor and officers, until the Indian goods were delivered in exchange for his own. But the result of this forcible arrangement was, that Myddelton was obliged to leave Surat without establishing a factory, and with a cargo of comparatively little value.

On the first eight expeditions sent out under the auspices of the company, the average profit was calculated at 171 per cent.; but it must be remarked that most of those cargoes consisted of plunder. The profits were actually derived more from piracy than from regular trade.

In 1612 a capital of £429,000 was subscribed for the purpose of conducting a trade on the regular joint stock system; and in 1614, as we have in a former article stated, James I. sent Sir Thomas Rowe as ambassador to the Great Mogul, at whose court he arrived, with a letter "from our palace of Westminster." Sir Thomas obtained a firman in favour of English trade at Surat; but the intrigues of the Portuguese rendered it for some time nearly abortive.

The Dutch had now driven the Portuguese entirely from the Moluccas and Banda islands, and seized two English vessels in consequence of their factors having failed to acknowledge the Dutch authority. Hostilities between the two nations on the Eastern seas lasted for six years, when it was temporarily settled by a singular treaty, which stipulated that the two companies were equally to share the trade in pepper, and the English to share in one-third of the trade in cloves, nutmegs, &c. Each company were to maintain ten ships in common for conveying goods from one eastern port to another, as well as for purposes of defence; four members of each company were also to form a council of defence, and for enforcing the provisions of this impracticable convention. The Dutch, however, had larger fleets, and continually interfered with the English trade, at last committing the infernal massacre of Amboyna, for which they were at length brought to account by the stern will of Oliver Cromwell.

Meanwhile the Portuguese were driven by the English and the Shah of Persia from Ormus and Surat, and after the mission of Sir Thomas Rowe, the latter place continued to be the chief seat of British trade in India. Bombay was ceded to Charles II. as a portion of the dowry of Catherine of Portugal; and the East India Company, some years after, transferred their chief factory to the new possession. The English had previously small factories, one at Armegun and the other at Mazuli-Patam, but they had no permanent territory until 1640, when permission was granted them by a native chief to erect a fort at Madras-Patam. But the directors allowed only a limited sum to be expended upon the building, which they called Fort St. George. Further privileges were obtained through Dr. Boten, who having cured the daughter of the emperor of a dangerous malady, demanded no personal reward, but received instead certain commercial advantages for the East India Company. Permission was obtained to establish a factory at Hooghly in 1656; and for the annual payment of 3,000 rupees, the English at Surat were allowed to trade free of customs. But for the first thirty years after the establishment of the factory at Hooghly complaints were continually

sent home of the unjust exactions and interruptions of trade made by the authority of the Nabob. The Directors finally in 1686 resolved on invading his territories, and accordingly fitted out a fleet of ten ships with six companies of soldiers, which sailed under the command of Commodore Nicholson for the Bay of Bengal. The vessels of this fleet arrived separately, when one of the captains sailed up the river and cannonaded Hooghly, but was repulsed and retired towards the sea to where Calcutta now stands. The Nabob seized and plundered the English factories at Cozembuzar and Patna; but with the view of gaining time he entered into a truce, which he soon broke. The commander of the British forces, however, withstood his large army and burnt forty of his ships, and in consequence the Nabob agreed to treat and to allow the re-establishment of the English factory at Hooghly. But through the imprudence of an English captain, who disowned the treaty, hostilities were recommenced, and the English were compelled to retire from Bengal. Deceit and violence on the part of Sir John Child, the governor of Bombay, and his officers, about the same time provoked the Mogul Emperor to reduce the English factories at Surat, and to press forward on Bombay, where the English had to supplicate humbly for the resumption of their commerce, which the political Sultan restored to them from his just appreciation of the advantages of foreign trade.

In the year 1689, the East India Company in advising their governors at Bombay and Madras, urged "the increase of revenue more than of commerce; by following the example of the Dutch, who, in directing their governors, wrote ten paragraphs regarding tribute for one respecting trade." They now laid it down as a rule, that independent dominion should be acquired in India, remarking "the increase of our revenue is the subject of our care as much as of our trade." It is, therefore, from this period that we must date the rise of British sovereign power in India.

Before, however, we advert to the acquisitions of the vast territories now forming the British Indian Empire, it will be necessary briefly to view the possessions which France had acquired by treaty and by conquest in the great peninsula.

The first expedition of France, which sailed from Rouen in 1503, as well as several small adventures during that and the early part of the next century were unsuccessful. An East India Company was formed in 1642. Their first attempt at a settlement was in Madagascar, but that large and naturally fertile island yielded but few commodities for European markets; while the ferocious and bold character of the savage inhabitants rendered fruitless all attempts to establish commercial settlements. In 1664, however, Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV., granted exclusive and exorbitant commercial privileges to the French East India Company. Their capital was 15,000,000 livres. This monopoly was exempted from all taxes for fifty years, and they were to be reimbursed by the crown for all losses which they might incur during the first ten years; 3,000,000, livres of the capital was advanced from the royal treasury. But the first operations of the colony in Madagascar, as we have stated, proved unsuccessful. Most of the large colony sent thither were exterminated either by the climate or by the natives, and the survivors were obliged to remove to the two small islands which they called Mauritius and Bourbon. In 1668 this company established a factory at Surat, but in consequence of disputes with the native authorities and mismanagement it was suddenly abandoned; the French precluding its re-establishment in consequence of leaving all their debts unpaid. They next established a factory at Pondicherry, which, under the prudent management of M. Martin, became an important, prosperous, and great commercial depôt. Similar factories were established at Mahé and Caracal, and another at Chandernagore in Bengal, but Pondicherry became their chief emporium and stronghold. Chandernagore, under its governor Dupleix, one of the most extraordinary Europeans who ever ruled in India, became a mart of great commercial prosperity.

Dupleix was the son of a farmer-general in France, who was also a director of the French East India Company. He inherited great riches from his father, and was sent to Pondicherry in 1720 as first member of the Superior Council and Commissioner of War. In 1730 he was appointed director of the factory at Chandernagore. His sagacity, his remarkable activity, and his success in establishing the prosperity of that factory, led to his appointment, in 1742, as governor of Pondicherry and director-general of all the French factories in India. His plans for extending the territorial power of France in India were remarkable for the grandeur of their conception; and if he had been supported by France and by the directors of the French East India Company, and had he had the good fortune of having with him and under him men of ability and integrity, it is quite possible that he might have succeeded in establishing a powerful French sovereignty in the East. He had, it is true, some great defects of character. He was jealous of the success of all others, and especially of Labordonais, governor of the Mauritius, who had landed an army despite of the British fleet in India, and forced the capitulation of Madras. But it was Dupleix that contemplated the establishment of a French Empire on the ruins of the Empire of Tamerlane.

We are now approaching the animated and martial, and the grave political periods of the Mahratta and Mogul wars—of the exploits of the French and English—of the military genius and diplomacy of the Clives and the Dupleix—of Hyder Ali, and of the black-hole tyrant of Bengal.

J. M'G.

(To be continued.)

FRUITAGE.

O Sleep, now fall!
Breathe all along my limbs, and then again
Breathe all along my limbs, till every nerve
Feel the warm shock and gently thrill to slumber!
Bind up my brows in dusky gossamer,
And interweave my lashes with a web;
And, wander as they will, let not mine eyes
Strand on the margin of that ocean dun
Where dreams inconstant float—all sail. O sleep,
Lap every sense in wool; upheave my soul
In vacillating clouds, and let it drift
Through darkness unto darkness, drowsily,
Until Oblivion, all a-tiptoe, close
The door on Consciousness. For now my heart
Is sapped and sated with too many sweets;
'Tis sick with happiness; and every wind
That lazily swoops from yonder garden, bears
Too rich a gathering of summer scents,
And murmurous sounds too soothing to mine ears,
Already steeped, already whelmed and drowned
In influences of supreme delight.
Oh, it is all enough that ever through
The lusty manhood of a summer day,
In curtained solitude, my heart has grown
And ripened in the summer of her love!—
Enough that hour by hour, luxuriously,
My nestling head hath all its fancies coined
'Mid the full fruitage of her bosom hid,
And shaded in the umbrage of her hair!
Pass on, thou sad, sweet evening shade! pass on!
Heed me no more to-night, nor o'er me cast
That mantle in thy ward—that sentinel cloak
Which keeps the soul alert upon the verge
And very outposts of infinitude,
Or dimly makes the heart to understand
What silence prophesies! O sweet south wind!
Thou delicate whisperer! take up thy robes
In passing o'er my head; that so the balm
Fast falling from the hem may drop the more
On eyes that wearily watch—and not on mine!
Come thou with spices from the orient,
Or homelier orchard-scents seduced from boughs
That groan relief should any apple fall—
Bear them away, then, good south wind! away
Where melancholy faces, like the moon,
Shine only in a glory all foregone.
The winds that soar along Sicilian seas,
The winds that gasp and fall in Syrian groves,
That swept the gardens of Semiramis,
Or woo'd the censer in her palaces—
That found our virgin Eve embowered alone,
Rocking with claspèd knee, and wondering
What strange new joy was that which shocked her heart,
And stormed her brows with blood—O soft south wind,
All these thou art not; but all these and more
Wreathe o'er my forehead as my lady sighs.
Go! Murmur me no more of Indian palms—
How yearningly they stand upon the marge,
And stretch their arms across those fainting fields.
Beyond mine eyes there liveth an expanse
Broader than all the wilds of Araby—
Wilder than all the wilds of Araby—
Arid, and thirsty for the shades of love.
And see how much more beautiful than palms,
Hushed in a sunset solitude of thought,
Is this still form whose arms about me join!
What watcher but the sun may scan the verge
Of such an universe as those fair eyes,
That search along the limits of my soul!
And for a wilderness!—South wind, away!
Back to your spoils o'er winefats and the vine,
Still load your wings with bloom of bursting plum,
Sweep all Elysium of delights—and then,
Anointed odalisque, despair! This waste
O'er which my beautiful palm her love distils—
Rayed from her eyes by that eternal light
At which the sun was like a candle lit—
Though thou hadst banqueted on Eden's sweets
And sipped the fountain of its dreams at dusk,
Though—shocked by Adam's fall, and all dispersed—
Thy spoiling wings still chase them round the world—
Yet were thy treasures quite comprised and lost
In any cloister of this wilderness!
This wilderness? but that was yesterday:
To-day it is the real and living truth
Of all those gorgeous dreams and memories
That soothe the loving sun at parting eve:
Such glorious lakes of unawakened fire—
Such vast luxurious valleys stretched to sleep,
Drowsing and dreaming with half-open eye—
Such beautiful hills, round—round, and chastely bared,
And swelling, like Eve's bosom, to the flocks!
And set in glades serene are giant woods
That with the breath of aspiration roar,
And violet fancies blooming all abroad;
Meadows of languid contemplation; groves
That secretly and from a thousand boughs
Drop sensual gums that swoon upon the air.
But oh the vineyard and the purple vine,
Which lies between the hills as 'twere between
The breasts of a Bacchante, and enwreaths
Their brows with frondage and cool clusterings—
The vine that bridges o'er the rivulets,
Dimpling their waters with exuding drops,
All laughing, all together, in the sun—
Oh, might I take its clusters in my hands
And squeeze them on the lips of this young Age,
'Twere life and beauty for a thousand years.
For 'tis the vineyard—'twere the wine of song,
With royal march and music rolling on,
Balm to the weak and baptism for the strong,
Or with low laughter rippling to the hearts
Of melancholy worldlings and the world.
But, O south wind! the vintage is too full
My nerveless will lies down amid the vines
Between Bacchante's breasts, and all day long
Toys with the tendrils in unbreathed delight.
So nerveless let it lie!—unshared her love,
Unshared the luxury her love imparts!
Then, bountiful vineyard, pour out all your blood
Upon the soil, my soul—and it shall drink
The inspiration that it grew, and still
Drink in strong draughts until 'tis all o'erworn!
O'erworn! o'erworn! O sleep, delay no more!
Pass on, soft wind! O sunset sky, fade out!
And thou, my beautiful palm and silent one,
Recall their presence to thine eyes, as now
My thoughts in thee are all recalled and held,
Then shed those tresses down about my brows,
And 'twill be night—with stars! Sleep! Mother! now

Recite thy lullaby, while thought and sense
Spin like the stars, and, like the stars, stand still,
In hushed and pulseless joy. Spread wide thy robes,
And fold us in with all our happiness;
That, floated back upon the careful world,
We may awake to see this glad to-day
Stand off afar, like an enchanted isle,
Beyond a sea of dreams.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The interruption of the commerce of the Danube; the impediments which Russia has placed on the Sulina, the only navigable mouth of that river; the question of war and all its concomitant miseries, and the present alarming state of affairs in the east of Europe, are far too important and grave not to be necessarily a subject of great concern and anxiety to those who are, as all ought to be, alive to the interests of international friendship and trade, and to the peace of the world.

We will, therefore, endeavour to present a true and clear view of the relations of Russia and Turkey, in regard to their respective interests and with especial reference to the countries which are situated along the conflicting frontiers of both empires.

The regions which are situated north of the Danube, extending to the Carpathians and the Dniester, and from the Tibiscus or Theiss to the Euxine; and the whole of Mœsia on the south to the Balkan, extending from Sugidunum, or Belgrade, to Odessus, or Warna, were, during the reigns of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, in as populous, rich, and flourishing a condition as any part of the vast dominions of the Roman empire. Trajan had completely subdued the Parthians, and reduced all Dacia into a great Roman province, rather more than 1,300 miles in circuit, and embracing a great portion of modern Hungary, all Transylvania, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia. Mœsia included all Bulgaria and Servia. Trajan introduced a regular government and civilization into Dacia. Hadrian and his successors continued that policy, until the Roman power was overthrown by the incursions of barbarian hordes and the decline of the Roman empire.

In the middle of the third century, the Goths came from the North and overran the rich cornfields and plains of Dacia, crossed the Danube, invested the city of Marianopolis, which was ransomed by the payment of a large treasure by the inhabitants. From that day Dacia and Mœsia have been declining into their present degraded condition.

In the eighth and ninth centuries, while the empire of Charlemagne was dismembering, and Normans, Danes, and Saracens were invading and possessing Western Europe, the Danubian Provinces, ill defended by the Greek Emperor, were ravaged by fresh hordes of Scythians, especially by the Bulgarians and Magyars, who devastated their cities and laid the whole country waste.

The spoliation of those fertile agricultural provinces, and the ruin of the towns, was soon after completed, first by the Turkish hordes, who came westward, direct from the Altai mountains of Central Asia, and afterwards by the descendants of those who conquered Persia and the Saracenic Kaliphs.

The Prætorian bands, the Turkish mercenaries of the Kaliphs, the Mamelukes of Egypt, and the Strelitz of the Czars, have all been for a time the servile instruments of the tyranny, and as readily the assassins of their despots. The Saracenic empire, with its magnificence, with its cities and its Kaliphs, who were at the same time princes and priests, fell, in the weakness caused by luxury and indolence, a sacrifice to the usurpation of the Turkish mercenary guards, which were first organised by the Kaliph Motassem in the tenth century; and the Seljukian Turks first, and the Ottomans next, founded their empires on the ruins of the Kaliphat, embraced Islamism; subdued Syria, Palestine, Egypt, all Asia Minor; and, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, passed over into Europe, conquered Bulgaria, Thrace, Wallachia, Servia, Moldavia, Bessarabia; overthrew the throne of Constantinople, and transformed the Basilika of St. Sophia into an Ottoman Mosque.

History does not present an event, or rather a series of events, more awful than the extinction of the Eastern Roman empire by the Turkish, or Oghuzean Tartars. But the domestic corruptions, degradations, and atrocities of its rulers and its people, were too disgusting and horrible not to cause the fall of Constantinople, if the fierce and warlike Ottomans had never besieged its walls or conquered its provinces.

The Turks became, after the days of Alaric, Attila, and Arpad, the most ferocious and terrible warriors who ever carried terror, massacre, and devastation over Eastern Europe; but from the day their great army, which besieged Vienna under Kara, or Black, Mustapha, was driven from its walls, in 1683, by John Sobieski, the Ottoman power has been rapidly declining. This decline has been especially remarkable since Peter, called the Great, of Russia became a conqueror. Therefore the present occupation by Russia of Moldavia and Wallachia; the actual position of the commerce of the Danube, and the unsatisfactory state of what we term the Eastern question, demand some investigation respecting Russian aggrandisement—which may be instructive.

At an early period the Scandinavian pirates

infested the eastern shores of the Baltic, and compelled the primitive Russians of Ladoga to pay them a stipulated number of the skins of white squirrels, in the shape of tribute. Those rovers were called *Varangians*, or corsairs, by the Russians. At length, in 862, Ruric, a Scandinavian sea-king, or chief, founded the Russian or Muscovite dynasty, which endured for more than 700 years, until the accession of the House of Romanoff, or the present dynasty. There is some resemblance in the invasion of Russia by the Scandinavians and the conquest of England by the Normans. For a long period the successors of Ruric allotted to their knights, or followers, the lands acquired by the force of the Varangian sword. Nor did the Scandinavians in language, religion, or by marriage, for a long time assimilate themselves to the Russians. Vladimir, a descendant from Ruric, when his family had become powerful, was the first to deliver his country from the annual incursions of those pirates. This Czar directed them to go south—to Constantinople, where the Danes, Saxons, and English Saxons were employed by the Byzantine emperors as military mercenaries. These Danes, Saxons, English, and Varangians formed the only guard who were ever loyal and faithful to the Greek emperors. Towards the middle of the ninth century the family of Ruric possessed the whole province of Moscovia, or Wolodimir, as well as the country west to the Baltic, and north to the White Sea. The Tartar hordes limited the extension of their eastern dominion, but the Czars early acquired the territory south of Muscovy, following the course of the Borysthenes to the banks of the Euxine. Novogorod and Kiov were early acquired. Both those cities increased rapidly in population, commerce, and wealth. Kiov, with its 300 churches, became the great commercial mart of the dukedom, or empire, and thither were brought slaves, furs, hides, honey, and various produce, to be sold to the merchants of other countries. Adventurers sailed down the Borysthenes to the Euxine, and from thence along the shore to Constantinople, bringing back with them cargoes of wine and oil, spices, and Grecian manufactures.

At this period all the Russian nations were pagan. But the introduction of luxuries and the benefits of trade led to far more ambitious views on the part of the Varangian Czars. From commercial adventurers they now became armed piratical marauders, and made numerous descents into the Black Sea. As early as 865 those pirates occupied the port of Constantinople. The Emperor Michael, son of Theophilus, was then absent; he returned hastily, and, as it is related, performed a miracle by dipping the garments of the Virgin Mary into the sea, and thereby raising a tempest which drove the Russians away. Another unsuccessful attempt was made in 904; a third in 941; while the naval force of the empire was engaged against the Saracens. Two years afterwards another fleet of Russian pirates was driven from the Bosphorus, but not until they had captured or destroyed twenty-four Greek galleys. Their descents, however, were on all occasions attended with loss to the Greeks, who, to keep on terms with them, yielded to the exaction of a species of black-mail in the way of tribute. Those piratical expeditions usually consisted of numerous vessels, each armed with about forty men — circumstances which gained the credence of the vulgar in a prophecy said to have been sacredly inscribed upon an equestrian statue in Taurus, that the Russians should in the last days become masters of Constantinople. With respect to this prophecy, it is remarkable that Mr. Gibbon in 1787 observes: "Perhaps the present generation may yet behold the accomplishment of a rare prediction, of which the style is unambiguous and the date unquestionable."

The Czar Sviatosloff subdued or repelled all the nations from the Volga to the Danube. This chieftain in his military and savage habits resembled the early Scythian conquerors. He slept on the ground, with his head on his saddle, and covered with a bear-skin. He often fed on horse-flesh broiled on a wooden fire. He undertook to conquer Bulgaria for Nicephorus on receiving 1500 lbs. weight of gold. With an army of 60,000 men he embarked in small vessels and sailed down the Borystenis to the Danube, crossed over to and landed upon the Mœsian coast. With this force he defeated the Bulgarian cavalry, vanquished their king, and made his children captive. He conquered the country from the Euxine to Mount Hermnu, and to the river *Kara-Lome*, or Black-Lome, which falls into the Danube—or that great portion of Bulgaria now known as Silistria, and half of Routschouk. These events occurred soon after the middle of the tenth century, A.D. 958 to 970.

But although *Sviatosloff* had received more than full payment for the toils, expenses, and rewards of this conquest, he refused to relinquish the conquered provinces to the Greek emperor. The Russian warrior was joined by hordes of Turks, Chozars, and other marauders. The very ambassador whom Nicephorus sent betrayed his master, assumed the purple, and assured the Russian that if he were enabled to ascend the throne of the Cæsars, he would share with him the spoils of the Eastern empire. On this they crossed the Balkan, reached Adrianople, summoned Nicephorus to descend from the throne,—the Russian threatening that if he refused, a conqueror and a master would soon occupy Constantinople. But another warrior now arose who thwarted the ambitious views of the Russian. The celebrated John Zimisces, who immediately succeeded Nicephorus, was enabled to raise a powerful army, and having separated the Turkish and other hordes from the Russians, ultimately drove 70,000 of these barbarians from Thrace. He then led the main body of his army over the Balkan, put 8,500 Russians to the sword, and rescued the sons of the Bulgarian king. Sviatosloff having performed many deeds of desperate valour, was at length completely overcome, and on being allowed a safe passage to retreat, bound himself by a solemn imprecation, never again to invade the imperial dominion.

About one hundred years before this period, Photicus a Greek patriarch, made an unsuccessful attempt to plant Christianity in Muscovy. Christianity may be said to have been first introduced about 955, when Olga, after revenging the death of her husband Igor, left Kiov and arrived at Constantinople, where she was baptized by the Patriarch, in presence of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Her conversion and baptism was at the same time followed by the conversion and baptism of her uncle, sixteen maidens of high, and eighteen of low rank, two interpreters, twenty-two domestics or followers, and forty-four merchants who constituted the suite of the princess. On her return to Kiov, she laboured strenuously to propagate the gospel, but without success; for her own family, including her son Sviatosloff, her grandson Vladimir, as well as the whole nation, adhered to the worship of the pagan gods of the country—some with indifference, some with superstitious zeal. Nor must it be forgotten that as late as the end of the tenth century, those gods were believed to be propitiated only with human sacrifices. But about the year 998, the dramatic fascinations and splendour of the worship in the church of St. Sophia had its influence on the Russian merchants and others who had visited or resided in Constantinople, causing them to feel disgusted with the paganism of their country, and gradually to become converts to the Christian faith. Great and wonderful have been the influence and virtue of women in converting princes and nations. Queen Clotilda is said to have, near the end of the fifth century, converted her husband, the savage pagan king of the Franks. Queen Bertha being, A.D. 590, converted by St. Augustine, that pious wife converted her idolatrous Saxon husband, Ethelbert; who, appointing Augustine first bishop of Canterbury, instituted Christianity in all England. Gisela, the sister of the Emperor Henry II., married and converted Waik, King of Hungary, who commanded his subjects to become Christians; and being baptized, A.D. 998, Stephen, the pope, sent him the "*angel's crown*," with which, after being anointed, he was crowned as the first Christian king of that kingdom. The sister of the king of Bohemia married and converted Miceslas, Duke of Poland, by whom Christianity was founded in that country in the tenth century. The Greek princess, Theodora, in the ninth century charmed and converted the then powerful heathen king of the Bulgarians; and he, consequently, instituted Christianity among his Scythian hordes. The Greek emperor Basilius Porphyrogenitus gave his sister Anne to Vladimir, grandson of the Empress Helena, who at the same time, charmed and persuaded by his lovely bride, in the city of Cherson, was baptized and married by the Greek pontiff. Vladimir then restored the city to his brother-in-law, carrying off however the gates to Novogorod, as a trophy of faith nd victory, to be erected before th e first Christian church in that city. *Peroun*, the god of thunder, was then dragged along the streets of Kiou, battered with clubs, and cast into the Borystenis. Vladimir then issued an ukase, commanding all who were not enemies to God to be baptized. Thousands, following the example of the Czar and his Boyards, embraced the new religion, and during the eleventh century the Muscovites are said to have abandoned idolatry; and at the present time 55,000,000 subjects of the Czar all zealously adhere to the truths, the errors, and the superstitions of the Greek Church.

In 1237, the Muscovites were subdued by the Tartars who slew the Czar George, and exercised a supreme sway over the country, exacting and receiving tribute for 213 years. But, in 1450, Ivan, son of blind Basilius, overthrew the Tartar yoke, and restored his country to independence. He subdued the dukes of Novogorod, and conquered Smolensko from the Poles. In 1553, the kingdom of Astrakan and other provinces were conquered from the Tartars, and united to the empire; and after a lengthened period of civil war, occasioned by Demetrius and other pretenders, the House of Ruric was superseded by that of Romanoff in the person of Michael, son of the Russo-Greek patriarch, Philaretti, who had married a descendant of John Basilowitz. She had previously been a nun.

Alexis, son of Michael, conquered several provinces before 1658; in 1686, the Cossacks of the Ukraine submitted to the sovereignty of Russia as they had before done to Poland, before the country had been conquered and devastated by the Turks. To this acquisition of territory there succeeded a period of bloody conflicts, when all order, justice, and security seemed to have disappeared for ever from within the Russian dominions.

Alexis, by his first wife, the daughter of a Boyard, had two sons, Feodor, who succeeded him in 1677, and Ivan, and six daughters. Of the latter the third, Sophia, became famous and scandalous, by her abilities, intrigues, and crimes. By a second marrige with another of his subjects, Alexis had a son, afterwards Peter the Great, born June, 1672. The Czars at all times exercised the prerogative of marrying whomsoever they pleased, and of bequeathing, with the same right, the succession to the sovereignty. Feodor died young without issue, and Ivan being incapable of ruling from his imbecility, weak sight, and epileptic fits, Peter, the younger brother, remained only, as sound in mind and vigorous in body, but was then a mere child.

The Muscovite government in more than one respect was similar to that of the Ottomans. One had its Janissaries, who disposed frequently of the lives and of the thrones of the Sultans; the other had its Strelitz, who were more ferocious and equally as unscrupulous as the Janissaries. The Princess Sophia, third daughter of Michael Romanoff, was destined for a convent; but her imperious and dangerous spirit aspired to a far more ambitious notoriety. Perceiving that her oldest brother Feodor was not destined for long life, that Ivan by his imbecility, and Peter from his infancy, were incapable of administering the affairs of the empire, she resolved, on the death of Feodor, to imitate Pulcheria in regard to her

brother Theodosius the Great, and seize upon the crown. She determined to destroy Peter, having first by her intrigues secured the Strelitz, and excited them to revolt and to commit the most sanguinary cruelties. Neither the Prætorian Guards nor Janissaries ever perpetrated greater barbarities. On the death of Feodor, they assembled in arms at the Kremlin, and commenced by charging their colonels with having deprived them of their pay; they compelled the ministers to dismiss those officers; and on receiving the money which they alleged was due to them, they insisted on the old practice, that the officers should be delivered over to them. They were accordingly delivered up and subjected to the punishment of the batogue, or flagellation, while stretched on their bellies on the ground. The Strelitz were then secretly led on from crime to crime by the Princess Sophia. She convoked an assembly of princes of the blood, generals of the army, and other great dignitaries, in order to induce them to prevent the Patriarch from proclaiming the sovereignty of Peter. She promised the Strelitz not only an increase of pay, but presents. Her measures everywhere excited the soldiery against the family of Nariski, and especially against the two Nariski brothers of the young Dowager Czarina, the mother of Peter. She gave them the names of forty great lords, who she said were equally the enemies of the Strelitz and of the State. Her proscriptions resembled those of Sylla and the Triumvirs of Rome; nor were those altogether peculiar either to Rome or to Muscovy, for they have been imitated by other states. Two of the great lords were thrown out of their windows, and received upon the points of their pikes by the Strelitz.

One of the Nariski was then massacred; three others, who had taken refuge in a church, were assassinated at the altar. Horrible massacres and cruelties were continued until all those who were supposed the enemies of Sophia were murdered; on which Ivan and Peter were proclaimed joint sovereigns and Sophia co-regent. She then approved and recompensed the crimes of the Strelitz, confiscated all the property of the proscribed lords, and bestowed it upon those abominable assassins, whom she even permitted to erect a monument with the names engraved of those whom they had massacred, as traitors to their country. She assumed all the honours of a sovereign; her profile was stamped upon the coins; she usurped the first place in the council and of supreme power, and she signed all public documents. After a lapse of a few years she conspired with her minister Galitzin for the removal of Peter, then seventeen years of age, by assassination.

The young prince discovered and frustrated this murderous design, arrested Sophia, and confined her for life in a convent. This year, 1689, may be regarded as the commencement of the reign of Peter; although Ivan survived in a state of helpless imbecility until 1696, and the name of Peter as sovereign did not previously appear in the ukases. In early life he laboured as a carpenter at Saardam; and, in 1697, he built a frigate, which he despatched to Archangel. In the following year he worked in the dockyard at Deptford.

This remarkable man was a genius of extraordinary conceptions, and a ruler of great abilities, although not a man of the most consummate wisdom. He gave Russia a navy which has and will for ever, at least in the Baltic, prove useless. He constructed docks and an arsenal at Cronstadt; and in his maritime ardour built the capital of his empire in the most ill-judged and worst situation in Europe. He made acquisitions on the Baltic and on the Black Sea. It is not just to say that before his time there were neither arts, sciences, nor literature in Russia, for these had been gradually, although not extensively, introduced after the institution of Christianity. But Peter introduced new arts, sciences, literature, and civilisation from the South and West of Europe, and he carried home with him Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, whom he met at Deptford, and who established the marine school of Russia. He united great rivers by cutting and constructing magnificent canals. His great ambition was to render Russia a great naval power, which ambition, we believe, will never be realised, unless the Czar becomes master of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles.

Since the first conquests of Peter the Great, the policy, or at least the conduct, of Russia has been aggressive. Since that period, the dominions of the Czar have extended over the greater part of the ancient kingdom of Poland, over Finland and the islands of Alan, formerly belonging to Sweden, over four Baltic provinces, including the duchy of Courland; over conquests from the Tartars, over Little Tartary, Bessarabia, and a portion of Moldavia taken from the Ottoman empire. When to these we add the conquest of Siberia and her possessions acquired in North America, Russia appears to occupy more of the surface of the globe than even the vast but widely spread British empire. But the gigantic extent of her dominions has increased the idea of her power to the utmost point of exaggeration.

The power of Russia is at present dangerous with regard to her immediate neighbours, and the former and the present occupation of two great Danubian provinces, by which she maintains a command over the mouths of that river, will familiarise her with the idea of taking permanent possession, not only of Moldavia and Wallachia, but immediately after — almost from necessity — of, at least, the whole of Bulgaria immediately south of those countries.

(To be continued.)

THE SHINING LADDER.

August 9.—GOT tired this afternoon (I resume at a dreary distance from the date, but with a painfully weightened memory) of rooting up weeds. Had plucked a little pink-petalled thing from beneath the shadow of some pansies, and was about to fling it away, when I suddenly caught its eye; if it would not be more correct to say, that its eye suddenly caught me.

"What sort of Providence, then, are you?" The question was directly asked, in an innocent, unwinking way, very suited to the drift of it; and was followed by a conundrum, "When is a weed not a weed?" which being propounded with the same melancholy innocence of manner, caused me some confusion and a slight sense of meanness. I could have replied to the insinuation by reference to the march of intellect, and the progress of cultivation or civilisation; but, with the plucked weed dying in my hand, concluded, on the whole, to take a walk and not to vex myself.

The window-panes, radiant and molten in the last glories of the day, indicated the direction in which to stroll,—to the sea-side and a western shore. It was a beautiful ramble thither, and many such evenings as this I had spent along its paths. Serenity and meditation seemed always to lie there in ambuscade for the wayfarer; but for me they ceased to have such associations, and assumed new and far different ones on that evening: meditation there may be again, but serenity never more. For this very reason, perhaps, and by the same cause that the last looks of a friend are always dearest, I love to linger over that last peaceful walk to the shore, whence peace came not back.

First over a stile, and along a down-hill lane—shadowy, as a down-hill lane should be; far above the elms met high and arched; then along the pleasantest piece of dusty roadway, with a tired labourer, satchel on shoulder, walking home right in the middle of it; then, shoulder high in grain, across a hill which heaved its burden nearer to the sun; and over other hills and still others, each more solitary and barren than the last; till at length there was neither life nor living thing around, save my own, and some insects which seemed to keep household in the clumps of fern, and to be for ever winding up their clocks. Finally down to a little bay of the shore—secluded, and, I almost believe, originally discovered by myself.

Here a few yards of shingle to the right, a few yards of sand to the left, the sheep downs above, and a strange little bank of verdure below, soft as a couch and no larger—this is all of earth. But the sea, great in the mystery of its strength, spreads far away beyond sight, broken only by a narrow strip of land some miles distant, which stretches luxuriously out upon the waters, like a Syrian bather in a Syrian bath. Upon the extreme point of this neck of land cluster a few trees; and high above your head stand a few others, which also seem to have come down to watch upon the shore. With their lean and barren limbs, where only a few ghostly leaves, the memories of past summers, miserably flutter; they seem like forlorn spirits come down to watch upon the shore; and as they wave their arms across the impassive sea to the trees that flourish on the sunset strand beyond, and these nod their umbrageous heads and beckon in return, it is an image of the world, of death and the world to come, that gives you something to think about as you sit there.

Or, if your thoughts go backward and your eyes look down, there at your feet the white horses of the sea foam proudly up, still with hope. Hundreds of years they have sought those Grecian isles, where little children, at play upon the shore, chanted their monotonous ditty about the fair sons of the sea who rode upon the backs of her white horses. Round and round the world they have journeyed—round and round the world; but for them the Grecian isles exist no longer; and again and at last disappointed, here they hurl themselves ashore in despair, or plunge down into the deep waters, to journey no more. Here again is something to ruminate; but for me, I had always my one thought on such occasions, which such as these only pieced out, as it were.

With this one thought, so pieced out, present to mind, I sat upon that little bank of green for more than an hour by the sun. That time-keeper then went down, its glory following it; but soon arose the one bright star which of itself makes evening, and then others, and it grew quite dusk. The quiet, which usually comes as the day goes, seemed this evening to fall denser and more suddenly than usual. Earth and air were altogether still; they stopped; but the sea, which pays no allegiance to the day, and holds no fellowship but with the moon and the stronger winds, plashed among the shingles and moaned upon the sands louder than before. My one thought then arose, and plashed and moaned in the same manner; and what with the stillness all above, the sad noise at my feet and the sad noise in my heart, the severe stars, the trees waving their ghostly arms above my head, and the yet more ghostly trees that stood still and seemed to listen in the dim distance—I felt burdened and very melancholy indeed. Daresay, however, that I should have remained there till near midnight, bound in the fascinations of my own misery, as many people in such cases allow themselves to be, but a cool wind springing up reminded me at once of rheumatism and a fire in the parlour: I rose to return.

I had not taken a step homeward, however, when the arrival of a boat arrested me where I stood. It shot into the little loop in the beach, indeed, as any other boat might; but there was a singularity in its arrival at so lonely a place at such a time, and threefold singularity in the nature of its occupants. They were two souls, a man of, say, thirty years—but he was older—and a child of two; and if my *memory* were a little loop in the beach, and that boat now grating on the sand, I could not more distinctly remember them. The elder was a tall and well-proportioned man, with a muscular rapidity in all his movements that accorded well with the quick and sudden glancing of his eyes: these were small, but, I think, the brightest and the darkest I ever beheld. His hair was dark and scant, and lay off from his face in dank locks; his nose was high, thin, and beautifully curved: altogether, he was like a hawk, and, at the same time, bore considerable resemblance to the poet Southey. But the child—her countenance was one of those which never render up more than an expression; and when I endeavoured to scan the features, that expression seemed to confuse my sight. Now I see it plainly enough, and *then*—it is true—I had foreseen it. It had existed in firelight imaginings; I had seen it in dreams by night and day, before she was born and after too; though *I* knew nothing about her birth at all (see this JOURNAL, *ante*, July 21, 18—, &c.); and this is the very reason, perhaps, why, when I first looked at her, I had only a dim conception of some beautiful child with her little bonnet thrown back upon her curls, who sang "Mam — mamma, mam — mamma," as she leant over the side of the boat, in a tone very like the plashing of the one thought in my heart.

The stranger having alighted, and drawn his boat up upon the beach, I walked down towards him, hoping to be of some service, perhaps. He did not observe me, however, but proceeded to make his boat fast to a large stone; which, being a difficult thing, occupied him some time. At length raising his head, "Good evening, sir," said I.

"Sir, good evening to you," he returned quite easily, and without displaying the least surprise at finding me so suddenly at his elbow. "This is my daughter. It is her birthday."

I could do no less than congratulate the ninth of August, the day on which so lovely a child *could* be born; and hastily inferring that the stranger had accidentally strayed away in a little water excursion given in celebration (an inference which the light dress of both, and the distance from any abode save my own rendered pertinent enough), presently ventured upon the most dexterous suggestion to that effect I could then hit upon. Leading his child companion to the green bank of which I have spoken, he sat down, pressed me to sit, and then replied.

"Sir, I *have* strayed away. To stray away continually—to do nothing, but always to awake to something done—has been my existence for a long time. It is an instinct! For the last three years, I should say, it has been instinctive; but where I shall ultimately stray to, I am as ignorant as anxious. Two evenings since, that little golden head, my daughter's head, reposed in London—we've strayed away, you see—and to-night—well, her mother will be overjoyed to see her."

He flashed a smile into my face as he uttered the last words, which were spoken in a voice soft as a woman's, or as the abstracted "mam—mamma" of the child, who looked all the while into his face with drowsy eyes. Both words and smiles infused into me a strange sense of cold and distance which as yet I did not understand. I had been impressed, indeed, at first sight, with a certain feeling of anxious inquietude; but that dated illegitimately from another source. After a long pause, finding I could get rid of neither, I hoped with as great an affectation of unconcern as I could assume that the stranger had no great distance to go, "for," said I, "the night draws rapidly on; there is a damp air abroad, and you cannot carry a sick and weary child to an overjoyed mother."

"Nor *send* a sick and weary child to an overjoyed mother? You have learned of earth only, sir; you may do no surer or better thing. Now I am instructed from a source nearer heaven; I have learned it from a mother's lips and with her assurance, and I know." The stranger turned his face from me with a proud air, took his child upon his knees, and looked composedly upon the horizon, settling himself as if to remain for an hour where he sat. I was now really alarmed, and touched to the heart too; and I returned—

"Well, sir, let me learn of you, then. You have no idea of returning to Showell to-night—it is full eight miles distant, you know; with both wind and water to oppose; and if——"

"Excellent guessing!" he exclaimed, addressing the distance. "I came from Showell this afternoon, with my little daughter here, and I have no idea of returning thither to-night. And it's full eight miles distant! Now how do *I* guess, sir?"—turning leisurely round. "You have it in your mind to invite me to your house, which is near by, I presume!"

"Scarcely more than a mile from this spot; while there is not another house within three. You must permit my anxiety regarding this little creature—she seems so very weary; and you may perceive the damps glistening in her hair. Come! we'll see home and easy chairs in no time at all."

"I thank you with all my heart, but cannot now trespass on your kindness. Came with an intent, you see—brought my child here on purpose; and if that star would only come round that point of land there!"—

What could be the meaning of all this, and to what did it tend? If at first sight of this stranger and strange man I had been struck with disquietude, the incoherence of his speech and his remarkable behaviour had, by this time, intensified it to a painful degree. That sense of cold and distance grew stronger and more clear; and now as, startled at the tremulous solicitude of his last words, I turned to look upon him—now, as he

pressed the little golden head to his breast with much of the affection, but none of the awe, with which his eyes were fixed upon a distant star—my heart fainted within me, and I trembled. Whence and whither—this gentle madman and his gentle child, swinging her foot there as she sat upon his knee? Hopeless it was to seek meaning in the eyes which he kept so earnestly fixed upon the star; but his were not all. The eyes of the infant were as constantly fixed on me—with the innocent speculation which children commonly indulge, perhaps; but over and over again, when I accidentally caught them, I saw a glance which stung me with a recognition; and then her "Mam—mamma, mam—mamma!" chirruped in that cheerful little voice, moaned along my very nerves.

A long and to me most miserable silence here wore on. My mind was all abroad, lost in a very wilderness of wondering and guessing, when, to increase my amazement and distresses, "Four times—yes, four times, she has appeared;" the stranger broke, or rather bubbled out, talking with himself—"and each time with wonderful news. Such a messenger—sir," he began anew, addressing me, but without removing his glance, which now alternated slowly from sky to sea—"think of that Central Sun as a thing existing as certainly as any planet bowled out of an almighty hand. A sun so huge that it would shoulder for space beyond all this system. Those stars would roll down its hills as apples shaken from the bough; and it glows green, like an emerald. Ten thousand suns with all their spheres whirl about it, in ellipses—thus," waving his fingers in the air: "so that each in turn may approach near for the gift of new life, and be purified—by fire. You hear that the earth was once a globe of molten granite; 'twas molten then: there must be no trace visible, not to a bee, of races that go before. You hear that this atmosphere, which chills my dear little daughter, I fear"—("Mamma! O mamma!" softly chimed an under-current tone, like the melancholy dropping of waters)—"was once hotter and denser at eve than now it is at noon in an Indian jungle: more glorious jungle flourished above you, where those miserable trees wave. The universe was then not so far sped on its outward course. *You* know that the moon is barren and dead; *I* know that it has been so ever since its last great passage, and will never be lit with life again. Time by time, as they pass, one such world in every universe is stricken with death: its fruits are gathered and the fruitage past. And when at last the suns return with all their spheres dispirited, and they themselves being spoiled, that mightiest globe will spring from cushioning clouds far, far above the track of all, to commence *its* circling and its song; while all those silent worlds, fast tumbling from their spheres, shall meet below, and crash together in the vacuum. That will be the crack of doom. So my messenger says, and she is Truth, as well as Love."

I listened in dumb wonder to these strange words, spoken with no appearance of excitement, but in tones low and introverting upon themselves, as it were—like the wavelets that rolled at our feet, and with the same melancholy sound. It seemed wonderful, even then, that a man with so haughty and fierce a countenance should speak so mellifluently. I would have arrested him in such talk, but could not. Still keeping watch at one point upon sea and sky, he babbled on, carrying my senses with him.

"But that is far down stream. From another world, with keener sight, and senses more acutely tuned, all this will be viewed. But *what* other? for me, what other? Oh, that is my great trouble now, and nearly breaks my heart! The track of this little one is sure; but mine—? Not memory, and light, and reunion, the reward of those who again and again, have wrought their lives out well, but once more forgetfulness, and such a sad measure of darkness we here stumble in, may be my lot; and reunion never.

"I have a messenger, sir, who is not mine only. She carried away from earth her own life and mine together, and returns to tell me now these things. Marble to the eye, nothing to the touch, she has stood upon the threshhold of my chamber four times, each time with confirmation of some vast truth which the wisdom and not the reason of men guess at. Reason I had lost—I knew I had lost it; and therefore needed wisdom all the more. The progressive existence of mankind, then, is also true, as it might have been known to be, even here, where we eat grass; for the proof of abstract truth is, that it be perfectly harmonious in all that can accrue to it, and this is so harmonious. In that blessed star," he pointed a trembling finger towards the firmament, in the direction in which he had constantly gazed—"in that star she now lives who was my wife. To it go the good who, thrice tried, have thrice triumphed; and there they enjoy the memory of all that constituted their happiness in the world that knew them before. For, you know, forgetfulness, or, to some minds of firmer texture, the vaguest and fitfullest shadow of memory, is the usual lot—as on earth. Each existence is like a dream; with this difference, that between each existence we do not wake, but *sleep*. But at the end, when all is done, when the last step is taken and the last sleep slept, when the measure is full and mingled, then oblivion will fall off like an old robe, and the vast procession of a hundred lives—kings' lives, beggars' lives, life with fairest winds and life with foulest weather—pass up before the unfilmed eyes of all; and shiver many into the dust."

I answered nothing. Vacuity replies nought to vacuity, and his words left nothing in my mind but their melancholy tone. One thing, however, I could not fail to detect in all this madness, constrained as was my attention upon the child. The stranger had said in the outset that her mother would be overjoyed to see her, as if he were now taking her home; and here, again, he said that her mother was dead. Discrepancies in the conversation of an insane man are, it is true, natural and to be expected; but something in this *single*

discrepancy, where the track of reason seemed not so much abandoned altogether, as only abandoned in one direction, gave point to my solicitude. And as I revolved the difficulty, anxious as if to understand and to solve it were a matter of life and death, looking the while upon the child's innocence, her beauty and confiding, a love sudden, strange, and strong woke up in my heart, and mingled with its dread. I began, too, to interpret the meaning of those looks which had startled me so much, though vaguely and afraid; and I resolved not to leave her till I had seen her safe from the hands of her unhappy father.

So there we sat, I miserably doing nothing, or drawing horrors on the sand with my stick—he still keeping his anxious face turned alternately skyward and seaward—his little daughter still nestling her golden head on his breast, swinging her little feet, caressing herself with her nursery songs, and looking at me.

At length the stranger arose in extreme agitation, his face as pale and luminous as the moon—so it seemed. He pointed again to the star he had so long observed, and said—

"See—it has come round to the point at last, and its beams strike fairly down into the water. Now I will tell you why I am here—with this infant. Quickly! *I* love her with all the heart I have—all I have left; her mother loves her with a power, and a power to preserve, a hundred fold greater than mine. She remembers her in that far-off star; and now when our child is pure enough to ascend to it—now, on her birthday and the very hour of her birth, when my beautiful Florence remembers her best, and is gone down to such a shore as this to watch the orb where her daughter dwells—I shall send her daughter to her on that shining ladder! Her spirit, my child's innocent spirit, has no burden greater than its own wings; released upon that path, it will recognise and know it; and to-night there will be re-union."

He pointed to the faint beam that seemed to glimmer from the sea to the sky, and carried the child down towards the boat. As for me, "My beautiful Florence! *my* beautiful Florence!" a spirit within me cried aloud in pain; and oh, that "Mam—mamma," and those brown eyes! long gathering clouds of suspicion, charged with a sickness like the contagion of death, fell upon me; fear paralysed me for a moment; and in vain I endeavoured to fix my filmy vision upon that retreating man. Rising, I stumbled down to the beach, almost blind; and, when I saw at all, saw that the stranger had cast off his boat, and was calmly preparing to row out towards his shining ladder.

"Stay—stay one moment! Something—"

"Thank you, but I shall not need your assistance, I think. The water, you see, is intensely calm!"

And so, alas! was he; and so, happily, was I, now that the time of necessity had arrived.

"But, my dear sir, the child sits uncomfortably all alone, and how will you steady your boat in those beams while you hold her un——, while you despatch her to the star there?"

He paused in consideration, looking from the child to me; and I breathed again when he answered, "I shall be glad, then, if you will accompany us."

Stepped into the boat, and took the drowsy little creature into my arms, while her father pulled from the shore. Trustfully she held out her little hands to me, and trustfully she placed them round me. Her head lay back upon my arm, shedding its beautiful curls down upon it, and baring the fairest forehead in the world to the perusal of the stars. Her eyelids slowly rose and fell, and her sweet little lips unwillingly murmured as she sank to sleep. "Bless papa! Bless my mamma! And be a good baby! Mamma gone"—(opening her eyes, "my beautiful Florence," to tell *me*) "Mamma gone, now!" With such a whisper she lapsed into slumber; and if I was not seen to weep my very heart away in tears as I looked upon her face and listened, it was because my eyes were hot, and consumed them.

That angels or the gods whisper to sleeping children is a superstition which poetical savages of several nations have indulged; and though neither savage nor a poet, when she smiled in her sleep I bowed my head to hers and listened. Heard no whispering, however, but that which loudly spoke to my own mind that unless I speedily lighted on some means of saving her, she would wake only for one terrible moment ever again. We had now gone some two or three hundred yards from the shore. So, after some little thought—

"Luckily," whispered I, addressing the unfortunate man, "she is sleeping. But in such cases as the present, now, when you are going to despatch your child from earth in—in an unusual manner,—they call it murder, you are aware they call it so in the holy Bible; and it's very much like Cain's murder, too—in such a case, does the departed one attain to that world which naturally would have been his inheritance there? or is there no place in this vast universe where such an one stands abiding the death of the—murderer—that he may denounce him? In such a case, which your judgment will tell you is highly probable, your object would be defeated; and your daughter—"

"Sir, the innocence of my daughter fits her for that sphere where her mother is honoured. But, motherless upon earth, what temptations may not dog upon her path, and even hold her spirit back a thousand years! For the rest, the freed spirit, loosed from its clay, rises and stands a tip-toe on the lips, sweeps the heavens for its home, sees it—recognises *that one* certainly—flees away through space: and at that moment there is a new birth in the new world. My guilt, if it be guilt, is not her innocence. My guilt would not affect its fate.

"But your spirit, my friend, standing upon *your* lips—sweeping the heavens for its home, and finding it *not* where your dear ones shine—constrained by this deed to go shrieking away from it and below it!—have you considered that?"

The miserable man rested on his oars, smiled

acutely, and replied, "But you are not aware, perhaps — of course you cannot be — that I am not responsible — not of sound mind? "And," continued he, changing his countenance, with a severe and penetrating expression, "say no more, friend. I have thought and counted, and shall be happy to return you to the shore, if you please!"

Alarmed and bitterly disappointed that my first effort to win him from his purpose should suggest the destruction of all hope and help, I made haste to apologise, and he went on his way. My heart sank, however, as I perceived that all appeals, direct or indirect, to fears, to conscience, to his reason, or (what I had rather calculated upon) his *un*-reason, were altogether hopeless, and worse. Counted my weapons, as they were thus reduced, and found them three: the strength of his affections, and I saw that they were strong — the strength which desperation might force me to seek in my arms — and any stratagem that might providentially be sent into an earnest and despairing mind. Upon the former I rested my chief hope; but as the time to exercise it had not yet arrived, I now had nothing left to do but to occupy myself in estimating the chances of the next and only present resource, by comparing the strength of the mad boatman with my own. In stature, girth, and height, we were remarkably alike; but he was advanced four or five years beyond me in manhood, and his frame, consequently, was more firmly consolidated. Remarked with satisfaction, however, by the grasp his slender fingers held upon the oars, that his grip was less secure than mine; and though upon comparing the speed of the boat with the amount of exertion expended on it, and remembering that to desperation madness and an equal sense of right were opposed, the balance sided too visibly towards him, I determined on the whole to trust to force in the last resort, and fling *him* upon his shining ladder.

But as if my perplexities were not already numerous enough for one man in one day, following fast upon this conclusion came again the inquiry of those five pink petals, whispered in a quiet garden three hours agone — or three days, it seemed so distant — "What kind of Providence are you, then?" "What kind of Providence, that of two *you* should choose which to die, and sit there considering how to consummate your choice?" Tortured before, this riddle of the sphinx — to solve which seemed to insure misery on either hand — was worse than all. The life of a man or the life of a child — to assist at the murder of one or to do the death of another — how should a man decide that in a minute? and minutes were now too precious to spend many on *forming* decisions merely. I looked on the father, — he was mad, and his life almost as useless to himself as his liberty was dangerous to others. I looked on the sleeper — strange, *so* to look from father to child! — she was of the unoffending ones — innocent, beautiful, with a wealth of love to scatter up and down the world, perhaps, in the future that yet shone above the horizon of possible things: more — more to me — there was that in her face to which my heart leaped in response, as to something known and loved long, and delayed long. But then *he* was a man! The vital fire burned within him in full high flame, hard to quench; his life was strong and terrible as nothing had ever yet appeared to me, now that with one thought I conceived it and conceived its destruction; while his daughter was a mere babe, her life new-lit and feeble, how beautiful soever; and her absence out of the world would leave no greater traces than a flower pulled from the roots. Only for a moment, however, were such considerations entertained; only for one sophistical moment, and then mainly to crowd out the false and bitter suggestion of the enemy, that my own heart was not altogether the most disinterested, perhaps, in the existence of this man; for in spite of all *it* could suggest, and notwithstanding the tremors of agony, from that source and this, which shook me as I sat, there was an immovable resolve in my mind *not* to yield that life of which I seemed constituted Keeper, while my own remained. At the same time, there lived a strong hope within that some accident or stratagem might yet save us all. Oh, to get back to that shore! — Only a few hundred yards from safety on the one hand and from death on the other!

All this while the eyes of the rower had been fixed upon my sleeper, with a countenance rigid and pale as marble, save when a spasm of pain brought down his brows with a still sterner regard. That he was full of love towards her — that the affections of his human heart were acutely nerved, and that he carried to this sacrifice the agonies of Jephthah, it was plain to see. "Alas, my daughter!" That exclamation of the rash Gileadite stood legible upon the rigid corrugations of this man's forehead, and trembled along the quivering line of his lips, which would not be always still. His affections, as he sat there rowing at the oars, might almost have been heard crying within him — the affections that would keep her here, and the affections that would send her there; but these were determined, and dumb. I wished in my very soul that it had not been so — that he had been wickedly and devilishly cruel, and not so humanely, so pitifully cruel; and that to some *other* it had fallen to search his pockets for a knife, in case it were needed against such a man.

Turning his head, to observe the direction in which to propel the boat, he now worked carefully at the oars; and I learned by the quick heaving of his chest that the goal was very near. First on one hand and then on the other the boat was rocked, till at length, with one protracted and steady pull, he brought his face round towards me again, and paused. My pulses paused also; but the breathing of the sweet little sleeper kept calmly on — one little hand under her head, and one strayed into my bosom for warmth. If angels whispered to her now, what did they say? To me no good angel said that I should presently see those infant hands thrown up in agony, and mark her life bubbling up upon the surface of the waters. Never! Quick contradiction ran along

every nerve. Thou beautiful Florence! *that* I will never see!

"Sir," murmured a low and murky voice, "we have arrived — this is the spot!"

"Sleeper," said I, addressing the child, "we have arrived—this is the spot!"

A cold wind wafted over the boat; she shuddered and hugged closer to my breast, while her father's brows, portcullis-wise, frowned down upon the tenderness that would steal within his eyes.

"Are we to wake her? Is she to see and know who—who chokes her in the water? Or are you content that she depart without a good-bye to whom you may never bid good-morrow?"

Still tenderness filled his eyes, looking on her the while as if he heard me not, but still the portcullis more sternly and ominously threatened.

"But you will take her back! Surely you will carry her home!"

The portcullis fell: so closely barred, I could no longer see the affections that were beleaguering beyond. He transferred his regard to me threateningly, which I saw with sinking hope; and so continued evasively, but yet intending to assail his purpose through his affections—"I mean, you do not intend to abandon her beauty to the sea. When the spirit is gone—when she is quite dead and white," (her cheeks were brilliant then,) "and unable to reproach her father, of course—you will take her back into the boat, and"—I spread her curls out upon my hand—"bury her body on the shore!"

He replied fixedly, "Precisely. When she has rejoined her mother."

"You mean to take your daughter in your hands, and hold her beneath the water till she is dead? And then"—

"Man, peace! I understand you. Give me my child!"

"My dear sir, I only mean you to understand that I do not clearly see how you will effect your object; that's all." At that moment, an idea had struck into my mind as if hurled into it by a strong hand.

"How! What do you mean?"

"Why, in the first place, I am a very nervous fellow; and you must not depend upon me to keep your boat steady—and it must be *very* steady, you know; I am very willing to serve you, but in such a case my nerves would not serve me. So you are left to your own ingenuity. Well, leaning over a guideless boat, with the child struggling for life between your hands, how is it possible that you can keep her steady in the beams? And if you do not, your object is lost, you see."

The stranger glanced at me with all the keenness of an insane man; but there was enough embarrassment and chagrin in his countenance to assure me that my enginery told at length. His looks were returned full, with as much solicitous perplexity as it was proper to assume. At length he averted his eyes and gazed into the water; I averted mine, and bit my nails, in real anxiety.

"That's true!" said he.

"If he could swim, now!" said I—to myself, as it were.

"I *do* swim. What then!" There was suspicion in his looks—the suspicion that goes before anger.

"Well! I propose—ah, it wouldn't do; we shall have to return."

"We shall *not* have to return, friend! What do you propose, then? Say on!"

"Well, you make this rope fast about you, and descend into the water. I give you the child. There are moments of quiet insensibility that precede death; these you would recognise, and in them at least you could hold her full in the beams—you could place her very feet on the ladder. Your *own* feet will be on the ladder: and whom may you not see descending upon it?"

In this proposition was enough of his own peculiar madness to recommend it. A moment's reflection on his part, a moment's torturing suspense on mine, and it was accepted.

If I had trembled hitherto, now I violently trembled, as, placing the child carefully at the bottom of the boat, we rose, and I tied one end of a rope about his body, beneath his arms. I saw not less carefully than he that the knot was sure; and then silently, but with one hasty loving glance at his still sleeping daughter, the unhappy man leisurely descended from the stern. It was now my only moment. He had sunk a foot or so. As he ascended, his eyes blinded with the water, I placed my foot upon his head, and thrust him full twenty feet below. Flew to the oars, struck the water once, twice—he rose to the surface ten yards beyond, and I breathed. Lustily he swam towards the boat, with eyes—with eyes such as I see them now, and shall ever see them, lit with rage, madness, and the moon. Lustily he swam, buffeting the waters as I never saw man before; but I pulled at the boat, and kept him distant still ten yards. The child sleeping, the man swimming, the man slowly rowing, the star shining—with beautiful Florence down upon the shore, *I* cannot tell!—there we were, the actors in that dreadful story, with the moon looking on. He might have called to me;—more (as singularly enough, never occurred to me at all), he might easily have hauled himself in by the rope, even had ten men been rowing from him: he did not—it occurred to him no more than to me—but swam desperately on.

"There are moments of insensibility which precede death," I had remarked to him; and now, though he looked so fierce, I trusted he had not forgotten it. But for these I did not intend to wait. My plan was to weary him out, to watch for the moment of exhaustion; and then as he sank, but before his breath was all spent, to draw him into the boat, bind him, and convey him to the shore. It was a hazardous scheme, which three minutes of confusion or delay might render fatal; but in such scenes a man's senses are not the restricted and finite things they elsewhere seem to be, and mine were then like the winds and the waters, cool, calm, and concentrated. I could have told, and *did* tell, every breath he drew; my own arms seemed to tire with his failing strength, and I counted upon the precise minute when it should

altogether fail. But before that time arrived, the swimmer paused, and seemed to stand erect in the water: the tide was low, the water suddenly shoaled there, and his feet had grounded. My boat instantly stood still also: yet I feared to look up, or meet his eyes. At length I did so; but their wrath was as nothing to withstand in comparison of the looks which he directed — *not* at me. A-tiptoe, as it were, he endeavoured to peer into the boat; but he saw not the sleeper, nor she the farewell that hovered profitless about the senseless wood, her cradle. "Man! stranger!" I cried aloud; it was hard to bear that in silence. He lifted a kind countenance, turned, and plunged back upon his path.

It was now my turn to follow, and with increased anxiety I backed the boat, keeping her somewhat nearer than before. The swimmer seemed to have taken fresh strength; there were untired sinews in his arms, or there was a will in his heart that strung them anew; for, with his face turned to that star, he beat steadily on towards the spot where its rays struck into the sea. Nearer we approached it, I following still closer, and he breathed in sighs; nearer we approached it, and his breath came back upon the wind too like a groan; nearer we approached it, and words like "Florence, my wife!" floated past. The reflection in the waters was hidden by his head, and *it* was hidden in the waters. He sank. That instant my fingers were upon the rope: I drew it in.

My soul! That rope came home fruitless into my hands.

Home! there my memory, blasted from her moorings by this shock, again finds anchorage. At home. What passed from the time when I stood looking upon the scintillations that played above his departing soul, till I returned over my humble threshold again, seem rather the adventures of some one else, which *I* seek in pictures. There is one who rows backward and forward about one spot, more as if seeking to detect and elude a foe than to detect and save a friend. There is a man who pulls almost madly at the oars, homeward, to keep pace with emotions that otherwise, with sheer convulsive force, might hurl him from his seat — a man, with a child held close in his arms, passing over the hills, and by the cornfield and the downhill lane, like a shadow; like one shadow within another, carrying darkness about it — a man walking sheer through my garden-plots to the door — into that parlour with a fire — sitting there, dumb!

The little Florence sat opposite, contented and rosy, and with bright eyes; the fire-light dancing over her as if rejoiced that at length a child had come to understand its mysteries. I see her happily munching cake in the glow: it is another of the pictures.

I remembered there lay a gem upon my heart that is there still, and must ever remain. It is touched always by trembling fingers, and looked upon always with trembling eyes: none but mine, however. I took this now from my bosom, touched its golden spring, and held it open before the eyes of my little Florence. A spasm of half-joyful, half-painful ecstasy swept the fire-light from her sweet face as she beheld it: it was enough. Before she could exclaim I began to reel and to fall; it was all done and known now, and my worn senses swooned to rest. "Mamma! O my mamma!" were words which smote dull ears; they sounded ineffectually and from the distance, as it were.

October 4. Am convalescing famously, every one says; so I suppose they stick bulletins on the gate, for the sheep-boy to read as he passes with his flock every morning. Am no longer sick in state, but enjoy the luxury of getting well in my own way and at my own leisure, on the sofa. They did not know however — those kind women who tiptoe all round the house on my behalf — that the best medicine was to write out of mind — to get rid of the incidents that have burdened it since that memorable evening. This I was permitted to do this morning, as above; and feel refreshed and relieved. Some official people called here yesterday to receive an attestation; afterwards they showed me some corroborative papers found in his desk, and a chance letter in another hand as familiar as my own. Have some yet in that familiar hand, safe kept, and signed "your Florence;" with my name beneath; and nothing, not she herself, were she again on earth and again barred from my arms, can rob me of the love that lives in them still.

I am to keep her little daughter; and in her now is all my love and recompense for love. She is *my* daughter, henceforth; so that at last, and after all, her mother's beautiful brown eyes shall make happiness in my home, and her very self answer to my name: but she was a bigger woman who should have been Florence Shaw.

October 5. They have sent me a packet of letters (in my writing) which were found in a drawer of her dressing-table. A leaf had been placed after each — to keep them green, perhaps; but the leaves are dry and dead — they are all dry and dead together. As for the ribbon that bound the package, there are living remembrances in its threads, and I shall hang her picture at it.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The recess of Parliament has as usual created a lull in political affairs, so far as that august assembly is concerned. The members themselves are making the most of the "jail delivery," and have escaped into the country, to enjoy the pleasures of the battue, or that almost as rational one, of enlightening the darkness of their constituents upon matters connected with their own painful services in the "Wittenagemotte." Thus we have discovered Mr. Disraeli and his colleague, Mr. Du Pre amongst the "straw-yard savages" of Bucks, assuring them, in rather lengthy speeches, that the "less said the soonest mended," in the present state of agriculture; that they are not a political body, and never were; oh no! quite the reverse; entirely free from all political motives, bias, or action; no politics have ever been talked at these meetings—"that's a fact," as Brother Jonathan would say; and whatever Messrs. Disraeli and Co. may have said or done in Parliament, in fighting the farmers' battles, the agricultural meetings and agricultural speeches, according to these gentlemen, have been purely agricultural! *Credat Judæus!!*

Well—it's a long lane that has no turning. And, for once, politics and protection were left out of the speeches. The latter topic, in fact, has died as natural a death as the poor infant that was sent to bliss in the downy cushion, by "my aunt Shakerly sitting upon it." It has, indeed, been smothered by the broad base of Free-trade on a woolsack, and, like the infant, needs no coroner's inquest, for "the death was natural enough." So we shall surely hear no more about it at agricultural dinners.

But there were other reasons for not alluding to it. All the predictions of the Free-traders have been amply and literally fulfilled, so far as the beneficial tendencies of Free-trade are concerned; and *that*—mark—independent of all other influences whatever; for the benefits commenced and were in full operation long before Australian gold was thought of, or emigration thither had begun to assume that decided character it has since taken. And if low prices and agricultural distress did occur in the first years of Free-trade, they were less ruinous and more remedial than under protection.

The Royal visit to Dublin went off well. The simple and unostentatious manners and proceedings of our beloved Queen—when courtly etiquette allows of such departure from its rules—are well calculated to catch the hearts and affections of our excitable cross-channel neighbours, and we have no doubt but the late occasion has left a lasting impression upon them. The graceful tribute paid by Her Majesty to the noble man who originated and paid for—almost single-handed—the erection of the Dublin Exhibition Building was well-timed, and cannot fail to strengthen the good feeling otherwise awakened. One cur's tongue only was heard to growl and snarl in fiendish dissonance with the general voice of welcome; and a sham Irish patriot has, by his infamous "Leader" in *The Nation*, on the occasion of the Queen's visit, for ever damned his character for loyalty, patriotism, or manhood.

The most important and absorbing subject of domestic concern at the present moment is the great advance in the price of provisions, especially bread; and such is the general deficiency all over Europe, except in the East, that it may be difficult for our merchants to import enough to supply our own consumption. We have, however, the advantages of free trade and abundance of capital; the first of which has made our ports the granaries of Europe, and the second will enable us to command a supply whenever it is to be obtained, although it may be at high prices.

In the meantime the Bank of England has taken the alarm from this and other circumstances—especially the decrease of bullion in its coffers—and has raised the minimum rate of interest to 4½ per cent. The rapid disappearance, indeed, of the gold is extraordinary, and has not been very satisfactorily accounted for. At one time last year the stock of bullion was twenty-two millions, and it is not now quite sixteen millions, notwithstanding the large and increasing importation of gold from Australia.

The appearance of the cholera once more amongst us has excited some alarm. At present, however, in the metropolis, the cases have been few, and the near approach of winter may check its progress. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, where again it has first broken out, it has proved very fatal, there having been 557 deaths in 19 days. We observe that in that town and neighbourhood the air is swarming with insects, which probably has something to do with a vitiated state of the atmosphere. It would be well if this were closely examined into by scientific men, who might, probably, by analyzation of the atmosphere, elicit some useful facts from the results.

The Board of Health has issued a manifesto or notification on the subject, calling upon the people generally to prepare, by keeping their houses and premises in a state of cleanliness, for warding off the danger, or giving direction in cases of attack. It were to be wished that the local authorities had done their duty in the interval between the last and the present advent of the disease. We last week happened to go through St. George's-street, Camberwell, where was an open sewer, on the line of which we well remember the cholera made fatal ravages in 1832. That sewer, with all its offensive effluvia, is still open; and on inquiry we found, that although repeated applications had been made to the commissioners to have the ditch covered over, no notice had been taken of it, and it still remains open. We have no hesitation in

saying, that the said commissioners are morally responsible for whatever deaths by cholera may arise from their neglect.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The advices from India speak of dull times. The monsoon is at its height, which is usually a period of relaxation. The Burmese war is for the present at an end, but this cessation is considered nothing more than a suspension of hostilities, and a resumption or recommencement is looked upon as inevitable, as soon as the proper season arrives. The losses by fever in our army have been very great, and it is a question whether the mere military occupation of the country, without any further advantage whatever, is a sufficient equivalent for the enormous loss of life by disease that has resulted. Certain it is that our India Government cannot stop, but must either abandon their present acquisition, or carry the war further with the view of making the western frontier of China the eastern boundary of the Indo-British empire. Thus, without any ambition on the part of either the British sovereign or people, we are compelled by the Leadenhall-street sovereigns to obtain conquest after conquest, and to aim, as far as India is concerned, at universal empire. We no longer confine ourselves to the Peninsula, but are gradually approaching the Indo-Chinese territory! where another world opens to our view!

The Australian Colonies are going on well. The quantity of gold obtained is rather on the increase than otherwise, but the price is lower. Trade at all the ports is brisk, and the exports are increasing. It is supposed that they will this year reach fifteen millions. The mines at the Ovens (Melbourne) were yielding largely, and new deposits were daily discovered. Several vessels had arrived, and goods were more plentiful and prices rather giving way.

All was quiet at the Cape when the last dispatches were sent from thence. The colonists were satisfied with the constitution, and so far the Government has made peace with them. But the frontier farmers are strongly of opinion, that the present calm is deceitful, and that the Kaffirs and other tribes will seize the first opportunity of making another inroad upon them. Such is the effect of a breach of faith on the part of Government.

FOREIGN.

The Russo-Turkish affair is still in transitu, but the climax cannot be far off now. The refusal of Russia to accept the Turkish modification of the Vienna note has thrown another obstacle in the way of a settlement, which re-opens the question. Lawyers and diplomatists gain by delay; and it has ever been the policy of Russia to create delays by making unwarrantable demands. It is worthy of remark, that that power has never entered into a contest, — with one single exception, that with Circassia,— out of which she has not come so far victorious as to have obtained an extension of territory. Thus, in her successive wars, she has added to her dominions Swedish Finland, Ingria, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, one-third of Poland, the Southern Ukraine, the Crimea and Bessarabia in Europe, and the provinces of Georgia, Immeritia, Mingrelia, and Grusia in Asia. And, on the other hand, she has never lost an acre of territory since the accession of Peter the Great. Her acquisitions in Europe form a continuous belt to her original western frontier, which has brought her into near contact with every continental power, and given her the means of continual annoyance and injury to them. That such a power, destitute of all principle, and totally regardless of national rights or national faith, should be permitted to play the bully over a weaker neighbour, will reflect lasting disgrace upon the other great powers of Europe.

In the meantime, the old blood of the Mussulman is up, and his eye is kindling for the strife. The tocsin has sounded, and it is a question how far the Sultan can now lay the spirit that has been roused. A large and heterogeneous Turkish army is assembling on the banks of the Danube, all eager to fight for the true faith. It has, in fact, become both a national and a religious war with both the belligerents— that is, if it comes to war —for the Russians are equally fanatical. We may well look with dismay at the prospect of such a contest which cannot but be calamitous in the extreme.

The Chinese revolution is fast advancing to a climax, and the Tartar government appears doomed to annihilation. Amoy and Chin-Keang-Fou, at the confluence of the Grand Canal and the Yang-tse-Keang River, have been taken by the rebels; and attempts to retake them by the Imperial troops have proved abortive. These attempts, however, did not display much energy or effort on the part of the assailants. At Amoy, no damage was done or life lost; and at Chin-Keang-Fou only fifteen were killed. It is thought by some that the Imperial troops are disaffected, in which case the affair will soon be concluded. The rebels have 15,000 troops at Amoy.

The British trade at Hong Kong has suffered greatly by these disturbances, and the merchants have memorialised the governor on the subject; but, of course, without effect. The British are not allowed to interfere in any respect with the two parties, nor can the governor with any propriety take any step that would compromise him with either.

In France, as in England, the two absorbing questions are, what will be the results of the Turkish affair, and the deficiency in the harvest, and consequent high price of bread? France has exported largely of flour the last three years, and has overdone it. In consequence she has now to pay for wheat an exorbitant price. The interference of the Government in the purchase of corn and the price of bread is injudicious, and calculated rather to lessen than increase the supply, by so embarrassing the private transactions of the merchants, as to deter them from their intended contracts.

On the other hand, the contrast between the state of the landed interest in France and Eng-

land, as well as all other interests, has caused some of the most eminent men in the former country to look favourably at the Free-trade question. The energy displayed here by the farmers to accommodate themselves to the circumstances of the times, and the favourable results to all classes, not excepting the agriculturists, is indeed enough to open the eyes of the most prejudiced of the Protectionists. We believe it is now only a question of time, whether the ports of France will be opened upon Free-trade principles. It is not a little remarkable that, although those principles were first laid down in a popular and systematic manner by the French encyclopædists and others about eighty years ago, France should be one of the last of the nations which adopts them.

The United States' Federal Government is likely soon to be in a "fix." The time is fast approaching when the Mormons' settlement on the Salt Lake will be qualified to demand admittance into the Union as a new state; and it will be a matter of curious speculation what course they will take with a people, whom the Americans have persecuted on account of their peculiar and, we may justly add, detestable principles. They have driven them beyond the bounds of "civil and social relations" to seek refuge in a perfect wilderness; and there, to the amazement of the whole world, they have grown and increased in numbers and wealth, until they are in a position to claim a right to enter the federation. What will the Government do? To admit such a mass of obscene and immoral fanatics, who practise the most revolting vices upon principle, will be degradation in the abstract. And, on the other hand, there is no law to prevent the admission of any body of people, on account of their religious views; and if the Mormons make the application, we do not see how it can be refused.

Sir John Vanbrugh in one of his plays introduces a conversation between Sir John Brute and a friend. The friend asks Sir John, how it is that he leaves his wife to go so much into company alone? "Oh," he replies, "her religion will keep her honest."

"And what will make her keep her religion?"

"*Persecution, and therefore she shall have it.*"

And this is ever the case, that persecution, whether of a true or a false system, is sure to increase its numbers and importance.

LITERATURE.

The Homes of the New World; Impressions of America. By Fredrica Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. In three volumes. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

The romances of Miss Bremer are well known to the English public, and have long been favourites with a very extensive class of readers, though there is something in them at which English feeling occasionally bristles up, and more against which the sterner morality which lives in the atmospheres of the best homes in Britain withholds its embrace. In dealing with the facts of life in the New World this imaginative and accomplished writer, without intending it, shows to much greater advantage than in her works of fiction. These "Homes of the New World" reveal to us the intellect of the New World, and afford us a more candid, faithful, and life-like representation of the progress of mind in America than could have been expected from a work so discursive and inartificial, and which is in substance but a kind of diary in the shape of a series of letters. These letters, with one or two exceptions, were written in America, and despatched to Sweden as they were written, and have undergone but little alteration and few additions in preparing them for the press. It is, perhaps, to this circumstance that their principal charm is owing. They are, in most cases, exceedingly naive, interesting, and graphic; but their chief value is due to the native taste and matured judgment which the writer brought to the contemplation of American mind and manners, and habits and institutions. Few travellers, it would appear, have been more hospitably and affectionately received by our friends across the Atlantic than Miss Bremer: none could have enjoyed or appreciated the uniform kindness shown more perfectly, or have repaid it by a more worthy, sincere, and truthful representation of such facts and phases of transatlantic life and modes of acting and thinking as came under her notice.

But Miss Bremer enjoyed advantages during the whole of her American experience which do not often fall to the lot of travellers in a strange land. She was brought into close and intimate connection with the best and choicest spirits that America can boast. She not only saw and conversed with the heroes, sages, and senators of the Western republic, but lived in their dwellings, and communed with them in the sanctuary of home. Her dearest and best friends were the rising poets and philosophers and public men of the time, and of them she has given us perhaps the truest, certainly the most piquant and striking portraits we have seen. If some of her lions have but a questionable claim to the honour she confers upon them, that is of no great consequence; she has paid tribute where tribute was due, and gratified us with many an interesting revelation of the inner life of America's best and greatest men and women. Towards Emerson she feels herself at once attracted, and yet instinctively antagonistic, at their first interviews; but the

impassive and governing genius of the man gets the better of her at length, and she is as much fascinated in the end as the weakest and warmest of his admirers. The egotism which offends her at first evidently delights her at last, though she is less liberal in the praise she awards him than in the expression of her womanly disrelish of the cold hypercriticism which is his distinguishing characteristic. We must refer our readers to these volumes for many admirable moral, physical, and intellectual portraitures of the celebrities of the present day, with whom our fair romancist came in contact: among them they will find the noblest names, with whom they will not be sorry to improve their acquaintance.

As an instance of American pertinacity, Miss Bremer cites the following amusing occurrence from the letters of Maria Child.

One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying—"I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get a sight of the Emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, and to give it him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered, "It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the Emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and about our free-schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family!"

"Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes. He may possibly assist you!"

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days he again appeared, and said, "Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand, and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine knowing woman I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals."

"What did the Empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't *call* 'em servants,' said she, 'you call 'em help.' 'I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?' says I. 'We had that ere book aboard our ship.' The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she has been reading it this very morning!' Then I told all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I'd brought over, and guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig."

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may very well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with such distinction."

A few days after he called again and said, "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer come to my room, and told me that the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me into a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time his visitor re-appeared. "Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the Emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do less, he'd been so civil. Says he, 'Is there anything you'd like to see before you go back to Americky?' I told him I should like to have a peep at Moscow; for I had heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a great deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye and come off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the man in regimentals to carry me to Moscow! and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see; and we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his pocket-handkerchief and shouting, "Good-bye! good-bye!"

This adventurous youth was the brother of Charles Sumner. He never brought home his earnings to his mother, but pursued his travels to the East; and was returning home in the same vessel with Margaret Fuller and her husband and child, and perished with them in the wreck on the rocks of New Jersey. Of Margaret Fuller herself these volumes contain several interesting notices. By all accounts, her writings give but a very inadequate idea of her extraordinary accomplishments, which were tarnished however by unbounded conceit and offensive hauteur.

Miss Bremer arrived at New York in the beginning of October, 1849, and spent nearly the whole of the following two years in a pretty extensive ramble through the United States, North, South, and West, and in the Spanish West Indies.

Like most Europeans, she had to pay the penalty of acclimatising, and suffered much from the languor and low fever to which strangers are subject. From these ills she is relieved by a benevolent homœopathist of surpassing skill, whose talismans in the shape of globules are always effective in banishing the malady. From other inflictions incidental to her lot, however, there is no remedy but patience and endurance. Among the worst of these are the endless receptions and parties at which, without her consent, she is condemned to play the lion. Then there are the merciless dinners of four hours' duration — the persecution to eat pickles, to which she has an aversion — and the album pressure by which she is compelled to the perpetration of autographs without end — to say nothing of the thousand and one young poets and poetesses who make her a present of their works, with the monstrous expectation that she is to read them all. On one occasion she suffers a real grievance arising out of her reputation as an authoress. The captain of a vessel refuses to admit her on board his ship, because he is resolved that his accommodations shall not be made fun of and himself put in a book by any of those writing people. So she is turned off as unsafe cargo, and obliged to wait several days for another vessel; an inconvenience which she attributes, perhaps with good reason, to Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. We cannot pretend, in this brief notice, to follow such an enterprising traveller along her varied route. There is no important place which she does not visit — no prominent characteristic of social life and observances which she does not describe, unless it be such as are peculiar to the lower orders among the white population, with whom she appears to have made but little acquaintance. In Georgia she attends a religious camp-meeting in the woods, and describes the scene with much picturesque minuteness. Having driven thither in a carriage, and secured lodgings for the night in one of the many hundreds of tents, where she partook of coffee and supper, she walks forth to look upon the novel spectacle.

The night was dark with the thunder-cloud as well as with the natural darkness of the night; but the rain had ceased excepting for a few heavy drops which fell here and there, and the whole wood stood in flames. Upon eight fire-altars, or fire-hills, as they are called, a sort of lofty table, raised on posts, standing around the tabernacle, burned with a flickering brilliance of flame, large billets of firewood, which contain a great deal of resin, whilst on every side in the wood, far away in its most remote recesses, burned larger or smaller fires, before tents, or in other places, and lit up the lofty fir tree stems, which seemed like columns of an immense natural temple consecrated to fire. The vast dome above was dark, and the air was so still that the flames rose straight upwards, and cast a wild light, as of a strange dawn upon the fir tree tops and the black clouds.

Beneath the tabernacle an immense crowd was assembled, certainly from three to four thousand persons. They sang hymns; a magnificent quire. Most likely the sound proceeded from the black portion of the assembly, as their number was three times that of the whites, and their voices are naturally beautiful and pure. In the tower-like pulpit, which stood in the middle of the tabernacle, were four preachers, who, during the intervals between the hymns, addressed the people with loud voices, calling sinners to conversion and amendment of life. During all this the thunder pealed, and fierce lightning flashed through the wood like angry glances of the mighty invisible eye. We entered the tabernacle and took our seats among the assembly on the side of the whites.

Round the elevation in the middle of which rose the pulpit, ran a sort of low counter, forming a wide square. Within this, seated on benches below the pulpit, and on the side of the whites, sat the Methodist preachers, for the most part handsome, tall figures, with broad grave foreheads; and on the side of the blacks their spiritual leaders and exhorters, many among whom were mulattoes, men of a lofty, noticeable, and energetic exterior.

The later it grew in the night the more earnest grew the appeals; the hymns, short but fervent, as the flames of the light wood ascended, like them, with a passionate ardour. Again and again they rose on high, like melodious burning sighs from thousands of harmonising voices. The preachers increase in the fervour of their zeal; two stand with their faces turned towards the camp of the blacks, two towards that of the whites, extending their hands, and calling on the sinners to come, come all of them, *now*, at this time, at this moment, which is perhaps the last, the only one which remains to them, in which to come to the Saviour, to escape eternal damnation! Midnight approaches, the fires burn dimmer, but the exultation increases and becomes universal. The singing of hymns mingles with the invitations of the preachers, and the exhortations of the class-leaders, with the groans and cries of the assembly. And now, from among the white people rise up young girls and men, and go and throw themselves, as if overcome, upon the low counter. They are met on the other side by the ministers, who bend down to them, receive their confessions, encourage, and console them. In the camp of the blacks is heard a great tumult and a loud cry. Men roar and bawl out; women screech like pigs about to be killed; many, having fallen into convulsions, leap and strike about them, so that they are obliged to be held down. It looks here and there like a regular fight; some of the calmer participants laugh. Many a cry of anguish may be heard, but you distinguish no words, excepting "Oh, I am a sinner!" and "Jesus! Jesus!"

These strange orgies of piety, or fanaticism, continue throughout the whole of that thunderous night by the light of the fire-altars; and are characterised by many singular and incomprehensible examples of individual excitement and passion, the circumstances of which are minutely chronicled by the author's graphic pen.

On the subject of slavery, Miss Bremer is cautious and guarded in forming a judgment; but having come to a just conclusion, does not hesitate to pronounce her verdict. She was resolved never to play the part of a spy, not to seek out evidences on the one side or the other, but to judge impartially from such as came in her way. Thus she lived for some time in Charlestown without verifying the existence of the well-known whipping establishment; and she doubts the testimony of slaves against their masters when it is not corroborated by other witnesses. But she cannot withstand the evidence that meets her on all sides in the Southern States — evidence conclusive both as regards the innate barbarity of the system and its demoralising effect upon the white population. She had designed to record the scenes she had witnessed, in an appendix at the end of her work, but conceives that by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe has rendered that unpleasant duty unnecessary; as her narrative would not have comprised any material facts essentially differing

from those to be found in "Uncle Tom." Bestowing an eloquent eulogium upon Mrs. Stowe,

I differ (says she) from the noble author of "Uncle Tom," in my convictions regarding the mode of emancipation from slavery. I am firmly persuaded that the slave states of America have really begun the work, inasmuch as they have begun to allow the negro slaves to form themselves into Christian communities, and by uniting emancipation with the colonisation of Africa by free negroes. It is only by the establishment of Christian negro-communities, that a good emancipation can be effected. The condition of the negroes in Africa and Jamaica shows what this people would become without a firm basis of Christian life and Christian teaching; it is nothing to praise, it has nothing inviting. I repeat it, a commencement is already made in several of the slave states, to elevate the moral condition of the negro slaves, and my cordial wish and my hope is that still more will yet be done, as well by statutes of emancipation as by the instruction of negro children. The preachings of the slaves themselves, which I heard in many of the American slave states, are the best proof of the living and beneficial manner in which they receive Christianity. They have a peculiar capacity for the reception of its innermost life and understanding. God grant that they may come to hear the Gospel throughout the whole of the slave states! But as yet there is a great deal wanting for that—an unpardonably great deal!—My own hope rests still, however, as before, in the nobler South; my earnest wish is that it may take the emancipation question into its own hand. It alone—and not England, nor yet the Northern states of America, can enter into the greatness of the question. The South alone knows the burden, the danger, the responsibility, all the great difficulties; it alone has the labour and the sorrows. If it succeed in unloosing the fetters of the slave, and freeing its glorious grand country from slavery, it will achieve for itself unfading glory.

We fear this summary of Miss Bremer's notions with regard to slavery and the "nobler South," will meet with little applause among the warm-hearted abolitionists on either side of the Atlantic—and they will wish that she had taken a little more pains, even though she *had* played the part of a spy, to obtain a less vague and more enlightened view of the matter. But we must here close our notice of these interesting volumes, which one might have thought to have been originally written in English, so admirable is Mary Howitt's translation.

Audrey: a Novel. By Miss Laura Jewry. In three volumes. London: T. C. Newby. 1853.

Audrey is an agreeable domestic narrative, which exhibits the opposite conditions of aristocratic and cottage life. It is a story full of incident and accident, and abounding in variety of character and continual vicissitudes of fortune. There are two heroines, one in high, and the other in low life; but the chief interest of the tale concentres round Audrey, a modest village maiden, alive to every good and noble impression; a slave to every duty, however arduous or repulsive, and equal to any fate, however distressing or unmerited. There is not too much probability in the strange eventful history of her lot, and the plot of the drama is rather whimsical than natural; but these faults are atoned for by many amusing delineations of character, and by the interest, which is not allowed to flag through the whole three volumes. If there be nothing very brilliant in Miss Jewry's style, there is, on the other hand, nothing tame or twaddling; and there are probably few persons who, having commenced the perusal of the present performance, will feel inclined to lay it down before arriving at its close.

The Angel and Trumpet. By John Bennet. London: W. Kent and Co. 1853.

We have here a sad story intended to convey a valuable moral, which it does to some extent, though in a rather unbecoming and vulgar way. The author tells us that his book was never written, but picked up from the compositor's case, and it affords us a proof that the plan is a bad one. Let him write first, and blot plentifully afterwards; let him learn to portray the scenes and events he records, without vulgarity—and perhaps with his habits of observation and retention, he may in time produce something calculated to be more readable and useful than "The Angel and Trumpet." The illustrations of this little volume are the worst part of it, and perhaps were engraved without drawing—there is certainly no drawing in them—as the book was printed without writing.

Clan-Albyn: a National Tale. By Mrs. Johnstone. London: Routledge and Co. 1853.

This is a neat and compact re-print of a rather voluminous and interesting story by the authoress of the "Edinburgh Tales." There are not two opinions on the subject of Mrs. Johnstone's deserved popularity as a delineator of Scottish life; and many of her admirers will be glad, with ourselves, to see this truly national tale published at less than a twelfth of its original cost, and therefore attainable at what may be truly termed a national price. Though the volume is small and pocketable, the type is broad and readable.

Rodwell's Child's First Step to the History of England. With Continuation by Julia Corner. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

This useful little work has gone through four or five editions, and is deservedly a favourite with the little folks, for whose instruction it was penned. Being written in the simplest language, it is intelligible to "six years' darlings," and is further rendered attractive to them by a series of excellent though unpretending engravings.

Spare Moments. Second Thousand. Glasgow: J. Maclehose. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

An excellent little book for a spare moment, consisting of a series of brief and pithy household homilies, full of practical good sense, and marked by a spirit of manly piety. One short extract will serve the purpose of a sample of the whole.

To be practical, useful—to bring about results in any sphere of life, a man must not be afraid of bungling and inadequacy. Success is ever a step-by-step, tentative, approximative process. It is rarely obtained at a bound—and if it were, it would be but half secured; for the best part of any achievement lies in the conscious strength acquired in the struggle. Pride frustrates its own desires. It will not climb up the steps of the throne because it has not yet got the crown on; forgetting that it is necessary to be throned in order to be crowned. Pride must be acknowledged victor before it will begin the fight at all; it must be sure of success before it can act; it will do nothing that it cannot do brilliantly. And so, waiting for the assurance that Providence will never give, the opportunity passes and is lost.

The Chalice of Nature, and other Poems. By F. S. Pierpont. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Low and Son.

These rhythmical effusions—they can hardly lay claim to the title of poems—are the production of a very young hand, a school-boy in the Bath Grammar-school. As examples of his skill in versification, they do him credit. Perhaps when he has mastered the mechanism of verse sufficiently to get rid of expletives, and has acquired discrimination to select "right words," we may hear from him again. In the meanwhile, in consideration of his tender years, we spare him our criticism.

Confessions of a Working Man. From the French of Emile Souvestre. (Travellers' Library). London: Longman and Co. 1853.

There is undeniably the evidence of reality about these "Confessions," and we cannot escape the conclusion that Pierre Henry, whose life's history they recount, is a genuine unsophisticated French workman. There is nothing very stirring or remarkable in the events of his career, but they serve to reveal to us the inner life of one section at least of the working classes in Paris. There is enough here to show us that a French workman has difficulties to encounter of which the Englishman knows nothing: difficulties arising out of the fatherly (?) care which the government feels bound to take of the ouvrier class. It is rather extraordinary, however, that through the whole of this good man's history no mention is made of the *livret*, or workman's book, which every working mason like him is compelled to keep, and in which he must record every job of work he does, the wages he earns, and the cause of his discharge from his various masters. This is the only suspicious circumstance about the autobiography. From such a book, by the aid of a little questioning of its author, it would be easy to compile the life of any member of the class—and it *may* be that to such a source, and no other, save a fertile imagination, M. Souvestre is indebted for his pleasing narrative. Be that as it may, it is a truthful and life-like picture which he has drawn, not wanting in the accessories of romance, and abounding in touching domestic pictures of the humbler orders of society in France, with some striking details of the ups and downs of fortune to which they are subject. The English workman will find this revelation of life in foreign workshops pregnant with interest.

The London Quarterly Review. No. I. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

The publication of the first number of a new quarterly review would at one time have been looked upon as indicating a new era in the annals of literature; and even in these days of great attempts and great deeds, the advent of so bulky a serial coming quietly up and taking its place upon the judgment-seat is no trifling event. We are of course justified in supposing that the success of past speculations of the kind has been sufficient to encourage at least a moderate expectation of like success in a new undertaking. Literature of all kinds has latterly undergone an unprecedentedly rapid growth and extension; and though the world is busier than ever in driving and urging forward the car of commerce out of doors, it would seem that it is also more studious within, and devouring with unsated appetite the countless volumes ever teeming from the unresting press. Criticism has become almost a necessity of life to that numerous section of society to whom, in our day, literature is, if not *the* mel vitæ, at least one of the most enduring and fascinating of the pleasures of life. By the verdict of the critic we are guided in our choice of books; and by his exposition of what they are, or are not but ought to be, we are often furnished with better grounds for judgment in regard to the topics on which they treat than are supplied by those who write them. Happily for authors, the time is gone by when the self-constituted censors of the press deemed that they could not be sage without being savage, or assert their own fitness for the authority they assumed without inflicting disgrace upon those whom they dragged before their tribunals. An author in the present day, who has really an idea to enunciate, and who does not wilfully offend against public decency, or the religious and moral proprieties of society, may confidently look for fair play from his judges, and expect to have a fair hearing from the public, to whom, in many instances, an honest criticism is the best passport. Perhaps this is one of the principal reasons why authors have multiplied at such a prodigious rate within the last few lustres—and if so, the dispensers of criticism must have found their account in adopting a candid and gentlemanly code of law, inasmuch as thereby their courts of justice have become more numerous and extensive, and themselves have grown in the confidence and respect of the parties to be judged.

The new Quarterly evidently takes high standing and brings high powers to the performance of its function. Christianity is the basis of its criticism; and with a constant view to the interests of true religion it wields and will wield a powerful pen. The first number starts well in the race with its older compeers, and few of its well-wishers will find fault with the bill of fare set before them. It consists of ten articles, most of them admirably written, and upon subjects of imme-

diate and paramount interest. Among them is a paper on Wesley and his critics, which is one of great value and interest—another on cryptogamic vegetation, containing a masterly and scientific synopsis of a difficult subject—a spirited view of the present condition of Ireland—a comprehensive article on Ultramontanism—and a capital political paper entitled "India under the English." The last-named article is peculiarly well-timed, and is written with consummate ability. The author takes a rapid but striking review of the civil history of India during the last hundred years, and then reverts to a consideration of the moral features of English rule over the people of Hindostan. Truly the moral history of the past is not much to our credit; but there are better hopes for the future, both of India and Anglo-Indians, if the teachings and admonitions of experience are not suffered to go unregarded.

What (says the writer) is the *end* of our rule in India? To imagine that it is to uphold English supremacy, and increase England's wealth, is to suppose an end unworthy a benevolent Providence, or of a generous instrument of that Providence. The *end*, as designed by Providence, is the material and moral regeneration of India; and British supremacy is the means. We solemnly believe that he who would aim at the end by deranging the means would wofully fail of his mark. But we equally believe, and we would pour our convictions into the ear of every man who has to do with India, that to forget the end and take the means for the end is the shortest road to set aside the means. Use British ascendancy for selfish ends, and you bring it to a premature close. Use it for the material and moral elevation of the great group of natives now so pliably under your hand, and every benefit you confer on them returns in strength to your own resources. To uphold our ascendancy as an end, is but a narrow national greediness; to uphold it as the means of India's peace and Asia's enlightenment is good service to all mankind.

We have made no mention of the opening article, on the Christian Populations of the Turkish Empire. We did think of making some extracts from it relative to the present crisis in Russo-Turkish affairs, but our limits will not allow us to do so. We commend that article to the thoughtful consideration of our readers, who, if we mistake not, will find it fully worthy of the honour of leading off the new Quarterly.

The National Miscellany. September, 1853. London: J. H. Parker.

This serial goes on improving. The present number contains two remarkably good papers—one on novels and novel-writing, entitled "The Country House," in which Bulwer Lytton's last work comes in for rather more praise than it deserves; and one on the Foundling Hospital of Paris. This latter is an article of much interest, revealing many curious and startling particulars but little known to the generality of English readers. "The Grammatical War" is an amusing etymological allegory, which may be made to extend to an indefinite number of campaigns, if the author chooses, before a treaty of peace is concluded.

The Works of Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S. Part I. Diary of a late Physician. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1853.

A cheap and popular edition of the works of Samuel Warren, comprising the "Diary of a late Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," and "Now and Then," will doubtless form an addition to the family library which the public will know how to appreciate. The exciting narratives which form the first of the above-mentioned works are probably as well known as any series of fictions in the language; and to the young, the romantic, and the lovers of the melancholy and the terrible, they will continue to be special favourites. We shall not readily forget the thrill of horror with which, many years ago, we read "The Man about Town," which is here reprinted, and it will be a long while before we venture on its re-perusal. Literature has fortunately assumed a more cheerful face since Mr. Warren wrote these fearful and passionate stories; and the change is a decided improvement in every respect. It is better to be lured and persuaded to the practice of virtue than to be frightened into it—an opinion which the author seems to have taken up in his later works. "Ten Thousand a Year" is Mr. Warren's masterpiece, and by its many-sided views of life ranks him among the greatest romance-writers of the age.

Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament. St. Matthew. By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

The Sabbath Evening Readings appeared originally in weekly numbers, at a low price, for the convenience of all classes. They consist of short and familiar expositions of the sacred text, slightly critical, thoroughly practical, and enunciated in the simplest language. They have been well received and widely circulated and read, and they add another instance to many upon record, of the wise and successful policy of speaking upon important subjects in a manner comprehensible by ordinary capacities. The volume now completed contains an exposition of the entire gospel of St. Matthew. It would be difficult to point to a book more appropriate for Sunday reading, or to one so well fitted for general perusal, less likely to prove wearisome to the reader. There is a charm in Dr. Cumming's style which is generally efficient in fixing the attention of the most restless and capricious, and his works therefore never remain long unread upon the library shelves.

Calmstorm, the Reformer: a Dramatic Comment. New York: Tinson. 1853.

If a very silly fellow, partly blown with conceit, partly moon-struck, will do for a hero, then Calmstorm is one; and if miserable words in wrong places, counted out into lines of ten syllables each, made verse, then this dramatic comment would be excellent versification. As it is, we can see nothing in it but a stupid and futile attempt to talk big by one whose proper vocation it is to

sing small. Neither reform nor revolution, nor anything respectable could come from the insane clamours of such a blockhead as Calmstorm—nothing better than a row, a riot, a few broken heads, and a night in the watch-house, and the flatulent orator whining next morning before the magistrates, and begging not to be sent to reap his deserts on the treadmill.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. IV. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1853.

THE present volume of Miss Strickland's romantic history of the unfortunate Queen of Scots contains an astonishing amount of historical material industriously gathered from every available authority. The object of the author is plainly to exculpate Mary from every charge of any serious weight that has ever been made against her. That, however, cannot be accomplished without loading with reproach the memories of men whose reputation for integrity is at least equally well founded as that of the unhappy Mary, for the good qualities claimed for her by her admirers. But Knox and Buchanan are nothing in the estimation of a feminine advocate, and the first is made to figure as a brute, a tyrant, and the abettor of something very like rebellion—the last as a hypocrite and a slanderer, in order that their royal mistress may stand clear of blame. With a determination so apparent, and all but avowed, to vindicate the acts rather than to judge the character of the queen, it is no difficult matter, by a selection of the most convenient documents, at this distance of time, to impart whatever colouring a writer chooses to her conduct. Perhaps had Miss Strickland aimed at less on behalf of her royal favourite, she might have accomplished more. With all her woman's tact she has failed in establishing a valid apology for Mary's insane marriage with Darnley, a worthless, contemptible, and conceited fop, with the habits of a rake and a drunkard, the pride of a bedlamite monarch, and the heart of an assassin. Without the excuse of youthful fancy or a growing attachment—after four years of widowhood, when she had a crowd of regal suitors at her feet, she made the worst choice it was possible to make, in favour of a beardless puppy, whose single merit was a handsome face. His career was doomed to be a short one, and his own acts were such as in almost every instance tended to accelerate its gloomy consummation. But if by the perusal of these apologetic memoirs, our judgment is not always enlisted on the side of the queen, they do on the other hand establish an irresistible claim to our sympathies on behalf of the woman, and, more than that, to our admiration of her spirited conduct at periods when her right royal blood is roused by peril or rebellious opposition. Surrounded by factious and murderous scoundrels, whom only a powerful and despotic master could have governed by opposing them craftily to each other—and whom a sovereign king would prudently have strung up in a row upon one gallows, she was too feeble to assert her own supremacy, and too simple a politician to be able to divert the shafts of treason from her own person by embroiling the traitors with one another. Yet when insurrection broke out she could mount her war-horse, and, at the head of her people, hunt the traitors out of her realm.

This fourth volume—the second of the life of Mary Stuart—carries on her history from her twenty-first year to the birth of her son in Edinburgh Castle, in June, 1566, and some few months later. The events of this comparatively short period were, as all the world knows, neither few nor unimportant. They determined the destiny of Mary and the black doom of her boy-husband. We have not space to recapitulate them, but we shall extract and condense a few passages from our author's account of the assassination of David Rizzio, which differs, in some respects materially, from the versions of previous writers. Darnley, it will be remembered, owed his exalted fortune very much to the good offices of Rizzio, in whose apartment he had been privately married to the queen, some months before their public marriage at Holyrood. The enemies of the queen, however, presuming rightly upon his gross stupidity, had succeeded in making him jealous of the poor secretary, and flattered him into becoming their tool, and the immediate instrument of the murder they had resolved on. It was he that led the murderers to the queen's apartment, and to the presence of their victim, with whom, to the last moment, he had maintained the show of gratitude and friendship.

Darnley, having led the way up the private stair from his apartment into his wife's bedroom, entered her cabinet alone about seven o'clock: she kindly inclined herself towards him to receive the conjugal caresses with which he greeted her: they kissed each other, and embraced, and Darnley cast his arm about her waist: the tapestry masking the secret passage into the queen's bedroom was pushed aside, and Ruthven (who had risen from a bed of sickness to perpetrate a murder), pale, ghastly, and attenuated, intruded himself upon the scene. He was from many causes an object of instinctive horror to Mary. Under the folds of his loose gown she could see that his gaunt figure was sheathed in mail. He brandished a naked rapier in his hand, and had donned a steel casque over the night-cap in which his livid brow was muffled; a more frightful apparition could scarcely have startled the eyes of a young teeming matron. . . . . She kindly addressed him in these words: "My lord, I was coming to visit you in your chamber, having been told you were very ill, and now you enter our presence in your armour. What does this mean?" Ruthven flung himself into a chair, and with a sarcastic sneer replied, "I have indeed been very ill, but I find myself well enough to come here for your good." She, observing his look and manner, said, "And what good can you do me? You come not in the fashion of one who meaneth well." "There is no harm intended to your Grace," replied Ruthven, "nor to any one, but yonder poltroon, David; it is he with whom I have to speak." "What hath he done?" inquired Mary." "Ask the king your husband, madam." She turned in surprise to Darnley, who had now risen, and was leaning on the back of her chair. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded. He faltered, affected ignorance, and replied, "I know nothing of the matter." Mary, on this, assuming a tone of authority, ordered Ruthven to leave her presence, under penalty of treason. Ruthven paid no attention to this, but brandished his rapier. Another of the banditti made

his appearance with a horse pistol in his hand. Mary demanded to know if they sought her life. "No, madam," replied Ruthven, "but we will have out yonder villain, Davie," making a pass at him as he spoke. The queen prevented the blow. . . . . . . "If my secretary have been guilty of any misdemeanour," said she, "I promise to exhibit him before the lords of the Parliament, that he may be dealt with according to the usual forms of justice." "Here is the means of justice, madam," cried one of the assassins, producing a rope. "Madam," said David, aside to the queen, "I am a dead man." "Fear not," she replied aloud, "the king will never suffer you to be slain in my presence; neither can he forget your faithful services." . . . . . The king stood amazed, and knew not what to do; but he was in the hands of those who would not suffer him to draw back. "Sir," cried Ruthven, "take the queen, your wife and sovereign, to you," thus reminding their unhappy tool that he was expected to perform his part." . . . . The slogan yell, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" now resounded through that quarter of the palace. Morton and eighty of his followers, impatient of the delay of the king and the party he had introduced, were ascending the grand staircase in full force, and prepared to conclude the enterprise "by killing, slaying, and extirpating," according to the letter of their bond, "all or any one who might oppose them, whomsoever it might be." The doors of her Majesty's presence chamber were presently forced; her servants fled in terror, without venturing the slightest show of resistance. The sanctuary of the queen's bedroom was next profaned by the invaders, and the glare of their torches threw an ominous light on the conflicting, agitated group at the farther end of the cabinet. The struggle of David Rizzio for life had been prolonged in consequence of the determined resistance offered by the queen, and the irresolution of her husband. The table which had hitherto served as a barrier to prevent the near approach of the assailants, was now flung violently over on the queen. . . . . . . She would have been overthrown by a shock so rude and unexpected, and probably crushed to death . . . . . if Ruthven had not taken her in his arms, and put her into those of Darnley, telling her at the same time, "not to be alarmed, for there was no harm meant to her, and all that was done was her husband's deed"—of him "who had come," as she exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, "to betray her with a Judas kiss." Her indignant sense of the outrage offered to her, both as queen and woman, revived her sinking energies: instead of swooning, as they expected, she burst into a torrent of indignant reproaches, and calling the unmannerly intruders "traitors and villains!" ordered them to be gone, under penalty of the severest punishment, and declared her resolution of protecting her faithful servant. "We will have out that gallant!" cried Ruthven, pointing to the trembling secretary, who had shrunk behind the stately figure of the queen for refuge, while she continued to confront the throng of banded ruffians.

"Let him go, madam! they will not harm him," exclaimed Darnley.

"Save my life, madam! Save my life, for God's dear sake!" shrieked Rizzio, clinging to her robe for protection. Her protection, alas! was of little avail. The first blow was given by the postulate, George Douglas, who stabbed him over the queen's shoulder with such fury that the blood was sprinkled over her garments, and the dagger left sticking in his side; others followed the example; and Darnley having succeeded in unlocking the tenacious grasp with which the wretched victim clung to the queen's robe, he was dragged, while vainly crying for mercy and for justice, from her feet. Mary would still have struggled for his preservation, but Darnley, forcing her into a chair, stood behind it, holding her so tightly embraced that she could not rise. The ferocious fanatic, Andrew Ker, of Faudonside, presented a cocked pistol to her side, with a furious imprecation, telling her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. "Fire," she undauntedly replied, "if you respect not the royal infant in my womb." The weapon was turned aside by Darnley. Mary afterwards declared that she felt the coldness of the iron through her dress, and that Faudonside had actually pulled the trigger, but the pistol hung fire. Nor was this the only attempt made on her life, for Patrick Bellenden aimed a thrust at her bosom, which was parried by Anthony Standen, her page, who struck the rapier aside with a torch he held in his hand. . . . . As the ruffians were dragging Rizzio through the queen's bedchamber, he clung to the bedside till one of the assassins forced him to relinquish his hold, by giving him a dreadful blow on the arm with the stock of a harquebuss. Such was the ferocity of the murderers that they wounded each other in their eagerness to plunge their swords and daggers into the body of their hapless victim, he all the time uttering the most agonizing cries, which the queen hearing, exclaimed, "Ah, poor Davit, my good and faithful servant! may the Lord have mercy on your soul." And here it may be permitted to remark, that this pious aspiration to the throne of grace, in behalf of the spirit then passing in agony through the valley of the shadow of death, savours of the holy pityfulness of Christian charity, not of the unhallowed fervours of lawless love. . . . .

Darnley had consented to the crime, but had lent no personal assistance in the butchery. His heart failed, and he would fain have drawn back; but for him there was no retreat. George Douglas, the postulate, who had dealt the first blow to the unfortunate secretary, by stabbing him over the queen's shoulder with his own whingar, concluded the business by snatching Darnley's dagger from the sheath and plunging it into the mangled corpse, exclaiming at the same time, "This is the blow of the king," leaving the royal weapon sticking in the wound, to draw public attention to the complicity of Mary's consort in the assassination, and prevent any credit from being given to his denial by either her or the people.

Ruthven did not scruple to insult the queen after the foul deed was done, but Mary's high spirit never quailed before his menaces. "I trust," she said, "that God, who beholdeth this from the high heavens, will avenge my wrongs, and move that which shall be born of me to root out you and your treacherous posterity." Her prophetical denunciation was fully accomplished by her son on the house of Ruthven.

The conspirators no doubt reckoned upon the death of the queen and her offspring as the result of such a tragedy enacted in her presence, and in expectation of that event they kept her prisoner in her own palace. Darnley, however, who had besought and obtained forgiveness, outwitted them, and the pair escaped to Dunbar Castle, where we find Mary but two days after calling for new-laid eggs, and cooking them with her own hands. The conspirators fled at the news of the elopement, and the queen ere long returned to Edinburgh, and lay in the castle, where, on the 19th June, she gave birth to a son. The birth of an heir to the Scottish throne was unwelcome news to the ruffians who had dared the guilt of murder and treason, and it was hardly less so to Mary's implacable enemy, Elizabeth of England. She received the tidings at Greenwich, "where her Majesty was in great merriness, and dancing after supper."

But so soon as the secretary, Cecil, sounded the news of the prince's birth in her ear, all merriment was laid aside for that night; every one that were present marvelling what might move so sudden a changement, for the queen sat her down, with her hand upon her *haffet* (her temple) and bursting out to some of her ladies, "how that the Queen of Scotland was the mother of a fair son, and she but a barren stock." This irrepressible surprise and mortification at the announcement of the safe delivery of her royal cousin, and that God had granted her the blessing of a living and lovely boy, has often been cited as a characteristic trait of the innate envy of Eliza-

beth's disposition; but it betrays also the fact that she, like others implicated in the late barbarous confederacy, had calculated on the probability of the death of both the mother and child, in consequence of the terror, agitation, and personal injuries Queen Mary had received on the dreadful evening of the 9th of March, during the butchery of her faithful servant in her presence.

Neither the murder of Rizzio, which he soon learned to deplore, and the obloquy of which lay upon his own shoulders—nor the birth of his son, which a sagacious prince would have converted into a means of popular favour, seem to have inspired Darnley with a single grain of prudence. He plays the part of a sullen, sulky, and conceited lout, to whom a sound whipping would have done a world of good—wants to go vagabondizing on the Continent, whither he ought by all means to have been sent, bag and baggage—but the infatuated queen keeps him at home. What is soon to follow we all know—but we don't know how the immaculate queen is to come with clean hands out of that terrible blow-up which is to leave her darling doll, drunkard, and assassin of a husband a piece of fire-blasted carrion. But Miss Strickland knows all about it, and will prove the spotless innocence of the much-injured queen, to the satisfaction of every maid, wife, and widow in her Majesty's dominions, as we shall all be glad to see when the fifth volume of her work sheds its light upon the age.

Percy Effingham; or, The Germ of the World's Esteem. By HENRY COCKTON. In two volumes. London: Routledge and Co. 1853.

THE plot of this amusing romance might have been wrought into an excellent comedy by the pen of Morton, or George Colman. The hero is a dashing, generous, and noble-spirited young fellow, who is made the tool and the dupe of a whole fry of that distinguished race of scoundrels known as men about town. The action of the story is dramatic, and many of the characters are such as are to be met with nightly, figuring in front of the foot-lights, and, fortunately for mankind, not often to be found anywhere else. We must except from this category, however, the characters belonging to the lower grades of life—the grooms, household servants, tipstaves, and broker's man. These are very true to the artificial kind of nature which characterises such samples of humanity in the present day. Harry, the groom, is a laughable specimen of the faithful servant, but too palpable an imitation of Sam Weller to have any claim to originality. Helen, an intriguing flirt, is a capital stage character, and in the hands of a good actress would conduce much to the amusement of an audience, though her existence in actual life is barely possible. Flora, the heroine, is a delightful creature, faintly shadowed forth rather than drawn to the life, and from the small space she fills in the canvas, we have to give her credit for more excellencies than we are allowed to witness. The old folks are all to be found in the play-bills, and are more remarkable for their legitimate relationship to the *dramatis personæ* than for anything else. The author seems aware of his real strength, which lies in the delineation of low life, and hence we have rather more of it than is usually found in novels of this class. The story, upon the whole, is a very readable one.

The Panthropheon; or, History of Food and its Preparation, from the Earliest Ages of the World. By A. SOYER. Embellished with Forty-two Steel Plates, illustrating the greatest Gastronomic Marvels of Antiquity. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1853.

WE have only space at present to announce the publication of this elaborate work, splendid in azure and gold, upon which M. Soyer has been diligently employed for several years. He seems to have spared no research or labour in performing his self-imposed task, having consulted an enormous number of authorities, ancient and modern, the bare catalogue of which occupies above three-score columns. We must defer our notice of the varied and interesting contents of the book until next month, when we shall have had an opportunity of affording it a deliberate perusal.

The Religious Aspect of the Civil War in China. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. RULE. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

THE religious public have latterly been congratulating themselves and one another upon the supposed fact that the prosperous rebellion now going on in China, and which threatens the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, is the work of a band of insurgents who are Christians in creed; and that by their success the celestial empire may ere long take rank among the kingdoms of Christendom. The author of this pamphlet, who is the subject of no such flattering delusion, briefly exhibits the true state of the case. He fathers the Trimetrical Classic upon its true authors, the Jesuits—exposes their laughable and mechanical mode of proselytism, which they effected by baptizing the natives surreptitiously, under the pretence of physicking them—and shows the supreme folly of placing any reliance either upon the professions of the popish missioners, or the assumed Christian spirit of the insurrectionists, who, pretending to be followers of Christ, massacre women and children in cold blood. The insurgent chiefs pretend to divine communications and immediate commerce with heaven and the "elder-brother Jesus," with whom the rebel chief holds himself upon an equality. The blasphemy, in fact, of the leaders of the rebellion, is only equalled by their bloodthirstiness. "Such," says Mr. Rule, "are the men to whom some fancy that the charge of renovating China and throwing it all open to receive the Gospel is committed. . . . . . We have hope, indeed, and more than hope, for the conversion of China, but it rests on a better ground than we can find in the religion or temper of the insurgents."

John at Home: a Novel. By STANLEY HERBERT. In three vols. London: T. C. Newby. 1853.

THIS may be described as a domestic novel. Its entire scope and burden being the family affairs of Mr. John Smith. John is a London merchant who has a place of business in the city, a respectable house situated in a genteel suburb, and in process of time we are introduced to his wife, his son, his daughter, his mother-in-law, his maiden cousin, and his humble friend, with sundry other auxiliaries, who come and go as they are wanted in the story, after the use and wont of novel writing. John has, however, another connection formed some time before his marriage, with a family of the irregular and ill-doing poor, amongst whom his illegitimate son, Dick, is brought up in the firm persuasion that he ought to be the merchant's heir, and of course have a signal vengeance on his excluding son. To the latter process he is incited chiefly by his grand-mother, with whom he has lived in a dim, dirty cellar, through her poverty-stricken and ill-minded age. In an evil hour Dick is received, though unknown, into Mr. Smith's house, as half-playfellow, half-attendant to Master Bill, who, being idolised—in a vulgar way—by all the heads of his house, turns out, naturally enough, an ill-conditioned booby, and Dick's help in forwarding him on the road to ruin is among the most effective sketches in the book.

"John at Home," indeed, deals with homely matters, but the lessons intended are terribly true, though from certain errors and deficiencies, such as fragmentariness, occasional improbability, and the like, we are inclined to regard it as a first work. Should this surmise be correct, there is hope for the author's second publication; and that our readers may not imagine his seriousness untempered with fun and humour, we give the following description of Master Bill's childhood, as set forth by a seceding nurse.

"That Master Billy's a child nobody can put up with—a frightsome child—an evil given one; and as for his manners I can't teach him any—no how. Missus will believe nothing—she blames me for everything. I feeds him till he can hold no more, and yet that wont do. And I give him the cordial till he snores again, but he wakes up as devilish as ever: and now he's taken to pinching my arms black and blue, and he's down in the streets, when we are out, and roars till a mob gathers about us—and puts his toys in the fire after he's broke them all—and it's a mercy he's not set the house on fire itself, sir."

This promising boy lives and dies in a manner to fulfil all the omens of his early day; though we trust there are few fathers, even among London merchants, so wilfully blind as Mr. John Smith. We would also venture to hope that there are few husbands so coarsely careless. His wife is indeed a nobody, in the largest sense of that most expressive term, and as such she is drawn to the life. His daughter Jane, who by the way is the heroine, seems a girl of more than common sense, but unluckily the picture is not life-like; but his mother-in-law, Mrs. Brown, somewhat atones for that deficiency. She is a stout-hearted lady, particularly strong in the home government, and amuses the reader by exhibiting herself in a manner sufficiently ridiculous and characteristic.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

Entries: or, Stray Leaves from a Clergyman's Note Book. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

Medical Reform: being the Sketch of a Plan for a National Institute of Medicine. By Azygos. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

Church and State and Convocation. By G. H. Prentice, M.A. London: J. H. Parker. 1853.

Spain, its Position and Evangelization, &c. By J. Thomson. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew. Edited by David Hoffman, Hon. J. U. D. of Göttegen. Vol. II. London: Bosworth. 1853.

Why are you a Christian? London: Aylott and Co. 1853.

Fireside Politics: or, Hints about Home. By F. R. Young. London: Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage. 1853.

Journal of Health. No. 37. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Finance: Letters on the Income Tax, &c. By C. M. Willich. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

British Empire Mutual Fire Assurance Society.—At the annual meeting of this Company, held at their offices, 37, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, James Low, Esq., the Chairman of the Company, presiding, the Secretary read the following report:—

"The National System of Fire Assurance, based upon the Mutual principle, founded by this Company five years since, has continued up to the present time to meet with unabated prosperity.

"This system, which gives the security of an Assurance against damage by Fire to the masses of the population of this country at cost price, fosters the provident habits of the people, by reducing to the lowest point the necessary outlay.

"The Directors of this Company have popularised this principle by the establishing of Branch Offices and Agencies, and the dissemination of information, by means of the press, throughout the country; believing that the principle of Mutual Fire Assurance requires only to be known and understood generally, to be universally practised.

"They have also, during the past year, obtained the additional security of a Guarantee Fund of £200,000, which has been effected without interfering with the Mutual principle upon which the Company is founded.

"It is believed that a very large proportion of the property in this country is uninsured, affording ample scope for the operation of this Company; and the Directors have urged upon the Agents and Policy-holders of the Company earnestly to make known its features to

persons not at present assured in a Mutual Office. With this view, also, nearly two hundred respectable persons have been appointed as additional Agents during the past year.

"The business of the Company has very considerably increased during the past year, and the losses have been, both in the year and from the commencement of the Company, less than half the premiums received; and it is considered, that if the vigorous measures in operation for the safe extension of the Company's business be ably seconded by the Policy-holders, still more encouraging results will appear in the year ensuing.

"The Directors reported last year that they had applied to Government to remove a very onerous tax imposed under the Joint Stock Act, whereby every Mutual Office had to pay a registration fee of 1s. per Policy-holder, which seeing that the Company has issued above 9,000 policies, amounted to a considerable yearly sum. The Directors are happy to state, that, upon these representations, the above tax was removed, and the removal made to apply to all Mutual Offices, whether for Fire or Life Assurance. And if the suggestions the Directors are about offering to Government in respect to the partial abolition of the Fire Insurance Duty are equally successful, two great obstacles to the spread of Fire Insurance among the masses of the middle and working-classes will have been removed.

"During the last year 2,016 new policies have been issued by the Company, assuring property to the extent of £940,561, and making the total assurances effected 8,782 for £3,664,681 sterling.

"The receipts of the past year have been £8,124 2s. 10d. being—

Premiums	£4,107	14	8
Duty	£4,016	8	2

"The total receipts from the commencement of the Company—

Premiums	£12,365	18	3
Duty	£12,462	2	2
Total	£24,828	0	5

"The Directors recommend the Policy-holders to extend the Mutual principle, by inducing their friends to insure their property with the Company."

United Mutual Life Assurance Society.—The fourth annual meeting was held at the Offices, Charing-cross. Capt. Fitzmaurice presided in the unavoidable absence of Sir Robert Price, the Chairman of the Board. Mr. Colvin (the Actuary) read the following report and balance-sheet:—

"The Directors of the 'United Mutual Life Assurance Society' have much satisfaction in meeting the Members for the fourth time, and in submitting to them the following report of the Society's progress.

"During the year ending 31st May last, 227 proposals have been received, and 163 policies issued, assuring sums amounting to £40,438, and yielding an addition to the previous annual income of £1,676 6s. 9d. per annum.

"Since the 31st May last, 82 policies have been issued, and the total result from the commencement of the Society to the present time may be shortly stated as follows:—1,165 proposals have been received, and 850 policies issued, assuring the sum of £216,454 13s., and yielding an annual income from premiums of £7,278 4s. 7d. The number of policies actually in force at the present time, after deducting lapsed policies and claims, is, 712; the amount assured, £177,131 18s.; and the annual income, £6,093 9s. 2d.

"The amount paid in claims under policies during the year is £2,100 2s. Of this amount, however, £500 belong strictly to last year's accounts (as will be seen by reference to that report), the claims having arisen in that year, though they did not fall to be paid till the present year. Your Directors may be allowed to state that these claims were all paid with promptness, and to add that, in the majority of cases, the parties assured would never have had suggested to them this act of provident forethought, by which the misery arising from total destitution has been averted, but for the agency of this Society.

"Two other claims of small amount have been admitted, and will be paid in due course.

"Your Directors, satisfied of the favourable progress of the Society, have not thought it necessary this year to make a valuation of its assets and liabilities. It is a task of considerable labour, which, from a recent increase of official business, the Actuary has not been able to accomplish, but as it will be necessary, in conformity with the deed of settlement, to make a complete investigation of the affairs of the Society in the next year, with a view to the first division of profits, the financial position of the Society will then be fully and clearly shown.

"Three Directors retire by rotation, but offer themselves for re-election, viz. Sir Robert Price, Bart., M.P., the Hon. W. E. Fitzmaurice, and the Earl of Orkney.

"Mr. J. F. Aldridge, the Members' Auditor, also retires, but offers himself for re-election.

(Signed) "ROBERT PRICE, Chairman."

"London, 54, Charing-cross, 14th July, 1853."

Balance-sheet from 1st June, 1852, to 31st May, 1853.

DR. RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Balance from last year's account	977	16	9
Cash advanced by Directors and others	350	0	0
Assurance premiums	5,603	4	3
	£6,931	1	0

CR. EXPENDITURE.									
General expenses—							£	s.	d.
Rent and taxes				231	17	1			
Advertising				81	15	9			
Stationery and printing				173	5	4			
Office expenses, messengers, postages, parcels, stamps, and petty charges				107	8	11			
Salaries				505	0	0			
Law charges and registration fees				6	7	0			
Agency charges and travelling expenses				148	7	8			
Commission				243	4	6			
Medical fees				170	4	0			
Auditors' fees				21	0	0			
Directors' fees				225	15	11			
Interest paid	140	9	8						
Less received	92	8	5						
				48	1	3			
							1,962	7	5
Re-assurance							351	12	5
Loans (including half-pms., £397 12s. 4d.							1,600	4	10
Policy stamps (balance)							0	15	0
Income-tax							7	5	10
Claims paid							2,100	2	0
Policy surrendered							2	13	5
Balance of cash at bankers'				465	1	1			
Do. in office				77	14	8			
Do. in hands of agents				363	4	4			
							906	0	1
							£6,931	1	0

Eagle Insurance Company.—At the annual general meeting of the proprietors of this Company, held at Radley's Hotel, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Walter Anderson Peacock, Esq., in the chair; Mr. Jellicoe read the following report:—

"The Directors are gratified at being enabled to submit to the proprietors the following very satisfactory report, made by the Company's Auditors.

"'To the Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, and Directors of the Eagle Insurance Company.

"'Gentlemen—Annexed we beg to present you with our Annual Report of the state of the Company's accounts to the 30th June, 1853.

"'We have the honour to remain, gentlemen,

"'Your most obedient servants,

Signed { J. G. LYNDE, THOS. ALLEN.

"'Eagle Office, 10th August, 1853.'"

Surplus Fund Account.

INCOME OF THE YEAR ENDING 30th JUNE, 1853.

	£ s. d.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand, 30th June, 1853 . . .		153,039	4	9
New premiums received .	8,317 3 5			
Old ditto ditto .	90,328 19 5			
Annuities and interest on mortgages . . .	23,452 10 5			
Dividends on funded property	6,980 18 0			
Profit on final sale of stock	7,943 0 8			
		137,031	11	11
		£290,070	16	8

CHARGE OF THE YEAR.		£	s.	d.
Dividend to proprietors .		6,240	0	0
Claims	64,257 0 6			
Bonus	3,820 15 2			
Policies surrendered .	1,637 4 3			
Annuities . . .	1,323 10 2			
Re-assurances . .	3,751 3 7			
Commission . . .	3,317 0 4			
Medical fees . . .	439 13 8			
Income tax . . .	971 10 4			
Expenses of management	6,101 0 5			
		85,018	18	5
Balance on 30th June, 1853, as below .		198,211	18	3
		£290,070	16	8

Balance Sheet.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
Interest due to proprietors . . .		5,835	18	9
Claims and bonus unpaid . . .		29,996	7	4
Value of sums assured by the Company		1,382,039	6	1
Sundry accounts		882	4	0
Proprietors' fund .	121,524 0 0			
Surplus fund, as above	198,211 18 3			
		319,735	18	3
		£1,738,489	14	5

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
Amount invested in Life interests* .	250,185	13	7
" " Mortgages* .	312,177	15	1
" " Reversions .	12,007	1	0
Sundry accounts	2,374	12	3
3 per cent Reduced Annuities . .	70,039	1	11
3¼ " " . . .	70,180	19	10
Consolidated Long Annuities . .	6,600	12	8
Cash and bills	10,772	6	3
Advanced on the Company's policies .	22,522	9	7
Agents' balances	11,735	18	7
Value of assurance premiums . .	969,893	3	8
	£1,738,489	14	5

"It will be seen by this Report that the new business of the year has considerably exceeded the average of the last five years, while the claims are less by £4,172 19s. 2d. than they were, one year with another, during that period.

"The expenses, owing to certain charges incidental to the recent division of surplus, are somewhat greater this year than previously.

"The total income of the year is £137,031 11s. 11d., and the total outlay £91,858 18s. 5d. There is, therefore, a surplus, after the payment of all demands, and making provision for every claim ascertained at the time of making up the account, of £45,172 13s. 6d.

"It will be remembered, that the balance of the surplus fund was last stated to be £153,039 4s. 9d. This is now increased by the operations of the year to £198,211 18s. 3d., subject of course to such changes as may be found to arise when a re-valuation of the Company's assets and liabilities shall be made.

"The Directors have had occasion to sell out some stock, to provide for certain investments; and they are happy to say that it has realised, as will be observed, £7,943 0s. 8d. more than it cost. Looking upon this as so much interest received during the year, the assets at the commencement of it, viz. £738,884 17s. 11d., may be considered as having yielded, on the average, £5 3s. 11d. per cent.

"The assets, as they stood on the 30th June last, were invested as follows, viz.:—

£ s. d.		Per annum. £ s. d.	Per cent. £ s. d.
146,820 14 5	in Government securities, yielding	5,739 17 11	or 3 4 7
342,574 13 9	in mortgages .	14,013 3 6	or 4 1 10
231,426 1 11	in life interests .	12,733 14 7	or 5 10 0
12,007 1 0	in reversions .	480 4 8	or 4 0 0
35,767 19 8	unproductive .		
£768,596 10 9		£31,967 1 8	£4 3 2

And the mean rate of interest yielded is, as will be seen, £4 3s. 2d. per cent. per annum."

The proceedings terminated by an announcement from the chairman, of a dividend of 5 per cent., payable in October inst.

European Life Insurance and Annuity Company.—At the annual general meeting of this Company, the Directors submitted their report for the past year, from which we quote the following particulars:—During the year 1852, 375 new policies have been completed, insuring the sum of £196,872 16s. 9d., the premiums upon which amount to £6,331 15s. 1d. The amount proposed for insurance during the same period was £324,476 2s. 6d.; of which was completed £196,870 16s. 9d.; declined, £54,749 19s. 6d.; not completed, withdrawn, and outstanding, £72,855 6s. 3d. The claims paid during the same period, have amounted to £33,559 16s. 10d. One hundred and sixty-one policies have lapsed within the year, insuring £124,341 2s. 0d., upon which has been paid for claims and surrenders, £34,455 0s. 5d. During the same period 9 annuitants have died, to whom the Company was paying annually the sum of £382 13s. 2d.: the value of that sum is £1,388 to the credit of the office. The operations of the Company have been extended to Germany, to Belgium, and to Sweden and Norway; and the Directors have great reason to be sanguine as to the result of the continental business, and have pleasure in reporting that, as far as the arrangements have been completed, they are working exceedingly well. The Directors have very great pleasure in congratulating the meeting upon the success which has attended their efforts during the last few years; a success which they feel is mainly attributable to the active exertions of the Company's Secretary, W. B. Ford, Esq., of whose services they think it would not be right to omit this opportunity of expressing their unqualified approbation. The business of the day having terminated, the thanks of the meeting were voted to Henry Holland Harrison, Esq., for his able and impartial conduct in the chair.

* Including interest due.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

A TRIAD OF GREAT POETS; THEIR TEMPERAMENT, GENIUS, AND ART.

In concluding this series of Essays, we are now to justify the general plan, which has been laid out, and partly completed, for this comparative review of our three great poet friends. We have sketched their historic lives and practical experience; we have also, for the sake of helping readers to sympathise with the elder two, and to make due allowance for the errors, which Æschylus and Dante shared with all the world of their own times, briefly indicated, by three or four citations and remarks, (cast in the course of their biography like milestones that are placed in the road to indicate the distance from another stage of progress,) the unequal bias of moral influences, and the imperfect culture, which those noble minds had to undergo; the Greek living, as Dante would say, "nel tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi;" the Italian living, as Milton would say, in "the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, when the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept the stars out of the firmament of the Church." We did not attempt to characterise the religious impressions of Milton himself; because that degree of familiarity with the ideas of Christian Puritanism, which is required to appreciate the moral status of our countryman, must have been supplied, to most of us, by conversation with the serious people of our own day, and, to many of us, by our individual convictions. The representatives of every sect and every religious principle, that mingled in the discussions of the seventeenth century, still exist among us, although considerably changed in their relations to each other, and having mitigated happily their mutual strife. The essential principle of modern Protestantism, the assertion of absolute freedom of conscience, is winning more general acknowledgement; and it was *this*, together with the recognition of that truth by which the right to the liberty of thought is warranted; namely, the intrinsic and inalienable value of *humanity*—a truth attested by every one of the great movements of modern society, by revolutions of polity, and of social manners, by free trade, by the abolition of slavery, and the tone of all our preaching and literature,—it was these two related and consequent propositions, of which one of the foremost heralds was John Milton. We have been contented, therefore, with naming him as the great religious poet of Protestantism; without undertaking to analyse his own creed, or test his sectarian partialities. His controversial writings, especially since the publication, in 1825, of his long lost tract upon Christian Doctrine, afford the most explicit information upon all those subjects, of which the zealous have been quite ready to avail themselves.

Some reader may have asked, how can this lengthy account of the political, the religious and philosophical engagements of our poets be requisite, to enable us to appreciate their *poetry?* Is not a poem, like a statue, or an air of music, a pure creature of fine art, whose charms we enjoy quite irrespectively of the disposition of its author? Were not these, poets who wrote "not for an age but for all time?" It is for us to answer such an objection, and to justify the biographical mode of criticism, which we have followed. We confess, then, that imaginative art,—valuable and agreeable as its productions may be for their own sake,—would not affect us vehemently, if we did not habitually regard them as a communication of the author's mind. It is because a poem, though it be, like the great works of Homer and of Shakspeare, devoid of a single express introduction of the author's personal affairs, *must be*, nevertheless, a most vivid revelation of himself, and of the choicest part of himself, consciously selected and refined, that we study the poem for ever, with a love and admiration as warm as if we clasped the poet's hand, explored his face, and heard his living tongue. Let us not be ashamed to claim the men who talk to us in books, as real associates and companions of our own. For our part, we cherish the poets, rather for what they *are* to us, than for what they give us. It is not so with didactic and scientific literature, which we may esteem as containing a certain quantity of instruction. The poetry is the expression of a man's humour; it is the frank effusion of his feelings; it is what we seek in a friend's confidence, only separated from impertinencies, and elevated into

ideal harmony of utterance. *What* is it we desire a friend to tell us, in the hour of intimate communion, that we may learn to know him better? Is it not the confession of his heart's secret, of his affections, of his hope and fear; of what pleases and of what disgusts him, of his sufferings in reality, and of his aspirations to a fairer life than reality affords? And what else is the meaning of the poet's communication but this; which is the more dear to the listener, when it is divested of egotism, when it appears to be narrating, not *my* story, but yours and ours, the feelings and the fate of our common humanity, shown in a fictitious example? Do not we feel, that while the poet seems to be talking of Othello and of Hector, and of transactions in which neither we nor Shakspeare were actually concerned, he is, in real sincerity, talking of the mysteries and the capacities of his own heart, which is a faithful mirror to our own heart, "as in water face answereth to face?" What profounder confidence, what sweeter sad counsel, should we long to have in his company, if he were in London to-day, or if, as Charles Lamb wished to do, we "heard his sweet voice bid us welcome in heaven?" This candour, this ingenuous *abandon*, with which the man of genius, who never uses it may be, the first personal pronoun, does yet allow us to perceive his private prepossessions, or imparts to us, without reserve, his sentiments and views of life, sufficiently excuses our demand for his biography, as the proper complement of his poetical works. Moreover, Dante and Milton have indulged in directly autobiographical statements and allusions, more freely than any other writers except the lyrical ones, who made it their sole task to express their own emotions. Not only does the poem reveal the man; the knowledge of the man explains the poem. His spirit is the soul of its fabric, and transpires through all the pores of language; it is interesting, then, to look how the same spirit animated his real life. It was in practice and endurance, in the realities of effort, pleasure, and pain, that he acquired the *stuff* to make up into poetry; the passions and faculties of humanity can be learned in no other school. This consideration we have already insisted upon, when we spoke of the poets as men of business, men of the world. As we have seen them all three, in their day and generation, active in political affairs and afterwards disappointed, superseded by revolutionary agencies against which they protested without avail, so it is remarkable, that they were, each in his grey and venerable years, placed in a kind of isolation among their contemporaries, as if they sat upon some eminence withdrawn from the actual bustle of the world, and favourable to the contemplation of eternal human interests. They became, instead of successful statesmen, the chief of religious poets. In this character, we had to consider, secondly, their relation to the peculiar notions, which were accepted in their respective ages, in regard to human duty and destiny, the mysteries of spiritual existence, and the supernatural relations of man. It would not have been becoming, to discuss those solemn themes unreservedly, in the pages of a popular magazine like this; but the few suggestions, that we offered, may serve to point out where a way is open to the researches of those who choose to explore the Hellenic mythology, or the scholastic philosophy of mediæval Catholicism, with the aid of such guides as Ottfried, Müller, and Droysen, in the one case; and Ozanam in the other.

If our readers will refer to the general obervations, with which we introduced these Essays, it will be recollected that we esteem these mighty poets, as distinguished from most others, in the primal originality, and massive solidity, of their mental substance. We do not mean,—for it is not the case with them,—originality of invention. They liberally gathered the fruits of others' fancy, and used, with a royal prerogative, whatever they found; Æschylus took his incidents from the Grecian epic, and his choral style from the Grecian lyrical compositions; Dante collected a miscellaneous crowd of personages, from all the history and romances he had ever read, to people the ultramundane regions, of which monkish traditions, and vulgar fables, suggested to him the topography and climate; Milton borrowed more, because he had studied more; and the scholar has a right to borrow, as he did, thoughts for which he paid large interest in the new value and currency his genius bestowed upon them. The invention of plots was not their task; we doubt, whether it be the task of any human intelligence. What are the new stories, and who invents them? Strip any romantic tale of its accessories, deprive it of colour and character, leaving the mere transaction, reported briefly; who will claim its authorship? None but Nature, who is the only original novelist, presenting us, now and then, in her various yet ever consistent productions, the *facts* that appear in the newspapers, in courts of law, in history, with new combinations of circumstances, harmonised by the infallible canon of reality. Shakspeare was not an inventor in this sense; nor was Æschylus, Dante, or Milton. Their illustrations and imagery, too, were not unfrequently,—Milton's usually,—adopted from conventional types, as must be done by every poet, more or less; though Æschylus and Dante, by virtue of their vigorous perceptive faculty and healthy sensuous organisation, added more abundantly to the store, which, in a comparatively early period of their languages, each had found but scantily furnished. Wherein, therefore, does the originality of their poetry consist? It is in that which constitutes the elementary substance of poetry; we mean, its SENTIMENT. Because this, which is the ethereal essence of a work of art, belongs to a sincere author, and is not imitated from a foreign example,—as the external manner and the structure of his poem may be,—but is the genuine effusion of his own temperament, we esteem him an *original* poet. If by research, or by supernatural revelation,—supposing a living Muse to stand at the student's elbow,—he can obtain the knowledge of unparalleled events, and of dramatic situations that surpass all inter-

ests of real life,— if he can, by understanding all science and all mysteries, supply himself with similes and metaphors out of the entire universe, which never occurred to any other fancy,— if he can utter musical unheard-of modulations of language; nay, if he can employ a fresh language, speaking with a tongue beyond those of men or angels,— yet, if the feelings, to which his poetry would appeal, be not his own, if his rapture be affected and his solemnity a sham,— then his ingenious fabric, which has been planned and built by the cold hand of intellect, and decorated with glittering jewels of wit, resembles an edifice of the frost upon the Neva, beautiful and brilliant, but an unfit lodging for the warm human heart, and will vanish before the glow of natural affection.

> "Then, like a man in wrath, the heart
> Stood up and answered, '*I have felt.*'"

Now, the great poets, the immortal popular poets, whom we delight to celebrate, did so stand up, "like a man in wrath," because they *were* in wrath, and speak or sing with the cordial voice of passion, till their big rage had abated itself by discharge, and their vehement natures went on to pour forth sweeter and loftier tones, in harmony with the celestial concord of the spheres. Their poetry* was the full utterance of their emotional, in union with their intellectual faculties. It is, therefore, quite as pertinent for us to regard their characteristic mood and spirit, as the degree of their knowledge and taste.

We affirm, that certain æsthetic qualities of their poetry, in which, though differing widely in knowledge and taste, Æschylus, Dante, and Milton resemble each other, have the original motive of their exhibition, in certain moral sentiments, in which these men, who differed also in some features of personal character, did agree with each other, and that they were impressed with those sentiments more profoundly than ordinary men. It is not only by didactic sentences and by the direct expression of noble feelings, nor is it only by warning or promising examples, that the poet inculcates a high morality. The spring of every virtue is the spiritual energy of the free will. To invigorate this main power of human nature, by exercising it through sympathy with contending emotions, is the true mission of the poet. When such an effect is realised, the æsthetic means are pathos and sublimity. Let us refer to the remarks of Schiller, quoted in a former essay, (On the Poetry of Martial Enthusiasm). "The ultimate aim of Art is to represent what is supersensual; and the art of the tragedian especially does this, by making our moral independence of the physical laws appear incarnate, in the condition of suffering. The free principle within us only becomes known to us, through the resistance it opposes to the violence done to the senses." The same observation is made by Schlegel, as justifying the introduction of harshness and cruelty in tragic compositions. "Inward liberty, and external necessity, are the two poles of the world of tragedy." We believe, that if the poetry of Æschylus, Dante, and Milton be excellent in sublimity, the reason of that excellence is, that the men were so manful of spirit; and, that if their genius inclined, by a natural bias which even their refinement of taste was not equal to correct, to represent objects of terror and pain,— the reason was, that, intuitively finding in such conceptions the indulgence of their combative energy, they came unconsciously to prefer those ideal aspects of life in which the soul appears to endure and defy the utmost conceivable severity of sensible torture and anguish of the natural affections. This propensity to rush on to meet the menaces of death, or to dwell with a fearful joy upon the verge of the precipice, anticipating the crash of ruin, is characteristic of a mind "covered with the shadow of the Infinite," strong in the conscious possession of a personal *will*, vigilant in mental introspection, and holding at a respectful distance the attractions of sensual experience. Such an eminent spiritual power is that of Milton, which bespeaks its presence in the fiery pool, where the rebel archangel, discovering, by pain, that "the mind is its own place," gathers up and musters the forces of his moral nature:

> "What though the field *be* lost?
> *All* is not lost; the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And *what is else*, not to be overcome."

It is for the sake of this power, defying force and fate, that Satan bids the "horrors, hail;" and the poet's heart goes with him, and is quite at home in the midst of "adamantine chains and penal fire." It stimulates him to endure even more repugnant scenes, unrelieved by the expression of heroic sentiment; as in the vision of the lazar-house, which equals any Dantesque accumulation of gross torments,—and in the utterly repulsive, but, nevertheless, the strangely fascinating monsters of Sin and Death. Milton felt, that, in things extremely revolting, the means are to be found of exciting a sublime reactionary effort of the mind. It is true, that he looked for sublimity elsewhere, in the elements of vastness, vagueness, and obscurity, wherein his imagination could move like a creative spirit over the antemundane flood;

> "When straight behold the throne
> Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
> Wide o'er the wasteful deep."

The blind poet, when he deplored his deprivation of light, was privileged to behold the majesty of darkness; no other, (perhaps excepting Byron,) has conveyed so much sense of reality into obscure and indistinct impressions. But Milton, with his delicate appreciation of the graces, with his taste cultured by the study of melodious Italy, and of

* We have read a good many "Theories of Poetry," and some of them containing a good deal of truth; but none has appeared more satisfactory, than the definition we heard given in a lecture by Professor A. J. Scott:— "Poetry expresses that condition of mind in which all the faculties are in harmonious exercise." The common remark, that the poetic disposition is that, in which the imagination supplies concrete ideas to correspond with the emotions of the heart, agrees with this definition.

the Grecian models of poetic harmony, was never, by a passion for strong effects, tempted into coarseness. Dante, though he loved music and flowers, and the beauty of woman, as fondly as any of the pastoral *seicentisti* whose airy prettinesses were so much admired by the Italianising poets of England from Spenser to Milton,—lived in a less polished age, when fierce passions were vented in cruel deeds without remorse, and when club law prevailed, and violent rudeness blunting the tender sensibilities; in a state of society, in which malefactors were actually punished, upon some occasions, by being buried alive in the earth with their heads downwards, the devices of his Inferno would not appear too shocking for poetic use. A similar remark has been made in justification of the tremendous and excessive *strain* of the Æschylean tragedies;—and of their continual occupation with deeds of murder and portents dire. The moral atmosphere of the world, at that period, was full charged with thunder of impending calamity and strife, and scared with the strange meteoric brilliancy of ominous and frightful incidents. Desperate and devoted resolution in war, insane furious excitement in their religious rites, and the utmost energy of action combined with passionate self-consciousness,—these were the conditions of the popular mind, whose sympathies determined the sentiment of the earliest Attic dramas; as soon as the quaint mummeries and the wild license of the Dionysiac festival began to be transformed, by the genius of poetic artists, into the gorgeous spectacle of heroic deeds, accompanied by solemn choral hymns. In the age of the Persian invasion, heathenism allowed or sanctioned a certain degree of savagery even in Greece; and human nature exhibited, with terrible vivacity, its evil as well as noble tendencies. The realities of life gave reason to the poet for the sad reflections, which he makes the chorus utter in the crisis of Clytemnestra's wicked career:—

"Earth breeds a dreadful progeny,
To man a hostile band,
With finny monsters teems the sea,
With creeping plagues the land;
And winged portents scour mid air,
And flaring lightnings fly,
And storms, sublimely coursing, scare
The fields of the silent sky.
But earth begets no monster dire
Than man's own heart more dreaded."

Says not the poet truly? Read the *Times* newspaper of this day, to which the translator of Æschylus (Blackie) refers his readers for the saddest confirmation of this truth; search the records of vulgar crime, or the proud annals of history, for instances of "man's inhumanity to man" exceeding the peril of all other horrors. No age has been yet privileged, since Cain was cursed, to forget the fatal possibilities of human fury. Even, in Athens, in a period of secure and hopeful felicity, the genial successor of our poet found occasion to imitate this memorable chorus, in that of his Antigone:—

"Things of might hath Nature many,
In her various plan,
But of daring powers who dareth
Most on earth is Man."

We may regard this sentiment as the keynote of all the poetry of Æschylus. The freedom and power of man, liable to be misdirected, by his ignorance and sinfulness, to his own destruction,—such is the true theme of every one of his tragedies. Such is the essential subject of the very art of tragedy itself. What is the history of the invention of that art? The early ages of Greek nationality, it has been well observed, fill up the wide space between the dreamy self-absorption of the East, and the recognition of absolute individual freedom. In the art of Assyria and of Egypt, we see the results of incredible toil and of a patient struggle with material obstacles, erecting massive trophies of the painful strife; but the art of Hellas is instinct with *mind*. The gods of Hellas were not mere natural forces personified, but thoughts and feelings of humanity, composing an *ethical* world. In the mythical tales of their divine and heroic patrons, the people, with childlike credulity, eagerly admired the history of their own human nature. How full of consciousness of its rich endowments, they displayed in the compass and variety of the epic cycles, of which the Iliad and Odyssey are, only, the most beautiful *fragments!* How *real* was this poetry to the popular mind, intimately related as it was to their religious, patriotic, and political institutions! It became a dominant part of their mental constitution. Then when the highly-cultured susceptibilities of individual character sought their organ of expressive utterance, began to flourish the lyrical kind of poetry,—Anacreon, Simonides, and Pindar, and poor Sappho, and a hundred others, taught the language of Homer to pour out their diverse emotions, in pious, amorous, stern, or voluptuous strains. Song, and the music of speech, with the accessories of the flute and lyre, were brought to perfection. The story and the song were to be combined, by the Athenian art of tragedy, with a third element, taken from the rudest and most unpromising source. Who would have expected, a few years before the birth of Æschylus, coming upon a holiday party of rough peasants, queerly disguised in hairy skins of animals, and laughing at one reeling fellow who tried to dance a hornpipe on the slippery bladders,—or circling with boisterous gallop and clamour around the central object of the riotous festival,—or standing close beneath a mountebank's waggon platform, to listen to the marvellous narrative of the gesticulating *improvisatore*, which was, perhaps, assisted by preconcerted remarks and questions cast in from the group of spectators,—who would have expected that Æschylus was destined, before he reached middle life, to aid in converting this rustic amusement, so coarse and obscene as it often was, into that glorious concert of all the delighted faculties of intellect, imagination, affections, and taste, which the majestic cadences of his poetry can but faintly restore to us, though assisted by such a description of the actual stage as the following of

Bulwer: "The immense theatre, crowded by thousands, one marble tier and bench above another, was open to the heavens, and commanded, from the sloping hill on which it was situated, both land and sea. The actor apostrophized no mimic pasteboard, but the wide expanse of nature herself,—the living sun, the mountain air, the wide and visible Ægean. All was proportionate to the gigantic scale of the theatre, and the mighty range of the audience; the form was artificially enlarged and heightened; masks of exquisite art and beauty brought before the audience the ideal images of their sculptured gods and heroes; while, most probably, mechanical inventions carried the tones of the voice through the remotest tiers of the theatre. The sanctity of their origin, and the mythological nature of their stories, added something of religious solemnity to these spectacles, which were opened by ceremonial sacrifices." The songs of the chorus, undoubtedly, and, we suppose, also the most lively and passionate passages, of the iambic recited parts, were accompanied by the soft breathings of an unobtrusive instrumental music, harmonising with the voices that sung or chanted with perfectly distinct articulation, and in a natural melody correspondent to the rising or falling tones of the declaiming oratory. The members of the chorus, never less than fifteen and sometimes fifty in number, were not only exquisite vocalists, but practised to exhibit, in unison with the music, a variety of graceful attitudes and alternative groupings, rhythmically executed with gestures agreeable to the changing sentiments and situations of the drama, whether languid or sudden in their motions, composed or violent. By words, by tones, by action, the chorus thus represented, as Schlegel has it, "the ideal spectator," instantaneously rendering, to the actual spectator on the benches of the theatre, a most vivid expression of his own emotions at the scene or story presented to him. Those modern writers, who have chosen to sneer at this contrivance, as if it were ridiculous for a chorus in the orchestra to be able to observe, converse with, and warn the actors, or deplore the conduct of the persons upon the stage, without being allowed to interfere in the action, have betrayed a strange want of sensibility and refinement. Are *we* not in reality, in beholding many bad things done upon the stage of actual life, which we have no authority by direct intervention to prevent, placed every day in the same position? The business of the chorus is, to apply the experience of the drama in the way of practical lessons of morality, thus:—

'The hand of Jove hath smote them; thou
May'st trace it plainly;
What the god willed, behold it now
Not purposed vainly!
The gods are blind, and little caring,
So one hath said, to mark the daring
Of men, whose graceless foot hath ridden
O'er things to human touch forbidden.
Godless who said so; sons shall rue
Their parents' folly,
Who flushed with wealth, with insolence flown,
The sober bliss of man outgrown,
The trump of Mars unchastened blew,
And stirred red strife without the hue
Of justice wholly.
Live wiselier thou; not waxing gross
With gain, thou shalt be free from loss.
Weak is his tower, with pampering wealth
In brief alliance,
Who spurns great Justice' altar dread
With damned defiance;
Him the deep hell shall claim, and shame
His vain reliance."

English reader! the Athenians had no other *sermons*, no other specially religious and moral lessons preached to the general public, than these! Their temples, except this theatrical temple of Dionysos, were merely the places for ceremonial observances. Will not your Christian wisdom recognise the only spiritual and redeeming influences of the heathen world, in such hymns as these?

"For Jove doth teach men wisdom, sternly wins
To virtue by the tutoring of their sins;
Yea! drops of torturing recollection chill
The sleeper's heart; 'gainst man's rebellious will
Jove works the wise remorse;
Dread Powers, on awful seats enthroned, compel
Our hearts with gracious force."

And will not you, shuddering as you may at the story of "Pelops' line," upon which a horrid Fate descended to "visit the sins of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation," approve this argument and answer of the chorus, in discussing the fate of Agamemnon?

First Half-Chorus.

"'Twas said of old, and 'tis said to-day,
That wealth to prosperous stature grown
Begets a birth of its own;
That a surfeit of evil by good is prepared,*
And sons must bear what allotment of woe
Their sires were spared.
But this I rebel to believe; I know
That impious deeds conspire
To beget an offspring of impious deeds
Too like their ugly sire.
But whoso is just, though his wealth like a river
Flow down, shall be scathless; his house shall
rejoice
In an offspring of beauty for ever.

Second Half-Chorus.

The heart of the haughty delights to beget
A haughty heart. From time to time
In children's children recurrent appears
The ancestral crime.
When the dark hour comes that the gods have
decreed,
And the Fury burns with wrathful fires,
A demon unholy, with ire unabated,
Lights with black doom on the halls of the fated,
And the recreant son plunges guiltily on
To perfect the guilt of his sires.

First Half-Chorus.

But justice shines in a lowly cell;
In the homes of poverty, smoke-begrimed,

* A sentiment often recurring to the contemporaries of Æschylus. We are told by Herodotus of the warning which Solon gave to the rich Crœsus; and the tale of the ring of Polycrates bears a similar import.

With the sober-minded she loves to dwell.
But she turns aside
From the rich man's house with averted eye,
The golden-fretted halls of pride,
Where hands with lucre are foul, and the praise
Of counterfeit goodness smoothly sways;
And wisely she guides in the strong man's despite
All things to an issue of RIGHT."

Such glowing verses, which abound in the poems of Æschylus, may satisfy the modern utilitarian reader, who requires useful and edifying instruction from a poet, that the morality of our old Athenian is not altogether worthless because "ethnic and idolatrous." We must again insist upon this merit, although we do not hold moralising to be the poet's immediate object. Æschylus is supposed, in the comedy of Aristophanes, to assert for himself the merit of "making men better in the state;" but it is a very inadequate and partial view of his moral purposes, which only supposes him to say, to his successor on the Athenian stage:—

"See now, what sort of men I left them to you;
Did I not make them valiant, six feet high,
Not, sneaks that shirk the duties of the state,
Not venal hucksters, parasites, as now;
But breathers of the fury of the spear,
The sword, the plumed helmet's triple crest,
And armour,—stout their souls, as if in seven-fold bull's hide welted!"

It is true, the veteran of Marathon *did* this for his people, "making a drama full of Mars,—which everybody seeing would love to be a soldier,"—but he did more; he taught them to be modest, to be honest and chaste, to abstain from iniquity and revere the gods. He chose, for his poetical subjects, detestable and notorious *crimes* of the heroic age, but he used them very differently from the French and other authors of romances of wickedness, in the present day. He never, by treacherous sympathy, beguiled the audience to become accomplices after the fact, nor by sophistical pleading palliated its hideousness. He never presented alluring pictures of sinful indulgence, or leers and whispers of amorous wantonness. The adulteress and her paramour do not give a hint, on the stage, of their nefarious intrigue. The punishment of the crime is conspicuous as it is terrible: the scandal of the sex is mourned over, both in the case of Helen and Clytemnestra, but is not paraded in a fascinating aspect. The great spirit's dispute with Euripides upon the principles of their poetic art, in the shady world of departed spirits, contains the justification of his method in this, and several other respects, and also, in our judgment, a sufficient reply to the complaint of bombastic language; for ought not heroes and demigods to speak with large and high emphatic words? Nothing can be more amusing than the whole of this disrespectful scene in the comedy of the "Frogs." We find, in the remarks of the frog chorus, an admirable, humorous description of the peculiar style and manner of Æschylus:—

"—— The deep-thoughted bard,
With equestrian harmonies gallopping hard,
Will floor in the fight
The glib-tongued wight.
The stiff hair of his mane, all alive for the fray,
Bristling and big from the roots he will ruffle;
His black brows he will knit, and terribly bray,
Like a lion that roars for the scuffle.
Huge words, by rivets and spike-nails bound,
Like plank on plank he will fling on the ground,*
Blasting so bold
Like a Titan of old."

It is time for us to quit the old hero, and we have quoted no specimens of what is, properly, his *poetic* gift. We are less concerned to pick out fine verses from the poetry of our three friends, than to help our readers to appreciate their tone of thinking and feeling. It would have been well, if we could have found space, here, for the eloquent rhapsody of Droysen, in which he describes the *sentiments* that prevail throughout a tragedy of Æschylus,—sultry thunderous gloom in the commencement, rising alarm and desperation, horror paralysing all attempts to escape,—then, bursting fury of the irresistible tempest, the spread of ruin and desolation,—and after the catastrophe, after the withdrawal of the grim cause of all this woe, satiated with destruction, the dawn of a more peaceful day, and the chastened comforting thoughts of the grateful survivors. But, we should take exception to the idea of a mysterious tyranny of Fate, enclosing the bewildered victim in ever-narrowing circles. "There is no destiny or fatality of any kind in the Æschylean drama, other than that which, according to the Mosaic record, drove Adam out of Paradise,—that which has been provided by a divine decree, seeing the end from the beginning." The responsibility of action, and the eternal contradiction between individual freewill and the dependence of the *event* on the consequence of existing circumstances,—such is the import of this man's poetry. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

And what else, but this profound consciousness of human responsibility, is the substance of Dante's poetic message? In the dedication of his Divina Commedia to the prince of Verona, the author says, "that the meaning of it is not single, but it may be said to contain many meanings. The subject of the whole work, taking it only literally, is simply the condition of souls after death. But if we consider the work in its allegorical sense, the subject is, how man, by his own free will, owing to his merits and demerits, is rendered liable, in justice, to rewards and punishments." The scope of this Vision of Retribution, with its various allotments of bliss or despair, befitting the character of its inmates, is to present an imaginative view of the varieties in

* We must again acknowledge our obligation to Professor Blackie for this spirited piece of translation. The original ῥηματα γομφοπαγῆ πινακηδον αποσπῶν we should have despaired of rendering; but the metaphor exactly describes the tumultuous rush of the poet's sentences, poured out pellmell, as it seems, yet knit together firmly by arbitrary and forced modes of construction.

the moral condition of men. The names of historical or contemporary persons, notorious to the poet's readers as common examples of peculiar vices and virtues, were employed by him, as representatives of their class. It is *not true*, that Dante prostituted this privilege, (a dangerous one, we admit, which no writer for the *press*, who addresses a general public, is justified in assuming, with regard to the persons of his own time,) to the gratification of his own vindictive spirit, upon the memory of his personal foes. The men who had injured *himself*, such as Corso Donati, and others who were a party to his worldly ruin, are not included in the population of the Inferno. The Florentines, whom we do find there, are those, only, whose habitual vices and errors had already made them a scandal to the city; such as Filippo Argenti, the town bully, and Ciacco, the glutton, Cavalcanti and Farinata the unbelievers, and the profane old teacher, Brunetto Latini; who are all persons that have been stigmatised with certain kinds of infamy by the novelists and historians of that time. Besides, the convicted criminals of the day, the robbers, the murderers, and peculators of the public purse—the conspicuous instances of treachery and usurpation in political affairs,—all these might be associated with the evil characters of poetry and of ancient history, to exemplify the condemnation of wicked practices. That the poet, in this summary disposal of their names, indulged a cruel or malignant disposition,—that he desired, or consented to, the damnation of any individual soul,—even, that he pretended seriously to decide any single case,—would be inferences quite as unfair, as it would be, to ascribe to Byron, to Coleridge, or to the gentle Shelley, poets who have dealt in curses and prognostications of torment, rather liberally, but with perfectly harmless intentions, a proportionate degree of malice. Dante was not a libeller. He gathered together, with no precise examination of their merits, a host of good and bad reputations of the living and dead, which he distributed, in a provisional arrangement, according to their supposed character: but the purpose of deliberately criticising that mixed multitude of ancient and modern, fabulous and real, persons, never was in his mind; they are, all, only the conventional types of the moral states, with which the popular opinion associated them. Now, if we reflect on the suggestions of our own consciousness, we shall find three essentially different conditions of man, in which, as a moral being, it is possible to conceive him; namely, that of reprobation or utter degradation of the moral nature; that of disciplinary effort and endurance; and that of holy and serene security. These ideas, (of which, it need scarcely be observed, only the mediary state of discipline *can* be actually exhibited in man's earthly career,) prevail amongst those who have speculated upon moral and religious topics, in every age. They are represented by Dante, in the picture galleries of his Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; where the propensity of each individual, according to the principle expounded by Swedenborg, "that man after death remains to eternity of the same quality as his will or ruling love, the delights of which are turned into the things which correspond to them," becomes the perpetual source of appropriate eternal conditions; "exhaling," as Swedenborg would say, each a peculiar atmosphere of *quasi*-physical circumstance, in which the soul, being sensitive although indestructible, is entertained as it deserves to be for ever. The immediate object of Dante is to delineate the mythology of the future life; his secondary, or allegorical, design is to display the actual world of man's own spiritual nature; for, "that man may be in freedom, as a means of his reformation, he is conjoined as to his spirit with both heaven and hell." The many legendary descriptions, of superhuman discoveries, which had been granted to ecstatic saints, supplied to the poet much of the material, and the pattern, of his composition; the object of it being, in this view, to illustrate the doctrine of immortality. Without going back to Plato, and to his *post mortem* resurrection of Er the Armenian, we may remind the reader of the wild story of St. Patrick's cave; that of the fabulous isle of St. Brendan, (which the superstitious enterprise of Spanish sailors, scarcely a hundred years ago, sought in the Atlantic;) the story of a pious visionary of Northumberland, related by Bede; the oriental tale of the three monks of St. Macarius; the famous ballad of St. Paul's descent into hell; the visions recorded by Pope Gregory the Great; and, in general, of the production, during many centuries of mediæval history, of a very considerable mass of these religious fictions; which have been thoroughly sifted by two or three recent writers, (especially by M. Labitte, in two essays which appeared first in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and latterly also by M. Ozanam,) for the express purpose of tracing the poetic sources of the "Divina Commedia." These remarkable creations of excited curiosity and of miracle-desiring faith, fantastic as they appear, frequently are beautified with touches of tender pathos, and of elegant fancy; but we are forbidden, by the want of space, to recite any of them here. "All the poetry of the middle ages," says M. Ozanam, "was full of these spectacles of eternity. But, just as the dreams of night are made up of the thoughts of the day, so the poets fancied what the people believed. The people believed, then, in the commerce of the dead with the living; they believed eternity to be accessible to pure souls; they believed in visions. There were no tales which the children heard more eagerly from their mothers, or the men from their priests, than these which the priest got from his books. I blame neither the books, nor the priests, nor the mothers, and I see nothing more worthy of respect than this despised credulity. I find in it the most estimable, and also the most inexorable craving of humanity,—the craving for the Infinite. It wanted, in that age, still two hundred years to the period when man circumnavigated this earth; he knew not, as yet, either its extent, form, or situation; but he had known, long since, that it is *too small;* he wished to look above and beneath.

In accordance with this universal longing to conceive the future world, the genius of Dante, gathering together every hint which could be furnished to him by monkish manuscript, or street ballad, or preaching friar, by the painted altar-piece or the stone-carved screen of a church, by the mystery-plays and by the sacred procession through cathedral aisles,—adding, to all the religion, all the science of his age, all incidents of history which he had ever read, and the experience of an adventurous life,—constructed the "Divina Commedia." And, as it was the task of twenty years of his mature age,—as it was, not only "the sacred poem, in which both earth and heaven had a hand," but also, "that which had made him lean, with its long toil,"—so it *must*, in addition to its direct and its allegorical significations, possess a third character,—the autobiographical, in which, to our eyes, its import is most interesting. It is the Pilgrim's Progress of an individual spirit; the passage from the perilous perplexity and wilderness of his worldly life; through the pit of guilty despair, of loathsome existence, unavailing remorse, and sullen hatred; then, by supernal aid, having escaped out of hell, and having issued upon the silent penitential shore,

"Where the grieved and obscure waters slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope,"—

the toilsome, wholesome climbing of the Hill Difficulty, encouraged by the kind counsel of angels, by the companionship of wise men; lighted by the cheerful sun, or the strange luminaries of the unknown southern hemisphere; admonished by seraphic music and the sculptured images of human history, on the pavement which is trodden by his weary feet,—then, after admission, at the summit of the purgatorial ascent, into the serene abode of primal innocence; after beholding the symbolical triumph and procession of the church; and having exchanged the guidance of gentile philosophy, personified* in the Latin poet, for the pure eyes and the tender smile of Beatrice, who is identical with that Divine Wisdom which the poet had served as the mistress of his youthful aspirations, the sublime rising, by strength of loving contemplation, up into the celestial region, the regulated freedom of the circling stars, and the inexhaustible ether of immortality,—the constellation of radiant spirits who shed the glory of their nature as light, and glow most vividly, in the rapturous pauses of their melodious conversation. And if the poetry of Dante *means* all this to us, why should we criticise its accessory features? Admitting, that the Inferno has too much of gross and revolting, and the Paradiso too much of theological discussion,—that the mechanical preciseness of measurement, and formality of his plan, in describing the situation and distance of the different compartments, impairs the poetic effect, and is a serious fault if compared with the more impressive vagueness and immensity of Milton's creation,—we say this is, although not one of the most perfect poems, one of the sincerest, and substantially truest,—in spite of the errors of his creed and human judgment, and of the ignorance of his age,—one of the most truthful testimonies of imaginative genius in favour of the religious sentiments common to mankind. Nor is its tone the dull constrained one of ascetic severity. We are refreshed, every now and then, emerging from the nether gloom, with a glance at fair nature, "nel aer dolce che dal sol s'allegra,"—with azure glimpses of the sky, and the verdure of dewy grass. We hear, in passing, the warbling bird; we recognise the notes of that lyre, among the sweetest and earliest instruments of the Italian art of song, which had fondly been attuned to please the ear of Beatrice Portinari, that brief blossom of maiden loveliness; the lover and the artist combining the charm of exquisite sensibility, in Dante, with the experience and resolution of the statesman, and the studious devotion of the Christian scholar of "divine philosophy, musical as is Apollo's lute."

In the mind of Milton, too, this combination has been observed, of a lofty and strong nature upon which the Graces bestowed all their adorning care. But, we shall not commit the great imper-

* Nothing is more puzzling to those who begin to read Dante without previous inquiry into the literary and sentimental *fashions* of his age, than his system of personifications. To such readers, *Virgil*, selected as the guide through the infernal regions, is a stumbling-block at the outset. The sixth book of the Æneid, in which the poet, whom Dante had studied so fondly, as the only master of epic poetry he knew, leads the way into Tartarus, does not account for the extraordinary deference and submission he pays to Virgil. But it was always, in the middle ages, a popular opinion, that Virgil was a powerful necromancer and magician; miracles were wrought at his Neapolitan tomb, and the chance opening of his book was an oracle, the first words of the page were infallible prophecy. Moreover, it was believed by doctors of the church, that, in the fourth Eclogue, Virgil predicted the advent of Christ. Another Roman, Statius, is allowed by Dante to partake the honours of Virgil, in the Purgatory, because *he* is supposed, in the reign of Domitian, to have been a concealed Christian. The female personages, whom Dante gives us, as symbols of certain graces and moral qualities, will not appear so strange to those who are familiar with the frequent use of these figures, in the morality romances and dramatic allegories of the time. The affected gallantry of the troubadours, combined with the habit of Catholic Mary-worship, rendered the whole treatment of this mystical design, by Dante, quite consistent with the custom of other writers in his age. There is not, in the "Vita Nuova," or in the sonnets of Petrarch, any real falseness of sentiment; but there is what seems to *us*, as sober English tradesmen, a great deal of chivalric extravagance and excess of devout rapture. The *real* Beatrice Portinari was, doubtless, an amiable and sweet-souled girl, whose sisterly tenderness, and sympathising counsels, had tended, when Dante was a melancholy, passionate and shy youth,—such as he describes his youth in the "Vita Nuova,"—to purify and elevate his nature. The other feminine persons of the "Divina Commedia;" as St. Lucia, who represents enlightening grace; Rachel and Leah, who were often, by fanciful religious writers, quoted for the respective virtues of active and contemplative life, are well known. In general, *everything* in Dante has an allegorical, as well as a literal interpretation; and everything is appropriate, in accordance with the usages and the creed of his age.

tinence of attempting to analyse a genius, which has been made the subject of discussion by so many of the profoundest, and by some also of the most popular, critical writers of our day. What Macaulay and Channing, De Quincey and Wilson, have said so truly and so well, need not be repeated by us; and several very shrewd and comprehensive essays, which have appeared within the last few months, must now be fresh in the public mind. The poetry of Milton is what every educated Englishman is expected to know by heart,—not verbally by rote, although a hundred of his verses, and of his classic phrases of expression, *do* constantly abide in the memory, and issue forth spontaneously, as well as in familiar quotation; Milton and Shakspeare are, indeed, everything to us, which Homer ever was to the Greeks,—our text-books of the nobler knowledge of the humanities. It is unnecessary that we should cite instances from a volume which lies with the Bible in every English home, and which is the best, often the only, literary treasure of the common man. If we may suggest one *desideratum* in the range of Miltonic criticism, it is, the special determination of Milton's relations to the delightful imitator of Italian romance, Edmund Spenser; whose attractive gift, of sweetening the "deep conceit" of moral wisdom with luxurious, even luscious, condiments of sensuous fantasy, had enchanted the most refined and capacious minds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; does not Shakspeare confess,

> "And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned,
> When as himself to singing he betakes;"

and does not Milton, in his gravest theological discussions, take pleasure in borrowing illustrations from the Faery Queen, and commend its author "whom," he says, "I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas?" In fact, the poetry, too, of Milton abounds with signs of his attachment to the English *improver* of Ariosto and Tasso, who

> "In sage and solemn tunes has sung
> Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear."

Spenser's cave of Mammon, and the journey, by the iron car of Night, to Pluto's house,—which belong to himself, not copied, like other things, from the Italian,—are truly Miltonic; and so, the hellish figures of Sin and Death, the building of Pandemonium, and many other scenes of Paradise Lost, of which no one can dispute the invention with Milton, are truly Spenserian in their character. But we must recur to the remark, that his originality is, after all, manifested most immediately in the forcible sincerity of the *sentiment* which animates every sentence he ever wrote. This sentiment is, the dignity of upright human nature, the "beauty of holiness," the adoring homage that he offers to moral integrity; and, as consequent upon this, his indignant repudiation of all external pretensions to conventional majesty; constituting, as we have observed, the essential spirit of the new era, which reveres nothing but the divine element in humanity, and honours man,—

> "A creature who, not prone
> And brute as other creatures, but endued
> With sanctity of reason, might erect
> His stature, and upright with front serene
> Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
> Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
> But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
> Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
> Directed in devotion, to adore
> And worship God Supreme, who made *him* chief
> Of all his works."

This is the theme of Milton; but if he approached such contemplations, his experienced wisdom could not allow him to indulge them in the fallacious way of certain amiable, though self-deluded humanitarians,—like the wondrously rich, but too prodigal Shelley, who regarded man as no flawed and inconsistent creature, but as formed,—*if* religion, trade, and law could only be abolished, to give his education fair play,—a "high being, of cloudless brain, untainted passion, elevated will." Milton knew better, what was in man. He felt the immeasurable distance between right and wrong in action. That awful alternative, "Wilt thou join with the dragons? wilt thou join with the gods?" as Carlyle has it, seldom has been elaborated into more tremendous amplitude, than Milton presents it, in the astounding climax of his appeal to the nation, then all tremulous and surging to prepare for the war of principles; he reminds them of "that day when He, the eternal and shortly expected King, shall open the clouds, to judge the several kingdoms of the world;" where "*they* undoubtedly, that have been earnest for good," shall receive glorious titles, "and in the beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasure for ever. . . . . . . But *they* contrary, that by the impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to rule and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life, (which God grant them), shall be thrown" . . . . . the rest of the curse we will not venture to repeat. Milton was intensely oppressed with this conviction of responsibility; as with Æschylus and Dante, it resolved the direction of his poetic genius, and brought him to consider the origin of moral evil, "of man's first disobedience," and the profound significance of that venerable Mosaic mythical tradition,—

> "The heinous and despiteful act
> Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
> He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
> Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit."

The free-will and fallibility of mankind,—there lies the material of our three grand religious poets. They strove to mould this primal subject in the form of the sacred mythology of their churches, already popular with reflecting and pious minds. They chose different sides of it for illustration; Milton ascended to the source of that sad contra-

diction, between the actual degradation and the noble destiny of our race, in

> "That forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world and all our woe;"

Æschylus limited himself to exemplifying the self-inflicted vengeance of excessive passions, and the earthly punishment of the wicked, by the whetted knife of Fate, and "the Fury, with dark-bosomed ire;" Dante endeavoured to expand the process of retribution throughout three spiritual worlds, and to show the eternal consequences, as well as the intrinsic character of all the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad.

We have finished. The kinship of the great Poets, whose names have been often mentioned together, has been clearly made out. The line that we predicated, drawn from the centre of their hearts, and predominating in the artistic course of their genius, depends on their single-minded consistency in the pursuit of a fixed moral aim. They dealt truly with the realities of human life, and did not evade its difficulties. They made use of "pity and terror," to "purge the heart" of the world with the medicine of tragedy. It was among the mountains, and by the plaintive sea, that we began to study them in this comparison. The hills and the waves, the clouds and stars,—these invariable objects of poetical invocation,—are mighty and sublime; but there was, in the books we carried with us, in the heart we carried with us, that knoweth its own bitterness and joy, the strife of its own hopes and anxieties, and its own insatiable wishes, a power beyond the things of earth, of the ocean and the sky; a moving interest, an inestimable importance. And, if we could recal, in person, these victorious souls,—if we could meet the large eyes of Æschylus, gazing at the fiery eruption of Etna which he saw, thinking how the huge bulk of a flame-spitting Titan lay crushed beneath the tortured mountain,—if we could walk on the lonely Apennine paths with Dante, or enter into the sublime darkness of Milton,—we would not question them of scenery, or natural phenomena. No; taught by these masters of the knowledge of life, we would learn what it behoves ourselves to do and to suffer; we would receive, across the shifting ages, the agreement of their testimony to God, virtue, and immortality.

THE COUSINS.

A TALE OF OLD SCOTTISH HISTORY.

The following is not meant to be a piece of satirical imagination, but a tale of truth, such as I have found it recorded in certain family archives; although I change both names and dates in such a manner, that, I believe, if there be any parties interested in the original, they will not recognise its bearings in any of the references I may give. The scene of the narrative is placed as far back as that period when Scottish chivalry had so hard a task in withstanding the onset of Edward the First's legions. The latter had laid waste the lowland provinces of the northern kingdom, but as yet had made but a partial impression on those secured by the great Grampian belt. On the southern side, and under the shadow of this misty barrier, it was that the ground of conflict was, at this precise time, principally maintained.

A range of soft blue hills, crested in many places with shaggy pine, embraced in their semicircular sweep a beautiful sheet of water, called Loch Torry. On an April evening, when the sun was low in the west, a pair of riders approached the spot from the same quarter. On reaching the edge of a long declivity, which ran down to the plain that expanded itself on the only open side of the lake, the shadows of their own figures and those of their horses, thrown far forward by the slanting beams of the sun, lighted on the person of a shrouded man, who was sitting on a grey stone, surveying the splendid panorama with absorbed interest. The horsemen also paused, for never had either been arrested by picture so striking. The most absolute silence brooded over nature, except where a plover piped shrilly from a marsh, or a seamew went wandering with its strange cry through the air. The bare slope on which they stood, and the plain below, for miles composed an unbroken expanse of heath and bog, without a single shrub, and hardly a verdant spot. A wandering river carried away the superfluous waters of the lake, and here and there a birchen clump haply wept above its stream. But in amply redeeming contrast to these features of wild solitude lay the glassy sheet of the loch beyond, with a small islet like a dark gem on its bosom, and giving foundation, as the travellers could discern, to a warlike keep, whose turreted defences were clearly pencilled against the water. The sun's red splendour spread across the smooth surface of the loch, and even caught the bright spear-point of the sentry on the battlements. Behind rose the round blue ridges of the eastern hills, which again were clouded on the north by the great dusty forms of the Grampian mountains.

When the riders had admired sufficiently, they turned towards each other. It is proper to say they were both cavaliers, or young knights, of the highest training, and of perfect fashion. One, who rode a strong bay steed, was tall and handsome beyond the requirements even of an age, when such qualities were in highest request

among the brave. He was armed at all points, and his arms sat on him with that indescribable cast, which at once betrayed his noble birth and education. His age could not have been more than three-and-twenty, though much exercise had embrowned his face, and even broken in some degree the glossy brown hair that curled under the beaver of his helmet. No one called his features handsome, although strong and manly and lighted by a grey eye, broad and flashing as the eagle's when animated by internal fire.

The other knight was in most respects a contrast to the one just described. His person was slight and of low size, although muscularly knit, and he rode a small jet black charger, wiry and fierce as the Desert steed. His dress was neither so rich in material, nor so carefully arranged, and with such effect, as that of his companion; and on the thin regular features, seen beneath their border of close black hair, there was less breadth of spirit displayed, though perhaps not less genuine chivalry than marked the first cavalier. However that might be, many would, I have no doubt, have chosen him as the more prepossessing of the two. His manner was calm, and his dark eye reflective.

From the conversation interchanged by these knights, it appeared they had, for some days at least, been close comrades, and had advanced, although the ways were most perilous, in their present unguarded fashion, from the southern border of the kingdom. The goal of their journey seemed to be within their view, at the moment of their pause; and, indeed, partly from a half doubt if such were the case, as well as from emotions of uncontrollable admiration, it was they had come to a stand. After slight debate of these circumstances, their eyes lighted on the shrouded figure already noticed, and the taller, and as it seemed the elder, rode forward, just as the man, startled by the shadows, had arisen. He was a mere youth and in a rustic garb, though most averse, either from shyness or some cause of grief, to allowing more of his face to be seen than he could help. When the warrior saluted him, he gazed in stolid silence, without making any reply. At length he did an obeisance slightly, and stammered a low-toned apology.

"Can *you* tell us, boy," said the knight, after cursory examination, "whose tower is perched on the rock yonder?"

"Do *you* purpose going thither?" said the boy, in reply, after a moment's pause.

"Mayhap we do—but what is that to thee? It could serve no end of yours, I wot," he added, in a contemptuous style, "to know whither we tended, sirrah."

"No," answered the boy, in the same low tone; "but I desire to gain yonder tower myself, and would be glad of your company—your protection. I will answer your query therefore. The chief who rules over castle and loch is Sir Hubert de Twisedale, a knight of no mean name, as ye may have heard, and once an English march-keeper. But he won a Scottish heiress, the Lady Jane of Torry, whose stronghold sits on the water yonder. I have heard she has lost—or Sir Hubert has lost, which is the same thing—vale after vale of broad possessions, till they are now all but landless. Sir Hubert is at present cooped-up yonder like an eagle in its last resort. The English keep guard in various posts not far distant, and wait, it is said, but a proper occasion for descending upon him, even in what has been thought an impregnable retreat."

"They should beware, lest it be the viper biting at the file," answered the knight pleasantly, and winking to his comrade. "But come, youth, thy tongue runs glibly, and savours of southern extraction; besides, thy news are in high acceptance. Canst tell us more of this sturdy Sir Hubert?"

"Truly," answered the lad, after a considerate pause, "nothing particular, unless I mention that he is sore pressed, not for counsel, but for cavalier recruits, such as ye seem to be. Your services, if you are to proffer them, will be welcome, I doubt not. True, I heard of a boy—a nephew of Sir Hubert, and by name William de Graeme, who was expected to lend assistance. He is of English birth—at least, born on what is called the debateable ground, and of English education, and a clerkly youth I hear. But, then, the boy hath no resolution of purpose, and cannot be looked to in need."

The person addressed by the speaker blushed between ire and shame, at these quiet words; while his comrade calmly smiled. It appeared the former was the William in question. "How say you? boy, sirrah!" he exclaimed, almost menacingly.

"Even so," answered the speaker, without being disturbed. "As you judge, I am from the opposite border, though of Scotch extraction, and bearing a true feeling for the wrongs of my mother country. My forefolks have been retainers of the forefolks of Sir Hubert for many a race bypast; and when, not long ago, I was left fatherless, to care for myself, I vowed to seek him in the land of his adoption, and serve with the burly knight, as of old my fathers had done under the Twisedale lords. So you may judge if my knowledge of border families be not correct. And I can swear by St. Andrew himself, that this William de Graeme is but a wavering boy, and not one whit a warrior for the times."

The fire-spot glowed on the cavalier's cheek, and he even raised his lance; but the younger cavalier interfered and induced him to refrain. "Hast ever looked on this springald you decry so mercilessly?" at length he vociferated.

"Nay," said the boy, calmly as before; "but my gossips have related that he is but a tinkered up youth, of very unwieldly size, and most ungraceful shape, besides entertaining a set of features no Merry-Andrew at market would seek to covet."

"Worse and worse," cried the younger knight, now in an uncontrollable fit of laughter at his companion's perplexity.

"Pshaw!" muttered the latter, when he at length found a tongue, and pricking his horse quickly forward. "Walter de Polmaise, there

may be those who could at will take you as roundly in the hip — so, pr'ythee, cease thy guffaw."

The eyes of the younger rider were running over with merriment; but as they went forward he gradually restrained himself, in respect of his companion's sullenness. The unlucky wight of a lad followed, with what speed he could, some paces behind. "William," at length said Walter de Polmaise, as he had been addressed, "I beseech you give me pardon. But, beshrew me, if yon fellow pulled not, at a venture, marvellously like as he had knowledge of his game. However, let there be no bad blood betwixt us, because of his silly chatter."

"Why," returned William, magnificently, "I care not a rush for the matter, now that I am cool, only at the time I longed to curry the clown's ribs with the butt end of my lance, hadst thou permitted me. As it is, we have won something of good at his hands. I was convinced of being right, that yonder was Castle Torry. I paid mine uncle a visit many years ago, when I was but a slip of twelve summers or so, and have some indistinct dream of having moved in this picture before."

"Then have not you seen Sir Hubert since?" inquired Walter, with interest.

"I think not," answered William, musing. "I am certain I have not. Though his nephew, I have, from the circumstance of his being a stern, unflinching, Scottish man, ever since his marriage, lived far apart, seeing our family possessions (barred though they now be) lie too much on the English side for us rising scions to appear as if tampering with our proper allegiance. So I was educated in England; and believe me, Walter, I speak without vanity when I say, I am no contemptible scholar. I can show thee clerkly exercises that would amaze thy comprehension."

"Indeed," said Walter, with yet stronger interest; but recurring to the original topic he added, "On your trying to recal what you may have retained of your visit to these scenes, is there no special person, or thing of special moment?"

"No, unless it be that I remember leading you by the hand on yonder battlements, and receiving a reprimand at the hands of your cousin, the stately Lady Jane."

"Not my cousin, she is cousin of my mother."

"Well, it was a reprimand for advancing you too near the edge, and feigning to fling you from the giddy height."

"Ay, she was ever a kind mother to me, ever since my own was laid under the turf," said Walter, with true feeling. "My father was killed by Highland marauders, while I was yet in infancy; my mother stood not long thereafter the oppression of cares and grief; and it was then the Lady Jane made me her own, and reared me for years under her own eye. She lavished equal kindness on me, I dare to say, with that she bestowed on her only child, my cousin Isabella, as I love to call her."

"And mine too, in truer sense," repeated William, "which, by the way, reminds me that she must now be a well-grown girl. I remember her a child some six years my junior, and climbing to my knee that she might embrace my neck with her fondling arms. I may let thee into a secret, Walter, concerning this matter," continued the speaker, with his former magnificence; "it was once thought advisable Isabella and I should be educated for each other — lord and lady — you understand."

"What! within forbidden degrees?" exclaimed Walter.

"Tush! The law of forbidden has not come so far north, man," replied William. "Besides, it is not a matter of forbidden degree at all, but one of love; in the court of love alone can the question be tried, and verdict given."

"You speak then as if the case were *still* possible," rejoined the other, with a faint smile. "You and I have been companions in camp abroad for some three years now, and after various episodes of a fanciful attachment, on your part, to this, that, and the other fair dame, I guessed, by your own account, that you had settled at last, and that within not many months back, on casting in your fate with a reigning beauty south of the border — somewhat of distant kin to you, if I wot aright too — lovely as early summer, and one whose heart you had entirely won, and to whom you had solemnly plighted."

"No more of that, Walter, as thou lovest me," cried William. "I gave you all in the profoundest confidence, and not even to my own ears was the tale to be uttered again. Besides, we are just on the loch's edge, and must give signal."

Accordingly he wound a blast on his bugle, that rang over lake and mountain, and was borne on far echoes in distant vales. Thrice the note was repeated, till a reply was wafted over the water from the tower. In a few minutes thereafter a boat was seen to shoot out from the rock. The warriors meanwhile dismounted and stretched themselves on the grass, while the youth, who followed at some distance, placed himself on a high stone, and surveyed the advancing craft, as it came lightly over the water. It presently reached a rude sort of quay, and showed four stalwart fellows armed to the teeth in its management. The knights embarked with the country youth instantly; and having disincumbered their steeds of their gear, they brought them, after a short struggle, to plunge into the tide. Holding them by the bridle reins, they then pushed off, and the snorting animals nobly swam for it. Few minutes sufficed to bring them to the rock. Gradually it enlarged on their vision — a bare retreat, though, here and there in a nook, showing cultivated patches, and having its loftier edges and peaks crowned with embattled and turreted walls, gloomy and massive. Sir Hubert had expected his nephew's arrival, and with some attendants was in waiting at the small landing-place. He was a stout knight, of ordinary stature, with short grizzled locks seen beneath his steel headpiece, a keen grey eye, sharp mouth, and strongly cut nose. His whole air spoke vivacity, and decision, and sturdiness. With these he united manners of the

politest, and a smile now and again playing on features once and even yet handsome, that ladies must secretly have aspired to win. He received the youths most heartily, and led them immediately off to the inner court. A steep, narrow, corkscrew stair gave access to an upper chamber — the only one of state in this eyry — and here was found the Lady Jane. She was tall for woman, and of most comely aspect, with pale but regular features, a hazel eye, dark and soft, and raven hair having yet all its pristine gloss. The proud neck and the curled lip were not less in their prime. She vied with the knight in spirit; and in harmony, bating their pleasant banter (which truly but served to evince the harmony the more), they were most conspicuously one. Sir Hubert ever declared on honour he had been nigh stormed by fair ladies in his youth, soliciting his hand; but his wife had, by her superior fervency, borne off the bell, like St. Anthony's grunter.

"Ay, to knead a mongrel Southerner," replied the lady, "into the shape of a parcel decent Scottish knight and true man."

"Which kneading accounts for arms and shoulders of mine being black and blue over night, goodwife," rejoined the knight, with a burst of merriment. "But where is Bell? She will recognise her cousins, I wist."

The Lady Jane had given the youths a most cordial welcome, and now signalled to an attendant to bring refreshments, while another summoned "the lovely Isabella." Presently in walked this object of general request. She was a girl still under seventeen, but tall and well filled in figure— a figure too of rare symmetry and rounded beauty. In face she more resembled the knight than the Lady Jane. It was not a face of angelic beauty, but rather of sweetness, intelligence, and yet not a little hauteur. The head was developed in a fulness and proportion that at once seized the eye, while clusters of very dark brown hair hung in dishevelled profusion on her ivory neck. With much of womanly manner and appearance she had not yet lost that air of girlish attraction of which the romantic fancy most approves. William de Graeme forthwith imagined her most wonderfully altered—grown —improved—and in his secret heart, not lovely perhaps, but most loveable. Was he in love at first glance? Be that as it may. Isabella received both with kindness, although perhaps giving a warmer smile to Walter, since he had more recently been her companion. This reception seemed to make Walter perfectly happy, after the quiet disposition of his nature; and presently he was seated by Isabella's side, giving her a glowing relation of all he had seen and undergone in his late vicissitudes abroad. She listened and smiled with her clear eyes and sweet mouth, and, as William's furtive eye declared, was altogether a girl of decided fascination.

But Sir Hubert drew his attention by his warlike details. He chuckled over the accession of two such stalwart volunteers; and as he seized the wine-flask, with a hand that played about it with the familiarity of old usage, he pledged their healths most beseemingly. His tower, he declared, and as they might see by making inspection, was a very beehive of warlike order and working. Every element they could command was in preparation and indeed ready. "A lousy Englisher, they call Peter de Wode, a cruel, crafty hound," he said, "lies at L——, and vows to have his will of us water-scarts some fine day. But he may come out to shear, and go home shorn, my lads; as, I pray God, we may have speedy opportunity of showing."

Hereupon the Lady Jane gave a long and perhaps somewhat tedious detail of all the vicissitudes they had undergone, their losses, and their retreats, within the past few months; ever indeed since the disastrous battle of Falkirk had been fought, in which the Scottish hero, William Wallace, had, through the foulest treachery, suffered defeat. She concluded by asking how and where the young knights had spent the interval of some couple of months or so, during which their arrival from the South had been daily looked for. To this William gave answer by describing the aspect of things southward, and the desperate shifts of circuit and skulking to which they had been put, in making their most tedious way.

"Well, now that you are here, make the most of it!" said Sir Hubert, rising briskly.

"Yes, yes," thought William to himself, "in more senses than one, if I had my own inclination only to satisfy. But we shall see."

Meanwhile the knight guided them to overlook the defences of the place, and to point out, while heaven's light yet lasted, all the points of necessary interest in the surrounding district — necessary when the times and their peculiar situation were considered. As they progressed round the little citadel, and the deep shades of evening fell, Sir Hubert gradually got engaged in earnest converse with Walter about foreign scenes; and, by and bye, as the knight's hearty laugh echoed through the building, these two turned a corner, leaving William in the rear, and now quite alone. It was a little retreat, cultivated as a garden, and having a small turf bower, where seated, a person might dangle his feet over a small parapet into empty space, sheer above the rippling water some dozen feet below. In this place and posture William seated himself. His abstraction had increased till now he held with himself an internal soliloquy; and I am nigh ashamed to confess, that it was somewhat to the following purport. But mine eyes have perused the inevitable record, *et litera scripta manet.*

"Who would have thought it," said he, "that the gallant, the handsome, nay, the princely William de Graeme, as some flatterers have called me, should be so victimised? What do I feel for my cousin Isabella? Nothing like the care of an elder brother, as of old — nothing like the kind care of near kinship — nothing like the disinterested favour of an ordinary acquaintance — but, if I am not blind to my own emotions, it is love — absolute love. Yea, here is a scrape! First," he said, counting off on his fingers, "there was G——, a girl whom I devotedly loved, and to whom I vowed faith un-

dying; secondly, M——, who received a similar pledge, when G—— was jilted; then came F——, whom I thought I loved most deeply of all, but a short week drove her from my recollection; lastly occurs Geraldine. All these named were scattered at wide distances, and not within compass of my native home. But Geraldine is of nearer tie — of kin to me, both by birth and marriage — her father's towers within sight of those once my father's — my love to her avowed to the separate heads of our houses, and an engagement solemnly contracted between us. Not three months it is since we parted in grief and despair — I to win my spurs when I would return and claim my bride, she to waste, in solitude and longing, the hours that should elapse till my return. But, alas, poor Geraldine! I remember still her exquisite beauty and sweetness; but my love for her, I fear, was nought. At all events, the avowal on my part *now* of fervency and truth would not be worth a silver groat, if at any time it was worth more. I am the most unlucky of youths — in endless scrapes through this folly of love fever — and now in what may be the worst scrape of all, for to Sir Hubert I *must* behave with uprightness that can know no wavering. The affections of his daughter must, in my eyes, be sacred, in whatever light I may eventually be interested in them."

With this doughty resolve, the fickle youth arose, for the vesper bell was tolling over the loch, from the highest turret. He sought the supper-chamber, and there joined the company as before. Sir Hubert loved his wine, and so the bravest hours of the night were consumed in revelry, in which William bore an active, Walter almost an entirely passive, share. Isabella retired early with her mother. As the girl's rounded form vanished at the door, William, who had manifested before her a hilarity of manner and spirit, which she seemed to greet as most approved gallantry, considered with himself — "Hitherto it has been with me — *Veni, vidi, vici.* Shall it be so once more, and is this sweet girl in reality doomed to be mine?" The same thought recurred, as after a drowsy chat with his friend Walter, both of them stretched themselves on separate couches, in the same sleeping apartment. "My cousin!" murmured the restless youth, "who would have thought it? Is it within possible things that we may yet be united? There is the forbidden degree — and there again is Isabella's own inclination, which I half dreamed to-day was towards Walter — and there, last of all, is the disposition of the Lady Jane and that of her father. The Lady Jane, I know, sees a very dear relation in this poor Walter — whereas Sir Hubert may be my friend or not, as the whim might seize him. The point seems to be, whether they could ever dream of Isabella being mine. If proposed, would their amazement not equal their aversion? Wherefore, again I must warn myself to exert caution."

He slept and slept soundly on the top of his generosity. Next morning he was ready to see and admire as before; and with every glance, it is to be remarked, he imbibed new and copious draughts at the fountain of love. Still, not much time was permitted for this agreeable diversion, since, as much as possible, Sir Hubert kept his men busy at exercises of discipline, when, of course, the young cavaliers had to give chief countenance; and when these exercises of discipline were intermitted, others of a convivial nature came on, at which they were also expected to bear a ready part. Walter usually did his duty in both respects lightly, and was off on some little business or other of ingenuity and adventure, till the whole garrison learned and admired the elasticity and hardihood of his character. William, with higher bearing, was less the soldiers' man; and it was thus, on escaping from the knight, he was oftener found than Walter in his cousin's bower, where she sat, it might be, at her embroidery, or perhaps touching the lute or harp, both of which she played exquisitely. The acquaintance then seemed thus running on admirably, when, all at once, a little trifle occurred, which somewhat marred the even course of events. While, one evening, he sat within the turf seat, spouting in Isabella's ear some verses of his own composition, a sentinel suddenly glided across the range of their vision, in a distant angle of the court. There was something other than usual in his step and glance, as he glided past; and as the cousins mutually witnessed both, and marked them, the incident set them on reflection. William discovered the soldier to be none other than that same youth who had, on the evening of his arrival, been his own and Walter's companion across the lake. This was the first of a series of apparitions of the same kind, in which the lad invariably presented himself, with the same stealthy step and peculiar glance, at the most inopportune moments. At length, so palpable was the incident, that to its indirect influence William imputed a gradual coldness and caprice of manner, which Isabella now began most tantalisingly to show. Now she was cordial—her eyes would sparkle, and her colour came tumultuously, as he met and greeted her; again she strove to avoid his very presence, and, if in his company, to place herself anywhere but by his side. Such caprice cost him, as was to have been expected, many an uneasy hour. His conquests had hitherto been easy, and the trial of meeting with indifference, and, much more, with positive aversion, was not less intolerable than novel. Sometimes he would exhibit a proper degree of spirit, as he thought; and when all the old attractions of person and manner had produced but small effect, he would feign indifference and loftiness on his side in turn; but he never found that this answered his purpose one whit the more. What then was to be done? He was pledged to Geraldine—yet it was certain, in his innermost heart, he loved Isabella. Yet that he might not inveigle the latter into either attachment or even the slightest hint of love, he was, if possible, resolved—for he had yet his spurs to win, and, ere that, could not avow his wish and second it with the offer of his hand. If prematurely, then, he should engage with his own cousin, where

would fate land him, suppose, between that engagement and the expected consummation on his obtaining knighthood, another "change might come o'er the spirit of his dream" (as past experience had taught him, even in all his fervency, to fear). It was a hard question; and sometimes, for this very reason, he blessed his stars that Isabella did entertain reserve, at whatever cost to his pride and his love together. For that aided him in maintaining the resolve he had made, that neither tongue nor hand would commit him so egregiously in his love here, as on several occasions both had already done. He became the victim, therefore, of highly pent-up passions. But a worse degree of these even was awaiting him.

He was one evening hanging over the parapet, a few feet above what was called the turf walk, and which more than once he had traversed in Isabella's company. He was gazing, in a gloomy fit of thought, over the placid extent of water, where it lay in the nearly level rays of the western sun, "a burnished sheet of living gold." Suddenly the clank of arms and the tramp of a footstep below arrested his attention. Looking down, he beheld the young recruit already more than once alluded to. Presently, as he paced to and fro, and seemed in thought as deep as that of William himself, a light form glided along the walk, and was close beside him ere he perceived. Both gazed attentively at each other; but Isabella (for it was she), bending her head to the sentinel's deep salute, was passing on, when, after a struggle of hesitation, to William's surprise he recalled her by name. "Think me not insolent, lady," said he, "if I presume to say a few words of warning to you. Heaven knows I do it with a faithful purpose."

Isabella exhibited amazement; but her calmness of temperament enabled her to suppress the feeling outwardly, and to listen with urgent curiosity.

"You are, I fear me, in love," began this most trusty man-at-arms, with as much of question however, implied in his tone and words, as confident assertion.

"That is presumptuously enough, but still fairly said," answered the lady, coolly. "Go on."

"But I fear also, if your affections are fixed on William de Graeme," went on the undaunted youth, most earnestly, "they hang by a rotten and treacherous bough."

The cavalier above, on hearing these words, gave a start in his concealment, and would have leaped down to take the slanderer by the throat; but the appearance of his cousin caught and arrested his attention. She first flushed, and then grew pale. The very name of love to William de Graeme, it almost seemed, was the mention of an idea that had never occurred to her, and which some obstacle of nature or accident prevented her from taking in as even a possibility. She passed her hand across her forehead in thought—then reflected, with her eyes set keenly on the speaker—and finally, with a rapid vivacity, she exclaimed, "Your speech smacks as if you had something to lay to my cousin's charge. Is there such a thing, and what is its nature?"

"Yea, there *is* such a thing," answered the soldier, firmly. "It is that he has already more than once avowed love to ears of hapless victims, who trusted to his faith and were deceived. Finally he is, at this instant, under engagement to one who is, as people estimate, both lovely and young and innocent. I can certify the very name if you desire it, lady—for you know whence I come, and what is my hereditary duty to your father's house. Yet this last engagement will not, I judge, be more sacredly kept by him than those preceding. Once again he will approve himself man-sworn and niddering."

Isabella, with much interest, put a few more questions, which sufficiently elicited information that told sadly in William's disfavour. She then thanked the youth, and after looking at him more closely than ever, as he shrunk back the cape of a huge surcoat drawn up about his features, she smiled proudly, and telling him to apprehend nought for her, she moved off. Meanwhile, William's burning shame and horror may be conceived. Yet what help was there for it? Every word spoken was truth. To attack the lad for his bold charges would only tend to make matters worse, and throwing him into the loch be a resort very little better. Then candidly to expound to Isabella his by-past history would involve the very declaration of love he wished above all things, in the meantime, to repress, and might, moreover, waken feelings that no after effort would be able to quench. In such circumstances, after he had watched until he saw Isabella return calmly from the turf seat, he slowly wended his way into the castle's interior. He saw her no more that night; and in a most unenviable frame of mind he sought his couch, to toss restlessly upon it through the greater portion of the night. He bitterly envied the deep slumber which Walter derived from the exercise of active, deliberate, and most decisive powers.

On the day next, and for several days, the manner of his cousin, to his astonishment, was not any different from its former bearing. But all at once it underwent a change. She would shake him coldly by the hand—the face that never had before been turned to his, without a mutual smile being interchanged, turned freezingly or disdainfully away from his glance—and the tones of the voice, that used to address him gleefully as a child, were now those of slight and disregard. At first he could hardly believe in the revolution. The Lady Jane still prosed affectionately to him of her family history, and Sir Hubert still loved him as his right hand trencherman, and his counsellor in matters connected with the impending warfare: but what amends could these circumstances make for the dead weight that now, without cessation, oppressed him? His misery went on increasing by the hour. In the first place, such had been Isabella's previous caprice, that he could not offer the slightest opinion as to what her feelings might be, or rather have been, towards him. He could not therefore be judge whether, at present, her conduct—distant and even coldly and insultingly unkind—was dictated by pique, or by decided

aversion. If pique, as his half-strangled vanity once or twice suggested, he might still hope to comfort himself; if, however, positive dislike, as in his gloom of spirits he was most apt to believe, there was nothing before him but despair. Who could have believed it—the gallant, handsome, ever-conquering cavalier, William de Graeme, foiled, tortured, and completely set at nought by a young inexperienced girl, whom, not many years before, he could well remember having dandled on his knee? In the plight to which he was reduced, with rising spirit he would sometimes take resolution of appealing to Isabella herself, on the score of her unaccountable conduct; but then in came the bugbear of the declaration, which past experience had given him at length firmness sufficient to keep sealed within his lips—and so the idea of an explanation was relinquished. How then was it possible to put an end to this torment of suspense?

In an impetuous moment, he resolved to confide in Walter; but even this resort was denied him. As if to add tenfold to his agony, his eyes became all at once open to the fact—or its appearance at least—that Walter was his rival. Isabella began to smile upon him with more than mere grace. He was seen constantly planting himself by her side, as opportunity offered; and she was seen as constantly receiving all his advances with a frankness, which, in his heart, William would fain have considered most heartless coquetry. The Lady Jane also seemed to favour his budding aspirations; and between mother and daughter, Walter was basking in the sunshine of favour and bliss. All this while, William wandered about, the victim of gloom and despondency, his whole mind occupied in most dismal reflections on the consequences of his infirm resolution, and casting about various plans which might enable him to abandon, at once and for ever, the scene of so much hopeless torment, and seek his fortune elsewhere. Yet it was hard to decide. He had occasionally "observed some glimpse of joy;" not that Isabella ever relaxed the most invidious distinctions which had all at once begun to mark her conduct, but that he discerned, or thought he did at least, some token of particular favours on the part of the good knight and his lady, which gave him hope that they were not indifferent to his cherished thoughts. But, again, how could these be at all matters of cognisance to them? He had never disclosed a whisper of his love; and though his gloomy and abstracted air might tell a tale, how could it be that their conjectures should hit so certainly on the cause?

He was witnessed, one morning, in his strain of "melancholy madness," pacing alone the loftiest battlements. Sleep now never refreshed him. He arose haggard and worn from his couch — food hardly passed his lips in a measure to sustain the severe exercises of the day; and the wine he often drank with avidity, if haply he might drown his care, seemed rather merely to seethe than inspire his brain. Suddenly, as he stood looking over the calm mirror of the lake, and at the distant blue hills on the east, his thoughts wandering bitterly from his own forlorn condition to the recollection of his past folly, and especially to the memory of the forsaken Geraldine; his eye caught, among the distant mountain pines filling the gorges of the hills, the glance of moving steel. In a moment his attention was absorbed. A long line of armed figures moved stealthily under the forest cover, and was swallowed up in the hollows about the base of the hills. There could be no doubt this was the menaced English force under Sir Peter de Wode at last. Sir Hubert had long expected him; William, therefore, hastened to inform him of the signs of coming conflict. The information resounded in a minute throughout the little garrison. Every man was without delay afoot, and the whole place rung with the hoarse calls of the men to each other, the rapid tramp of their feet, and the lumbering of war engines in the stains, or on the battlements. All eyes were then fixed on the distant shore.

This Sir Peter de Wode was a most redoubtable champion of the opposing party. He was famed throughout the country, alike for his unheard-of ferocity and his invulnerable skill. The anticipations then, from his present movement, were both anxious and well-grounded, on the part of the garrison of Loch Torry. The suspense was, however, not doomed to be lengthened. The heat of the day had hardly passed, when the English force had deployed into open position on the shore. It seemed a formidable band of men, literally clad in steel; and, by their regular array, a leaguer of no ordinary character might be expected. A long line of tents speedily arose like exhalations on the ground; and the red banner of St. George, pitched into a mound in the centre, had its broad folds shaken from the staff and given to the wind. These preparations having been made, a small boat was seen pushing off from the shore, and with a white flag in its prow rowed swiftly across for the islet fortress. Sir Hubert instantly turned out at the head of a gallant detachment; and, supported by his nephew on the one hand, and Walter de Polmaise on the other, took up his position on an esplanade, right above the fortified landing-place, there to receive his unwelcome (or welcome as he counted them) visitants. He stood with his fine martial figure thrown slightly forward in advance, his eye keenly directed, and his hand resting on the pummel of his sword. The blue flag of Scotland, with its huge lion rampant, was streaming from the loftiest battlement, right over his head.

It was at this moment of somewhat critical interest, that the Lady Jane was stationed with her daughter in a deep window recess, directly overlooking the scene of interview between the two redoubted champions.

"Observe, my daughter," said the former, "how handsome in figure and noble in air is your cousin William. In all my experience, and it has been much both in court and camp (this was a favourite asseveration), I tell you I have never seen youth to compete with him in personal accomplishment."

Isabella affected to notice neither the youth nor

the remark, and Lady Jane, after a short pause, saw fit to return to the charge.

"And if my observation serve me right," she continued, glancing askance at her daughter, "William has a heart capable of as noble thoughts, and a hand of as noble deeds, as his eye and carriage are those of princely majesty."

"Opportunity must have been very backward to him then," at length said Isabella, with a slight laugh, "since he has not as yet become famed for one or the other. There is cousin Walter, on the other hand, known even now for the part of a daring and most chivalrous warrior."

"Cousin Walter!" echoed the lady, opening her eyes wide. "Why, he is but a boy, and a boy, moreover, of no more than ordinary parts, though a good and generous enough youth in the main. Walter has no more pretensions to stand by the side of William, I trow, than has yonder old grey beard villain to mount the throne of Scotland."

Isabella compressed her lips in silence, as if she had a different opinion, and was satisfied to maintain it, while her eye settled on the scene going on without. Her mother, on the other hand, was for a little while unable to overcome the astonishment she had displayed. She was an astute woman in most things, but here was a little entanglement which seemed to defy her penetration. "Ay!" she muttered, "this gear needs mending, I trow; Cousin Walter, indeed!"

Meanwhile, perhaps, the thoughts of her daughter were not, after all, of the precise nature her words would have indicated; for her eye, after wandering over the group round the landing-place without, was caught by an incident which there at the moment occurred. Sir Peter de Wode, coming alongside, had stood up in his barge, and, after exchanging grave salutations with his foe, was leaning forward, as if desirous to touch the rock, that he might come even into personal contact with Sir Hubert. But from the awkwardness of his boatmen, or the difficult nature of the landing-place, he failed in effecting his object. Thereupon William de Graeme, seizing the end of a birchen rope, which was strung through a ring in the side of the rock, sprang lightly off the quay into the very centre of the English crew. Peter de Wode, grimly showing his teeth in the centre of his shaggy beard, instantly collared the impetuous youth with his left hand, and with his right pointed a gleaming dagger at his throat. But William was not to be so daunted.

"Grip for grip is fair play, as we say in Scotland," he exclaimed, taking the fierce old knight by the breast, and in turn predominating over him with his lofty form, and his steel knife ready for instant service. Both for an instant stood in such unfriendly embrace—the eyes of Sir Peter gleaming like lighted charcoal, and his nether jaw, with its garnishment of shining tusks, showing like that of some beasts of prey, while William, overtopping him by a head, his eyes flashing broadly, and his lip curled in angry disdain, was the very impersonation of a young Hercules. The half-struggle elicited a shout from the garrison, the chief share of which went of course to the credit of William's fearless daring.

"Ye can say much, my springald," at length, said the English warrior, slowly relaxing his hold, "when ye can say that your hand was on Peter de Wode's beard. At another time ye could not, I wot, draw it so easily to your side again."

"At another time, I wont be wanting in the boldness to make at least a fair trial," answered William, undauntedly, now springing back on the rock, when, by pulling on the rope he still held, he had brought the boat completely alongside. Sir Peter de Wode laughed aloud, with the bitter cachchination of the hyena, but made no further reply than by stretching out his hand to Sir Hubert with the words, "Sir Hubert de Twisedale, we have often heard of each other, and that, meet when we might, we would prove no mean foes. I come on purpose to clasp your hand and drink a cup of wine with you, if it be your pleasure, ere we engage in strife. Will you thus pledge me, that our strife will not be the sham of novices, or the vain courtesies of your carpet knights."

"With right good will," cried Sir Hubert, wringing the proffered hand with a grin, not less deadly than that with which Sir Peter proffered the grasp. He then shouted for flagons to be forthwith brought; and on these being filled to the brim with the blood-red liquid, he wrung Sir Peter's hand once more. "Do me reason," he cried, lifting the cup to his open visor, "as, with the help of God and St. Andrew, I am ready to do you, whenever ye choose to come on."

The English knight took the deadly pledge—grim illustration of those savage times—and with their hands mutually enclasped, they at the same moment raised their cups, and, with eye fixed on eye, drained them to the bottom. "Now," added Sir Peter, turning to push off, "I shall rise from the water's edge yonder, when, like the vulture, I shall have drank the richest blood of my prey."

"Ay," replied Sir Hubert, "but bear in mind the eagle has yet a feller swoop than ever vulture made. Yet fear not—ye may be stricken, but the nobler bird has no taste for carrion blood—it will only be spilled upon the ground, there to corrupt in the face of heaven."

Such was the parting taunt, as Sir Peter, with a wave of his hand, signed to his crew to push off, and presently the boat was again plying its way across the water. Those on the rock stood watching its progress, until it was seen to touch the distant beach, and the upright form of the English warrior sprang ashore. "He is an astute old villain yon," said Sir Hubert, turning with alacrity once more to look to his defences. "Noted you the keen survey he took of our rock and its appointments? His scheme from the first was one of espionage. Nevertheless, he shall get as good as he can give. Away, men! Every soul of you is in luck, that ye have the chance of paring the claws and plucking the beard of yon untamed tiger."

Meanwhile, Isabella, as I have hinted, had witnessed the feat performed by her cousin William. At the moment, when it seemed the

knife of the English knight was glistening about his throat, she uttered a slight scream, and her face was covered with the pallor of death. At the shout of applause beneath, her fixed eye beamed with a glow, which it was difficult to characterise, and the tumultuous colour visited her neck, cheeks, and brow again. Leaning slightly forward, with intense interest, she watched till William was safe again upon the rock, and disdainfully, yet with his own splendid air, sheathing home his enamelled dagger. It would be impossible to say what flurried her maiden bosom at the moment, and riveted her burning eye upon the noble youth. In an instant, however, recollection seemed to flash upon her; she glanced fearfully to see if her mother had noted her emotion, but that lady, engrossed with admiration of all that had taken place, and watching what was now proceeding with the flashing eye of her warrior race, had evidently not noted her agitation; and for this she secretly thanked heaven. But scarcely had the ejaculation been formed, when the shadow of a human figure behind arrested her eye; and, turning hastily, she beheld the young sentinel, who so strangely seemed interested in her fate, and who at the present moment was standing a few feet off, gazing at her with melancholy eye and haggard face, as he leaned on the end of his battle-axe. Isabella, in spite of herself, shook in every limb: she tried to summon up spirit to repel the strange influence this stranger had imperceptibly acquired over her, but in the attempt she failed; she felt she had been detected, and as she grew red and pale by turns, she could only relieve herself by pretending an earnest interest in the progress made by the English barge, as it was rowed swiftly over the lake. Presently her lady mother hurried away, that she might embrace the gallant William de Graeme, and add with her indomitable spirit to Sir Hubert's cheer—and as she vanished, Isabella caught the opportunity of retreating in haste to the privacy of her own chamber.

The castle speedily resounded with what seemed preparations for a banquet of rejoicing. And such was indeed the case. Sir Hubert could in no way more satisfactory to himself show the warrior glee with which he entered on the deadly contest with the English foe, than by a night of drinking and merriment. All were summoned to be at their posts. Amongst others, William de Graeme did not fail. He had in the meantime received rounds of congratulations on his intrepid bearing towards the tiger-like De Wode; and, if I must confess farther the faults of his nature, nothing gave him so keen a pleasure as the faint smile with which Walter de Polmaise informed him of the general admiration of his conduct. He looked at the speaker with an eye that sought to pierce his very heart, and the meshes of bitter envy he wished to believe enveloped it. His exultation was only momentary, however. He went off to meditate and sigh heavily over the secret of his baffled love. But perhaps he had one more chance yet. He carefully, therefore, arrayed his person, and with a throbbing bosom found his way to the banquet hall. The good knight, Sir Hubert, and his lady sat in their places at the upper end of the table; and, ranged along the huge board in their several degrees, towards the other extremity, were placed the greater number of those composing the feudal garrison. William watched eagerly for his cousin's entrance. To his dismay, she appeared in all her maiden loveliness, hanging on Walter's arm; and yet farther to wound him, seeing what side of the board he had assumed, she deliberately directed her cavalier to find places at the opposite side. William sat down in calm despair. Not a muscle trembled, although the passions of grief, love, and rage boiled tumultuously in his bosom. He kept himself calm by a preternatural effort. The hour dragged on in the midst of revelry and tumult. He drained wine-cup after wine-cup, hardly ever raising his eyes to where the cruel Isabella sat, as he now blamed her, in heartless coquetting with the excellent Walter. At length, as he looked round him, he caught the Lady Jane's eye resting stedfastly upon him; and when he would faintly have smiled and pledged her in a cup of wine, she plucked his sleeve with a kind remonstrance, and whispered over the edge of her goblet, as she raised it to her lips, "Cheer up, man! You have not a bodle's worth cause for sorrow, I tell you."

William started and reddened, but did not see clearly what her words indicated. He was not allowed time for reflection; for presently the boards were cleared and removed, the pipers took their places at one end, and, in the midst of the crash their instruments on the instant made, Sir Hubert led out the Lady Jane to the dance. The floor was speedily crowded. William, summoning up a desperate effort, made towards where his cousin stood by Walter's side; but she caught the signs of his advancing purpose, and hurriedly saying something in Walter's ear, both glided away, and took up their places amidst the shouting throng. William stood petrified for a moment at this crowning insult. But the very extremity of his case gave him calmness, which, in no other circumstances, could he have hoped for. He cursed Walter, he cursed his own folly and infatuation, and owned in his heart that his guilt and falsehood were but receiving their merited recompense. Whenever he could, he made his escape, and went out on the edge of the rock, to breathe the soft air which came wafted across the placid surface of the loch. It was a dark, starless night; but the glassy sheet of the water, as well as the back ground of gloomy hills, was indistinctly visible. He paced along the brink of the crag, in the full luxury of his miserable thoughts. In spite of Isabella's coldness and disdain, he felt that he still fondly, nay madly, loved her; all his past attachments of passion had been but mere child's play to the storm of vehemence and fire to which he had now fallen a victim. His every thought of vanity, whether in his accomplishments, his person, or his spangled dress, was levelled with the ground; and he thought only of his loving to madness, and his being spurned and hated in return. He stood still, with clasped hands, looking

over the gloomy tide, and envying the depths of peace and rest down in its bosom.

But suddenly the dash of an oar smote on his ear, and in an instant thereafter it was repeated. Bending his eye intently into the gloom, he presently discovered an object moving over the water's surface, noiselessly, but for the faint ripple, the dip of the oar every now and then raised. It came close under the rock, containing, as he was enabled to discern, but one tenant. Just as the latter stepped off on the steep flight of steps leading up to the first esplanade, William, who had silently descended, laid a firm grasp on his shoulder. The assailed party instantly unsheathed a dagger, when the cavalier, gazing closely into his face, perceived, to his amazement, that it was the young Border recruit once more. The recognition was mutual.

"Young man," said William, after a moment's consideration, "we seem connected by some mysterious link. It strikes me your face is not so strange to me as it has hitherto seemed."

"If it had ever remained a stranger to you, it might have been better," answered the boy with a troubled voice. But, recovering himself, he added, "Are ye aware what danger there is around the citadel?"

William signified his ignorance by a gesture of surprise. "Then," said the boy, "know that, in this skiff, under shade of night, I have visited the English defences, where you see the camp-fires gleaming on the shore yonder, and have approached so near as to see what the plans of De Wode are. His men are toiling in gangs in the erection of a strong, deep, and broad embankment, meant to cross the outlet given to the waters of the loch, and so gradually to dam them up, until they rise and sap the foundations of our fortress here."

The boldness, and almost chimerical nature of such a plan, struck the mind of the young knight with extreme interest. He questioned the boy, once and again, till at length the latter, peevishly answering he had no farther time to prate in the chill night air, made as if to push past him, and leave him to his meditations.

"Stay one moment," said William. "Let me tell you, young man, I have a strong though indefinite interest in your history. Your present news testify to your unusual enterprise and intelligence alike; and should an hour of crisis come, my eye shall not be off you, and my hand, in danger, will be near to succour you."

The boy was then permitted to pass; when, mounting the steps lightly, he might have been seen to pause, with a long fetched sigh, at the corner of the esplanade, and there, leaning his head against the cold wall, indulge in a few bitter sobs; but as he heard the heavy step of the cavalier ringing on the stone ascent, he darted hastily away, and was lost in the gloom of the quadrangle. The sentries, pacing on the battlements, seemed to have been made aware of his secret enterprise, for he passed in and out unchallenged.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SOMETHING TO EAT AND DRINK.

UNDER the title of "The Panthropeon,"* M. Soyer has published a work of goodly dimensions and equally goodly aspect, in which he has carefully gathered from resources old and new, an astonishing amount of information upon the subject of the viands which omnivorous man in all ages of the world has been accustomed to eat, and the liquids which it has been his pleasure to drink. In the true spirit of a veritable Amphitryon, preparing a magnificent banquet for his guests, our renowned *chef de cuisine* has had an eye to the ornamental and the graceful in the performance of his task; and though he is not professionally a maker of books, but a maker of no end of other things which it is much more agreeable to criticise, he has put forth his volume as he would furnish forth a feast, in truly magnificent style, and enriched it with admirable plates illustrative of his great subject. In turning over its ample pages we seem more like guests bidden to a banquet, than critics summoned to judgment, and feel much more inclination to wander from sweet to sweet, and regale ourselves with the good things set before us, than to pick a quarrel with their arrangement, or to carp at the effect of the whole, albeit it might be susceptible of improvement. The work is dedicated to the Genius of Gastronomy, a subtle spirit supposed to have his residence somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, and whom we cannot suppose to be hypercritical with respect to literary undertakings, whatever he may be with regard to those of the kitchen: let us be excused, therefore, if leaving the literary merits of the author to the appreciation of others, we confine ourselves on the present occasion to the subject upon which he treats, and select for the amusement and edification of the reader a few of the delicacies and curiosities which it has cost him the labour of years to prepare for our entertainment.

"Tell me what thou eatest and I will tell thee who thou art," said the gastronomic Frenchman. M. Soyer is evidently gifted with the like penetration, and he holds it as a maxim, that the

* The Panthropeon, or History of Food, and its Preparation, from the Earliest Ages of the World. By A. Soyer. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1853.

manners of individuals, their idiosyncracies, inclinations, and intellectual habits, are modified to a certain extent by the nature of their food. According to him, mankind before the Flood lived innocently upon fruit, vegetables, and milk—and not till the Deluge came "to modify this state of things," did the art of cookery, which he calls the "magiric science," begin to enlighten the world. The origin of the art is, however, involved in much obscurity, and we do not see that any of the legends which are cited in this volume, are a whit more worthy of credence, or throw any more valuable light on the matter, than Charles Lamb's famous "Dissertation on Roast Pig," which must have been suggested by the mythic tale of the Goddess Ceres and a trespassing hog who met with a similar fate to that recorded in the famous Dissertation. Pig, however, once tasted, could never hope for a reprieve from the butcher's knife. Though forbidden to the Jews by the Mosaic law, the Greeks ate him in the heroic ages, and before the advance of luxury had given birth to professional butchers, the warriors of Homer killed their own pork, as well as dressed and devoured it. With the advance of refinement came the butchers, who spared their patrons the disagreeable task of slaughter, and sold meat by the pound in the markets of Athens, weighed in the scale as now. At one period the Roman butchers sold meat by *mication* in the following way: The buyer shut one of his hands; the seller did the same; each of them suddenly opened the whole, or a few of his fingers. If the fingers were even on each side, the seller had the price he asked; if they were odd, the buyer gave the price he offered. This was the old Roman way of "splitting the difference," but it was suppressed in the year 300 by a decree of Apronianus. The Romans were especially a pig-eating race, and retained their fondness for pork from the foundation to the decline of their empire. The Cretans abstained from it in order to offer it to Venus; the Egyptians fled from the sight of pigs as unclean beings whose presence defiled them. Neither the Phœnicians, the Indians, nor the Mahomedans would eat them. On the other hand, the Greek and Roman sages maintained that nature had created the pig for man's palate—that he is good only to be eaten, and that life was given him only as a sort of salt to prevent his corrupting—an opinion which seems to have been practically followed down to our own day. The Romans discovered fifty different flavours in pork, and under the hands of their skilful cooks, swine's flesh was often transformed into delicate fish, ducks, turtle-doves, or capons. With them the Trojan hog, as we all know, was a favourite dish—it was a gastronomic imitation of the horse of Troy, its inside being stuffed with myriads of small game. The mode of its preparation is described by M. Soyer.

For a long time it was thought by the ancients a sin to eat the flesh of the ox, the friend of the husbandman. Homer's heroes however were not very scrupulous. Menelaus offered roast beef to Telemachus, and Agamemnon presented it to Nestor; and an ox was frequently roasted whole for a feast of Grecian heroes. Before their time Abraham cooked a calf and served it to angels in the valley of Mamre. Moses places the ox in the first rank of animals whose flesh is allowed to be eaten. Hippocrates praises ox-flesh as nutritious, but thinks it indigestible; among the ancients it appears to have been generally roasted, but was sometimes boiled and eaten with sauce. Among the early Romans the ox was so precious that a citizen was banished for killing one that was his own property.

The lamb was one of the first animals offered in sacrifice, and was slain by most ancient nations for that purpose. The Greeks were so fond of its flesh that the magistrates of Athens were obliged to forbid the eating of lamb which had not been shorn. The Romans were equally so, and the flocks of the Campana hardly sufficed for the exigences of the capital. In patriarchal times the kid was as much a favourite, and Moses ordained that either might serve for the feast of the Passover. The Egyptians, whose god was represented with the legs of a goat, abstained from killing a kid or eating its flesh. Among the Greeks it was considered a dainty, and the kids of Attica brought a high price. At Rome too they were highly prized, and the most delicate were fattened at Tivoli.

The Roman peasants found the flesh of the ass palateable, and the celebrated Mæcenas having tasted it, introduced it to the tables of the great and rich, but the fashion of eating it lasted no longer than his life. Since his death, however, numerous Mæcenases have introduced no end of asses to the tables of the great, and that fashion has not died out yet. Galen compares the flesh of the ass to that of the stag. It is said to be eaten plentifully in the *guinguettes* of Paris, under the denomination of veal. Many nations consider the flesh of the dog excellent. The Greeks ate it, and Hippocrates was convinced that it was a light and wholesome food. The common people of Rome also ate it. The Hottentots in Africa feast on the flesh of the elephant; and Le Vaillant the traveller resolved, the first time he partook of an elephant's trunk, that it should not be the last, but he preferred even to that the foot of the colossal quadruped. The Greeks devoured the hedgehog, and the Roman peasants made a good meal of the fox. The camel was eaten both by Greeks and Persians, and the Arabs consider the flesh of the young dromedary equal to veal. The Roman ladies fed on the flesh of the stag from a notion that it was conducive to longevity.

In the early ages of the church, poultry was regarded as a food for fast days, the rule of St. Benedict interdicting only the flesh of quadrupeds, and that of St. Columbanus permitting the consumption of poultry in default of fish. The cock was an object of worship in Syria; among the Greeks and Romans he figured more as a warrior than an esculent, but was gladly eaten by the lower orders. The hen was reckoned a bird of ill omen among the ancients, who sought to diminish their number by eating them. In Rome the art of

fattening them and of imparting a peculiar flavour to their flesh was perfected by M. L. Strabo, a Roman knight. The rage for fat hens grew at length so great that C. Fannius, the Consul, passed a decree forbidding the fattening process, fearing that not a living hen would be left in the empire. Fortunately the new law said nothing about young cocks, and the capon was invented, and was received with such transports of delight that the destruction of birds was greater than ever, and the Consul repented too late that he had only named hens in his sumptuary law. In old times the Egyptians hatched chickens in ovens: in the last century Reaumur recovered this art, which was thought to be lost, and it is practised at the present day with the most satisfactory results. The duck, being such a good swimmer, was sacrificed in compliment to Neptune. Ducks were always served at the tables of the rich Greeks, but the more wealthy Romans only offered to their guests the breast and head, returning the remainder to the kitchen. The goose had its praises sung by Homer, and it was the favourite dish of the Egyptian monarchs. A sentiment of gratitude endeared them to the Romans, as by their noisy clamour they had formerly saved the capitol, and they were reared both in town and country to guard the house. At the anniversary of the deliverance of the capitol from the Gauls, the Roman people regaled themselves with boiled dog. At this solemnity a goose, laid on a soft cushion, was carried in triumph, followed by an unhappy dog nailed to a cross, whose loud cries amused the populace; thus they commemorated the signal service rendered by one animal, and the fatal negligence of the other. But time effaces the impression of gratitude, and for a century at least before the time of Pliny the Romans had learned to eat goose; and by a perfidious art, they fattened them delicately in darkness in preparation for the spit. The most luxurious eaters, however, valued only the liver, and this they contrived to increase to such a size that it often weighed two pounds. Pliny says that Apicius found means to increase the livers to a size almost equalling in weight the whole body of the bird. Goose is eaten in England on Michaelmas-Day, because, says report, Queen Elizabeth was dining on goose when the news was brought her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The turkey was long unknown to the Greeks, there being no Turkey in Europe during their palmy days. Sophocles is the first who mentions it. In Egypt it was still more rare. It was first introduced into Rome in the year 115 before our era, where it was regarded as an object of uncommon curiosity. In a century later they had greatly multiplied, but afterwards declined again. Two were exhibited as curiosities at Athens about the middle of the sixth century. It is said that the moderns owe their introduction to the Jesuits who imported them from Asia or America. Hurtaut asserts that the first turkey was introduced in France at the wedding dinner of Charles IX., and that it was admired as a very extraordinary thing. Bouche, the historian of Provence, declares that the French are indebted for the turkey to King Réné, who died in 1480; and Beckmann again denies its existence in France previous to the sixteenth century. We cannot decide amid these disagreements; one thing, however, as M. Soyer shows, is certain, and that is, that wherever the turkey comes from, there must be two to eat it — the gourmand and the turkey. The English first tasted this new dish in 1525, the fifteenth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth. The peacock had prodigious success among the Romans. Quintus Hortensius was the first who had them served in a banquet; and the novelty made an extraordinary sensation at Rome, becoming so much the fashion that no feast was thought complete without them. Marcus Aufidius Livio contrived a way to fatten them, and made above £50,000 by their sale. Horace preferred them to the finest poultry. Tiberius reared them, and put to death a soldier who had the misfortune to kill one. Ultimately they were voted indigestible, and were served up in their skin and feathers to be looked at, but not eaten. Among their feathered game the ancients numbered the flamingo, of which they ate only the root of the tongue — the ostrich, of which Heliogabalus had six hundred slain for a single supper, the brains being the only edible part — the stork — and the crow, which last was thought by the Alexandrians a dish unequalled in delicacy!

With the Romans the love of fish became a real mania: turbots excited a furor of admiration — the *murœna Helena* was worshipped. Hortensius the orator actually wept over the death of one he had fed with his own hands: the daughter of Drusus ornamented hers with golden rings; each had a name, and would come with speed when it heard the voice of the master. Sometimes in a moment of tenderness for his dear murœna Helena, Vedius Pollio, a Roman knight of the highest distinction, and one of the friends of the Emperor Augustus, could find nothing better to do than to feed them with the flesh of his slaves, who were thrown to them alive. Seneca speaks of one who had the awkwardness to break a crystal vase while waiting at supper on the irascible Pollio. This unfortunate slave having managed to escape from the hands of those who were conducting him to this horrible death, he went and fell on his knees at the feet of Cæsar, whom he implored to inflict some less frightful torture. Augustus, moved to the very soul, granted him his liberty, had all of Vedius's vases broken, and ordered that the pieces should be used to fill up the reservoir in which the barbarous knight fed his favourites.

According to Dio, the early inhabitants of Britain did not eat fish. Under the reign of Edward II. certain fish, especially the sturgeon, were forbidden at all tables save that of the king. King Stephen desired to modify the prohibition, but after his death the royal prerogative was resumed. In France any one might eat fish, but none could sell it without permission from the king. Louis XII. appointed six fishmongers to supply his table. Francis I. had twenty-two, and Henry the Great twenty-four. Under Louis XIV. fish came much in vogue, owing to the marvellous talent of that prince's cook, who imparted to the

flesh of fish the flavour of the most exquisite game. It was Vatel, the major-domo of Louis, who slew himself in desperation, because the supply of fish for his master's dinner was delayed. Among the Greeks and Romans the sturgeon ranked as a royal dish. Martial honours it with a pompous eulogium. It is caught in Siberia of enormous size, and is found still larger in Norway. M. Soyer informs us that the Russians make caviare from the spawn of this fish — and he might have added that the Russian nobility devour the roe raw mingled with the creature's blood.

All classical readers know the favour with which the mullet was regarded by the Romans. Their cruel luxury required that this fish should be cooked by a slow fire, that the guests might gloat on its sufferings before they satiated their appetites with its flesh. Mullets of two pounds weight cost at Rome fifteen or twenty pounds each. Crispinus bought one of four or more pounds for £60, and was astonished at his good fortune. In the reign of Tiberius three of these fish were sold for over £200; and yet accomplished eaters partook only of the liver and the head. Heliogabalus, who imagined prodigies of gluttony, took it into his head to be served with large dishes filled with the gills only, at a cost which would have enriched a hundred families. The tunny was sacrificed by the Romans to Neptune, and but sparingly eaten by them. The Greeks praised it, but good-livers ate only the belly of the fish. It abounds in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and it is a favourite amusement of sailors to harpoon them. They are sometimes caught of immense size, and weighing no less than a thousand pounds. The Greeks are supposed to have been strangers to the merits of the trout, but the Romans assigned it the foremost rank, next to the sturgeon, red mullet, and sea-eel. The cod supplied the ancients with an exquisite dish, and the only fault they found with it was its cheapness. Galen pronounced it excellent for digestion: the Greek cooks sprinkled it with grated cheese. Salmon was not known to the Greeks, and not to the Romans before the time of Pliny, who extols those of the Rhine, and still more those from the waters of Aquitaine. The Scotch peasants of two centuries back were less enthusiastic in its praise, if we are to judge from the fact of their stipulating, when hired, that they should not be compelled to eat it too often.

Among shell-fish, oysters appear to have been the greatest favourites both with Greeks and Romans. The Athenians called them the gastronomic prelude to the supper; they were served at every repast, and generally uncooked. The Romans, as a matter of course, improved upon their natural state, and one Fulvius Hirpinus made a fortune by fattening them with a paste made of honey and wine. The London traders do it as effectually at a much cheaper rate. Apicius is thought to have ruined himself by sending oysters to Trajan while that monarch was absent on an expedition against the Parthians. De Blainville considers raw oysters easy of digestion, but tough and indigestible when cooked. The crab and the lobster found the favour they merited among ancient gastronomists, and had the honour of being eaten by those who knew how to eat. The ancients had not the sense to appreciate frogs. In England they are disdainfully shunned; but in France there is a great consumption of them, especially in the spring. In Germany they eat the whole frog, except the skin and intestine; but in France they are satisfied with the hind legs, which when tender and properly done is a most delicate dish. We may close our account with the fish by stating that in Greece and Italy the polypus was eaten, a frightful monster from which modern stomachs would recoil with disgust.

On the subject of pastry, M. Soyer informs us that the oriental nations were acquainted with the art of making it at a very early period. The Egyptians and the Jews served different sorts at their tables. The enlightened gluttony of the Greeks and Romans inspired them with a host of combinations more or less ingenious. The pastry-cooks of Attica prepared some very excellent kinds, made chiefly of honey, sesame flour, and cheese or oil. The Athenians moreover made admirable dumplings by enclosing delicious fruit with a light perfumed paste. When conquered by Rome, Greece had the glory of dictating the laws of cookery to her haughty enemy. Gingerbread was not unknown to the ancients — the whole of Europe being supplied with it from the island of Rhodes. Rome borrowed from Greece the *artocreas*, a pie of hashed or minced meat mixed with bread, which, with some slight modifications has reached to our own day. Cato, the wise philosopher, has left to posterity the following recipe for a cake: "Crush," says he, "two pounds of cheese; mix it with a pound of rye flour, or, in order to render it lighter, throw in merely half-a-pound of wheat flour and an egg. Stir, mix, and work this paste; form of it a cake which you will place on leaves, and cook in a tart-dish on the hot hearth." Our lady readers can experiment with this confection if they choose.

We must pass now to a moment's consideration of beverages, commencing with beer, the most ancient. The injunction not to drink wine, caused the Egyptians to have recourse to a factitious beverage obtained from barley, mentioned in history under the name of *zythum* and *curmi*, the invention of which was attributed to Osiris. It was a brewst of barley mingled with a bitter infusion of lupins, hops being unknown. Among the Greeks, though wine was the favourite drink, it is yet plain, from allusions made by Æschylus and Sophocles, that drunkenness also ensued from a barley beverage. The Gauls, the Spaniards, and the aborigines of Brittany and Germany, all intoxicated themselves with an infusion of barley; and the northern nations, the Danes, Saxons, and Britons, consumed enormous quantities of the same liquid. Under the Normans, ale acquired a reputation it has ever since maintained. Two gallons cost only one penny in the cities; in the country, four gallons might be obtained at the same price. The use of hops was a German invention. They

were employed in the Low Countries at the beginning of the 14th century; but it was not till the 15th that they were appreciated in England. In the ninth year of Edward II., things being very scarce, a gallon of ale was sold for twopence, of the better sort for threepence, and of the best for fourpence; but the Londoners ordained that, in the city, a gallon of the bettermost sort of ale should be sold for three-halfpence, and of the small ale for one penny only. Though every kind of wine could be procured in England in his time, yet Hollinshed says that ale and beer were preferred. Though beer was not unknown to the Romans, they made but little use of it. The beverages which replaced wine among them and the Greeks were but sorry liquids, fit only to assuage the thirst of the invalid, and demanding no notice here.

Holy Writ informs us that the East was the common cradle of the vine and the human race. Palestine was renowned for its vines; and Moses exempted every person who had planted one from military service and all public duties until the first vintage. The Hebrews were, however, a sober people and rarely made use of pure wine, generally mixing it with water. Some nations had a horror of wine. The Persians, the inhabitants of Pontus, the Scythians, and Cappadocians drank nothing but water. Lycurgus destroyed the vines of the Lacedæmonians, in order to put an end to the disorders caused by intemperance. The best Greek wines were those of Thasos, Lesbos, Chios, and Cos. Italy boasted of the Sentinum, the Falernum, the Albanum, and the Mamertinum, with a long catalogue besides of excellent wines. Old wine is a very old favourite. Pliny says that guests were served with wine more than two hundred years old; it was as thick as honey, and had to be thinned with warm water before drinking. The Romans manufactured made-wines of various sorts — the *passum*, the *dulce*, the *mulsum*, the *granatum*, the *rosatum*, the *violatum*, the *myrrhinum*, — by steeping flowers or fruit in casks of Falernian, and by other artificial means. In Rome, the price of common wine was about sixpence a gallon; at Athens it was thought dear when it cost fourpence. In the early days of the republic, the Roman women were forbidden to drink wine; but the law fell into disuse, and noble matrons often carried intemperance as far as their husbands. Before such license became tolerated, the most atrocious chastisements were inflicted on wine-bibbing women. Micennius immolated his wife on the butt, at which he caught her one day quenching her thirst, and was not even reprimanded for the deed. Another offender was punished with death, for daring to enter her husband's cellar. Her family refused her every kind of food, and she died in the tortures of hunger. Civilisation put an end to such barbarities: and as early as the time of Augustus, we find his consort Livia declaring, at the age of eighty-two, that she was indebted to Bacchus for her long existence. At a later period of the empire, certain sorts of wine were manufactured solely for the use of the ladies. These were the *Adynamon*, or wine without strength, and the *Œnanthinum*, a wine of a stronger description, and prepared for a less effeminate class.

The inhabitants of Great Britain learned from their Roman conquerors the art of planting and tending the vine and how to make wine; but the manufacture never succeeded well in this country, though the county of Gloucester was said by William of Malmesbury to be renowned for its vines, and to produce wines scarcely inferior to those of France. Saint Louis first regulated the sale of wines in that country. In 1585 new laws were framed, and the mischievous interference of the government with the dealers went far to ruin both the trade and the produce of the vintage. A century later some absurd statutes were repealed, and the trade being less shackled became more prosperous. In the reign of Louis XIV., France was divided into two factions on the subject of the respective merits of the wines of Burgundy and Champagne — a question which is hardly yet decided. In the middle-ages people intoxicated themselves regularly once a month, to promote their health — a practice which has not lacked serious advocates to within a very late period. At the same time, habitual intoxication was severely punished. Charlemagne declared habitual drunkards unworthy of being heard in courts of justice, and rejected their evidence. In the sixteenth century drunkenness in public was punished by Francis I. by imprisonment and bread and water for the first offence, private flogging for the second, public flogging for the third, and by the loss of ears and banishment in the case of incorrigible offenders.

Under the head of Repasts, M. Soyer gives some curious details, for which we must refer the reader to his volume. Examples of ancient or modern gluttony are not much to our taste; and whether the hero of such exploits be a Vitellius or a household drudge, he is fit only to take rank with a blubber-eating Esquimaux, to whom fifty pounds of fat per diem is a modest allowance — and we shall decline the honour of his acquaintance. The early Greeks ate but twice a day, taking a full meal but once. The Romans for a long time did the same, and even so late as the days of Cicero it was accounted a monstrous thing to be "*bis die satum.*" Some of their rulers made vain attempts to check the luxurious extravagance that grew with the growth of the empire. Sylla renewed the old sumptuary laws, and Julius Cæsar placed guards in the market, and even spies in the presence of the guests, who were empowered to seize and confiscate whatever was found there in contravention of the laws. Tiberius relaxed this restraint and allowed greater indulgence; and subsequently the gluttonous emperors, so far from repressing the luxury of the table, sanctioned it by the authority of their example. Vitellius was by nature a non-reformer: his voracity was a raging insanity; he spent in four months something more than five millions sterling upon suppers: gormandizing appears to have been his sole passion.

In France in the 14th century, in "well-regu-

lated houses," people partook of five meals a day, and at dinner had commonly five courses or dishes. They dined at ten in morning, and the meal was called, from the hour, *decimer*, whence the word *diner* (dinner). One or two centuries later they dined at eleven; and in the 16th and at the beginning of the 17th century at noon. Louis XIV. always sat down to table at that hour. The English dined equally early, and it was not till the 18th century that the present late hours came gradually into fashion.

We shall pass over M. Soyer's eulogium on the cook, and his elaborate account of the domestic menage of the ancients, in order that we may attend a Roman supper to which he invites us, and the narrative of which we shall abbreviate for the amusement of our readers.

It was in the 64th year of the Christian era, and the tenth anniversary of the accession of Nero to the throne. The emperor had passed some time at Naples, and it was thought he would proceed to Greece, but suddenly changing his design, he returned to Rome, to prepare, it was rumoured, a spectacle of unheard-of splendour. One of his ancient freed-men, Caius Domitius Seba, resolved to celebrate his return with a banquet; and no sooner was this intention whispered among the Roman aristocracy, than one and all were anxious to be the guests of the favourite of Cæsar. In due time, the Invitor, according to custom, waited upon the two consuls of the year, and the most noble and powerful of the magnates of the city, to bid them to the feast, naming the hour of six on the following day. Each guest prepared himself for the occasion by a diligent use of the bath, and robed in the *vestis convivialis*, set forth at the appointed hour, preceded by a few slaves and followed by a crowd of hungry hangers-on, to the magnificent abode of their host. Arrived at the Atrium, they are conducted into the interior by the parasites of Seba, who disturbs himself for nobody, but leaves the honours of his house to be performed by his servants. The guests enter an immense hall luxuriously decorated, and lighted by lustres, and round which are several rows of seats. They seat themselves, and anon Egyptian slaves supply them with perfumed water in golden vases, to cool their hands, whilst others disencumber them of their shoes, bathe their feet, and envelop them in commodious sandals fastened by ribands. If the major-domo perceives one who has omitted to indue the banqueting-dress, he presents him with an appropriate garment. These preliminaries settled, the seats were removed, and the guests stood waiting for their host, who speedily entered accompanied by the two consuls, for whom are reserved the places of honour. The company now stretched themselves on couches of gold and purple, while the slaves are burning perfumes in precious vases, and young children pour odoriferous essences on the heads of the guests. Then the melodious sounds of the hydraulic organ announced the commencement of the banquet.

At this signal servants place within the circle tables of lemon-wood which they cover with a rich tissue of gold and silk, and sylph-like hands spread over them a profusion of the rarest flowers and rose-leaves. Musicians occupying a kind of orchestra execute a dulcet melody, while the statues of the gods and that of the divine Nero are placed on the tables, and the more pious guests prefer a prayer to Jupiter ere they surrender themselves to the pleasures of the feast. Then wine in crystal cups is handed round by Ethiopian slaves, and some few drops are poured on the floor and the table, a libation to the household gods. Then comes the first course, the *antecœna*, composed of the lightest viands, intended to stimulate the appetite. The most tempting among these are the peacock's eggs, which the epicures open with spoons, and which contain each one a fat, roasted ortolan surrounded with yolk of egg and seasoned with pepper. The refined gastronomes, however, paid little attention to this course beyond exciting their appetites with pickles, some few grasshoppers, and olives fresh from their brine.

The first course was removed to the sound of music. Now came the silver goblets to administer to an excited thirst. Amphoræ of wine were ranged on the flooring of the hall, and the guests proceeded to the choice of a *symposiarch*, or master of the banquet. Every voice named Drusillus, one of the most accomplished drinkers of the aristocracy. He smiled, snapped his fingers, and received from the slave behind him a golden crater filled with wine. Then bowing to the Amphitryon, "Slaves," he cried, "bring wreaths of flowers. Fugitive images of the spring and of pleasure, they shall bind our brows. At the same time let garlands adorn our craters, in which sparkles the cherished liquor of the son of Semele; and let us bestow no thought, during the fleet joys of the banquet, on the uncertain and fatal hour when Atropos shall pronounce our doom." His speech met with the applause which its brevity at least deserved. The slight rustling of the flowers was soon drowned by the shrill noise of the trumpets, announcing the second course, which was received with a buzz of welcome. It consisted of peacocks, ducks, capon's livers, peppered becaficoes, grouse, the turtle-dove, the phenicopter, and an infinite variety of rare birds. In gold and silver dishes were the scarus, the sturgeon, turbots, mullets, and the numerous inhabitants of every sea. Again, there were the wild boars *à la Troyenne*, in silver basins of prodigious value, stuffed pigs, quarters of stag and roebuck, loins of beef, kidneys with African figs, sows' paps prepared with milk, sows' flank and Gallic bacon. While the carvers were cutting up the meat with incredible address, wine, bread, and warm or iced water were handed round by Numidian slaves. Suddenly while the feast is at its height the symposiarch commands silence—"Let us drain our cups," said he, "in honour of Cæsar. Let us celebrate the tenth anniversary of his glorious reign, and his happy return to the metropolis of the world." Joy unrestrained floated with the fumy wine drawn from glass amphoræ, on which were the words, "Falernian wine of a hundred leaves, made under the consulship of

Opimius." The consuls and Roman nobles forgot their fear of Nero in the voluptuousness of the splendid repast.

An officer of the palace presented himself at the door of the banqueting hall. He advanced slowly, followed by two slaves, who laid on the table an object covered with a winding-sheet. "Pressing occupations," said the imperial messenger, "prevent Cæsar from sharing with you the hospitality of Seba; but he thinks of you, and sends you a testimony of his remembrance." "Long live Cæsar!" is the shout, as the officer retires. The veil which shrouds Nero's present is then removed, and all perceive a silver skeleton, of terrifying truthfulness, and evidently of Grecian workmanship. This event throws a temporary gloom over the convivial chamber, and an old senator whispers to his neighbour, "*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*" But gloomy thoughts vanish before the flood of wine poured forth on all sides, and the orgies of Bacchus are resumed. Goblets are drained in honour of the host, of the mistress of the house, of absent friends, of the illustrious dead, and of those alive and present. Sometimes Drusillus chaunts the harmonious cadences of Horace, and sometimes indulges in extempore strains in praise of the vine-crowned god.

Time passed rapidly, and the meats, divided into equal portions, were served to the guests, who frequently did not touch them, but gave their share to the servants or sent it home. So soon as the major-domo perceived that the appetite began to flag, he ordered the whole to be cleared, and the dessert, spread on ivory tables, to be substituted in its place. Exquisite drinks, artificial wines, delicate and light aliments, still came to titilate the palate and the burdened stomach. Pears, apples, walnuts, dried figs, grapes; a thousand different kinds of raw, cooked, and preserved fruits; tarts, cakes, and those incredible delicacies which the Latins designated *bellaria*, wooed the epicurean with their irresistible eloquence. Some one proposed to replace the half-faded flowers by Egyptian wreaths, and every brow was soon bound with garlands of roses and myrtle, interspersed with little birds, which by their fluttering and chirping soon restored the drowsy company to animation. Then began the amusements of the evening.

First came a troop of strolling players. Some rolled round a cord like a wheel which turns on its axle; they hung by the neck, by one foot, and varied these perilous exercises in a thousand ways. Others slid down a cord, lying on the stomach, with their arms and legs extended. Some revolved as they ran along a descending cord—and performed feats of strength and address truly incomprehensible, and which a fall would have rendered fatal. To these acrobats succeeded prestigiators, who performed various feats analogous to those of the jugglers and wizards of our own day—vomiting flames, keeping a dozen balls or hoops in the air at once, and dancing amidst a forest of swords. These feats were followed by a performance of marionettes or puppets of bronze or ivory, which were made to play a comic pantomime. Next came a spectacle which was an outrage to morals and humanity. Young Syrians or bewitching Spanish girls went through lascivious dances, which raised no blush on the brow of rigid magistrates, who forgot, in the abode of the vile slave, the respect due to their age or dignity. After these voluptuous scenes blood was required to complete the festivity of the night. Ten couples of gladiators armed with swords and bucklers, occupied a space assigned to them, and ten horrible duels recreated the attentive assembly. For a long time nothing was heard but the clash of arms; the thirst of conquest animated those ferocious combatants, and soon they rushed with loud cries on one another. Blood flowed on all sides; the couches were dyed with it, and the white robes of the guests were spotted. Some of the combatants fell, and the death-rattle announced their approaching end, while others preserved in their last struggle a funereal silence. The spectators stupefied with wine and good cheer, contemplated the carnage with cold impassability; they only roused from their torpor when one of the gladiators happening to trip against a table, struck his head on the ivory, and his antagonist, prompt as lightning, plunged his sword into the throat of the foe, whence torrents of black blood inundated the polished ivory, and flowed in long streams among the fruits, cups, and flowers. The deed was applauded; servants washed the tables and the floor with perfumed water, and the scene was forgotten. A last cup was drunk to the good genius whose protection they invoked before returning home.

Meanwhile a stifling atmosphere pervades every part of the hall, and a hollow noise, rumbling in the distance, excites at intervals in the minds of the guests an undefinable apprehension—the presage of an unknown catastrophe. The consuls raise themselves on their couches and listen; their host endeavours to calm their fears; but at this moment a slave, panting for breath, rushes towards Seba, and pronounces a few inarticulate words. "Fire!" cries the anguished freed-man. "Where is the fire?" inquired all the terrified guests, who have heard but this one ominous word. "Everywhere!" replies the slave; "it has burst forth simultaneously in every part of the city!" No one waits to hear more. Consuls, senators, knights, musicians, and servants, jostle one another; and abandoning those who fall, arrive pellmell at the Atrium. The porter, still chained, trembles at his post; the flames already envelop the sumptuous edifice—the entire street is one vast brazier! Rome burns, and will soon be a heap of ruins and ashes! Flight is impossible—the flames intercept every issue! . . . . Nero has taken his measures well. Already the wreaths of flowers which bind the brows of the guests are parched by the scorching breath of the roaring flames. A thick smoke begrimes their lustrous robes, and the dread of death blanches every face. The opulent freed-man calls to his slaves, and promises them their liberty if they consent to risk their lives in an attempt to save

his. But the vile herd is already dispersed; the porter alone remains — for no one has thought to liberate him—and he, in his impotent fury, replies by insulting clamours to the cowardly supplications of his quondam master. The advance of the flames put an end to the horrible scene; and when the sun rose on the morrow, a heap of ruins was all that remained of the palace of the magnificent Seba. The two consuls and some of the senators were fortunate enough to escape the common danger. Less besotted by wine, and inspired by the energy of despair, they rushed through the flames and gained a place of safety. Thus did Nero celebrate the tenth anniversary of his reign. While the fire was consuming temples and palaces, the young poetic Cæsar, his brow bound with laurel, a golden lyre in his hands, and around him a troop of histrions and buffoons, viewed from the summit of a tower the conflagration he had kindled. . . . . . Such was the last gorgeous feast at which the magiric genius presided in that Rome which Romulus had founded, and which engulphed the treasures and wonders of the world.

We must here close our rather rambling selections from this amusing and interesting volume; to which, however, we may conscientiously refer our readers as to an encyclopedia of rare facts in relation to the food, and the modes of dressing it, of all nations and all times. The author winds up his labours with a description of the York Banquet of 1850, of which he was the distinguished artificer. We may as well gratify a pretty general curiosity on the subject of the hundred guinea dish, which made such a sensation at the time. It is appropriately named *L'Extravagance Culinaire à l'Alderman;* and the following are the ingredients used, with their cost to an epicure who should order a similar one for a small party.

	£	s.	d.
5 Turtle heads, part of fins, and green fat .	34	0	0
24 Capons, the two small *noix* (nuts) from each side of the middle of the back only used, being the most delicate part of every bird	8	8	0
18 Turkeys, the same	8	12	0
18 Fatted pullets, the same	5	17	0
16 Fowls, the same	2	8	0
10 Grouse	2	5	0
20 Pheasants, *noix* only	3	0	0
45 Partridges, the same	3	7	0
6 Plovers, whole	0	9	0
100 Snipes, *noix* only	5	0	0
3 dozen Quails, whole	3	0	0
40 Woodcocks, *noix* only	8	0	0
3 dozen Pigeons, the same	0	14	0
6 dozen Larks, stuffed	0	15	0
Ortolans from Belgium	5	0	0
The garniture, consisting of cockscombs, truffles, mushrooms, crawfish, olives, American asparagus, *croustades* (paste crust), sweetbreads, *quenelles de volaille* (strips or slices of fowl), green mangoes, and a new sauce	14	10	0
	£105	5	0

If, upon the occasion of inviting a small party to take a "snack" with us, we *should* think proper to place this dish upon the table, we here pledge ourselves that the author of *The Panthropeon* shall be solicited to prepare it.

THE MAINE LAW.*

ITS HISTORY AND RESULTS.

It is an interesting sign of the times, that amidst much of political excitement public attention, during the last few years, has been steadily directed towards questions of social ethics, which we should be glad to see still more vigorously pressed upon the consideration of people of this country. Independent of the agitation for parliamentary reform, itself involving many others, the great problems of public education, sanitory reform, and emigration, have occupied no small space in the discussion of our public men; while from the other side of the Atlantic, there has been wafted the noise of an agitation so intense and so absorbing in its social importance as to awaken unusual attention and response here. The proceedings adopted in many, and now under discussion in all, the States of the Union, with regard to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, are too momentous in their purpose and results to fail in arresting the sympathy and interest of all British philanthropists. The *Daily News* of March 15th, of the present year, in an able article calls the attention of its readers to this "deeply interesting" transatlantic experiment, and the late visit of Professor and Mrs. Stowe has contributed largely to diffuse a knowledge of the character and bearing of American legislature on this matter among all ranks and classes.

Throughout the United States, as in Great Britain, the system of regulation by license has resulted in extreme and complete dissatisfaction, and it would appear that the whole of the Union

* *The Maine Law*, as adopted in Maine, Massachussets, Rhode Island, Vermont, Michigan, &c. *New Brunswick Anti-Liquor Law. Maine Liquor Law Tracts.* W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. *Journal and Reports* of American Temperance Union, New York. *Annual Reports* of the Mayor of Portland. *Eighth Annual Report* of the Ministry at large in Lowell. *Meliora.* Second Series. Edited by Viscount Ingestrie. Parker, London. *Address* of the United Kingdom Alliance for the total and immediate suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Manchester.

is in a state of transition from this utterly inadequate law of *regulation* to a law of entire and immediate *prohibition*.

The principle of such a law seems first to have been admitted by the government of the United States in 1834. In that year, during the presidency of General Andrew Jackson, a law was passed "for the *protection of the Indian Tribes*," directing the United States officers to seize and destroy, without judge or jury, all intoxicating liquors introduced for sale into the Indian country. This law was universally and rigidly enforced. No question was raised of its justice or constitutionality, nor was any remuneration made or demanded for liquor thus destroyed.

The law in its operation commended itself to the judgment of enlightened statesmen, but the principle was not regarded as applicable to the people of individual states.

It is true, an agitation was carried on throughout various states with this view; but for some time it commanded but indifferent success. Several states, however, Connecticut the first, in 1834, obtained the privilege of annually voting on the question "license," or "no license?" and in many instances negatived the traffic by large majorities. Great inconveniences, however, naturally arose from this continual appeal to party effort, which left the question always unsettled.

In the State of Maine still more encouraging signs presented themselves, until after many severe contests at the ballot box and violent debates in the legislature, a *prohibitory law* was passed by large majorities in both houses, bearing date 1846.

But it failed. The snake was scotched but not killed. The law had no power for the destruction of the liquor, but enforced its provisions by means of fines, and the Maine liquor law reformers found that in this law they had fallen into an unfortunate mistake. They began to see that *no* compromise could safely be made with such a foe, and that timid or wavering tactics were impossible if they were to hold their ground. The law exasperated some, it satisfied none. While needing for its support and efficient working, at least the respect of the whole community, it was found insufficient to secure its own object. It was evaded on all sides. The rum sellers sold, secretly if they could, openly rather than not at all, paid the penalties, and continued their business. The law was enforced, *but the intoxicating drink remained.*

Riots and turbulence ensued, which brought discredit on the reformation sought to be effected.

The Maine law of 1846 failed because it was not thorough.

Still enough good was accomplished to encourage the supporters of the law to go forward and rectify the mistake they had committed; the next contest was to be final, the *summary power* must be obtained. The principle of suppression retained its hold on the majority of the citizens, and especially had it recommended itself to the poor weak drunkards, the victims of the temptation.* Under the leadership mainly of the Hon. Neal Dow, of Portland, an agitation was commenced, which aroused all the desperate energies of the "spirituous" party. The last struggle was made in the elections of 1849, when after a hard fight the suppressionists triumphed. In 1851, by an average majority of two to one, the law was passed, which has since maintained and increased its popularity, and under the title of the "Maine Law," has given its impress to the policy of every other state of the Union.

A natural question arises in this country on the statement of these facts: "What *is* the Maine law? It is "an act to suppress drinking houses and tippling shops," and its provisions are simple and effective. Wherever intoxicating liquor is found under circumstances which justify a belief that it is intended for SALE it is impounded, and if on investigation the suspicion is confirmed, *the liquor is destroyed.*

Every town or district is allowed to appoint an agent for the purpose of supplying whatever may be required for medicinal, manufacturing, or artistic purposes; and so far as has appeared at present, an ample supply for these purposes has thus been obtained. The following extract from a speech delivered by Professor Stowe, at the last annual meeting of the "Scottish Temperance League," will be read with interest in elucidation of this matter. "What is the Maine Law? It is an act to put an end to TRAFFIC in intoxicating drinks among the people. It has nothing to do with a man's own private affairs; it has nothing to do with the interior of any man's family; any man, wherever he can find liquor, if he chooses may purchase it, and bring it into his own family and use it there if he likes—the law does not touch it or him. It considers every man's house his castle, and if he has a mind to drink in the bosom of his family, it does not take hold of him; it leaves him free in that respect. But if any man does bring intoxicating liquors into the State for sale, if he sells intoxicating drink to make money by it, if he even gives it away, and takes something else to evade the law, what does the law do? *It takes all his rum away and throws it on the ground.* It does not touch his pocket or his person, but it says, "You are not a fit person to have the possession of intoxicating drink, and we shall *take it away.*" If a man makes solemn oath that he will not sell, and does not intend to sell any of that spirit, it leaves him unmolested. If alcohol is introduced for the arts and manufacture—and we know it to be necessary in many of the arts—it is not touched. If it is kept for medical purposes, like opium, calomel, or any other article of that kind, to be used and prescribed by a physician, it

* "It is observed in our large towns, in Liverpool among others, that the strongest eagerness to petition parliament for a public-house reform is shown by the labouring class; and the intensest of all by the drunkards among them. And a very touching spectacle it is to see them thronging to sign a petition like that just got up at Liverpool. Of the 10,000 signers nearly all are working men, and if they had the franchise and the ballot, like the men of Maine, they would, like the men of Maine, doubtless, do something more than petition."—*Daily News.*

is not touched. In every town there are agents appointed by the town, and paid by the town, for the sale of alcohol for these purposes — manufacturing and medical — but they are under oath and heavy bonds to sell it for no other purposes. The certificate of a respectable physician is sufficient to authorise its sale for medical purposes, and the oath of a manufacturer is required for its sale to a manufacturer. And to prevent the effects of monopoly, the agent has not the profits of the sale; the article is sold at cost, and the community or the township receives all the profit. The agent acts for the township, and not for any individual.

"Such is the substance and purpose of the law."

But the spirit which in Maine had carried on this agitation to a successful issue had spread to other states.

In Vermont, particularly, the annual universal suffrage votes on the license question, as already noticed, had been productive of such results—in two instances a majority of more than 10,000 for *no license*, that in 1850 the legislature of the State took up the subject again, and, in 1852, passed a prohibiting law now in force.

It would, of course, carry us far beyond the limits of our present article, were we to follow out in detail, however briefly, the agitation as it arose and was carried on in the various states. The following statement of dates must be sufficient.

The Maine Law was passed by the legislature of that State in May, 1851, was approved by the Governor on the 2nd of June, and first enforced at Bangor on the 4th of July in the same year; that day being the anniversary of American independence.

In March, 1852, a similar law was adopted by the Territory of Minnesota; on May 7th, 1852, by the State of Rhode Island; on May 22nd, 1852, by the State of Massachussetts; on the 20th Dec., 1852, by the legislature of Vermont; and in a few months after by the legislature of Michigan. In both these last instances the time when the law was to come into operation was submitted to a vote of the people, and the result, in both cases, has been the triumphant affirmation of the act, and its immediate and unconditional adoption.

In Michigan especially, the majority just declared is most impressive, and in Vermont the large towns have been unanimous in their decision.

There is no longer any doubt that, with slight modifications, the Maine Law will gradually be adopted by all the states.

In New York, the Law, carried in one of the houses of legislature, was lost in the other by a majority of only two. In Connecticut the Law was lately lost by eight majority; in Wisconsin, by *one vote*. In Pennsylvania the agitation is powerful and popular, while in some of the more southern states, as Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia, and Delaware,* the principle has been more or less acted upon, while a strong feeling is arising in favour of the whole Law, and nothing but the Law. Judging from private as well as public sources of information, we in this country have little idea of the *intensity* of public sentiment in America on this question. It has penetrated even the gloom of the Slave States, gilding with a ray of light the dark cloud which broods over those delicious, though unhappy lands.

"The project," says the Hon. Neal Dow, in private correspondence, "is now fairly before the legislatures of New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland, and Ohio. There is not the slightest probability of repeal, and the principles of the bill will ere long be adopted by *all* our states."

Throughout the states of its enactment, with the exception of the city of Boston, the Maine Law has been well enforced and cheerfully submitted to. No reaction has taken place, the Law has been strengthened where weak, and has gradually gained in popular respect and acceptance. Constitutional difficulties have been raised, but have been settled without disorder; the main legal question being regarded as set at rest by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Massachussetts and New Hampshire case in 1845.

In Boston, which we have just excepted, the Law was defeated in its operation by unfavourable municipal authorities, who granted an unusual number of licenses immediately prior to the operation of the act, which licenses having been then *legally* granted, were held good, any subsequent law notwithstanding. In this city, however, it is expected that before long the enforcement of the Anti-Liquor Law will be carried out.

It is worthy of note, that the opponents of the measure have yet been supplied with no cause of offence, by any *disturbance* of sufficient importance to call for any remark.

It is, however, to the SOCIAL RESULTS of these legislative experiments, that we must look with the greatest interest.

Have the objects achieved proved worthy of the enthusiasm and energy bestowed on their accomplishment? or has the Maine Law of 1851, like its *half*-brother of 1846, resulted in disappointment and failure?

On this point we will give in evidence, and without comment, the authoritative reports of the people and state-officers themselves.

Bearing in mind the character and requirements of the population,— thus described by the Hon. Neal Dow, "Agriculturists chiefly, many fishermen and seamen, a few manufacturers; all classes given to the use of strong drink, which occasioned a great amount of poverty and suffering,"— let us ask, "What has the Law done for Maine?"

"I never," says Professor Stowe, "saw a Law that operated so beautifully, and vindicated itself so nobly, as this Law does."

Of the *practical efficiency* of the Maine Law, in its parent state, there can be no doubt. Referring to the "Annual Report" of the Mayor of Portland, 1852, we find, that while prior to the passing of the law there were in that city, at least 300 to 400 rum-

* In some of these states, the wife of a drunkard is empowered to sue the trafficker for damages.

shops of all grades, at present *there is not one.* Nor have these houses been replaced, as in 1846, by secret or hush-shops, drunkenness continuing as before. We find from the same Report, that notwithstanding increased vigilance on the part of the police, the decrease in the number of parties committed for drunkenness, has been equal to three-fourths of the entire number. The various statistics, as given, are as follows:—House of correction committals for intemperance, from June 1st, 1850, to March, 1851, 46; from June, 1851, to March, 1852, 10. The Maine Law was enacted June 2d, 1851. From the JAIL returns, we find, committed for drunkenness and larceny (in these returns the two offences are not separated), from June, 1850, to April, 1851, 279; for corresponding period of Maine Law operation, 1851-52, 63. Committed to the watchhouse, 1850-51, 431: same period, 1851-52, 180.

Similar results are found in all the various returns. As might be expected, this great decrease of intemperance has been accompanied by a corresponding decrease in *crime and pauperism.* Accordingly, on the authority of the same official document, we are able to state, that there were committed to the house of correction in Portland, for larceny, from June, 1850, to March, 1851, 12; from June, 1851, to March, 1852, 3. At the March Term, 1852, of the Portland District Court, but *one* indictment, and that by mistake, was found for larceny; while at the March Term, 1851, the number was *seventeen.*

It is also interesting to note that, while at the commencement of 1851, the mayor had thought it necessary to recommend the construction of a new alms-house, to cost at least 50,000 dollars, as indispensable for the comfort and accommodation of their numerous and increasing paupers,—since the enactment of the Maine Law, the general want, notwithstanding unusuallly severe winters, has been so much less than usual, as to afford ground for expectation that the old alms-house will afford abundant accommodation until the city shall be three or four times as populous as it is. The new poor-house has, therefore, been abandoned.

The operation of the Law has been equally successful *throughout the State.* In many small towns, Professor Stowe states that there is not a single pauper, while in others the jails are empty and advertised to let. So marked is the improvement, that wealthy and influential men, previously engaged in the traffic, now considered "infamous," admit that they have been more than compensated for their personal loss by the rapid increase of general prosperity.

The *economic* results have been indeed most satisfactory. The Council of Portland have been enabled to invest large sums in public works and in developing the industry of the district. The little farming town of Fairfield, having saved 800 dollars out of their poor rate of 1,100 dollars, have added 600 dollars to their public education fund, reserving the balance to provide for the enforcement of this beneficial law.

So far as public documents afford reliable information, the success of the Maine Law in Maine is indisputable.

The MASSACHUSSETTS LAW presents equally pleasing results. Omitting for reasons already stated the city and neighbourhood of Boston, we find the law well enforced in Lowell, Salem, Cambridge, and other important towns of this state.

The Police Report of LOWELL, the Manchester of the states, gives the following statistics, for three months, ending respectively Oct. 22nd, 1851 and 1852. During the three months of "license" the number of parties known to have been drunk, either committed or seen and assisted, amount to 550; during the same period of "Law" the number has fallen to 180. Warrants returned to the police court same time, 1851, 248; in 1852, 153.

The Lowell City Marshall remarks, "The amount of drunkenness for the month ending Oct. 22, 1852, is sixty-seven per cent. less than during the same time last year, and the criminal business of the police court has already been reduced thirty-eight per cent.

The report of the ministry at large in Lowell indicates a vast improvement in the *order, comfort,* and prosperity of the community since the operation of the law, and appends some interesting though lengthy comments from the City Missionaries upon its operation.

Similar returns from Salem, Cambridge, Concord, and many other places, give the same interesting results.

From the other states in which the Law is in operation we have not equally *authentic* official information; so far, however, as general sentiment and private authority may be accepted in evidence, the working of the system is equally favourable everywhere.

Two great facts have been *clearly* elicited. First, that notwithstanding all drawbacks, the effect of the law *wherever* adopted has been effectively to suppress the sale of intoxicating drinks and as a result to diminish intemperance and its concomitant evils. "No law, says the address of the Massachussetts' Convention "can annihilate sin, but only diminish it by making it difficult and disgraceful." Second, that the Law is most popular where best enforced.

In Maine and in the towns of Massachussetts which have seen the benefits as well as felt the restraint of the law, public sentiment is almost unanimous in its favour, while from Boston, Charlestown, and the other places, where it has not been tried, arise the only complaints of its stringency or severity. The City Missionary of Roxbury, and many others, declare that the Law has not gained favour in their neighbourhoods owing "*wholly* to the fact that it has not been executed." "Every successful enforcement of the Law has given it public favour," says the report of the Massachussetts' Convention. This is important.

In the consideration of this principle of suppression, especially as regards its applicability in older communities, it is a point of great interest, that not only does the total and entire appear to

be the most satisfactory in its results, but also, when vigorously carried out, the most secure of popular support. While tracing, however, the history and results of the suppression policy throughout the United States, we must not omit to notice the increasing influence which it has obtained in other countries.

Our own colony of New Brunswick has adopted a very stringent enactment as far as regards wines and spirits, totally prohibiting their sale; which, notwithstanding great discouragement, and some demur on the part of the Government at home, received the royal sanction, and became law in that colony, on June 1st in the present year. On the 14th June also, an Act was assented to, for the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, entitled, "An Act to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on or near the line of public works in this province," which, though imperfect in its form and provisions, is still stringent and summary in the powers it grants.

Of the results of these two enactments, we can of course know but little as yet. It would be unreasonable perhaps to expect a more favourable issue than had elsewhere been found, as we have seen, attendant on partial and incomplete legislation on this matter. So convinced, however, are the Indians of the district, of the beneficial effect likely to ensue, that at the assembly of the Six Nations at Brantford a few weeks since, the chiefs extemporised a Maine Law, themselves destroying all liquor found upon the ground of the encampment.

In many of the islands of the Pacific, and in Madagascar, the natives have found it their interest to prohibit the introduction and sale of strong drink — and in the republic of Liberia, a State which all must regard with feelings of peculiar interest, a similar policy has been adopted.

But British interests are involved in this question. The native population of our Indian possessions offer a continual resistance to the British license system, which legalises a traffic in intoxicating drinks, in defiance of the law and religion of the Hindoo. Petitions are continually presented to the local governments, in which are described with natural pathos, the alarm and anxiety felt at the terrific increase of the evil of strong drink, which invariably follows the introduction of British rule.

The waves of this agitation are approaching our own shores. It is clear that our *present* system of license cannot continue. It must give way to some more complete control, or, as is advocated by some, we must abandon all attempts at restriction. The Committee of the House of Commons, on the matter of licenses, obtained by Mr. W. Brown, and of which the Hon. C. P. Villiers has officiated as chairman, has not yet published its report, but as far as can be gathered from the proceedings of that committee, during the progress of the evidence, that inquiry has no doubt resulted in a conviction of the necessity for prompt and decisive action.

In view of this state of things, an association has been organised at Manchester, already powerful in names and funds, with a view to commend to the public opinion of this country the entire and total prohibitory policy we have sketched in the foregoing pages.

This association, denominated the "United Kingdom Alliance," has established branches in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and other large cities, and has issued its address, explanatory of its objects and enforcing its positions.

Before long the question of the liquor traffic will press upon the attention of the people of Great Britain. The people must decide. Something must be done and done quickly.

It will be a source of just pride for America, if she prove the first to have adopted the true policy. While some here will no doubt hesitate at embarking on so bold a course of legislation, there are thousands, on the other hand, who will abandon all abstract differences of principle in favour of the great and paramount necessity.

In their view, the limb is diseased — to hesitate or falter is death.

In the face of a monstrous evil, paralysing the industrial and social, as well as the moral energies of the country, no delicate scruple of conscience can be suffered for a moment to set aside the popular necessity. *Salus populi suprema lex.*

S. P.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INVALID.

Let us now descend into the depth of winter, and into the dim atmosphere of that low-lying city of manufactures, where our tale commenced. It is evening in the villa on the banks of the Ha-wah-ha; but there is no moonlight, no open balconies — no voices resonant of merriment or mirth. Shutters and doors are fast closed. There is a huge stove roaring in the hall; and though there are two persons in the parlour, one seated on either side of a bright fire, there is no sound heard, but the roar of the stove. There were *two* persons; but they seemed so unsocial and gloomy, that each might have been an anchoret in the cheerlessness of a solitary cell, for all the appearance of companionship that subsisted between them. Perhaps, indeed, each was that saddest of all anchorets — an anchoret of the heart. You

would have known that it was a scene unvisited by the glad light of childhood or youth.

One of these personages was seated on a stiff chair, from the loins upwards as perpendicular as a lightning rod, in the old way; with the same old spectacles and wiry curls, and was engaged in knitting. By the same prim, precise demeanour, ever unmoved from its primness and precision, by joy or gloom, by evil or fortunate circumstance, we recognise our ancient acquaintance, that respectable person, Miss Spicer. There is a basket on the table beside her, containing a housewife, legions of keys, a corkscrew, a gimlet, and other badges of her calling. Mr. Tremont, for the other occupant was no other than he, lounged in his arm-chair. He was wide awake, but was doing nothing or saying nothing. He looked still as stout and rubicund as ever; but a change had passed over the old man's face since we saw it last beaming like a sun upon the witnessed enjoyments of his family and friends. It was difficult to say in what the change consisted, but the physiognomy had that pathetic look as of one whose nerves had been unstrung by sorrow; and worked profoundly upon one's sympathies when remembered in contrast with the firm joyous face of the prosperous man of the world of but a few short months ago. Miss Spicer continued to knit and knit. Mr. Tremont sat still with his eyes wide open, speaking not, and scarcely moving. The fire burnt on the hearth, the stove roared in the hall, the points of Miss Spicer's needles clicked against each other; and so the evening wore on.

But, hark! the attention of Miss Spicer was on a sudden roused by a peculiar motion from the quarter of Mr. Tremont's chair, then a low, muffled snore, and a gurgle in the throat — Mr. Tremont was in a fit.

Miss Spicer pulled the bell so furiously as to bring three servants into the room. Mr. Tremont's neckcloth was removed, aromatics applied to his nostrils; he was laid on the sofa, but still continued to snore on as one under violent oppression of the brain, and his face, which at first was purple, had become as pale as death. Meanwhile, by the direction of Miss Spicer, he was carried into his bed-chamber.

In due time a physician, who had been sent for from the neighbouring town, made his appearance, and with him another personage likewise on a professional errand. The fact was this. When the servant had received orders to fetch the physician, that intelligent daughter of Holy Church, Biddy Fagin, seeing her master in a deathlike condition, began to entertain anxieties with regard to the state of matters between his soul and the church, and throwing herself in the way of the man as he was issuing on his errand, inquired if he had received instructions to go for the priest. Upon being answered in the negative, she directed him to go first to the house of Father Dollard, and say that his master was in the death work, and to offer the holy man his own horse to ride on, for there was not a moment to lose. Accordingly, to Biddy's great relief, as reminding her of the usual routine in happy Milesia far away, the doctor and the priest arrived at the mansion, just as it appeared that the patient was beyond all hope, and given up by his friends as past recovery. And, now, a struggle ensued between the doctor and the priest, the former insisting upon being allowed to bleed the sick man at once; and the other equally vehement upon the precedence of the spirit over the body, and making a bold front for the immediate administration of the sacrament of extreme unction. But the doctor, who was a sturdy American of the Anglo-Saxon type, and fierce upon humbug in all its forms, threatened to kick the churchman out of the room, and so had his way. When the patient had been bled copiously, his consciousness slowly returned; but he was in a state of extreme exhaustion and still in great danger, particularly from the recurrence of another attack.

No child, no friend, no brother had the dying man near him. He was surrounded with evidences of luxury and wealth; but these will not buy love; and so he was surrounded by servants, doctors, and priests, and all those attentive persons who do duty in their own behoof.

The Doctor's part fairly performed, now came the turn of the priest. The holy man bustled through the room and arrayed himself in a scarlet vestment, with a huge cross wrought through the length of the back. He then proceeded to light a candle — a most indispensable point — said candle figuring quite as a hero in the ceremony. He rigged out a little table at the head of the bed, whereon he placed a crucifix, and the aforesaid candle and a phial of oil, muttering over them a few words, accompanied with crossings and genuflexions, whereby the unconscious table with its appanages was converted for the time being into a consecrated altar. Then calling in all the servants who were, of course, Catholics, he commanded them to their knees — "and be dacent and behave quiet, all of ye," said the consecrated Milesian; "ye don't know how soon I may be necessitated to do all this for some of yourselves."

He then crossed himself, and knelt, and crossed himself again; walked first to the head of the bed, and then to the foot. Then bending over the pale form of the prostrated, exhausted, and half-unconscious man, he performed certain talismanic gestures and crossings over his head, his body, and all his members; sing-songing Latin at the same time through his nose, of which the most intelligible particle was, "seculæ seculorum;" "Seculæ seculorum" as a sort of chorus or burden; and still "seculæ seculorum." Then with the chrism did he anoint, first the head, then the eyes, then the nose, then the mouth, the hands, the fingers, the feet, the toes; and having pronounced the absolution, he concluded his work much to the satisfaction of all present. Biddy Fagin breathed freely, "Holy sints be praised. Thin now it's only a little morsel of purgatory if worst comes to worst; and plenty of money to pray him out of it shur." Thus said Biddy.

Surrounded by all these disinterested personages—among whom was the doctor, who had returned at the close of the ceremony to note the

state of his patient — the unfortunate man being restored to a state of consciousness, looked painfully round among all these faces as if in search of a missing one. But a sudden gleam of recollection seeming to strike him, he uttered a profound sigh, and with a look of resignation closed his eyes. The doctor then having pronounced a little improvement on his state, retired with the priest to a comfortable supper, which had been prepared for them by that model of housewifery propriety, Miss Spicer; having first, however, prescribed alternate administrations of beef-tea and sack-whey, by way of nutriment, an order with which Biddy Fagin was very unwilling to comply, as savouring too much of a return to the living world, for one who had received the last rites of the church. Miss Spicer watched over her to see that the instructions of the doctor were complied with, and the doses were duly administered.

When Doctor Pillmore and Father Dollard had been duly refreshed, and had drowned all their differences in bumpers of strong Monoughheheela, there came a message from the sick man to the holy father, that he wished to see him immediately and alone.

"On sowl business, I s'pose," said the reverend gentleman, pouring out what remained of his tumbler into his glass. "Or more like, perhaps"— the rest of the sentence he kept to himself, and gulping down the relics of the "hot," he departed in the direction of the sick room.

"Are we alone?" enquired the sick man faintly, as the rubicund face of the jolly priest beamed upon him from the bedside.

"Tuts, my good sir!" said this angel of consolation—"don't be so downhearted about it. Cheer up, cheer up! Many's the person to whom I have administered the last sacraments, that's on his legs to-day and going about as hearty as I am myself; and one timorous sheep of the flock, that has received the extreme unction none less than three times, and came to, agin and agin, and is now as well as ever; and says I to them —and be blowed to ye, and if ye send for me to that woman again till she's speechless and beyant coming back, but I'll take my horsewhip to ye, every sowl of ye."

The sick man did not appear to comprehend much of this, but he said, "It is of *her* I wish to speak. You are acquainted with their rules, and with those of the place to which she is retired. Can I not see her?"

The priest laid aside his air of frankness and jollity at the mention of this name, and assumed that imperturbable reserve characteristic of his order when necessary, and which you might as well seek to penetrate as armour of steel.

"That must be referred to the Coadjutor and the Mother Superior," said he. "I have no doubt your request will be cheerfully granted, but your daughter being a novice, cannot be suffered to depart from the precincts of her convent, except with the attendance and under the supervision of one of the superior sisters."

"I should like to see my daughter," said the sick man, "as I used to see her in other days. I should desire her to be with me, and to attend upon me. Who other should be near me now? It will not be necessary for very long."

The priest cleared his throat. "I should not be fulfilling my duty, Mr. Tremont, if I neglected to inform you that that is quite impossible. Had she been a regularly professed sister of the black veil, it would have been equally her duty at your request to perform offices spiritual and temporal in attendance upon your sick bed, as on that of any other afflicted brother. But being, as I said, but a novice, she is disqualified."

"But she is my own child," said the sick man.

"She is the child of the Church, and the bride of Heaven, having by her late vows disowned every other connection."

The sick man cast up his eyes hopelessly, and spoke no more.

"She will visit you, however, to-morrow," said the priest. "I will carry your request to the Coadjutor in regular form. Is there anything else I can do for you, dear sir?"

The sick man answered not.

The priest hoped there would have been some conversation with regard to the property, about the entire settlement of which in favour of his daughter, the nun, their minds were not yet quite assured, nor their hearts at rest. However, he thought that the superior intelligence of the Coadjutor would settle all that—and going straight to the abode of that functionary after his departure from Mr. Tremont's, he put him in possession of all that had occurred.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SISTER MARY FRANCIS ST. SAVIOUR.

FORTUNATELY for the interests of the Coadjutor, the Doctor had found it necessary to interdict all persons from the bedside of Mr. Tremont, except those absolutely necessary for attendance. The exclusive influence which it was the object of the reverend gentleman to secure in the present juncture was by this means undisturbed; and upon his arrival early on the succeeding morning he instantly installed himself spiritual comforter to the sick man. A very great contrast was this enlightened and polished intellect to the Milesian attendant of the preceding evening. The sick man appeared to be sensible of the difference, at least if one might have judged it thus, from the tranquil and resigned mien which he maintained in the reception of his exhortations. A close observer might perhaps have detected this as the result of a mind cowed and awed, as we feel when in the presence of one who has overreached, and trammeled, and vanquished us—the dumb calm of the conquered, when the victor stands with his foot upon his neck.

Several times had the Coadjutor attempted to turn the conversation on his daughter; but the old man, contrary to his course with the Irish priest, manifestly wished to avoid the subject; and when that name was mentioned kept silence.

"The interference of the benignant Disposer of events cannot but be appreciated by you, my dear

sir, in behalf of your daughter," said the musical voice of the Coadjutor, "as in view of your removal from her and us—which may heaven avert—a place of refuge is so provided for her in the fostering arms of holy church. A lamb of promise is your daughter, and gives large hopes of abundant prosperity from the holy pasturage upon which she is nourished. She is yet destined to arrive at honour in the church, my dear sir, abundant honour, to which not less her abilities and holy life, than her position and expectations entitle her."

The Coadjutor had made up his mind that he was this day to arrive at some definiteness on the subject of the will, and he was leading his way to this point. The old man's silence baffled him a little; but he had made up his mind.

"For a young woman with such expectations as those of your child," he continued, "sore are the temptations which the world offers to beset her path. Numerous are the designing and interested persons, ready to take advantage of a too amiable and unsuspecting mind. But in the immaculate bosom on which she has chosen to repose, there is complete protection for her and all that is hers."

Still no reply.

"I requested that I might be permitted to see my daughter," said Mr. Tremont, after a pause. "Why is she not here. Has she not heard of it?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the Coadjutor. I marvel much she has not already arrived. The requisite permission has been accorded. Should anything press upon your mind connected with the interests of this dear child, command me, my dear sir. I will charge myself with it—her spiritual adviser, father, and friend."

Still no reply.

At a touch of the bell from the Coadjutor, a servant came to say that Miss Tremont was in the house, and ready to attend upon her father. In a few moments there glided into the room two coffin shapes, one a black and the other a white coffin. In the swathed unmeaning face, with a forced simper on the lips, and the broad white band low on the brow, the intelligent countenance and in the rigid and unbending form the elegant figure of the Miss Tremont of a few months ago are not without difficulty to be discerned. But Miss Tremont it is; for disturbed for a moment from her conventual propriety, she rushes to the bedside of her father, clasps the hand held out to her, kneels and hides her face over it, within the folds of her veil for a long, long while, whether with kisses or tears, or both, who can tell. For upon a very distinct "hem," which issued from the vocal organs of the Coadjutor, she rose hastily to her feet, and there was no trace of emotion upon that calm face—nothing but the unmeaning simper, which of course was the proscribed physiognomy of conventual rule. And thus they met the first time, for either greeting or intercourse, for months—father and daughter—though he had passed beneath the windows of the place where she lived every day. And then came the natural inquiries to the afflicted one from his visitors, regarding his sickness, and how he had slept, and how he felt; and felicitations upon finding him so much better, and hopes of his speedy restoration, and so forth, and so forth.

"Methinks, Blanche, you are much altered, since I saw you last," said the sick man, looking intently at her; "it is either the dress, or that my eyes fail me."

"By that *name* with the relinquishment of which our sister died to the world," said the black coffin, in her cold, unsympathising voice, "she is no longer known, in short, she hardly knows herself. Call her Mary Francis St. Saviour—the new name wherein she has been baptized into her new life."

"And now surely, love," said the sick man, in whose eyes a new life seemed to be kindling at sight of that beloved face, "and now surely, love, you will stay with me while it lasts. I miss you so sadly."

"I fear not, my dear sir. It is painful for the feelings of our beloved sister thus to deny you; but the ties which she owes to heaven compel me, her spiritual adviser, to forbid it. But the doctor would interdict such painful subjects. They are harassing to so weak a frame."

The old man was silent for some time after this; and Blanche kissed his forehead and clasped his hand from time to time. The presence of the male and female ogres in black prevented all other intercourse between the father and child.

After a time, Mr. Tremont spoke again. Whether he was unconscious of the presence of the still and ghost-like figures beside him, I know not; but he whispered, "Blanche, love, they tell me I am better; but whatever may be the event at present, it is right for every man at my time of life to set his house in order. Of course my property will be yours. (The Coadjutor here pricked up his ears and listened attentively.) At one period I thought of disposing of part of it otherwise, but laying aside every other feeling but concern for your welfare, and reflecting that whatever had been done by you, was done of your own free choice, I judged that it would be more conducive to your happiness and certainly to the fulfilment of your wishes, if I left everything in your own power, at your free and uncontrolled disposal—except—"

A forward rustle on the part of the Coadjutor to catch more securely each of these, for him, pearls of speech, appeared to awaken in the sick man some feeling to stop their flow; for he came to a dead halt and uttered not one other word. After an interval of silence in which he hearkened painfully for a renewal of the discourse, the Coadjutor said, addressing Blanche, "I see, dear daughter, that this interview has been too painful for your tender soul; would it not please you to retire with your spiritual father to receive such strength and comfort as he can afford."

He retired, leaving the black coffin in attendance on Mr. Tremont, followed by Blanche, who obeyed with that passiveness so becoming in a daughter of the church. He led the way to Mr. Tremont's business room.

"In the event of your father's removal, my daughter," said he, seating himself, "it will be proper for you to have a satisfactory knowledge of the state of his affairs. You must fetch the keys of the lockers. Go and seek them, and keep silence."

Blanche departed in search of them to her father's dressing-room, to which there was another door than that which communicated with his bed-chamber. She seemed to be as completely tamed to obedience as a spirit under the spell of some mighty master magician.

There was nothing of which the Coadjutor was so much in dread as a will. He would in that case be troubled with attorneys and executors, and he naturally wished everything left to the disposal of his autocratic authority. Besides it was absolutely necessary to have the whole; the church could not afford, situate as she was in these parts, to lose a dollar. And Mr. Tremont's words seemed to hint at other sharers in his testamentary favours. It was now his object to satisfy his soul on these points, and act accordingly.

The sister Mary Francis soon returned with sundry crooked and grotesque looking keys; and inserted them into several locks, under the orders of her spiritual director. Heaps and heaps of papers were turned out, but nothing in the shape of a testamentary deed. Blanche sat quite still while he examined the papers, like a mute in attendance upon an Eastern soldan. The Coadjutor, with his acute business-looking face, seemed perplexed and baffled. He turned at length to the strong box, a huge iron safe, and tumbled and twisted in it among silver and gold, and bills and bank notes and ornaments and jewels. But he found not the parchment document with the black seal, of which he was in quest. "If there exists such a thing it must bedeposited in the hands of a man of business. Let us return to your father."

The Coadjutor accordingly returned to the sick chamber, leaving Blanche to restore order. When he was fairly out of sight, she pressed a concealed spring in the wall, with the secret of which she was acquainted; and where she knew her father kept all his more important papers. And there, in a recess by itself, she found the parchment document with the black seal. Concealing it in her dress, she flew by a side door to the garden, where she knew the gardener was at work. Slipping it into the man's hand, with a half-eagle, "Take this," said she, "to Mr. Legett the attorney. Tell him that it comes from Mr. Tremont's, and that he is requested to keep it safely in his possession. He will understand the rest. And now lose not a moment, but take horse."

In a little while the Coadjutor, marvelling at the non-appearance of the sister Mary Francis St. Saviour, directed the black coffin to go in search of her. This lady, quite cognisant of what was expected of her, departed eagerly on her errand; but being quite astray in the intricacies of a large house with which she was unacquainted, she lost time in searching, much to the facilitation of the schemes of Miss Tremont. At length Miss Tremont was found on her knees in the little oratory in the old bed room, endeared to her by the recollections of childhood and youth—crossing herself, and muttering in a perfectly orthodox manner. This was quite natural, and elicited the sympathies of the tender-hearted sister.

Oh! man and woman! in a contest of cunning, is it not meet that the victory should be to the weakest?

CHAPTER XXII.

THE KNELL—ITS LAST STROKE.

For many days did Mr. Tremont continue in this low state, hovering between life and death. Resignation appeared to be the prevailing characteristic of his mind at this time; but if weighed in nice balances, probably the preponderance would have been found inclined in the direction of the latter fate. Though unmarked by others, its approaches had been doubtless felt in his innermost being, as its shadow had been upon him for some time. The light of the old man's life was gone! And what did it avail?

Miss Tremont, attended by the spectre in black, who never for a moment quitted her side, like a dark shadow, properly and punctually paid daily visits to the sick bed, restricting her stay to the regulated lapse of an hour. She then conversed upon saints, and angels, and the Virgin Mother, and the holy rood, and incense, and the intercession of the church, and those themes so consolatory and proper at the bedside of a suffering fellow mortal.

The sister Mary Francis maintained the dignity of her new character extremely well. She was a model of self-abnegation, dead to the world and all that was in it. She entered the house of her father on the footing of an entire stranger, and took no further interest in its concerns, nor in those of its inmates, than if she had fallen from another planet. To the old domestics, including that respectable person Miss Spicer, she assumed the manner of a formal visitor, never addressing any of them who happened to be in her way, except to express some interest in their spiritual welfare, or to administer some advice upon the duty of obedience to the church — in a proper, religious, and official manner.

One forenoon she happened to encounter in the parlour, Charlotte O'Gorman, who had come on a visit of inquiry at the residence of her former friend and protector. They had not met for months—not since the day when Charlotte had been removed from her happy home on the banks of the Ohio by the orders of her brother. The good-natured girl rushed to meet her with a manner dictated by the recollections of old companionship and affection. The sister, Mary Francis, received her with a chilling coldness: she had evidently now entered upon a new life, in which the memories of every former one were lost or indifferent to her. The benevolent nun, indeed, asked after her health and happiness, and made other interesting categorical inquiries, condescend-

ing at the same time to put similar questions regarding other friends and acquaintances, of all of whose affairs she was as profoundly ignorant as it was becoming in a lady dead to the world. The excellent Sisters of our Lady of Dolour being reported as most accomplished gossips and entirely *au fait* in all the transactions domestic and social of the little world of the city where their convent was placed, such an appearance of indifference and unconsciousness was all the more exemplary in the case of the Sister Mary Francis.

The knell at length struck. The Coadjutor, whose attentions at the bedside of the suffering member of his flock were most unremitting, was one afternoon seated in the chamber while Mr. Tremont lay on the bed in a profound sleep. The sick man started wildly, as from a dream, and fixed his staring eyes upon the Coadjutor. He seemed to become more and more excited while he continued to regard him, and gazed eagerly round the room as in search of some one to deliver him from a foe. He saw no one, however, but the spectral-looking figure in black, with the composed features and the glittering eyes. Whether it was the terror inspired by finding himself alone with this man who had so deeply injured him, or whether the approaching seizure had inspired the terror, I know not; but his face flushed into the brightest scarlet, his eyes glared like fire, and he was in another fit. The physician was sent for; but the Coadjutor knew that the invalid's hour was come. The seizure lasted a shorter time than the first, but, being passed away, it was succeeded by such a complete prostration of nature, that the physician declared he could not survive for twenty-four hours. Miss Tremont was now sent for by the Coadjutor to attend upon the death-bed of her father. As the unfortunate gentleman was in a state of complete insensibility to external objects, her presence would now prove of little consequence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONSUMMATION.

The message had reached Blanche in her convent that her father was dying. Upon alighting at the door-steps attended by the dark shadow, who was commissioned to watch over her, a frightful sensation seized the soul of Blanche; that sensation indescribable and unutterable which takes possession of us in the propinquity of death, and which seems like a shadow from the unseen world cast upon us, and filling us with the oppressiveness of the Supernatural, while we stand in company with the dying one, upon the last shore of Time. She marvelled how the world went round, how nature held on its course; how all was so silent within, while something so stupendous was proceeding; how everything stood around her in its old-accustomed place, how everything seemed to go on according to its old wont. She met that respectable person Miss Spicer upright as usual, with the wiry curls and precise demeanour as of old; and wondered how she should just shake her head and look grave in answer to her inquiry, as any other person would have done. She was in such a state of bewilderment and mental confusion that she even wondered at her own existence; but she permitted nothing of this to appear in her demeanour, and walked calmly towards the chamber of death.

The room which she entered was profoundly still; no sign there that a human soul was engaged in deadly struggle with its last foe. The light shone brightly into it—they were the dying man's latest words—"Light, light, and more light!"—the fire crackled on the hearth, an attendant sat silently beside him, the furniture was disposed in the room just as usual, and there he lay; and if there was in external things no token of the change or the conflict, surely it was because it was all so vividly written in his face. Oh! it is a mournful expression on the face of the dying! helplessness, loneliness; strife with pain, breathlessness, sinking of the heart; strife too with the power inevitable and supernatural, and one in which no visible thing can afford any aid—not even friends, though they would bestow the life of their heart to do it, while they stand crowding round—which he must encounter single-handed and alone.

Though her father had been either insensible or wandering in his mind ever since his last seizure, he knew Blanche in a moment. The consciousness of his situation seemed to have been restored to him at the sound of her voice; and he recalled himself—by that strange power sometimes possessed by the moribund when a strong desire impels them—to the use of his faculties, for the purpose of bidding her farewell. His strength and his faculties seemed to have returned to him, and he looked well as in his best days.

"You grieve, love!" said he, on noticing Blanche's pale and woe-stricken face, "because you are to lose your father. Kiss me, and let us hope to meet again!"

Blanche would have said ten thousand things in these too precious, fleeting moments in which she had sunk into his arms; but she was utterly overcome, she could not utter one word. Did a thought of self-reproach or remorse mingle with her feelings in that moment? I know not; but if it did, I marvel it did not blast her to ashes, Perhaps, indeed, it did, and that the blast remained on her soul, and left it ever after a desolation and a curse. But whatever it might have remained, it was now only overhung with blessings from those dying lips, and with words of love that fell upon it like forgiveness with its dews and its balms.

This over, Blanche with a distracted face rushed into the adjoining room, where she knew the physician was.

"Is there no hope? Can you do nothing for him?" A flash of light had vivified her spirit for a moment; he had seemed so well, while he spoke to her, and his voice was so clear, that he perhaps still might recover; though surely it was madness to suppose it, after that glazed eye and those hollowed jaws. But drowning men will catch at straws, and Miss Tremont's hope had in it the eager clutch of despair.

"No, Miss Tremont!" said the physician, feelingly, "I ought not to deceive you; your poor father is gone!"

And, then, Miss Tremont wound herself up like a watch; and determined that, betide opposition or acquiescence, betide approval or blame, she would not quit his bedside until all was over.

Returned to him, the momentary gleam of intelligence which had illumined his face was faded; and his mind had wandered far away, and he talked incessantly. Many words passed from his lips as she watched beside him during the whole of that fearful night, which, had her heart been like other hearts of poor human quivering clay, must have been like darts and scorpions to have stung it to the quick. Long did they rankle and fester there. Long were they roots of bitterness to it in the silence and the darkness and the midnights of the after years, poisoning and blighting her existence and making it a curse to her, when there were none to see or hear. But the night passed; and Blanche, while she listened to these wild words made no sign. The uncomprehending figure in black, who watched with her, regarded them but as the incoherencies of a fevered brain. Besides, good easy soul, she had dozed away half the night in her arm chair. Blanche never winked her eyes, and the dying man, too, kept his frightfully open beside her, while he sleeplessly raved and talked. Sometimes she thought that he would have expired while she gazed at him, and it was only by incessant stimulants which she gave to him, that the low flame of life was kept flickering in its socket.

With the morning appeared the Coadjutor in the sick chamber (he had remained in the house of death over night) with Miss Spicer and others, all seeming wonderfully refreshed by their slumbers and their breakfasts. The dying man recognised nobody, but kept talking and whispering to himself till mid-day, and then, after a few convulsive struggles, all was over. Blanche, with the same calm, cold demeanour which, since the first surprise, had never failed her, suffered herself to be led back to the convent, which closed its doors upon her, shutting her out like a tomb from the enquiring gaze of ourselves and of the world.

Mr. Tremont's remains received a magnificent funeral. His coffin was lowered into the vaults of the cathedral amidst music, incense, and perfumes. Several masses were appointed for his soul, and then the friends and relations assembled at his residence to be informed with respect to the disposal of his property. Mr. Tremont's fortune was known to be great; and there existed much curiosity on the subject of its destination, taking into account the peculiar circumstances of its legal inheritor. Miss Tremont's retirement into a nunnery had been an extremely unpopular event in Philippi, and a great deal of odium had been incurred on account of it by the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in that city. But the Coadjutor disturbed himself very lightly on this account, and appeared for the interests of his ward upon the present occasion, attended by his satellite, Father Dollard. His uneasiness with respect to the existence of a will had been allayed for some time; and great was his surprise to witness the emergence from the hat of Mr. Legett of the dreaded parchment document with the huge black seal. The lawyer cleared his throat and proceeded to read. Great was the rustle among the hundred-and-fiftieth cousins and upwards present, familiar companions and bosom friends.

"Item. I give and bequeath to Arthur Denning, gentleman and citizen, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, besides all shares, interests, and profits possessed by me in the co-partnery known as the firm of Tremont, Strong, and Co.; and all goods, chattels, and utensils held in share by me thereunto belonging.

"The rest of my property, moveables, moneys, houses, and lands (and here followed a description of the properties in question), I leave for the benefit of my daughter, Blanche Tremont, also known by the name of the Sister Mary Francis St. Saviour, resident in the convent of our Lady of Dolour, in the city of Philippi."

The executors nominated were the most reverend Father Francis R. C., Coadjutor of Philippi, Arthur Denning, Esq., Stephen Legett, Esq. And so ended the reading of the will.

Meanwhile the ecclesiastical buildings of the diocese of Philippi were being raised from their foundations more rapidly than ever. The first stone of the new nunnery was laid and consecrated by the prayers of the church, amid much pomp and holy water. The Sister Mary Francis grew so rapidly in conventual graces that a dispensation was granted for the omission of the ordinary forms in her case, and she was allowed to assume the black veil immediately. A rising plant of renown was the sister Mary Francis, and her sanctities were the unceasing theme of praise on the part of all consecrated personages. It was rumoured that she was the destined abbess of the new convent. A delighted and triumphant man was the Coadjutor; his most ambitious wishes had been realised.

(To be concluded.)

RUSSIA AND TURKEY—*continued.*

No. II.—TURKISH CONQUESTS.

Let us now briefly review the wars and conquests of the Turks in Europe, and the policy and diplomacy of Russia while acquiring by aggression and military force the vast possessions formerly belonging to Poland, Sweden, and the Tartars; and those from the Sultan since the first Russian war against the Turks in 1661. We will assert nothing but facts and their real and probable results.

In the year 1263, Michael Paleologus, after having found hospitality and protection from the Seldjukian Turks, returned to Constantinople, scooped out the eyes of the legitimate heir, John, son of Lascaris, and usurped the throne. It was during this year that a horde of 10,000 to 12,000 Turkmans, conducted by a chief named Sallukede, settled on the west side of the Black Sea.

Other Turkish hordes, in the beginning of the 14th century, ravaged the coasts of Thrace and Greece. In 1357, Suleiman, son of the Sultan Urchan, besieged and captured Gallipoli; and from this period the Ottomans continued to cross over in armed multitudes from Asia into Europe.

Murad extended the Ottoman conquests in Europe; Adrianople fell in 1301, and became the European capital of the Turks. Philipopolis and other towns were soon after captured. A league, or crusade, directed by Pope Urban V., was then formed against the Turks. Louis, king of Hungary, the chiefs of the Servians, Wallachians, and Bulgarians, united with their forces and marched against the infidels, but were surprised at night, and most of them put to death. Louis, ascribing his own escape to the Virgin, built her a church at Mariazell, in Styria, where her shrine there has ever since yearly attracted numerous pilgrimages. Murad at the same time piously built several mosques, in gratitude to the Prophet, for his victories. War and devastation continued until Constantinople fell. Murad completely defeated the united forces of Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, Wallaks, Bosnians, Poles, and Hungarians, in the terrible battle of Kossova, fought in 1390. During the heat of this battle there came forth from amidst the dead and dying a noble Servian, who pushing violently through the Turkish guards, called out that he had a secret to communicate to the Sultan: on being allowed to approach, he feigned to bend at the Sultan's feet, but instantly springing up, he suddenly plunged his poignard in Murad's belly. The Sultan lived long enough to see the battle won according to his orders, and the King of Servia and his nobles put to death in revenge.

The celebrated Bajazet, or Bajezid Ildirim (the Thunderbolt), on ascending the Ottoman throne began his career by murdering his brother Jakub, "to fulfil," say the Turkish historians, "the maxim of the Koran, which declares that sedition is worse than execution." He considered also that the bad example given by conspiracy and revolt against the throne, justified him in putting to death all collateral heirs as well as younger male sons, chiefly that, "after the example of God himself, who reigns alone, without a rival, he who is the image of God on earth, the chief of all true believers, should be like God in heaven, delivered from all rivals, and should sit alone on the throne." This monstrous doctrine was practised by his successors, and Mohammed the Conqueror proclaimed publicly as a law of the empire, "that each new Sultan should, as a duty, sacrifice all his brothers." *

Bajazid was the first Ottoman sovereign who invaded Hungary. He blockaded Constantinople, marched armies into Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, and Wallachia; the prince of the latter became tributary. Meantime the Tartars of Kiptchak overran and occupied Bessarabia. Bajazid was, perhaps, the most voluptuous and cruel of the Sultans. He made conquests in Greece and Asia, invested Constantinople for seven years, and it would probably have yielded to his arms if one of the most terrible and successful of Tartar conquerors had not approached the Ottoman Empire with innumerable hordes. *Iron*, say the Asiatics, will conquer the world. The name of this famous conqueror was in his own language *Iron*—Timur, surnamed *lenk*, or lame; that is, Timurlenk, usually corrupted into Tamerlane by Europeans. The story of confining the tyrant Bajazid in an iron cage is fully disproved by Von Hamer and other good authorities. He was, it is true, carried off by Timur, and died a prisoner.

Wars and devastations were continued in Europe after the capture of Bajazid, by his son the voluptuous Suleiman. He devastated the countries westward as far as Carniola, and carried off as booty the youth of both sexes into slavery. In 1409 he compelled Venice to pay tribute for her possessions in Albania. Ten thousand Turks ravaged Bosnia after treacherously receiving 20,000 gold ducats from each of the chiefs contending for the supreme power—each of whom he promised to support, and both of whom he deceived.

Musa, who had been carried off with his father by Timur, escaped and fled to Europe, and conspired with his brother Mohammed against their eldest brother Suleiman. A battle was fought by him near Constantinople, but he was defeated and fled to Wallachia. But whilst Suleiman relapsed into his debaucheries at Adrianople, the active, vigilant, and sagacious Musa appeared suddenly at the head of a powerful army, and surprised Suleiman amidst his orgies. Suleiman fled towards Constantinople, but was intercepted on the way by five brothers whom he had maltreated.

* So inserted in the Constitution of the Ottoman Empire, B. i. p. 98, apud Von Hamer.

He defended himself bravely, killed two, but the other three drove their arrows into his body.

Musa became absolute sovereign and tyrant of the Ottomans in Europe. Although he had waged war against his father Suleiman, yet he feigned piety, and burnt alive the three brothers who had slain him. He also shut up in their huts all the inhabitants of the village where the murder took place, and all of them perished in the flames of their dwellings. He then ravaged the territories of his former ally Stephen, Kral of Wallachia, carried off the young males and put the other inhabitants to death. The garrisons of their castles he put to death by tearing them to pieces. He piled the corpses of the Christians he had slain and formed a table above them, on which he and his principal followers held a festive banquet. He ravaged the towns of Thessalonica, committing monstrous atrocities, and then besieged Constantinople. The Greek Emperor Manuel invited Mohammed, who ruled in Asia, to his aid. The latter entered Constantinople by sea with an army, and marched out against Musa, but was repulsed and driven back again into Asia, whence he returned with a powerful army, and overthrew Musa, most of whose followers, according to true Turkish fidelity, deserted him, and joined the ranks of the more fortunate Mohammed. Musa fled, and his body was afterwards found dead in a marsh.

Mohammed I. became Sultan and despot in 1413. He invaded Wallachia, Hungary, and Styria, ravaged the Greek islands, fought the desperate naval battle of Gallipoli, but in which he was overcome by the Venetians, who put all the Christians who were mercenaries to the sword. Thessalonica was conquered under his successor, Murad II., who made peace and war with Hungary, conquered Semendria, and besieged Belgrade. But then commenced those brilliant campaigns led by John Hunyady, the commander of the combined Christian armies, which were organised and concentrated against the Turks in 1443, by the entreaties and threats of Pope Eugenius IV. In the following year, a truce for ten years was signed at Szegedin, under which Servia and Herzogovina were restored to its despot, Brankvourtch; but Wallachia was to remain under the suzerainty of Hungary, and a ransom of 70,000 ducats was to be paid to Hunyady, by the Bey of Boli, Mahomed Thchelebi, who was a captive. This treaty was drawn up in the Hungarian and Turkish languages, the Christian monarchs swearing on the Evangelists, and Murad on the Koran, to abide faithfully by and to enforce its stipulations. In 1444 Murad abdicated, at the age of forty years, in favour of his son Mohammed, then aged only fourteen. But the treaty of peace which he had concluded with the King of Hungary, did not last six weeks; for ten days had not expired since the day on which the oath taken upon the Evangelists, to maintain its integrity with honour and religious faith, when the Pope's legate, Cardinal Julian Cæsarini, made the king and his counsellors swear in the names of the most Holy Trinity, and of the glorious Virgin Mary, and of St. Stephen, and of St. Vladislaus, that they would break the treaty made with the Turks, and that they would appear on the 1st September, before Orsova, with a powerful army. There is no act more perfidious in the whole annals of Paganism or of Islamism than the breach of this solemn treaty under such blasphemous circumstances, and at the instigation of the presumed vicar of Christ, and of the papal legate. It can only be justified on the Jesuitical casuistry, that no faith is to be kept with infidels. During the absence of the sultan in Asia, a desperate attempt was made to overthrow the Turkish power in Europe. Hunyady was induced, on the promise that he would be made king of Bulgaria, to join in this treacherous, perjured, and diabolical league. He marched at the head of the united forces, and although they succeeded in burning twenty Turkish vessels on the Danube, and although several places surrendered to their arms, Murad, on his return from Asia, defeated them at the battle of Varna. The Sultan then retired into Asia, where he remained until anarchy and rebellion rendered his presence again necessary in Europe.

The Greek Empire at this time was divided among the sons of Manuel, and the dominions of John Paleologus could scarcely be said to have extended much beyond the walls of Constantinople. Murad renewed the war, captured several places in Greece, and then concluded a peace with the Emperor at Constantinople.

In October, 1448, Hunyady led a great army across the Danube, consisting chiefly of Hungarians, Szeklers, and other auxiliary forces, and encountered the Turks under Murad on the old battle-ground of Kossova. A desperate and bloody battle was fought, but Hunyady lost the victory by the treason of the Wallachians, who passed over to the Turks. Hunyady escaped by flight, leaving 17,000 of his men dead on the battlefield, among whom were the flower of the Hungarian nobility. Murad lost more than double that number, but so formidable was his army that his victory was complete.

John Paleologus having shortly after died, Murad settled the pretensions to the crown by deciding that the eldest son of Constantine should ascend the throne of Byzantium by "the grace" (not of God, but) "of the Sultan." But shortly after the Sultan himself died of a fit of apoplexy, in the midst of a feast at Adrianople, in the forty-ninth year of his age. In peace and in war he was the most honourable and just of all the Ottoman Sultans, and punished without pity any violation of faith. He was succeeded by his son Mohammed II., aged twenty-one years. He proved himself a monarch of very different character and spirit from his father, although equally bold and fortunate as a conqueror. He besieged Constantinople, which surrendered to his arms and to his fleet on the 28th of May, 1453: that famous imperial city having, since its foundation by Constantine the First until its downfal with Constantine the last, survived twenty-four previous sieges. The cruelties and perfidies of Mohammed with regard to those who were taken

prisoners, and those who were induced afterwards to surrender; his drunkenness and his monstrous sensualities, degrade him to the lowest scale of humanity; while, on the other hand, his legislative and administrative abilities rank him among the most able and powerful of oriental despots and warriors.

With the fall of Constantinople the Roman Empire, so remarkable and stupendous in the history of the world, disappeared from among the sovereignties and nations of the earth.

We will now briefly sketch the conquests of the Mohammedans from the fall of Constantinople until the beginning of the war, which was terminated in 1699 by the peace of Carlowitz.

Mohammed subdued Servia, and soon after the Morea. But in 1456 he was forced by John Hunyady to raise the siege of Belgrade. Mohammed in 1463 added Bosnia to his empire, conquered several islands of the Archipelago, and subdued Epirus. In 1477 he compelled the Khan of Crimea to acknowledge his sovereignty, and in 1479 the Venetians ceded Scutari, with their pretensions on Lemnos, and some portions of the Morea.

Mohammed died in 1481. He had established *fratricide as a law of the empire,* but his eldest son Bajazid did not succeed in seizing upon his brother Dscheim, or *Siszim,* who placed himself upon the defensive, and advanced against Brussa. He then fled into Egypt, returned and renewed the war, and on being put to flight took refuge at Rhodes, whence he was led to France as a captive, and sometime after died at Naples from poison administered to him through the agency of Cæsar Borgia.

Bajazid II. continued the war, and made several conquests—the details of which would exceed our limits. But civil war disturbed and devastated his dominions. His third son, Selim, revolted against him, and successfully drove Bajazid from the throne. Selim was an atrocious tyrant who violated all the rights of mankind: he was at the same time a bold and successful warrior. He put his brother and all his nephews to death. He made war against Persia, and reduced and entered Tabrez: his murders and massacres in the eastern portions of his empire are without parallel for their atrocity. He made several conquests in Asia, and afterwards subdued Egypt. He died in 1520, and was succeeded by Suleiman, called the "Great," the tenth Sultan of the Ottomans: his reign is considered the most splendid and most brilliant epoch of Turkish history, and he is celebrated both as a legislator and a warrior. He besieged Belgrade, captured that city, and overran the country westward to Styria. In 1522 he besieged Rhodes, the defence of which has immortalised Villiers de l'Ile Adam, who with 6,000 knights defended this stronghold of the Knights of St. John against an army of 200,000 men. On their surrender the besieged were treated with magnanimity by the conqueror. In 1526 he utterly defeated the Hungarian army under King Louis, who was found dead after the battle. He ravaged Hungary, but was compelled to return to Constantinople, in consequence of a revolt which had broken forth in Anatolia. In 1537, invited by *Czapoyla,* Prince of Transylvania, Suleiman again invaded Hungary, and established himself in its capital, Buda. He then invaded Vienna, which was defended by Philip, Count Palatine of the Rhine, with a strong garrison, which had been disciplined in the wars of Charles V. Suleiman left 40,000 of his army dead on the plains of Vienna, after a siege of about one month. He retired from Buda, but he received the submission of the Prince of Moldavia, who from that time became a tributary to the Porte. He afterwards re-took Buda by surprise, which city remained under the sovereignty of the Ottomans, with most parts of Hungary, until 1686. In 1542 the first treaty between the Turks and a Christian prince against another Christian prince, was negotiated by the minister of Francis I. of France, with the Sultan, against Charles V.; and a Turkish fleet sailed as far as Marseilles to support the "*most Christian King,*" against *the* "*most Catholic and Apostolic*" *Emperor of the Romans.* Suleiman compelled the Emperor Maximilian II. to pay him tribute for Hungary, by a treaty signed in 1562, but which was broken in 1566: on which Suleiman again invaded Hungary, and ended his life at the siege of Szigeth, in Sclavonia, which place, after his death, was captured by his general, with a loss of 30,000 men.

Selim II. declared war against Venice in 1570, in order to force the Venetians to abandon to him the island of Candia. But a formidable league was now organised against the Turks. The Pope, the King of Spain, and the Venetians having combined for this purpose, a powerful armada was collected at Messina, consisting of twelve of the Pope's galleys, a Venetian fleet of one hundred and eight ships, and eighty-one Spanish vessels, carrying 20,000 troops. This naval force was placed under the command of Don Juan of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., who attacked the Turkish fleet of 333 sail in the bay of Lepanto. Thirty-two thousand Turks were said to have been slain in this remarkable sea-fight, and 161 of the Turkish galleys were captured. The battle of Lepanto ruined, for the time, the Ottoman marine. But the allies disagreeing among themselves, the Venetians were forced to conclude a disadvantageous treaty with the Turks in 1673, the latter retaining all their conquests, the Venetians ceding them and paying Selim no less than 300,000 ducats.

Murad III. having declared war against the Emperor Rodolph, king of Hungary, captured the strong city of Raab in 1593, the Princes of Transylvania and Moldavia joining the Austrians, while the Poles aided the Sultan. In 1596, 200,000 Turks besieged and took Erlau or Agria; but the Turkish army was soon after defeated by the Archduke Maximilian, at Kerestzes. The Turks lost Raab in 1598. In 1605 they besieged and reduced Strigonia, and proclaimed Botsky king of Hungary; but this prince declined the honour, the Emperor having given him satisfaction with regard to the discontented Protestants of that

kingdom, by signing the *Peace of Religion*. A treaty of peace for twenty years was then signed by the Turks near Komorn, by which the Sultan, instead of an annual tribute for Hungary, agreed to receive a present payment of 200,000 rix dollars, payable for all demands.

Osman II., after having lost 60,000 to 80,000 men in his war against the Poles, concluded a peace with them by the Treaty of Choczim, in 1621, by which it was stipulated that the *Tartars should not make any further incursions into Poland, nor the Cossacks into Tartary*, and the right of naming the Prince of Moldavia was ever after to belong to the Sublime Porte. Under this treaty, the Moldavians and Poles were always to enjoy liberty of commerce with Turkey, on the payment of a moderate sum of money to the Sultan and to the Khan of the Tartars.

In 1633, Michael Romanoff, the first of the present dynasty of Russia, being engaged in war against Vladislaus, king of Poland, invited Murad IV. to invade Podolia; but the Turkish general being defeated by the Poles, peace was re-established.

Ibrahim, who succeeded to the throne in 1640, declared war against the Venetians. The latter were successfully defeated, and the whole island of Candia was captured with the exception of the capital, which was besieged from 1645 to 1669. In 1654, the Venetian fleets gained two brilliant victories over the Turks; but in the following year, Koeprili, one of the greatest and most famous of the Turkish viziers, undertook the siege of Candia with 70,000 men. The Venetians, in the meantime, received succours from several of the Christian powers, and especially from that of France, which sent a fleet with troops under the command of the Duke of Beaufort and Admiral Noailles. The first perished; the second, judging it impossible to save the city, re-embarked with his forces; and in 1669 a treaty was concluded in the camp of Koeprili, *of perpetual peace* between the Venetians and the Turks, by which Candia was surrendered to the latter, with the exception of three trading places, which the Venetians were to retain in their possession. It is asserted that, during the last twenty-eight months of this most remarkable siege, the Venetians lost 31,000 men and the Turks 119,000 men. The war against Hungary was renewed in 1660, in consequence of the Porte disapproving of the expedition of George Ragoczi against Poland, inasmuch as Poland and Turkey were then at peace.

Mohammed IV. marched an army into Transylvania to give force to his commands, and Ragoczi died on the 8th of July in the same year, in consequence of a wound received in battle. Ali Pasha captured the stronghold of Gross Waradein. The celebrated Field Marshal Montecuculi was defeated by the Grand Vizier in 1661, and the Prince of Transylvania was slain in battle in the following year. The Grand Vizier, however, on passing Raab was, in turn, defeated by Montecuculi with the loss of 16,000 men. The Turks, in consequence of the scarcity of provisions, then signed a treaty of peace, on the 10th of August in the same year. The Prince of Transylvania paid a large sum of money for the expense of this war, and several captured places remained in the possession of Turkey. The Emperor at the same time promising to evacuate Transylvania. By the peace of Buczaz in 1672, the Poles agreed to the payment of 22,000 ducats a year to the Porte, to which they also ceded the whole of the Ukraine. But at the instigation of John Sobieski the Polish Diet refused to ratify a *treaty which was denounced as infamous*. Hostilities were immediately recommenced, and Sobieski, in the following year, surprised the Turks at Choczim, of whom he slew 20,000, capturing the city, and the equipages and military chest of the Turks. Sobieski was in 1674 elected to the throne of Poland. He marched with an army in order to re-capture Kameniac, but being abandoned by the Lithuanians he failed in the enterprise.

Peace was concluded between the Porte and Poland, in 1676, John Sobieski having obtained the mediation of the Khan of Tartary; to whom two-thirds of the Ukraine reverted: the Russians having for sometime occupied one-third of that country after the defeat of the Tartars by the czar Michael Romanoff.

The *first* Russian and Turkish war commenced in 1674, and continued with disadvantage to the Turks until a peace was concluded in 1681, by which two-thirds of the Ukraine was ceded to Russia.

In 1683 a bloody and exterminating war broke forth between Austria and the Porte. In that part of Hungary which was not under the domination of the Turks, the Protestants were oppressed as heretics and persecuted, and their ministers were imprisoned and often executed, or sold to Naples as galley slaves by the tyrant emperor Leopold I. They, as early as 1672, under the Palatine Wesselinyi, rose in arms against Austria; and after the death of that distinguished Protestant Magnate, in 1677, they were commanded by the celebrated Count Emerik Tököly, (Tekeli,) who completely defeated the Austrians under General Leslie, conquered several fortresses and towns, levied contributions in Moravia, and invited the Turks to his assistance.

At the commencement of the war of 1683, the Turkish power extended over all Asia Minor to the frontiers of Persia; over all Syria and Egypt; as tributary states over all North Africa; over Thrace, all Greece and all the Greek Islands; over all the Islands of the Levant and the Archipelago; over Macedonia, Albania, a great part of Dalmatia, Montenegro, Herzogovina, Bosnia, Servia, and Sclavonia; over the greater part of Hungary, as tributary; and over Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia. The Sultan also possessed Besarabia, the Crimea, Podolia, and the countries south of the Ukraine. He had, at the same time, his Pachas at Buda, and in various places in Hungary.

Vienna was besieged in 1683, with an army of 300,000 men, under the command of the Grand Vizier, Kara (Black) Mustafa. He was the most arrogant of all the Grand Viziers. He promised the Sultan to render Vienna the capital of an Ottoman

Empire in the very centre of Europe. But this great army was put to flight, to serve an ungrateful and despicable and cruel emperor, by John Sobieski, King of Poland. Then commenced the rapid decline of the Ottoman power. The Venetians, the Duke of Lorraine, Peter the Great, Poland, Saxony, Prussia, and other states, afterwards combined with Austria against the Turks — wars of ferocity and carnage continued until the Turks were driven from Hungary, Transylvania, and several of the countries which they had previously ravaged and conquered.

In 1699, peace was concluded by the celebrated treaty of Carlowitz, between the Porte, Austria, Russia, Poland, and Venice.

By this treaty Austria regained all Transylvania, and all Hungary, with the exception of the province of Temesvar, which included the fertile country now called the Banat, extending south from the Marosch to the Danube; and east from the Theiss, to Transylvania. The navigation of those rivers was to be free and common to the subjects of both powers. All Sclavonia was restored to Austria, excepting that large triangle lying south of a line from the mouth of the Drave, to where the Bossuth falls into the Save. Turkey was to retain all her possessions south of the Save. This peace was to be observed solemnly and faithfully on the part of the Porte, to extend in all its integrity as to the cessation of all hostilities and the maintenance of peace, to the Pachas and Khans in all the Sultan's dominions, including the Khans of the Crimea and of the Tartars.

Poland, as far as Turkey was concerned, was to retain her actual and ancient boundaries; but to cede all fortresses erected in Moldavia, which principality was to revert to the Sultan. Kaminiec, Podolia, and the Ukraine, beyond the Dnieper, were to be surrendered by the Porte to the King of Poland; and the Sultan was to abandon all sovereignty over the Tartars of the Ukraine. The Tartars of Boudjak were to return within their former and proper limits.

To Venice, the Morea, the Islands of St. Maure, and Leucadia, were ceded — all the Islands of the Archipelago were to remain in the possession of the Sultan.

The Venetians were to retain the Ionian Islands, without being tributary, as formerly, for them, to the Porte. They were also to retain the fortresses of Ciclut, Gabella, Chnin, Castelnuova, and Risano, in Dalmatia. Ragusa was to remain in possession of the Porte.

Russia and the Cossacks were bound to make no inroads over the dominions of the Porte. The Turks and the Tartars of the Crimea, and the other Tartar hordes, to make no inroads over the dominions of the Czar. In the treaties with the three powers, it was agreed by the Porte, that the Sultan's subjects, and others within his dominions professing the Roman Catholic religion, should have the free right of performing their religious ceremonies, and to have their own churches unmolested.

In July, 1700, a treaty was signed between Russia and the Porte, which stipulated that the towns of Tawan, Kasi-Kerman, Sagis-Kerman, and Nustret-Kerman, on the Dnieper, which had been conquered by the Russians, were to be demolished, and then abandoned to the Porte. The city of Azoph, and its dependencies, were, however, to remain under the sovereignty of the Czar — thus giving him a maritime intercourse with the Black Sea. Peter the Great was not yet sufficiently powerful to resist the Sultan in demanding the demolition of the fortresses on the Dnieper.

In 1711, after the fatal battle of Pultava, and the retreat of Charles XII. to Bender, Peter very rashly invaded Moldavia. Before approaching this province, he concluded a treaty with its Hospodar, at Shlusk, in Poland; by which that prince, on being assured by the Czar of the maintenance of his rank and dignity for himself and family, placed himself and the principality of Moldavia under the protection of the Czar. Thus was begun the interference of Russia with the internal affairs of the Danubian provinces. But soon after the entrance of the Czar into Moldavia, he experienced great privations, from the scarcity of provisions; and he was only saved by a treaty of peace with Turkey, called the treaty of Pruth, concluded between the Czar and the Sultan, on the banks of that river. It was brought to a fortunate ratification chiefly by the address of his accomplished wife, the Empress Catherine, a fair Livonian, whom he found some years before among his captives. By this treaty Azoph was restored to the Porte; and all the fortresses which the Czar had constructed at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoph, and on the Borysthenes, were to be demolished. The Czar was also bound not to meddle, either then or at any future time, with the affairs of the Poles, nor of the Cossacks subject to Poland; nor with the Cossacks depending on the Khan of the Tartars. Peter, after this humiliating treaty, departed from Moldavia, and regained his own dominions with his reduced and enfeebled army. The Porte declared war against him in the following year, but after the settlement of some misunderstandings respecting Poland and Charles XII., then at Bender, a peace was again concluded. It only lasted for one year. The first treaty of Adrianople, signed June, 1713, confirmed the treaty of the Pruth, and stipulated for a peace between the two powers—until 1720: when a treaty, styled a treaty of *perpetual peace*, was ratified at Constantinople, which also confirmed the treaty of Pruth, and provided for the constant residence of a Russian Ambassador at the Sublime Porte.

The Czar, by this treaty, solemnly bound himself never to annex to his empire any part of the dominions of Poland; never to interfere with the elective succession to that throne; and never to allow the dismemberment of that kingdom.

The revolution which broke out in Persia in 1712, and which destroyed the power of the family of the Sophis, encouraged Peter the Great to extend his dominions to the south, along the Caspian. He consequently seized on the Persian districts of Baku and Derbent, in the provinces

of Chirvan; and he compelled the son of Sophi Hussien to cede the provinces of Ghilan, Astrabath, and Massanderan to Russia. The Porte interfered, and marched an army into Georgia; but in June, 1724, the Czar and Sultan, by treaty signed at Constantinople, agreed to divide those territories between them.

Notwithstanding the treaty of Carlowitz, the Sublime Porte resolved to expel the Venetians from the Morea. The Pascha of Bosnia was commanded to march and take the Venetian towns in Dalmatia. The passage of Corinth was forced by the Turkish army in June, 1715. Corinth, Napoli de Romagna, and Modon surrendered with scarcely any resistance; and in less than two months the Turks occupied the whole of the Morea. The Venetians were also driven from the places they had been allowed to retain in the island of Candia; and in July, 1716, the Turks besieged Corfu.

The Emperor of Germany who had guaranteed the stipulations of the peace of Carlowitz, formed an alliance with the Republic of Venice. The celebrated Prince Eugene, of Savoy, was at this period at the head of the Austrian war department. The Turks, after losing 8,000 men before Corfu, raised the siege and retired, abandoning their artillery to General Schulenberg. On the 15th August, 1716, the Austrians, under Prince Eugene, attacked a Turkish army of 190,000 men near Peterwaradein. The Turks were utterly discomfited, and 30,000 of their number slain or drowned in the Saal. Among the killed were the Grand Vizier and fifteen Pachas: 170 pieces of artillery were captured by the conquerors. The Turks were shortly afterwards completely driven from the Banat, while several places in Bosnia and Servia surrendered to the Austrian arms. The Emperor, having soon after received military aid from Bavaria and other German states, marched a powerful army under the command of Prince Eugene to the banks of the Danube. In July, 1717, the Austrians laid siege to Belgrade, then garrisoned by 30,000 Turkish troops. A Turkish army of 150,000 men immediately after marched to the relief of that strongly fortified city. The Turks entrenched in the rear of Prince Eugene, whose troops were at this time afflicted with fever, while his horses were rapidly perishing for want of forage. Under these perilous circumstances, with the enemy in his front and rear, Prince Eugene formed the desperate resolution of attacking the Turks with 40,000 men; and having, with his generals, Montecuculi, Palfy, and Prince Alexander of Wirtemberg, directed the attack with great skill and steady impetuosity, the Turks were completely defeated and 18,000 of their number slain. 131 pieces of cannon and an immense quantity of ammunition were left behind and taken by the Austrians. Belgrade capitulated on the following day, and the garrison was allowed to march out with the honours of war. Several places on the Save and Danube surrendered soon afterwards.

In the meantime the Venetians attacked and captured several places belonging to the Turks in Albania and Dalmatia; but notwithstanding these victories, such was the state of his finances and of his own dominions, that the Emperor considered that peace was desirable with the still formidable Turks, especially as the Spaniards had declared war against him in Italy. A correspondence was accordingly opened between Prince Eugene and the Grand Vizier. The Emperor, however, insisted not only on retaining all the places he had conquered, but also Bosnia, Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia. The Sultan replied that he would rather lose his head than cede these provinces, and he prepared accordingly to renew the war. Through the mediation, however, of England and Holland, it was at last agreed to hold a Congress at Passarowitz, a small town in Servia, in order to adjust such differences as prevented the conclusion of peace between the Emperor, the Venetians, and the Porte.

As the Treaty of Passarowitz has lately been referred to by the Court of Vienna as justifying the rightful claim of the Emperor to the extradition of Austrian or Hungarian subjects who had fled for hospitality or protection to Turkey, and as but little is known of the Treaty itself at the present day, it may be instructive to allude to some of its stipulations.

In May, 1718, the Congress assembled at Passarowitz, which is situated near the banks of the Morava. The Emperor was represented by the Count de Virmont and M. De Thalmann; Venice by the Chevalier Ruzzini; the Porte by the Aga Ibrahim and the Effendi Mehemet; and upon the part of the Mediators, Sir Robert Sutton represented England, and Count De Collyer the Stadthoulder of Holland. On the opening of the Congress a suspension of arms was agreed to. The basis of the negotiations was the admission of the principle of *Uti Possidetis*—by which the Turks were flattered into the belief that they should be allowed to retain the Morea and their conquests in Hungary. The Emperor, however, notwithstanding the basis of *Uti Possidetis*, demanded not only the restitution of the Morea to Venice, but that Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, as dependencies of the government of Belgrade, should be ceded to him. The proposition was at once rejected by the Porte. The Mediators then applied to Prince Eugene in order to obtain more reasonable concessions from the Emperor. The treaty was finally agreed to on the 21st of July, 1718, by which it was stipulated that Moldavia and Wallachia should be ceded to the Porte, as tributary states; that all places north of the Danube, and west of the river Aluta, and the whole Banat should remain in possession of the Empire. By this stipulation one-third of Wallachia was taken from the Ottomans. It was also stipulated that Belgrade, Parakin, Istolaz, Schahak, Bedka, and Belina should be restored to the Emperor, and Zokal and Rasna to the Porte. Both banks of the Save, with their forts, were to remain in possession of the Emperor. Jassenowitz and Dobiza, and some other places in Turkish Croatia, were also ceded to the emperor, as well as Vieux-novi.

By article VI. a great part of Servia was ceded to Austria, and the dispositions of the Treaty of Carlowitz, regarding religious orders and the Catholic religion, were renewed. Article XII. provided that all prisoners should be set at liberty, and that the Vaywode Nicholas Scarlati should be exchanged for the Barons Petrasch and Stein, and the other prisoners who were the slaves of private individuals were to be ransomed on equitable conditions. Article XIII. provided for the freedom and protection of commerce, although not so fully as in a separate commercial treaty between the Porte and the emperor, signed on the 27th July. But article XIV. is that on which the Austrians insisted that the Porte should give up Austrian and Hungarian subjects. By this article it was interdicted to accord a retreat upon the part of the one power or the other to malefactors or discontented or rebellious subjects. The Hungarians, however, who had retreated to the Ottoman empire, as Ragoczi, Bertscheni, Esterhazy, Forgatsch, Vay, and Czacky, were privileged to remain there; but only in places which should be assigned to them at a long distance from the Hungarian frontiers. Their wives were to have permission to join them. This treaty was to remain in force twenty-four years, at the expiration of which, or sooner, both parties were to have the liberty of extending the peace to such period as they might judge proper.

By the Treaty of Passarowitz, between the Porte and the Republic of Venice, it was agreed that the fortresses and forts of Imoschi, Tiscovatz, Sternizza, Unista, and the Towers of Proloch and Erxano, and all the open, walled, or fortified places in the Herzogovina, Dalmatia, and Albania, of which Venice was then actually in possession, should be ceded to that republic. Ragusa was to remain with the Porte. The Venetians were to evacuate Popovo, Zarina, Ottovo, Subzi, and other places, as well as the island of Cerigo in the Archipelago, and several fortresses on the coast of Albania. The Morea, on the basis of *Uti Possidetis,* remained under the sovereignty of the Porte. The freedom of trading with Egypt was secured to the Venetians; and all the provisions of this treaty remained in force until the fall of the Venetian Republic after the first French Revolution.

We have thus briefly traced the progress of the Turks from the period when they first became the conquerors of Asia Minor and Syria, and then until their conquests extended over Egypt, Greece, the Greek Islands, Albania, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Mesopotamia, Thrace, and the whole of ancient Dacia and Mœsia, together with their conquests over Hungary and other portions of the dominions of the House of Hapsburg, down to the ratification of the Treaty of Passarowitz, by which they still retained nearly all their canquests. No history is more sanguinary than that of the Ottomans; and it has unfortunately occurred that although the Koran, by which the Sublime Porte pretends to be guided in policy, government, and war, contains, with its many clumsy absurdities, neither doctrines of immorality nor unjust maxims, yet there has scarcely been a crime, a perfidy, or a treachery, committed by the Turkish Government or its agents, which the Muftis, Ulemas, and Effendis have not, in their own way, justified by distorting the text of that book of law and religion.

The whole history of the Ottoman Empire is one of massacres, murders, assassinations, fratricides, parricides, and infanticides; although we frequently find the Sultans capable of and practising magnanimous acts of generosity, hospitality, and fidelity. We will now briefly proceed to give a summary account of the wars and the treaties, since the peace of Passarowitz, of the Porte with European nations, and with special reference to the treaties under which Russia assumes the right of interfering with the Danubian provinces. We deem this necessary and instructive, as the most exaggerated and false statements have recently been made with reference to those treaties, and especially charging a most able, sagacious, and patriotic minister with criminally betraying, or neglecting the honour and interests of his country. We assert with full knowledge, and fearlessly, that those charges were and are all made by a vicious heart; or, to speak more charitably, that they are *the crazy imaginings of a disordered intellect.* J. M'G.

(To be continued.)

THE DARIEN CANAL.

The union of the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, by a canal across the Isthmus which separates them, attracted, at an early period after the discovery of the new world, the attention both of statesmen and men of science. That with so narrow a neck of land between them, the maritime intercourse of the world should be so far impeded, as to render it necessary for ships passing from the Eastern to the Western coast of the American continent, and, *vice versâ,* to make a detour of thousands of miles of dangerous navigation, when a few miles of excavation would remove the obstruction, appears, upon a *prima facie* view of the case, an absurdity. Why have not those nations, whose business is so much upon the seas, long ago taken the subject seriously in hand, and vanquished this difficulty, so trifling in its character, so serious in its consequences?

Such would be the reasoning of the majority of persons who have obtained only partial knowledge

of the subject. Yet there are obstacles in the way, for the surmounting of which the world has not, until the present time, been prepared. However desirable, however needful for the commerce of the world the enterprize may be, the means of accomplishing it could not have been found until the nineteenth century, with all its marvellous discoveries in art and science, had multiplied a hundred fold, the powers, the resources, and the self-reliance of mankind.

This important undertaking appears at length in a fair way of being carried into effect; a company having been formed, and a large amount of capital actually raised for the preliminary purpose of making a regular survey of the proposed line, in order to establish its practicability. The conduct of this expedition is very properly entrusted to the superintendence of Mr. Lionel Gisborne, who has already so far individually effected this object, as to convince himself of the entire feasibility of the scheme. This gentleman was deputed to South America, by Mesrss. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the eminent contractors, for the express purpose of investigating, so far as he was able, that part of the Isthmus of Darien lying between Port Escoces, near the Bay of Caledonia, in the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of St. Miguel, on the Pacific. This object he accomplished, as far as the hostility of the native tribes would allow him; and it is upon his report that the Darien Ship Canal Company has been formed, and the new expedition sent out.

Before going into a description of the details and the merits of the plans proposed by Mr. Gisborne, it may be proper to state that there are no less than seven different lines recommended for this purpose, by different parties, some of which have companies formed for carrying them out. Four of these have been commented upon by Captain Fitzroy in the "Journal of the Geographical Society," namely,

"1. The *Mexican Line*, to connect the Gulf of Mexico and Tehuantepec Bay.

"2. The *Nicaragua Line*, to form a navigation up the river St. Juan to Nicaragua Lake, and from thence to some port on the Pacific, of which no less than six have been named as eligible.

"3. The *Panama Line*, from Chagres to Panama.

"4. The *Atrato Line*, to form a water communication between the river Atrato and Cupica Bay on the Pacific."

The three other lines are:—

"5. From the Chiriqui Lake, to Dolce Gulf.

"6. From St. Blas or Mandingo, to Chepo, in the Bay of Panama.

"7. From Port Escoces near the Bay of Caledonia, to the Gulf of St. Miguel, on the Pacific."

As this last is the line which Mr. Gisborne was sent out specially to examine and report upon, we intend for the present to confine attention to it, as the one most likely to be carried into effect. It appears, that it was upon the representations of Dr. Cullen, who professed to have crossed the isthmus at that part, that Mr. Gisborne had been deputed to make the investigation. Dr. Cullen's account, however, was but a confirmation of the opinion of Professor Humboldt, who, with a more intimate knowledge of Central America than any other man, has recorded his conviction of the superior adaptation of the Isthmus of Darien for a ship canal, "to any other portion of the neck."

Port Escoces, or Scotch Port, which is proposed to be the Atlantic entrance of the canal, obtained its name from that melancholy episode in the history of Scotland, "the Darien Scheme," by which, in 1695, hundreds of that hardy race of mountaineers were seduced from their homes, to seek riches in the wilds of Central America. There they had to contend against an unhealthy climate, hostile native tribes, and jealous Spaniards; and, on the other hand, were refused, by the phlegmatic William, that assistance to establish themselves, which the English Government could well have rendered. With such difficulties to contend with, an enterprise, which under more favourable circumstances could not have failed of success, ended in the destruction of almost every soul who engaged in it.

Mr. Gisborne's undertaking was one of both difficulty and danger, but he appears to have met both in the true spirit of an Anglo-Saxon. Without unnecessarily risking his life, he accommodated himself to his circumstances; and his journal, which has been published, is written in the spirited style of a man confident in his own resources, and with all his senses awake to what was passing around him. He sailed from Southampton on the 2nd April, 1852, having for his coadjutor Mr. H. C. Forde, and they arrived at Carthagena on the 1st of May. Here they chartered the schooner *Velox;* and having completed their arrangements, sailed on the 12th of June for Port Escoces, where they arrived on the 15th of the same month.

Here they learned that no strangers had been allowed by the natives to visit the interior of the country for two hundred years, when the Buccaneers had assisted them to expel the Spaniards. The tradition of the cruelties exercised by these latter upon the natives is still fresh; and their jealousy of strangers is so strong, that they almost invariably murder those who fall into their hands. Notwithstanding this unfavourable report, Mr. Gisborne landed on the 17th June, and crossed a range of the Cordilleras, which then appeared unbroken, and the lowest point of which was 276 feet high. They then followed the course of a small stream which led to a large river, running northward. Ascending a bluff about 100 feet high, they found the land towards the Pacific a flat plain, as far as the eye could reach, in a south-west direction. Still following the course of the river, until dark, they lay by for the night. In the morning they proceeded, and fell in with some Indians, well-armed, by whom they were made prisoners, and directed to follow them.

This rencontre was perhaps as lucky a hit as Mr. Gisborne could have wished for. The Indians led them along the course of the stream, which, they now found, *flowed through a break in the range*

of mountains, which they previously thought to be continuous; and they arrived at a village at the mouth of the river, which empties itself into Caledonia Bay. Here a native who could speak a little English, examined them as to their intentions, and for some time appeared very hostile; but at length he sent them with an escort of six Indians to Port Escoces, where their ship was lying; at the same time hinting to them, that if caught in the interior a second time, they would not escape quite so easily.

They had thus accidentally, as it were, learned that the Cordilleras, which ranged along the eastern coast, would be no obstacle to the proposed undertaking, an opening in the range being sufficiently low to admit the river from the interior, and consequently to allow the construction of the proposed canal; and further, that Caledonia Bay, at the debouch of the river, was well calculated for a harbour for the undertaking. The additional inference derived from these facts was, that the summit level of the country between the two oceans had yet to be discovered. And as the determined character and conduct of the Indians put out of the question a further investigation of the interior on the eastern or Atlantic side, Mr. Gisborne determined to cross the Isthmus to Panama.

They were two days crossing the Isthmus, and arrived at Panama on the 25th of June. There they hired the schooner *Etincelle*, of twelve tons burden, and proceeded to the Gulf of St. Miguel. They arrived on the 29th at Bocca Chica, the entrance of Darien Harbour. On the following day, they proceeded to examine the Savannah river, up which they ascended in a canoe. This river is two miles wide at the mouth, narrowing for seven miles up to a width of half a mile, being skirted with hills of from two to three hundred feet high; its depth is from nine to six fathoms *at low water*, with a soft muddy bottom. It there forms a junction with the river Lara, diminishing in depth until the bottom becomes level with mid-tide; the tide flowing five miles beyond the junction, until arrested by a fall of two feet. Beyond the tidal influence the Savannah meanders, the water-way being about sixty feet across.

Having thus ascended this river, as far as they judged it ran in the direction of the Caledonia, and which appears to have been about eighteen or twenty miles from its mouth, they commenced a land-journey in the north-easterly direction towards Caledonia Bay. They crossed a range of hills, 100 feet high; and, soon after, a second ridge, 130 feet high, which evidently forms the summit level between the Savannah and the Caledonia rivers, and, consequently, between the two oceans. At the foot of this latter range, they found a stream flowing nearly due east; and following this, it led them to a larger one, which they traced a short distance, until warned by a tree thrown across for a bridge, and a footpath at each end, that they were again trespassing on the forbidden Indian territory, and having accomplished their object, they thought it best to secure the advantages they had obtained by retracing their steps. The summit level was decidedly ascertained, and the river, at which they stopped, ran in a north-easterly direction, and was, therefore, in all probability, the Caledonia, being not much more, according to Mr. Gisborne's estimate, than seven miles from the point at which their eastern exploration was stopped by the Indians. They therefore collected a few geological specimens, and returned upon the way they had come.

This, however, proved a much more difficult task than they anticipated. The continued rains had injured the compasses, so that they would not act properly; and the paths they had trodden were difficult to discern. They, however, reached the summit, and there took barometrical observations; after which they found a considerable river, which proved to be the Savannah, swollen with the rains. From this point, the exploring party encountered a variety of serious difficulties, from the tangled underwood, and the marshy nature of the ground on the borders of the river, which they continued to follow. At length, completely exhausted and almost in despair, they fell in with the canoe which they had left in the care of one of the seamen whilst they explored the land-line; and returned to the *Etincelle*, having been absent four days, during which they had accomplished a preliminary object of great importance, and obtained a more correct knowledge of the interior of the Darien Isthmus than any European, since the time of the Buccaneers. They returned to England, where they arrived on the 17th August, having been absent only four months and fifteen days.

The deductions from Mr. Gisborne's investigations are as follows:—That the harbours of San Miguel and Caledonia are well-adapted for termini for a ship-navigation; that Port Escoces will form a good harbour of refuge, if required; that the river Savannah, on the Pacific side, has a depth of six fathoms at low water, seven miles from its mouth; that the tide flows eleven miles beyond this, up the Lara tributary, or eighteen miles from Darien Harbour; that this brought them within thirty miles of Caledonia Bay, *being the actual breadth of the isthmus, between the tidal effect of the two oceans*; that the summit level is 150 feet, formed by a narrow range of hills, having a gradually rising plain at their foot, on each side; and that though it is probable a lower summit might be found, yet taking into account the narrowness of the ridge, the cubic quantity of which is small compared with our excavation through the plains, it would not be desirable to deviate from the present course.

From these premises, Mr. Gisborne draws the following inferences:—

1. That a canal of sufficient capacity to form an uninterrupted navigation, *without locks*, may be made from sea to sea.

2. Or, a navigation with locks, on a scale sufficient for the object in view.

The execution of the first of these is merely a question of down-right hard labour, there being

no engineering difficulties in the way. "It is simply a question of quantity of cubic excavation, dependent on the dimensions of the cross section." Mr. Gisborne therefore proposes to make a cut 30 feet deep at low tide, 140 feet broad at bottom, and 160 feet at low water surface. His estimate of the cost of this plan is £12,000,000.

The second plan involves the adoption of two levels, joined by a series of locks, adhering to the same cross-section of cut recommended in the first plan. It also consists in flooding the two plains, into which the rivers Savannah and Caledonia run, by placing an embankment across these rivers at certain points, "long enough and high enough to raise the water at their back 90 feet above low tide in the Pacific. This will flood both plains up to the range of hills which form the boundary of their catchwater basins." Through the summit, a cut to be made with a depth of 40 feet water, to allow 10 feet to be drawn off the lake for lockage, or a rise of 10 feet to catch flood-water. The rise of 90 feet will have to be overcome by locks, placel in the side of one of the ranges of hills against which the embankments terminate. Weirs will also be provided to discharge surplus water.

The locks are to be 400 feet long, and 90 feet wide between the gate-quoins; each lock to have a lift of 30 feet, with wrought-iron gates, three being required for each embankment, and Mr. Gisborne's estimate provides for two sets at each end; the second set to be 300 feet long and 50 feet wide, with 22 feet of water. By this plan four vessels could pass into the lakes at the same time. The estimated expense of this plan is £4,500,000.

We understand that it is the latter plan that the Company have for the present adopted, dependent, however, upon the results of the expedition for exploration now determined on. It is admitted that, compared with an open cut from sea to sea, it will be subject to great disadvantages; for where so much machinery is involved, there is necessarily delay and risk, and a higher toll would form no objection compared with the advantage of their avoidance. We conclude that, the estimate being only about one third of that for the first plan, is the chief motive for adopting the second. But we confess that we shall be glad to hear, when the expedition returns, that the gentlemen composing it have come to the final decision that the first plan is, in all respects, the most desirable. A capital of £12,000,000 certainly appears large; but when we compare it with the magnitude of the object, it sinks into insignificance. The commercial accommodation of a whole world, with the safety of hundreds of vessels and thousands of human lives, are involved; and now that navigation is being so rapidly extended in every part of the ocean, the execution of such a project as the Darien Canal should be upon a scale commensurate to the requirements of the age.

There is not a doubt that, should the projectors determine on the first plan, it would meet with ample support from the capitalists of every country of Europe. Hitherto the subject has been held in abeyance by the difficulty of coming at an adequate knowledge of the country and the obstacles to be overcome. Through the enterprising character of the parties who have now taken it in hand, every difficulty will be removed; a solution of the entire question will be obtained in a few weeks; and nothing will then stand in the way but the raising of an adequate capital, which we anticipate will, without loss of time, be accomplished as soon as the results of the present expedition are known; and thus will the long-talked-of union of the two oceans be effected.

THE ALDERMAN AND HIS VISITOR.

TIME.—AFTER DINNER.

Alderman. JOHN, is the port on the table?

Servant. Yes, sir.

Ald. Then leave me — and see that every thing is kept quiet — I wish to sleep.

[Exit John, and the Alderman falls asleep.

Ald. There is a very ugly fellow passing up and down before the windows. He peeps at me occasionally, I wonder who he can be! There he is coming in — he can't be respectable, for he is putting on a mask. Who are you, sir?

Visitor. A deep philosophy might call me friend — you, I dare say, regard me as an enemy — but I am quite indifferent as to the aspect in which I am regarded.

Ald. It is very impertinent in you to enter my house without permission.

Vis. I am not in the habit of waiting for permission before entering a house.

Ald. If you visit many houses, society will soon teach you that its usages are not to be trampled on with impunity.

Vis. The usages of society do not affect me.

Ald. If you are what you should be, why do you wear a mask?

Vis. If you prefer my company without a mask, I shall take it off. There!

Ald. A skeleton! Horror! Horror! resume your mask.

Vis. I thought that would be your wish, and now I am as before.

Ald. Who are you?

Vis. My name is *Death.*

Ald. In mercy do not say you are come for me!

Vis. Nay — I am rather come to give you a longer day.

Ald. How am I to understand you?

Vis. Simply thus. Look at my walking stick — it changes into a scythe, and here is an hour glass. The scythe indicates that live, act, reside, or demean yourself as you may, you are mine at last — the glass merely denotes the hour, when sooner or later you become my victim. I would not have my prey to stand before me like long grass that is cut down by the reaper. You are mine in the end, I content me with that. Escape now if you can. I would rather be resisted, than yielded to.

Ald. You do not mean to say that I court your assaults?

Vis. Listen — nay, shrink not at the touch of my finger — you may soon have to be folded in my entire embrace. Listen, I say: my legions travel by pathways that you make on the earth and in the air. My kingdom is at this moment under your feet, in the front of your house, behind it, and on either side of you.

Ald. Impossible — this is one of the most respectable parts of the city. You smile incredulously — do for the sake of mercy explain.

Vis. I deal in plain, if not vulgar, matters of fact. Underneath the very seat on which you sit, there is a drain — it has been choked for years. Through that mean channel I have dragged down my victims. In front of you, and only one street off, is a charnel-house. A hundred years ago its ground was level with your thoroughfares; it is now so packed with human bones that it has heaved itself up yards above its first altitude. By death death lives, and by death life dies. Holy writ has it that you should "bury your dead out of your sight." You bury your dead amongst your living, within sight, within touch, within smell, and then you pretend to be surprised at my ravages. Behind your dwelling men kill lives for the support of their bodies, but the very act of providing for your own food is made an occasion for ministering to your death. On either side of you, poverty squats down in its rags, its cold, its hunger, and its disease, and, with the other appliances of death, taints every breath that you draw.

Ald. But everything that you see here is right and proper.

Vis. What boots it to a general that sentries guard the camp where he sleeps, if the out-posts be neglected? Magnificence in rooms and luxuries on tables will not disinfect the putrid air that envelops you without.

Ald. Then there is no help for man in large towns — must I fly to a remote village in order to save myself?

Vis. There are remote villages where your chance of safety would not be much improved. Many smiling villages, with straw-thatched roofs, white walls, and blue smoke curling towards heaven, are only fit to be put into landscape pictures. They are nurseries of disease and pestilence. The infant, whose existence may be told up in days, has scarcely time to open its eyes on this beautiful earth, ere the scarlet hand is laid on it, and it becomes my subject. People have begun to talk seriously of the sanitary state of pigs and horses; but the comfort of the human race has not yet received systematic attention. Don't speak of villages until you have examined the village church-yard.

Ald. I have always had a notion of the seaside.

Vis. Worse and worse still. I revel in conquest there. "Old ocean breaks in silver foam on the golden sand," in order that continents may be brought together, and that its sparkling waters may give life, purity, and happiness, but your sea-ports are crowded, filthy, and abominable, and the very sea itself is filled with their pollutions, so far as their influences can sully its transparent streams.

Ald. If we are thus doomed to die at every hand, why do we live at all, I wonder; or why were we born?

Vis. Life is a reality, not a mockery; the tendencies of the soul are upward, and the tendencies of the body are towards health and longevity; but your own hands forge the weapons by which battle is given to life; you yourselves select the battle-fields and invite Death to the mortal combat; when Life would gather its forces and resist the last enemy, you pour in hordes of traitors, who cast in their lot with Death and overpower Life. You call me the enemy. Pshaw! you are my allies, my friends. I have not to exert myself, you lift up my sickle, you whet it, you plunge it amongst the grass, and you gather and bind the sheaves. Ha! ha! Well may I be called *King* Death; who has so many and so willing subjects as I have?

Ald. Really you are sarcastic without reason. Men did not invent typhus and cholera.

Vis. There are diseases which serve certain mysterious purposes in the animal economy, and which, after firing the blood and prostrating the strength, send man forth from his couch stronger than ever; but almost all the *ills* that flesh is heir to are the work of men's own hands. Think you that Nature, outraged for centuries, will not be avenged? The Eastern scourge that now advances obedient to my call, is a disease of modern times. The world has rolled on in its course for six thousand years; but this pestilence, that strikes by noon-day, was never heard of till forty years ago. It broke forth then, but it was only the flame igniting over materials that had been collecting, it may be, for centuries. My empire can advance by every conceivable channel. I can ride upon the air, or on the sea; and, on the dry land, drains are my railroads, churchyards my pavilions, and poverty supplies me with recruits. You allow me to fight you with your own weapons. Again I tell you, that your inconsistency lies in this, that you do things by halves, and thus become subjects for easy conquest. Your drains, your churchyards, your killing-places, your poverty, should all be instruments of life and health. You pervert them, and in my hands they become instruments of disease and death.

Ald. You say *poverty* should be healthy, why, can that be?

Vis. It should be, and it ought to be, and it may yet be. Poverty may be healthy, for man's real wants are few. Poverty must work for its crust and cold water, and work is healthy; poverty must sleep after its labour is over, and sound sleep is healthy. Poverty cannot pamper or surfeit the body, and temperance is healthy; poverty is not distracted by the care or turmoils of riches, and contentment is healthy.

Ald. I don't exactly understand all that.

Vis. It is all susceptible of explanation. Why are you sleeping just now?

Ald. I felt fatigued after dinner, and always take a nap at this time of day; then I wake up to tea; after that I read the newspapers, then I take supper, and then to bed.

Vis. Just so, and all that tends to bring you nearer my kingdom. Why eat and drink to satiety; food was meant to refresh, not to stupify. The working-man takes but an hour to his dinner, and resumes work again as vigorously as ever.

Ald. Ah, poor devil! it is too true.

Vis. You are as much to be pitied as he. If he be underfed, you are overfed; and each of those states equally serves my end.

Ald. Well, I see that a great deal can be done with drainage, sewage, churchyards, slaughter-houses, but I don't see what can be done with poverty. That's a thing we can't meddle with; to tamper with it would bring us to socialism.

Vis. You may not ignore poverty, for if you do not try to elevate Lazarus and his sores, he will depress you.

Ald. How?

Vis. Thus: the poor and the diseased man taints your air.

Ald. I'll live far away from him.

Vis. Good. But you cannot do without his services. My satellites do for the most part take up their abode in lanes and alleys, but they never lose their relish for variety, and ever and anon they dart forth to the square, the mansion-house, and the palace. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. I have warned you to set your house in order. The sand is running with you and with every one of the human family that now breathes the breath of life, and rejoices in the light of the sun; but it is greatly in your power to fix whether your time shall be measured by a smaller or larger glass of doom. Mortal, farewell!

[Then the Alderman awoke in thoughtful abstraction, and rubbed his eyes; and after looking about he beheld, like John Bunyan, that he had dreamed. He pushed the bottle from him, and walked out to the churchyard and the slaughter-house, and the dwellings of the poor.]

A RAIL AT THE RAIL.

Good grayshus me! anuther crash!
It's shaimful, so it is,
To squeedge, and rench, and dislykate
Good peepl's neks like this!

Like Mister Pickford's bails and baggs
They're spill'd about the rayls;
Men, wimen, childern, mothers, babbs,
All mingled, heds and tayls.

Hole-skind, they started with the morn,
But soon they got berayled,
Like orrid lumps of yewman jam,
Or goosebrys "toppd and tayld."

Directors must re-crissen soon
Each city, villidge, town,
With boards "☞ This leads to Blow-you-up;"
"☞ The way to Nok-you-down."

Commershal travlers, that I've none —
Thank Evins, frens of mine;
Just think — still shooting up and down,
And livin on the line.

How snug and safe we used to goe,
My good old man and I,
To take a jant, 3 mile an hour,
In nayber Jobson's fly.

Or if we had to take the stage
From Mister Bumpus' door,
E'en Bumpus never broke our bones,
Nor squash'd us by the score.

But coatches, osses, all is gone,
Our grumblin is but vein;
Tho cut and bruzed, there's no redress,
Its "cut and come again."

We must enjoor it, tho we're squeeged
As flat as Norfolk biffins,
With hevry feetshur krooly skarr'd,
And idjus as a Griffin's

A trip or 2, and we return
(All smashd our noes and I's),
Fit only for St. Thomases,
And hafter that for Guys.

Like slidin boys, they keeps the pot
"A boilin" mite and mane,
Almost before theyve shot you off
They starts anuther trane.

It's gon, and thort no more about
Than ware or wence the wind,
Forgettin shure that "out of site"
Should not be "out of mind."

But goe what paice you will, be shure,
Some mishtiff is dezined;
If you go quick, you're smashd befoor—
If slo, you're crasht behind.

Now frisky carridges, pell-mell,
Must play some wiked prank;
A buffer snapt—a biler bust,
A run upon the banck.

From sleepers, all too wide awayk
You now get shokkin shoks,
Or in some tunnle you will find
Both Harrybus and Knocks.

Some porter—full of arf-an-arf,
Now falls beneath the fender,
Or some poor signle-man—hard fate!
Is levilled by the tender.

Of course they say, in heavydents,
As thoze who ort to no,
"The red lite shin'd, the line was cleer,"
And "goin very slo."

Of course, too, 'twas "a sobur man,"
(There ain't one raylway sot);
But sints the chap mistuke the pints,
You therefore went to pot.

All this is consolayshun small,
And not the leest avayl,
When they have nok'd your hed clean orf,
And none to tel the tail.

They lite their pypes with yewman "spills,"
And, spite of all their fibbs,
They care much less for passinjurs
Than divvydums and "dibbs."

No prudent man these "cuttin" days,
To rayls his life consines,
But from all brantchis keeps his lims,
His boddy from "trunk" lines.

So, all good huzbuns, be adviz'd—
In pitty to your wives,
Keep orf the rayl when air you can—
When on, *inshoor your lives!*

MARTHA DIPPS,
Cripplegate.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

THE past month has been a quiet one as to politics, if we except the manifestations of public feeling that have been displayed regarding Turkish affairs. On this subject, meetings have been held in the provinces, as well as in the metropolis, denouncing the tardy and timid conduct of the Government, in allowing the Czar to plant his foot firmly in the Principalities on the Danube, without interruption, and almost without remonstrance. We regret to find that, on one of these occasions, an invitation to Kossuth, the Hungarian chief, elicited from him a letter, in which he violently abuses both the Government and the people of the United Kingdom, for not proclaiming war, upon the first aggressive step of the Russians. Whatever fault the Government may have committed in the affair, certainly the people have not been to blame; for they have uniformly displayed the greatest indignation against the invasion by Russia—for such in fact it amounts to—of the Turkish territories. And at all events, Kossuth is not the man that should come forward and thus discharge a volley of abuse against the *only* country in Europe where he can enjoy freedom without molestation, so long as he refrains from acts, the permission of which would involve that country in war. Kossuth has every reason to feel gratitude towards both the people and the Government for the protection he has been afforded; and if they have been slow to involve by their acts the whole of Europe in the flames of a revolutionary war,—for such he tacitly admits would have been the result of hostilities with Russia,—he may be certain that it is from no sympathy with despotism, or want of sympathy for those who are suffering under it.

One of the most appalling railway accidents that has as yet occurred, took place on the Great Southern and Western (Ireland), at Straffan, within a few miles of Dublin. Fourteen persons were killed on the spot, and a great number wounded. One has since died, and several others are still in a precarious condition. An inquest has been held on the bodies of those killed, and after a patient and lengthened inquiry into the circumstances, a verdict of manslaughter has been returned against two of the servants of the Company; by which the Company is rendered liable to actions for damages, by every person injured, and the relations of those killed.

This is the *first* case of the kind that has occurred in Ireland, and it was owing to a deviation from that caution which has hitherto been used. We trust the horrifying circumstances attending it will produce an impression forcible enough to originate measures to prevent, as far as human

foresight can do, a recurrence of such frightful calamities.

A fearful shipwreck took place on the morning of the 29th September on the rocky coast of the island of Barra, one of the Hebrides. The Annie Jane, Mason commander, had sailed from Liverpool on the 9th, bound for Quebec and Montreal, and carrying 450 emigrants. She became disabled in the late equinoctial gales, and being unmanageable, was driven back and dashed to pieces on that iron-bound shore. One hundred and two persons only survived the wreck, 348 souls having perished in all.

We have to record another unaccountable disaster of the like kind in the loss of the Dalhousie, which left the London Docks on the 12th October, and after encountering a severe gale in the Channel, foundered in deep water, when every soul on board, with the exception of one man, perished. The Dalhousie was a teak-built ship of 800 tons burden, built in 1848. She carried a cargo worth £100,000. Fortunately the bulk of her passengers were to have gone on board at Portsmouth, and thus escaped. From the statement of Reed, the sole survivor, there was no blame attachable to Captain Butterworth, or any other person; and whether the ship struck upon a sunken rock, or started a plank, or by what means she came to so sudden a fate, cannot be ascertained.

The rapid advance in the price of wheat begins to operate unfavourably upon trade, and we fear it has not yet attained its maximum. There is an abundance of wheat at the ports of the Black Sea, as well as in America; but ships cannot be obtained to bring it to the United Kingdom, although the French and Italians are taking it off by wholesale. Of half a million quarters that have been shipped up to a certain date at Odessa, not more than 20,000 or 30,000 have been destined for the ports of the United Kingdom; and a similar proportion holds good of the flour shipped at New York. In the meanwhile, freights from the Black Sea have reached the unprecedented price of 27s. to 30s. per quarter for wheat; and insurance is now at war rates.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The British colonies enjoy more quiet than for a long time past. At the Cape of Good Hope, the proposition of abandoning the "Yellow or Orange River Sovereignty," as it is called, had occasioned a great deal of alarm, and called forth some strong remonstrances on the part of the colonists settled in that district. The Home Government has, however, reconsidered and retracted its determination on this head, and now intend to support the occupation of it by the permanent presence of a body of troops, numerous enough, with the co-operation, when wanted, of the colonists, to keep the Kaffirs in check.

Affairs in India are much in the same state as we reported in our last number. The British troops in the Burmese territories are suffering the alternations of famine and fever, and are reported to be heartily sick of the service they are engaged in. There is great reason to apprehend, too, that the Burmese Government are preparing to attack the British, as soon as the season is favourable; and, to that end, are enlisting in their cause the hordes of robbers with which the country is infested, and which defy the attempts of our troops to subdue or destroy them. We have no doubt of the ultimate success of the British in curbing the Burmese people, but we fear the work will be tedious and expensive, and attended with an immense loss of life, as well by disease as the sword.

The advices from Australia speak of dull markets, the importations having exceeded the demand. A considerable quantity of flour, which could not find a market there, was about to be shipped to London, and will probably bring the importers a handsome profit. The gold-fields continue to yield well; and now the colonists have a mint of their own, they will probably export less gold in grains or "nuggets" than heretofore. The Australian papers still report a good deal of distress amongst the higher, but less efficient, class of emigrants. It is, indeed, the height of folly in men who have never turned their hands to any kind of work, to throw themselves into a situation in which nothing but labour of the most toilsome description will enable them to succeed. Melbourne is represented as swarming with persons of this description, who possess no knowledge that can be turned to any profitable account, and are not strong enough to stand at the "diggins." It will take a long time to absorb so large a class, even if they are willing to learn the menial employments which alone present themselves; but they have no other resource. We hope our countrymen of this class will take warning from these numerous examples, and remain contented at home.

The British American provinces are progressing most favourably. The harvest in the Canadas has been a good and an abundant one, and they will have a large surplus of wheat and flour for their needy relatives, Mr. Bull and his all-devouring family.

Gold is now being found in considerable quantity in Lower Canada, not far from Quebec. This will give a stimulus to industry in that province, which is much needed, it being far behind the Upper Province in every respect in regard to industrial energy. The only fear is, that a larger amount of labour will be employed in the production of gold, than can be spared from other branches of industry; in which case, the discovery will prove anything but a benefit to the country.

FOREIGN.

France and England are at present working harmoniously on all European questions; and if we are not quite so ready as our more sensitive neighbours to take the initiative in warlike demonstrations, they now and then good-humouredly stick a pin into our sides to make us more lively. The Czar, with all that craft which so peculiarly be-

longs to him, has endeavoured to create a jealousy between the two nations. On a recent occasion he invited the French officers to an entertainment, at the same time studiously excluding from it those English who happened to be at his court. This invidious attempt, however, was a failure; for when the French officers found that the English were not invited, they peremptorily declined accepting the proposed honour.

The French Government has directed more ships of war to be put in commission, which, it is supposed, will be sent to join the fleet in Besika Bay. And it is said that orders have been given for 20,000 troops to be got ready and forwarded to the principalities on the Danube; but this wants confirmation.

The Russo-Turkish question is rapidly drawing to a crisis. The Porte has issued a declaration of war and published a manifesto of the most dignified character. This document fully acquits the Porte of all blame in this tedious and, so far as Russia is concerned, nefarious affair, It shows to a demonstration that, whatever mischievous results may arise out of this question, the Autocrat alone is the originator and concoctor of it; that he is a bandit on a monster scale, and only wants the ability to destroy and enslave every nation within his reach. Such a power as that of Russia cannot with safety be allowed to occupy any portion of Southern or Middle Europe. To permit that occupancy were to perpetuate the Greek type of Christianity, to lock up the Black Sea from intercourse with Western Europe, and thus throw back the tide of civilization which is now flowing to its shores.

The Russian *employés* have, ere this, quitted the Turkish territories; and the warlike preparations continue with unremitting dispatch at Constantinople. The Turkish effective army consists of nearly 300,000 men; there being 120,000 between the Danube and the Balkan, 100,000 on the confines of Servia, 50,000 at Adrianople, and 21,000 in Bosnia and near Pristina; whilst, on the other side of the Euxine, the Persians are mustering a large force at Bajezed and Choi, by which we may gather, that the endeavours of Russia to withdraw the Persians from European politics have signally failed. The Autocrat has, in fact, been already too *cruel-kind* to her eastern ally, to enjoy much of her confidence; having bullied her out of four or five of the fairest of her provinces (including Georgia), and cast a longing eye upon several others. It is indeed exceedingly probable that when once Russia is seriously engaged with Turkey, her Asiatic slaves and foes may take advantage of her pre-occupation to free the conquered provinces from her yoke. She has now within and around them, a force of upwards of 200,000 men. But she must draw off a portion of these, when the war commences in earnest, as it probably will; and she may then lose more than she is likely to gain by her unjust aggression on Turkey.

Austria and Prussia have declared their neutrality in the Turkish affair. The former cannot, with either safety or consistency, join France and England in a coalition against Russia; for the first gun that she fired would be the signal for a general rising amongst the inflammable elements of European revolutionary society; and the consequence would be, the dismemberment of the Austrian empire. Prussia, also, stands upon a similar volcano. Every man in that nation is a soldier, and so great a body of disaffection exists in Prussia, in consequence of the constitution, so long promised, being withheld, that it would be dangerous for the Prussian Government to involve itself in a war. Thus 500,000 Austrian and 150,000 Prussian troops are held back from "the coming struggle" in Eastern Europe.

In Italy the petty popish tyrants are showing what they would do, if they dared. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has tried his gallant hand upon a Scotch lady—Miss Cuninghame,—and clapped her into one of his bastiles, for complying with the earnest request of some Italian informers, and giving them some tracts. It appears these tracts were not of a nature to render their distribution a breach of the law, not being at all directed against the Romish faith. This, however, would have mattered nothing, if they could have proved the fact of distribution against Miss Cuninghame. The Jesuits would then have found out enough to procure her condemnation. But the witnesses did not know her from her sister, and therefore could not swear to her identity. So, upon the eve of her acquittal for want of evidence, the Grand Duke ordered her to be liberated, *as an act of grace* on his part. The lady, however, was obstinate, as most of them are, a little, and having, moreover, a small taste of the blood of John Knox in her veins, refused to leave the prison on such ignoble terms; she claimed her liberation *as a right*. Upon which an order came to turn her out. She demanded a paper acknowledging that she was forced out, which was granted, and Miss Cuninghame left the prison with flying colours. This was noble conduct, and we honour the young lady for baffling this dastardly and priest-ridden tyrant. Lord Clarendon's letter, demanding her instant liberation, and accompanied with a significant threat, did not arrive until after the lady was free; but it was probably known before; and, at any rate, will have a beneficial effect.

Our chargé d'affaires seems to have acted with far less spirit than Miss Cuninghame, and succumbed to the petty tyrant much more than was becoming either to his country, or his station. Well may these Italian haters of liberty play their pranks upon Englishmen, when the representatives of our Government are mean enough to cringe, and fawn, and curry favour with them, by acknowledging a guilty breach of the laws, where it did not exist!

Spain is quite alive! The Government has ordered *two* vessels of war to be added to her navy, (Heaven save the mark!) and we suppose intends, God and the Pope willing, to sweep the seas of all heretical free traders. In the meantime she punishes us dead, if not living, for she still refuses to allow us poor Protestants to be buried with the rites of our own church! N'importe.

We remember once a poor heretical Englishman was on his death-bed in Spain, or Portugal, (we forget which;) when a Jesuit planted himself at his bedside, to win him over to the Catholic faith. 'Twas of no use. "You shall not have the rites of the Church." "I don't want them." "You shall not be buried in consecrated ground." "That wont hurt me." "Then you shall not be buried at all, but be thrown into a ditch like a dog." "*Then I'll stink!*" was the last rejoinder, and the poor fellow died with the words on his lips.

Jonathan is going ahead still, and means to give John the go-by again. He has made one attempt at a railroad at Panama, which, owing to some natural and engineering difficulties, is a partial failure. He is now, however, about to construct one from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lake of Tehuantepec, on the line of which no engineering difficulties exist. Colonel Sloo, of the United States army, is the projector, and has obtained the sanction of the Mexican Government to the undertaking. Messrs. Sykes and Co., of Sheffield, are the contractors for the work, the extent of which is not more than 166 miles; so that, in the space of a few years, we may look for both a railroad and a ship canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The Tehuantepec course will be the nearest for both European and American traffic; but, on the other hand, the Darien Canal will save the expense of trans-shipment of goods, and avoid the casualties to which railway traffic is liable. We heartily wish success to both undertakings.

An abundant harvest will enable the United States to export a large quantity of corn this year. It is to be feared that we are not likely to get very much of it, now that Western and Southern Continental Europe are as bad off as ourselves. For want of ships, too, we must depend upon foreigners to bring it over.

Where now are the destructive effects to our shipping interests, of the repeal of our navigation laws, Mr. Young?

"Gentle shepherd, tell me where!" as Lord Chatham would have said.

LITERATURE.

The Seven Seals Broke Open; or, the Bible of the Reformation Reformed. With Preface, Introduction, Commentary, Indexes, &c. By John Finch, Merchant, Liverpool. London: J. Rigby, 240, Strand. 1853.

Socialism has a variety of phases, and looking at the amiable aspect it is capable of assuming, to the practical philanthropy which is its ostensible soul and spirit, and to the many and undeniable truths which lie at the root of its most popular dogmas, we need not marvel if honest and sincere minds, under the impulse of benevolent feelings, should be found enthusiastic in the advocacy of its principles. We have had socialist communities, atheistic, pantheistic, and Christian, each and all bent upon reforming our social abuses and anomalies, and bringing about that very desirable state of things under which mankind shall become one universal brotherhood, when the law of love shall supersede all other laws, and the whole human family, in the enjoyment of the lavish bounties of nature and nature's God, shall dwell together in harmony and good-fellowship—each one the minister of his fellow's happiness. Truly the ultimate aim of the sincere socialist is a glorious one—his is a godlike ambition; he alone among the crowds of teachers, preachers, latter-day prophets, and the multitudes who gather round them, is practically engaged in bringing on the true millennium which others are dreaming and talking about. But while we are not disposed to quarrel with the object which the socialist professes to have in view, we do quarrel with the means by which it is generally sought to be effected. They invariably begin from without instead of from within—from the circumference of the great world-circle instead of from that centre which every man can find, and should find, in his own bosom. Since nothing is in agreement with their favourite idea, they will have everything altered to correspond with it—the whole constitution of society must be re-modelled to meet the requirements of their philosophy—things sacred as well as secular must undergo the sifting process, and whatever is or appears to be hostile to the grand consummation they desiderate, must be cast away as so much rubbish—mere worthless accumulations of superstition on the one hand, and of covetousness and oppression on the other—and no longer allowed to stand as obstacles in the way of the march of progress.

A curious example of this comprehensive mode of operation is the volume before us. The Bible of the Reformation Reformed is the entire Protestant version of the Bible arranged upon a plan to suit secular views of religion and socialist views of political economy. These objects could not be accomplished without taking unwarrantable liberties with the sacred volume; and certainly the Liverpool merchant has not shrunk from laying violent hands upon whatever is opposed to his peculiar creed, and casting it forth as unworthy of credit. The whole text of the Bible is retained, it is true, but the miracles recorded both in the Old and New Testament are expunged from their places in the text, and bundled together

in a sort of limbo in the latter part of the volume, where, in connection with detached passages denominated mysteries, they figure as "The Sectarian's Bible." Mr. Finch gives the following reason for excluding miracles from his creed: When the Pharisees, tempting Jesus, desired that he would show them a sign from heaven —

He answered, "O ye hypocrites! can ye not discern the signs of the times? A wicked and adulterous generation desireth a sign, but there shall be no sign given unto it but the sign of the prophet Jonas *(that is, the preaching of repentance)*; and he left them and departed." Thus you perceive that Jesus repeatedly, expressly, and publicly declared, *not that the parties he was addressing merely, but that that generation* should see no sign or miracle performed by him, but the sign of the prophet Jonas, the preaching of repentance; and, therefore, *we have the best authority possible — the repeated, the unequivocal, the most public declarations of Jesus Christ himself — for asserting and maintaining that all the accounts of miracles said to have been performed by Jesus Christ are impudent forgeries.* And if we reject the miracles of Christ, none of the rest recorded in Scripture are worth a moment's consideration. Indeed, *the belief in miracles is in the highest degree absurd and blasphemous*, inasmuch as it is an impeachment of the power and wisdom of God; it supposes him to have constructed the machine of nature in so bungling a manner, and that it is so often out of order, as to require the sun to stand still, the devil to enter into a herd of swine, a witch to conjure, a whale to swallow a prophet, or an ass to speak every now and then, to put it right again.

The above is a sample of our reformer's reasoning. We shall not trouble ourselves to make any comment upon it. He is labouring under the settled conviction that everything is going wrong, and has been going wrong for a thousand years past or more; and though we can agree with him in the recognition of a world of abuses and blunders, upon which he is much more reasonable and right-minded than he appears in the passage above quoted, we are very sure that *he* was not born to rectify them. He appears to be a man of large heart and benevolent sympathies, but his logic is of the oddest and craziest that we have met with for many a long year, and helps him to very strange conclusions. As the advocate of "genuine Christianity" without a Divine Christ, he attributes all the evils and corruptions of religious bodies, whether voluntary or in connection with the State, to the establishment of a paid priesthood, and to the belief in creeds and dogmas of faith as a substitution for useful knowledge and personal virtue — taking it for granted that all mankind mistake the means for the end, and in accepting the one ignore the other. He lays down a series of propositions as the basis of a new and better order of things — the chief of which is the very popular but very transparent fallacy, that man is not responsible for his belief. Yet we should suppose that the Liverpool merchant holds his clerks responsible for the manner in which they manage his property, and that if any one of them should embrace the faith of the pirate, and make a prize of his wealth, he would punish the delinquent by the strong arm of the law. But it is not worth while to waste words in the refutation of opinions which nobody practically receives as truth. When we find men acting upon the faith of this grand discovery in matters where their interest is concerned, it will be time enough to strip it of the plausible sophistry which gives it a temporary currency.

Our new reformer proposes, moreover, that as the character of man is formed for him and not by him, by the action of circumstances upon his original organization, it should be considered the imperative duty of government to remove every injurious circumstance; and provide for the right education and training of the whole of the people throughout life. For the means of doing this he refers to the property, to the value of fifty millions sterling, now in charge of the commissioners under the "Charitable Bequests Act," and to the properties and revenues of the Established Church, which represent a capital of not less than two hundred millions sterling — to all of which he considers the people have a just claim, and the whole will be wanted for the glorious reformation now approaching.

To assist in this glorious reformation, and if possible hasten the approach of the long-foretold and long expected millennium, these volumes have been prepared. And let all the ministers of religion, in all churches, henceforth abandon their creeds—all pretensions to superior sanctity, order, or authority over their brethren, and the mean pursuit after mere loaves and fishes, and become *Christ's true fishers of men;* and let *all Christian governments, like good fathers and mothers, devote all the means they possess to the proper education of all their subjects and children, &c.*

Query. How many Christian ministers and how many Christian governments will respond to the cry?

Legends of Old London. By John Yonge Akerman. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

These interesting narratives of London life in the olden time are written with much spirit and graphic power. They are not entirely pure fictions, as the reader unacquainted with the chronicles of ancient London might be led to expect, but embody some facts of history, and are, at the same time, characteristic, if not too faithful portraitures of the social manners and habits of the time. Any reader who will take the trouble to compare the story of Evil May Day, as it is here romantically rendered, with the history of that riotous event as it is recorded in Maitland, will see that the author, in giving the reins to his imagination, has yet known how to preserve the historic details while interweaving them with the accidents of a charming story. These metropolitan romances are preceded by an agreeable and instructive essay in the form of an introduction, under the title of "London as it was and as it is."

Entries; or, Stray Leaves from a Clergyman's Note Book. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

We have here a series of brief sketches from the pen of a clever but rather careless and random writer. Some of them are sketches of character, and these are for the most part drawn with bold

ness and freedom, and though they present nothing extraordinary in themselves, yet, being true to nature, are pleasant enough to meet and converse with for a passing hour. The author is evidently a man who has thought profoundly on religious matters, and he expresses himself in a manly and candid manner upon subjects which are of the first importance in his estimation. There is a great deal of suggestive philosophy scattered through these pages, and a sprinkling of quiet humour as well; but the charm of the book is the cheerful spirit which runs through the whole of it, and makes it a readable as well as an instructive companion.

The Crook and the Sword, The Heir of Lorn, and other Poems. By Francis Fitzhugh. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1853.

The author of this little volume is well skilled in versification, and never violates the rules of melody. The occasional use of an expletive is the only flaw in his performance, and that occurs but rarely. There is, however, but little thought in these poems, and less striking imagery, and they will not, therefore, take high rank among the productions of the day. Both of the principal pieces are sorrowful tragedies; a fact, we fear, which will tell against their popularity in this laughter-loving age. Perhaps Mr. Fitzhugh excels most in rural description—at any rate we set most value upon his successes in this way, and shall quote a specimen which may justify our preference.

"Tired with his midday course, the Autumn Sun
Listlessly lingered on the western hill;
Gazed on the fields of space where he had run,
And smiling kissed the brow of Evening still.
Like guardian angels, bright and fleecy clouds
Came forth to lead him to the halls of Night.
High up in air, in straggling noisy crowds,
The dusky rooks to distant wood took flight;
The withered leaves, along the furrowed road,
Danced to the music of the fitful breeze;
The falling pine-tops pattered in the wood,
And magpies prated 'mong the tall thin trees.
The robin hoppèd beneath the hawthorn row,
The sad companion of the yellow leaves;
The homeward herd through echoing lanes did low,
And twittering sparrows nestled 'neath the eaves.
The teal-duck to the mountain-tarn took wing;
Twilight had hung her lamp above the hill;
When I, a weary, wayworn, guilty thing,
Passed by the gateway to the ruined mill.
Time had not changed the aspect of my home;
The cottage with the ivied porch was there;
The monthly rose still hung in brilliant bloom,
Like young hopes living through the chills of care.
The sweetbriar hedge that fenced the garden round,
The rustic seat beneath the old yew-tree,
The grassy knoll, where fairy rings were found,
Were all unchanged: the change was all in me.
I gazed with sadness on the scenes of youth,
While bitter tears coursed down my hollow cheeks;
Oh, for one hour of innocence and truth!
Of sunny childhood's gay and guileless freaks!

The minor poems are but few; among them, however, is a charming sonnet on the Sabbath, expressing an idea that must have often occurred to the solitary wanderer on that universal holiday.

The Redeemed Rose; or, Willie's Rest. By a Lady. London: T. Hatchard, Piccadilly. 1853.

This is one of those "good little books" of which there are such a prodigious number, and for which, looking to the consumption, there must be such a prodigious demand. Not being advocates for cramming too much religion down juvenile throats, we cannot strongly recommend it to our friends. The redeemed rose is Master Willie, a little boy who once told a lie, and confessed it—and was soon after taken to bliss, according to established rules in such cases.

Homœopathy: its Globules (Bubbles) analysed. Second Edition. By W. J. Cox, M.R.C.S., M.B., &c. London: H. Elliott, 1853.

Homœopathy Fairly Represented, in reply to Dr. Simpson's "Homœopathy" misrepresented. By W. Henderson, M.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

Mr. Cox is a determined foe of the Homœopathic system of cure. He has made up his mind to smash the wretched delusion to atoms, and he sets about the work more in the spirit of an iconoclast, bent on the speedy and summary destruction of new-fangled idols, than in that of an inquiring philosopher searching after truth. He takes upon himself the office of executioner rather than of judge, and in the very act of professedly examining the evidence, inflicts capital punishment with all the vigour of an angry partisan. This is hardly fair, and however much it may minister to the satisfaction of those who think with him, will damage both himself and his cause in the eyes of the reflecting portion of the public. His principal argument against Homœopathy is derived from the apparent absurdity of infinitesimal doses, and he illustrates this in a rather amusing way. We all know that homœopathic professors occasionally pride themselves upon their marvellous attenuations, by means of which the thousandth part of a grain of medicine may be subdivided *ad infinitum*; but we are not aware, as some have alleged, that such infinitesimal atoms constitute their grand artillery against disease. Mr. Cox makes some curious calculations on this subject: for example—if a man had resolved upon taking one grain of medicine in globules of the 13th potency, it would employ him 22 trillions of years to do it, swallowing them at the rate of one a second. Further, the size of the mass he must swallow would be rather more in bulk than the entire moon—and if the globules were of the 14th potency, in order to get a grain of medicine into his stomach, he must swallow a quantity of inert sugar or fluid menstruum amounting to twice the weight of the whole earth. Again, had Adam commenced swallowing globules of the sixth power, at the rate of one per second, from the moment when he first drew breath, and continued doing so to the present hour, he would as yet only have got through the ninth part of a grain! and, lastly, it would take the whole population of the globe 3000 years,

swallowing at the same rate, to get through a grain in globules of the 10th potency. From all this Mr. Cox derives the inference that the magical globules really contain nothing, and refers us to the declaration of a London wholesale druggist, who manufactures sixty pounds weight of homœopathic drugs every fortnight, and who has been heard to aver that the whole business is a farce, and that really and truly the drugs *do* contain nothing! Let us see what Mr. Henderson says concerning this wholesale druggist story, which was first promulgated by Dr. Glover, of Newcastle. He argues fairly enough that the story is *incredible*, first, because no agent of a firm would reveal a fraud practised by his principals; secondly, because it is infinitely more likely that allopathic druggists would *invent* such a story, than that the other would disclose a fraud, the knowledge of which would prove his ruin; thirdly, because no London homœopathic druggist exists who prepares any such quantity, nearly all homœopathic chemists preparing their own drugs; and it is incredible, fourthly, because Dr. Glover having repeatedly been called upon to give the name of the fradulent firm, has declined to do so, which it is plain he never would if he were certain of his ground, and did not fear that compliance with the demand would explode the whole story. These considerations are, we think, quite sufficient to stamp the silly tale as a malicious hoax, "a weak invention of the enemy," calculated only to heap odium on themselves. We are not partisans of either system, and would secure if possible fair-play for both. Allopathists cannot get rid of the fact that homœopathists effect cures — and they do not satisfactorily show that, in the average of cases, the globules are not quite as successful as the boluses. In a word, the statistics of the two systems do *not* tell against the new one; and so long as that is the case — so long as facts and figures place the one plan of treatment on a par with the other, patients will be found who prefer the globule of sugar, or the spoonful of water, to the bitter bolus or the griping draught. It may be that, in the majority of cases of sickness, a strict and simple diet, upon which both physician and patient ought to show much more reliance than they do, is more efficacious than the exhibition of poisonous drugs, and that in fact it often cures pleasantly and speedily, where the course of medicine, which a dashing allopathic practitioner would prescribe, will prolong the disease and weaken the patient. *Fas est ab hoste doceri:* the medical world may learn something from homœopathy when they have ceased to despise it: they have abandoned the murderous system of depletion, at the instigation of a few bold innovators; if they derive more regard for diet, and more caution in the use of drugs from Hahnemann, they and their patients too may be all the better for it — and we may look forward to some progress in medical science, which, according to the accounts of some of its professors, has all but stood still from the days of Galen.

We have noticed these two books together for our own convenience; they are the antipodes of each other in style as well as in matter. Mr. Henderson's work is a calm, good-humoured, scholarlike, and gentlemanly performance: in it the reader will find the rationale of homœopathic practice fairly enunciated and explained, and vindicated with perfect good temper from the absurd calumnies which the wrath and jealousy of its adversaries have heaped around it. Mr. Cox's pamphlet has no claim to a corresponding character, and he never intended that it should have: he would brain his opponents with a club — which, however, is not the best way of proving that they are in the wrong. The effect of these books upon the public, different as they are in matter and manner, will, unless we be much mistaken, be one and the same: — both will make converts to homœopathy.

The Art of Reasoning: a Popular Exposition of the Principles of Logic inductive and deductive, with an Introductory Outline of the History of Logic. By Samuel Neil. London: Walton and Maberly. 1853.

The substance of this well-considered and masterly treatise on logic appeared first in the numbers of the "British Controversialist." The author has carefully revised and amplified the original papers, and has conferred a benefit upon the public by publishing them in a popular form at a moderate price. We read with pleasure some of the papers as they appeared, and can testify to their merit on the score of practical utility, and to the clear and lucid style in which they are written. They are preceded, in the present neat volume, by an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the science of Logic. We know of no popular work on this subject which we could more strongly recommend to the young student.

May Dundas: or Passages in Young Life. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. Norwich: Josiah Fletcher. 1853.

The purpose of this work is to illustrate the force of example upon the youthful and unformed character. May Dundas is a lively, clever, and handsome, but unfortunately self-sufficient young girl. At an early age she comes to London with her brother to seek the means of providing for herself. The brother is apprenticed to a surgeon, and May is engaged as a governess. She is beguiled into an intimacy with a young fellow of good expectations, but of no principle; and eventually, notwithstanding the opposition of her parents and best friends, marries him. He leads her a wretched life — plays the part of a selfish scoundrel, a gambler, and a spendthrift, and when he has well nigh squandered everything, is thrown from his horse, and dies. Poor May, now almost a penniless widow, returns with her babe to her father's house, and starts a school, which prospers, as it is bound to do — and the narrative is at an end. This inartificial and very venerable plot is very charmingly worked out, and is made the vehicle

of much refined sentiment and more womanly good sense and valuable instruction. There are several scenes in humble life described with a touching effect — and the sketch of the Markham family portrays a class which it is more agreeable to become acquainted with in books than in actual life. We can commend this volume to the shelves of the domestic library and more especially where young ladies are the readers.

The Ethnographical Library. The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago. Papuans. By GEORGE WINDSOR EARL, M.R.A.S. London: Bailliere, 219, Regent-street. 1853.

THE preparation and publication of a series of ethnographical works in the style of the present volume is an undertaking of no trifling moment. The demand, however, for information of the kind which they ought to, and doubtless will, contain, was never more urgent than it is at the present hour; and the success of the speculation may be regarded as tolerably certain, if it be carried out with liberality and spirit. Ethnographers, of all men, should be the most cautious in investigating the grounds of the facts which they adduce, and should possess such power of discrimination as can only be obtained through long familiarity with what is already known of the different races of mankind. The student wants facts especially; but of late it has been much easier to meet with theories, and these for the most part of such a nature that they can neither be established, nor controverted, owing to the limited amount of positive knowledge in our possession. The author of this first volume has confined himself almost entirely to the compilation of facts — the gathering together under one view of all that is obtainable from reliable sources concerning the different tribes of the Papuan race. Many startling and most interesting details will be found in his pages, none more remarkable, perhaps, than the description of the natives of the Andaman Islands, which, but for want of space, we would transfer to our columns. The work is well printed, is furnished with a couple of useful maps, and is copiously illustrated with coloured engravings — the last a most important point, it being impossible by mere verbal description to mark the distinctive differences characterising the savage tribes.

The Chase in Brittany. By J. HOPE. (Travellers' Library). London: Longman and Co. 1853.

WE learn from this very readable volume, that game is not much preserved in Brittany, and such a thing as a battue being unknown, those who would fill their bag must work hard for it. The chase is really a chase in the wilds of this half-cultivated, unenclosed country; but it has its delights, and where healthful recreation and not wholesale slaughter is the object of the sportsman, he will hardly fail of being satisfied. Poaching, it appears, is very common, and cannot well be prevented; the poorest man easily obtains license to shoot, and it is rare indeed that a trespasser is warned off a proprietor's ground. The following is an amusing specimen of French sport:—

We had some three miles to walk before reaching the spot, and I commenced at a moderate pad of three miles and a half an hour. "Ah! mon brave, mais marchez, vite." "All in good time," said I; "we have plenty before us." At length we turned out, and in the first stubble the dogs drew and pointed. My friend was in ecstasies. "Toho! voila!" I walked up to the nearest dog, who seemed close to his game; but where was Monsieur? He was beckoning to me, and edging away sideways in a mysterious manner. What the deuce is he at — is he ill, or going to conjure, or what? But on he goes laterally, like a crab, with his gun cocked and pointed in an imaginary centre, round which he was slowly revolving. I pushed on to my dog. Whirr! whirr! rose up a fine covey under my nose, and with a double shot I dropped one; but such a yell arose: "Sacr-r-r-nom de diable—nom de cochon," &c. &c.; and up came my friend boiling again. "Bon!" said I. "Bon! —mais non! c'est fort mauvais — sacr-r-r nom de," &c. &c. I then discovered that it is the custom, when the dog points, instead of going straight to him, to circle round him, gradually drawing to the centre, until you reach the game or nothing. . . . . I loaded, picked up my bird, and prepared to follow the direction the covey had taken; but "Restez, mon ami; il faut déjeûner d'abord; the birds will scatter while we are eating." "True; but why eat at all now?" "Because I am hungry, and want my breakfast." . . . . Further on in the day, when we were eating again, all of a sudden a hare jumped out of the hedge, not twenty yards from the place where we were sitting. Oh, what a row! Sacr-r-r-ing like a rusty wheel. My friend flew up, seized his gun, and slapped both barrels at a pull. Puss shook her scut, and bounced back again into the hedge; and headlong after her dashed dogs beating and the chasseur. The hedge was enormously thick, and full of the most prickly briars that ever grew. My friend, full of ardour, launched himself from the bank right into the middle of all, and there he stuck like a fly in a gluepot, but withal most grievously tormented, and not able to stir an inch. "All sitting on a thorn," like Philomel, he sung for help; but had my life depended on it, I could not have helped him, and laughed till I was obliged to sit down. At last he came out piecemeal, execrating puss, me, the briars; but swearing to his comfort that he had killed the hare, which, however, was fields away, and none the worse. The end of all was, that, the game being thin, he took to shooting blackbirds, and we parted. He returned in the evening with three blackbirds and a thrush, but full of ardour, and exclaiming about the *bonne chasse* we had had.

The Drying up of the Euphrates; or, the Downfall of Turkey prophetically considered. By JOHN AITON, D.D. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. Edinburgh: John Menzies. 1853.

THE author of "The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope," of whom we hope our readers have a pleasant remembrance, finds the downfall of the Turkish empire foretold in the prophecies of Daniel, and also prophetically represented in the ninth chapter of the book of Revelations; but the clearest prediction to this effect he considers to be that in Rev. xvi. 12, "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates, and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared."

This (says he) is the most direct prediction of any in reference to the Turkish empire. The period too of its accomplishment, as one of the steps in the stair, is dis-

tinctly marked out; and the events which have happened, and which are now evolving, are indisputable as applicable alone to Turkey. The gold, the silver, and the brass of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdoms have passed away; three of Daniel's beasts have departed; John's seals have all been opened—his trumpets have all been sounded—and five of his vials have been poured out, the last one five years ago, on the seat of the beast, when the Pope fled in the disguise of a flunkey from Rome, &c. &c.

We must refer the reader to the good man's pamphlet for the completion of his illustrative commentary, for which we have not space in our columns, and confine ourselves to one or two extracts in which the writer speaks in the character, not of a divine, but of a true British patriot, and speaks out boldly too, upon a question upon which he has earned the right to be eloquent, as well by personal experience as by careful study and observation. He sums up the history of the quarrel in the following brief paragraph:—

Russia tried to pick a quarrel with the Grand Sultan. Therefore, Prince Menschikoff deliberately insulted Fuad Effendi, then minister of Foreign affairs in Turkey, who immediately gave in his resignation. In the same spirit, certain propositions were made by Russia to the Turkish Government, with a demand that these should be withheld from the knowledge of the representatives of the other powers of Europe. Then a convention was proposed in one form; and afterwards a convention was proposed in another form. Another note was presented to Turkey as the *ultimatum*, with the threat that, if the terms of it were not agreed to by the Sultan, the Russian ambassador would be obliged to leave Constantinople, adding that Russia would not be responsible for the very great evils that must ensue. They founded certain other demands, at the same time threatening that if those demands were not acceded to, they would send an army across the Pruth, and occupy the Danubian provinces. Russia did so accordingly, which was nothing more nor less than an invasion, in direct violation of existing treaties. The moment the Russians made their aggression on Turkey, the combined fleets of England and France should have entered the Dardanelles, and thus have advanced or retired step by step with Russia. Thus decisive proof would have been afforded, that this country and France meant really to support the Ottoman empire. This movement would also have been useful, in case the Sultan should require assistance against the violent excitement of his own subjects. But the golden opportunity was lost.

Mr. Aiton scouts the notion that Turkey acts as a fender to the British possessions in India, and has no fear of Russia attempting any conquest in that direction, even were the armies of the Czar in possession of Constantinople; considering that it would not be worth his while to do it. He is further of opinion, that the Christian population of Turkey would rejoice to see her in the possession of the Russians, because, like themselves, they mainly belong to the Greek Church. Turkey in his view is not worth preserving; its decay is almost complete, and its downfall not to be lamented; the reign of Mohamedanism being the most formidable obstruction to the Christianization of the Eastern world. As Turkey is fated to fall at no very distant period, he looks forward to the grand *debacle* as an event the most profoundly interesting to all nations, and most especially so to Great Britain. She will be involved in the inevitable war that will follow; and he counsels her thus to act:—

Our Indian empire requires that Egypt should, one way or another, be under our thumb, if not actually in our own hands: and it were better that we laid hold of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Asia Minor, than that France or Russia were permitted to do so, and thereby to command India and the high road to it through the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris. With this view, when the general scramble begins for the several portions of this vast empire, England will do well to catch hold of Beyrout . . . ., the only safe roadstead and most important harbour for our ships between Alexandria and Scanderoon—the seaport of Damascus, the mart of Syrian commerce, and the head-quarters of Christian missions. A squadron of our war-ships, riding in this bay, and steering along the coast, would also command Tripoli, the general rendezvous of travellers on their way to Lebanon, Latachia, and Gabili, celebrated for growing the finest tobacco in the world. It would command Antioch at the mouth of the Orontes, from whence a railway may be constructed over to the vale of the Euphrates, and down to the head of the Persian Gulf; and Scanderoon, one of the main gates to the far East, the port of Aleppo, and the mouth of the passes leading to Nineveh, Bagdad, and Babylon, and to which the whole commerce of northern Syria is brought. . . . . A frigate and a few companies on shore would protect the beautiful and classic island of Rhodes, and its harbour of fortifications as belonging to Great Britain, whenever the Sultan could no longer retain them. Then and thus, with Gibraltar at the entrance of the Mediterranean, Malta in the middle, and the healthy, fertile, and fortified Rhodes at the head of it, that great inland sea were all our own. Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Syria would become provinces of England, and every road to our Indian enormous territories, of a hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants, would be barred against every invader from Europe. And more than all that, much as it is, the Western Asiatics and Syrians, and Cyprians, too, would become Christianized, these territories colonized, and civilized, and Saxonized, and a way prepared for the kings of the East. Should the obtaining of all these important ends cost us a war, what ministry can help it, and what man, in Parliament or out of it, would grudge the expense of conducting it to a sucessful issue?

Bravo, the Rev. John Aiton! Who says there is no ambition under a presbyter's gown? If this also is a prophecy, and is fated to be fulfilled, we hope that he by whom it has been so manfully delivered, may live to witness its accomplishment.

We have no space for further extracts from this vigorous and characteristic brochure. Let the reader procure it by all means; he will never regret the shilling it will cost him.

Memoirs of an Ex-Capuchin; or, Scenes of Modern Monastic Life. By Girolamo Volpe, a Converted Priest. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

If we had not known before that monks are but men, and that priests commit as many peccadilloes as common mortals, we might have learned as much from this book. It is but a simple narrative of facts which even Roman Catholics themselves will not care much to deny, and which, however enormous they may appear in the eyes of tender Christians, will be regarded by men of the world but as mere matters of course. There are revolting cruelties practised within the enclosures of monastic walls, and as Protestants we are of course indignant at such things being allowed; but cruelties quite as great are common in our own prisons and workhouses wherever, under analogous circumstances, bad men exercise irresponsible control.

Capuchin monks vowed to purity accumulate in private hoards of wealth; and we rail at their hypocrisy, as though the same thing, bating the cowl and shaven crown, were not just as common as daylight among the Evangelical preachers of London and those staunch Protestant mastiffs who have made such a capital property of the Pope's bull. As an unadorned narrative of the life of a Capuchin, from his first noviciate in boyhood to his ordination and missionary experiences, this little work is one of considerable value, and all the more so as it is evidently free from exaggeration and from all malice and invective. The author has not written for the sake of effect, but has related his own experience faithfully and simply, leaving it to work its own result upon the minds of his readers. We shall give a single extract descriptive of an individual, the type, it may be presumed, of a rather numerous class intended by Nature for commercial activities, and dragged by circumstances into holy orders.

I knew of a Capuchin priest, who abandoned the order, and became, I believe, sceptical. This man possessed sixteen thousand Roman scudi, which in Italy is considered a fortune. Lacking the ordinary means of the friars for accumulating money, he had recourse to extraordinary methods of enriching himself. He invented masses of every description, and pocketed the money that was paid for them. It is well known that neither mass nor any other rite of the Catholic church is performed without payment. Only one mass can properly be said for each day, except on Christmas-day, when three are said. But 367 were far too few to satisfy his desires; 3,000 would scarcely content him. Masses from the missions, masses from the convent, masses from the sacristy, masses from legacies, masses from devotees, masses from penitents, masses from the devout, masses, in short, too numerous to mention, sprung from his brain. His imaginative faculties were so active that he would never have exhausted his stock of masses, had he lived to the age of Methuselah. His ingenious contrivance was discovered, but he managed to escape from the ecclesiastical inquisition; and, of course, no other had the power to impeach and condemn him, the matter being entirely beyond the reach of civil investigation.

A Summer's-day Dream; with other Poems. By Henry Francis Robinson. London: W. Pickering. 1853.

We had nearly pitched this volume into the waste paper basket, in a fit of wrath and something else, on glancing at the first four lines. Here they are:

The poet's mind, of noble mould,
As poets ought to be;
Far more than all the dross of gold,
Loves Nature's beauty. (!!!)

Who would have imagined that the hand which committed such unmitigated doggerel as that to paper and to print, could by any possibility write anything worth reading. Fortunately, however, we were led to dive a little further into the volume, and were soon agreeably surprised by the presence of many really charming passages, marked by the melodious expression of just and natural sentiments. We must quote one of them at once, if for no other purpose than to take the taste of that villanous introduction out of the reader's mouth. Here is a reflection upon the decline of life:—

Why, as the day declines, must we too lose
The new-born sense of renovated youth,
And happiness complete? And as the world
Each moment older grows, why do we seem
To grow in spirit older with it too?
Why does the pageant of the setting sun
Stir memory to sadness, and the clouds
Which gather at departing day, seem tinged
With reminiscent glories that lead back,
As in a fairy bark, the time-worn heart,
Down to a younger land? Why do we pause,
And startle at the shadows of our years,
Fast gathering round us, like autumnal leaves
Strewn on deserted shores? Or oftentimes
Gaze from the dreary solitude of age
Into the backward past, until our eyes
Fill with regretful tears;—as we may watch
From off the stern of some swift gliding bark
A loved, familiar coast, whose outline long
Retains our aching sight, until it dips
Below the rising wave, and henceforth has
To us existence but in memory?

We cannot find space for the answer to this pertinent question, which every man however can answer for himself. These two short extracts must suffice for our purpose; and they will serve to characterise Mr. Robinson's production more faithfully than anything we could say concerning it. It appears to us a strange bundle of contrarieties, in which are many things delightful to read and suggestive of old and dear remembrances—and almost as many which are beneath criticism, and smack more of the metre of the Seven Dials than of any other style of literature with which we happen to be acquainted. Cut down your book at least one-third, Mr. Robinson, and you shall gain ten times the number of readers.

Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew. Embracing a period of nineteen centuries. Now first revealed to and edited by David Hoffman, Hon. J.U.D. of Göttegen. Vol. II. London: T. Bosworth. 1853.

In this, the second volume of this "strange eventful history," the Wandering Jew continues the story of his life, with its awful changes, from the commencement of the third to nearly the close of the sixth century. At Rome he becomes acquainted with Tertullian, whose correspondence is made the vehicle of many curious records, and carries on the narrative of events which take place in the eternal city while Cartaphilus is travelling through Egypt. In the course of the three centuries of which this volume forms a kind of biographical history, the reader is introduced to all the most celebrated characters of that long period, and the acts of their whole lives are passed under review, and the influence for good or evil which they exercised upon the world, is weighed in the balance of impartial judgment. The unhappy Jew himself undergoes three several transformations—one at the end of each century of existence—and each time his youth is renewed in outward form and beauty, while the old heart yet burns and withers within. The first of these

three transformations is effected by the foundering of a vessel at sea, in which he is submerged and borne to the bottom, where he seems to spend a long though indefinite period, and where he becomes familiar with the monsters and mysteries of the great deep. At length he feels the transformation suddenly accomplished, and darts up to the surface in the form of a young man of surpassing beauty, and is yet in time to escape by the boat — having really been under water but ten minutes. The next transformation is by fire: he leaps in a fit of delirium into the crater of a volcano, and after undergoing indescribable tortures, which by degrees harden him to the endurance of them, has leisure to contemplate the mysterious operations of fire, upon which he philosophises, we must confess, not very intelligibly. But an eruption takes place, and the luckless Jew is shot forth in the shape of a shrunken and hideous monster, again to wander through the world for another century, the object of universal alarm and disgust. He spends the last ten years in Constantinople, where he has a presentiment that he is turning into stone. At the end of that time his destiny brings him to the Grotto of Antiparos, where he is struck motionless by a mortal chill, and in the course of ten months and eleven days is petrified into a mass of rock, from which he emerges like a young bird from its shell, again to resume his eternal vagabondisings. These strange and fanciful metamorphoses are evidently adopted by the author to serve as occasions for introducing a mass of very various and curious speculations of a philosophic kind, which he might not think proper to propound in a more serious form, and which yet may, for all we know, contain his real opinions in regard to subjects, concerning which the investigations of scientific and learned men have as yet elicited nothing decidedly satisfactory. Altogether this story is one fraught with wonders. It will have an indefinable charm for a certain class of readers — and it will be an incomprehensible riddle to not a few — but to all who possess it it will prove a magazine of valuable information, interspersed with natural sentiments, and at times with strangely singular opinions.

Memoir of Dr. Charles Webster, Founder of St. Peter's Chapel, Edinburgh, &c. With an Account of Dr. Alexander Webster, of the High Church, Edinburgh. By GRACE WEBSTER. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1853.

As a general rule, biographies should not be written by relatives, who are not in their right place when sitting in judgment on the characters of those in whose memories they have a personal interest. It is rarely that the public gets an honest verdict when such is the case; and the only apology for the practice is, the difficulty of finding a stranger to the deceased who is in possession of the requisite information and willing to undertake the task. This difficulty could hardly have existed in the present instance; and we regret, as well for the sake of the lady who has written this volume as for that of the departed worthies who are the subject of it, that she did not transfer the business to a less partial and more competent hand. But it is plain that her object has been to make a book rather than to write a biography; and we have here, in consequence, four hundred pages of extracts from previous writers mixed up with original rigmarole and twaddle, false sentiment and villanous grammar, containing altogether less information concerning the Doctors Webster, than might have been given in fifty pages by any one who knew how to give it. In addition to the lady's own biography of Alexander Webster, we have, lugged in, the entire article from the Encyclopædia Britannica, and this is followed by a reprint of his pamphlet on that notable phenomenon, the Cumbuslang Revival, which occupies nearly fourscore pages! Penny-a-lining is child's play compared to this. If such a mode of proceeding is allowable, Grace Webster may perpetrate ten volumes in less time than she would "crochet" one table cover; and we may see all our ladies throwing aside their knitting needles and taking to author-craft, armed with pen and ink and monster pairs of shears. Having at last buried Dr. Alexander, the writer regales us with an account of his house, and we are gravely informed, that the doctor's study was an oblong wainscotted apartment — that the dining-room had wainscot on one side and paper hangings on the other — that the mantel-pieces were of marble — that the house was composed of three stories — that an eminent physician admired the staircase — that the window-shutters were secured by wooden bars, &c. &c., and she deplores the fact that the house no longer exists, having been swept off by the march of modern improvements. What a tremendous loss it must have been to the world! The memoir of Dr. Charles Webster is meagre in the extreme, and utterly fails of imparting any idea of the man. It is eked out by rambling accounts of other persons; among the rest is his brother George, who lived beyond the age of seventy, and died with all his teeth in his head, white and sound — not so much as a single carious grinder — "a result, no doubt, of godliness, which hath the promise," &c. as our admiring biographer piously remarks. The penultimate chapter is devoted to the domestic servants of the Websters, who are all deemed worthy of lasting remembrance; and John, and Betty, and Nanny, and Lily, who rubbed and scrubbed about house, and blacked the shoes and washed the faces of the young folks, have each honourable mention; and we are told that when Betty could scrub no longer, she got a situation as housekeeper at the Methodist chapel. If our readers are desirous of more of such edifying information, we must refer them to the volume. We have no doubt the writer is a well-meaning lady, who would rule her house excellently, according to the good old-fashioned system; but she made an enormous blunder when she set about writing a book, a labour for which she has not a single intellectual qualification.

The Pathology and Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis; and on the local Medication of Pharyngeal and Laryngeal Diseases frequently mistaken for, or associated with, Phthisis. By J. H. Bennett, M.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1853.

We cannot but regard this work as a valuable contribution to medical science, and we would strongly call the attention of our medical friends to it, because it casts a gleam of hope upon a sombre and gloomy subject, and holds out a promise which every man in the profession is bound to use his utmost endeavours to realise. Nothing can be clearer or more satisfactory than the proofs furnished in this volume of the possibility of arresting pulmonary disease, even after it has made alarming progress — and of preventing its usually fatal termination. The cases recorded here do not admit of the possibility of a doubt on that subject, and it is, therefore, imperative upon the whole profession to investigate the matter fairly and at once, and to give to sufferers the immediate advantage that may accrue from the adoption of the treatment here recommended. Another subject, too, of scarcely less importance, will be found practically treated in the Cases of Pharyngeal Disease, recorded and commented upon in the latter part of the volume. We have not the slightest doubt that there are tens of thousands of persons in the country at this moment labouring under gloomy apprehensions of death impending from consumption, whose diseases are merely pharyngeal, and who would be restored to cheerfulness by the bare perusal of the fourth chapter of this work. They would there see from what a comparatively trifling cause their apprehensions have arisen, and, by submitting to the necessary local applications, get rid of them for ever. Though Dr. Bennett's work is a purely practical treatise, it is not wanting in sound reason and argument — and we confidently anticipate for it an extensive and favourable reception.

A Complete System of Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical; adapted to the use of Schools and Private Students. By James Trotter. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1853.

This volume is, what it professes to be, a complete system of arithmetic, not a mere elementary work, but that and something more. The author says in his preface, that his chief aim has been "to teach not the mechanical part of the science only, but real arithmetic, by framing the exercises in such a manner as to lead the pupil to reason upon the matter, and thus to become a self-instructor." There are between three and four thousand new exercises in this volume, and above two hundred worked at length and minutely explained. For all practical purposes this is enough and more than enough. The whole of the exercises have been prepared with a view of familiarising the learner with the details of actual business.

Spain, its Position and Evangelization, &c. By James Thomson. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

Those who desire to know the present position and prospects of Spain in a religious point of view cannot do better than consult this pamphlet. The author who was formerly the agent of the Bible Society, is sanguine as to the ultimate evangelization of the peninsula. Several interesting papers on Portugal are added, and some important particulars are given with regard to that country not usually mentioned in the diaries of travellers.

The Scottish Review. A Quarterly Journal of Social Progress and General Literature. No. IV. October, 1853. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

The present number, which completes the first volume of this able review, commences with an interesting and amusing paper on the Rationale of Electro-Biology. The subject is philosophically considered, in as intelligible a manner as need be, and several very remarkable narratives are introduced by way of illustration. Ten years ago not one of them would have found credence — now the case is altogether different, and the general mind is looking, not for the evidence of collusion or imposture, but for a reasonable explanation of the facts which challenge observation. We are willing to accept the solution of the writer of the above article; but it is suggestive of a further secret not yet revealed. The remaining nine articles in this number are all good, and upon topics of present interest.

Medical Reform; being the Sketch of a Plan for a National Institute of Medicine. By Azygos. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

Azygos is scandalized at the present position of the medical practitioners of this country. He ranks them as the second body in the state, assuming the clergy to be the first. From the want of proper organization they are, according to his view, in an anomalous position, discreditable alike to the government and to the healing science. The profession is a huge lottery, in which there are but few prizes, which, when they come at all, come in the shape of excessive popularity — and he hints that the very popular physician is the very worst whom a patient can consult. He sees, on an average, upwards of forty patients before noon, and supposing him to commence at eight o'clock in the morning, this will give him exactly six minutes to the individual examination and prescription of every patient! He is driven to take refuge in a few simple formularies, which he knows at least are harmless. Weak-minded imitators copy his nostrums, and in the end the medical art is degraded by the means of its brightest ornaments — so that large practices, the only prizes which the profession offers at present to its members, are in many ways its bane. For one who gets such a prize there are a hundred, it may be, equally deserving, who get blanks, and are

martyred in various ways, and whose knowledge and intellect are lost to the public, for lack of recognition. The author of this pamphlet would reform this altogether; and to that end he proposes the establishment of a Royal Medical Institute of Great Britain, having for its local habitation a suitable pile of buildings on a scale of sufficient magnitude, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and controlling the whole medical staff of the country. It should consist of five different departments — the Scientific, the Educational, the Practical, the Financial, and the Political and Miscellaneous. What is to be done by the heads and functionaries of each of these departments he sets forth at length. If his plan should attract the attention of the powers that be, we will turn to it again and discuss its feasibility; in the meanwhile we commend it to the notice of all concerned, as containing some good points which show at least a tendency to the reform of popular absurdities.

Alderman Ralph; or the History of the Borough and Corporation of the Borough of Willowacre, &c. By ADAM HORNBOOK. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1853.

THE story of Alderman Ralph opens in a public-house parlour, where a coterie of knaves and honest men, but blockheads for the most part, are assembled to drivel nonsense and to pay their devoirs to Sir John Barleycorn. They are thrown into consternation by the apparition of a man who walks in and calls for a pint of ale, and then, drinking it, walks out again. Upon this prodigious event, which is to Adam Hornbook's novel what the siege of Troy is to the "Iliad," hinges the whole story. There are some dozen or more characters in the book, but they are cast too much in one mould, being all fools—the old alderman himself differing from the rest mainly by lying a-bed, ill of the spleen, during a good part of the action of the drama. The only two who stand out a little in relief from the others are, Jack Jigg, the fiddler, who is at once a drunken thief and a model of morality and Christian virtue; and Dingyleaf, a sort of travestie of Dominie Sampson turned rogue. There are two notable villains, Lawyer Threap and Sir Nigel Nickem, commonplace scamps both, whom the author pistols without remorse when he wants them out of the way —and two heroines, one a good girl who minds her cookery-book and her sick uncle; and the other a sentimental nondescript, who flirts with the baronet and with the alderman's apprentice, giving the latter the preference when the former has run to the end of his tether. The toll-keeper, Gregory, is the goblin of the piece, and he is a very useful subject indeed to the author, being a sort of moral Proteus, now a fiend of darkness, now an angel of light—now a desperate savage, and anon as gentle as a lamb—becoming anything or everything to suit the exigencies of the drama. Adam Hornbook, following the example of Fielding, divides his romance into books, and gives an occasional introductory chapter of philosophy: he recommends the reader who is in a hurry to pass them over; we heartily second his recommendations as excellent for all readers. The writer of this vivacious but foolish book has made the fatal blunder of mistaking animal spirits, of which he appears to possess an uncommon share, for humour, of which he has none at all. In the selection of names (a sure test of a writer's tact) he is worse than unfortunate, calling the mansion of *the* gentleman of the piece *Lovesoup* House! The events of the story, though they are of the very smallest importance, are not only improbable, but actually impossible from beginning to end, and could only take place in a community utterly destitute of brains to a man.

The National Miscellany for October, 1853. London: John Henry Parker.

THERE are eight papers in this sixth number of the new Miscellany. The first, upon Cyphers, is a clever *exposé* of the manner in which secret correspondence is frequently carried on in the face of day; but the author is not the first who has discovered the key to the crabbed communications that occasionally figure in the *Times* newspaper—nor does he show us how sentences consisting entirely of Arabic figures are to be read, though that problem too has been solved. The paper on Roman London is the most valuable one, and might be continued with advantage. The article on Turkey is well-timed, and of more than average merit. We cannot say much for the Table-turner, the jokes in which are rather of the galvanic order.

Dramas of Calderon, Tragic, Comic, and Legendary. Translated from the Spanish, principally in the metre of the original. By DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY, Esq. In two volumes. London: Charles Dolman. 1853.

THE literary world are indebted for these volumes, containing six of the entire dramas of Calderon, to Mr. M'Carthy's profound admiration for the works of the great Spanish lyrist. That such admiration is well bestowed, no one familiar with the rich and brilliant vein of poetic feeling and poetic imagery which runs through the whole of the works of that voluminous and dazzling writer will call in question. It is to be regretted that so few comparatively of English readers have, in the present day, any competent knowledge of the treasures of Spanish literature. The Spanish tongue appears to be cultivated among us almost exclusively by commercial men for commercial purposes — and there are so few facilities for its acquirement that it is rare even to meet with such elementary works as grammars and dictionaries upon the shelves of the bookseller. The case was very different two centuries back. Then our poets and dramatists borrowed almost as much from Spain as they do now from France; but they never unearthed a hundredth part of the quarry, and appear to have made no very judicious selection in what they brought away. We feel grateful to

Mr. M'Carthy for the really splendid addition to our limited stock of Spanish poetry which his present volumes supply. A poet of no mean order himself, he may claim as a translator to stand among those of the highest rank; and we may pay him the just tribute of declaring that no man who has translated so much from his admired author has translated so well. In fact his translation is something more than translation in the common acceptation of the term. He gives us not merely the true sense and spirit of the original, but the very cadence, accent, and ring, and tune, so to speak, of the Spaniard—and we seem to be reading Spanish, not English, as we turn over page after page, so similar is the rhythm to that of the original.

It was once the fashion to compare Calderon with Shakspeare. Upon this unlearned comparison Mr. M'Carthy has some sensible remarks, a portion of which we shall extract. He observes:

> Though the dramas of Spain and England have been often compared, and are said to resemble each other, nothing can be more different. In wildness of imagination and splendour of poetry, in the change of place, and total disregard of all the "unities," there is much in common; but here the resemblance ends. In the English theatre, the characters are always the representatives of individuals—in the Spanish, of classes; the man is everything on the English stage—on the Spanish, he is nothing. In the former, we look on the actors in the drama as beings of a kindred nature with our own; in the latter (at least in its tragedy), as merely personifications of the virtues or vices to be represented. In Shakspeare, the characters are flesh and blood; where none are so monstrously wicked as not to be relieved by an occasional ray of a better nature, and none so sterling as not to exhibit a little of the common alloy of humanity. In Calderon, they are cast in an inflexible mould of virtue or vice, and preserve their golden or iron rigidity to the last. Shakspeare's figures have the warmth and colouring of the canvas; Calderon's the fixed and colder outline of the marble. In the one we have the incalculable vicissitudes of life; in the other the inevitable certainty of fate. In Calderon it is ever the constant sunshine or the unbroken gloom of his climate: in Shakspeare, the dark and bright—the smiles and tears of our own. Shakspeare possessed higher qualities, and was apparently the deeper thinker. Calderon possessed qualities in which the other was deficient, and was, perhaps, in some of the attributes of the poet but little his inferior. In the worship of external nature, the Englishman, with all his warmth, is cold compared with the Spaniard; in the revelations of her mysteries and the inward workings of the soul, the latter must be pronounced superficial when compared to the former. Shakspeare invented characters in abundance—but few plots; Calderon invented innumerable plots—but few characters. The one was fertile in delineation, the other in invention. In fact, both are admirable of their kind, but both are founded on totally different principles of dramatic propriety, and we may relish and admire the one without being unjustly and unnecessarily blind to the merits of the other.

These remarks are just and discriminating, and will be serviceable to the reader who here, for the first time, makes acquaintance with the works of Calderon. We proceed now to give one or two samples of Mr. M'Carthy's translation, which our space compels us to confine to very narrow limits. The following is a good specimen of the imagery of the florid Spaniard:—

Phenix. Ah! no more can gladden me
Sunny shores or dark projections,
Where in emulous reflections
Blend the rival land and sea;
When, alike in charms and powers,
Where the woods and waves are meeting—
Flowers with foam are seen competing—
Sparkling foam, with snow-white flowers;
For the garden, envious grown
Of the curling waves of ocean,
Lives to imitate their motion;
And the amorous zephyr, blown
Out to sea from fragrant bowers,
In the shining waters laving
Back returns, and makes the waving
Leaves an ocean of bright flowers;
When the sea too, sad to view
Its barren wastes of waves forlorn,
Striveth swiftly to adorn
All its realm, and to subdue
The pride of its majestic mien,
To second laws it doth subject
Its nature, and with sweet effect
Blends fields of blue with waves of green,
Coloured now like heaven's blue dome,
Now plumed as if from verdant bowers,
The garden seems a sea of flowers,
The sea a garden of bright foam:
How deep my pain must be is plain,
Since nought delights my heart or eye,
Nor earth, nor air, nor sea, nor sky.

The following passionate speech of Fernando, who disdains to purchase liberty at the price of his country's dishonour, evidently suggested to the mind of Lord Byron that famous piece of declamation which he puts into the mouth of the Doge of Venice at the place of execution, commencing with the words:

> I speak to time and to eternity,
> Of which I grow a portion—not to man.
> Ye elements, &c.

In fact the speech of Marino Faliero is but a modernized paraphrase of that of the Constant Prince. Fernando, having torn to atoms the dishonourable treaty, resigns himself to slavery rather than disgrace, in the following outburst of feeling:

. . . . O King, dispose and order
Of my freedom as you please,
For I would, nor could accept it
On unworthy terms like these:
Thou, Enrique, home returning,
Say, in Africa I lie
Buried, for my life I'll fashion
As if I did truly die:—
Christians, dead is Don Fernando;
Moors, a slave to you remains;
Captives, you have a companion,
Who to-day doth share your pains:
Heaven, a man restores your churches
Back to holy calm and peace;
Sea, a wretch remains, with weeping
All your billows to increase;
Mountains, on ye dwells a mourner,
Like the wild beasts soon to grow;
Wind, a poor man with his sighing
Doubleth all that thou canst blow;
Earth, a corse within thy entrails
Comes to-day to lay his bones.
For King, Brother, Moors, and Christians,
Sun, and moon, and starry zones,
Wind and sea, and earth and heaven,
Wild beasts, hills,—let this convince
All of ye, in pains and sorrows,

How to-day a constant prince
Loves the Catholic faith to honour,
And the law of God to hold.

Fernando, reduced to slavery, gives flowers to the princess who compassionates him:—

These flowers awoke in beauty and delight,
At early dawn, when stars began to set—
At eve they leave us, but a fond regret,—
Locked in the cold embraces of the night.
These shades that shame the rainbow's arch of light,
Where gold and snow in purple pomp are met.
All give a warning, man should not forget,
When one brief day can darken things so bright.
'Tis but to wither that the roses bloom—
'Tis to grow old they bear their beauteous flowers,
One crimson bed their cradle and their tomb.
Such are man's fortunes in this world of ours;
They live, they die, one day doth end their doom.
For ages past but seem to us like hours.

Here we must take our leave of Mr. M'Carthy for the present—commending his volumes to all lovers of literature, and to the lovers of the drama more especially.

Herne's Oak; and other Miscellaneous Poems. By John Bedford Leno. London: W. Freeman, 69, Fleet street. 1853.

The writer of these rather homely lyrics deprecates the prostitution of poesy and harmony to base and ignoble passions and purposes. He would have the lyre attuned only to good, noble, and virtuous ends; and made the minister of innocent cheerfulness and mirth, not of insane rioting or profligate debauch. In this sentiment we heartily concur. J. B. L. is a friend to labour and labourers. His songs are in praise of the former, and for the encouragement of the latter. We subjoin one as a specimen.

SONG.

Toil on, toil on! the golden age,
The poet's scornèd fiction,
Is yet to come and bear the cross
Of Labour's crucifixion!
I care not for the nuggets found,
The gold for which you've panted;
If happiness remains unfound,
The rarest nugget's wanted!

Though streams were changed to liquid gold,
And pearls lay thick around us;
They need not make us wiser men,
Nor happier than they found us;
Men sell their souls for love of gain,
Till God by gold's supplanted;
Yet happiness remains unfound,—
The rarest nugget's wanted!

A painted bubble floats to view,
With eager eyes men watch it,
And vainly chase the empty prize,
Exploded ere they catch it.
Delve, delve! and rock your cradled ore,
Till honesty's recanted;
Fill, fill your coffers to the brim—
And still the nugget's wanted!

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

Poems. By James Payn, Author of Stories from Boccaccio. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1853.

The Results of the Census of Great Britain in 1851; with a Description of the Machinery and Processes employed to obtain the Returns, &c. By E. Cheshire. London: Parker and Son. 1853.

Curiosities of London Life: or, Phases, Physiological and Social, of the Great Metropolis. By Charles Manby Smith. London: W. and F. G. Cash. Dublin: J. M'Glashan and J. B. Gilpin. Edinburgh: John Menzies. 1853.

Journal of Health. No. 38. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Oct. 1853.

Church and State and Convocation. By G. H. Prentice, M.A. London: J. H. Parker. 1853.

Educational Expositor for September. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Railway Passengers' Assurance Company. — At the eighth half-yearly meeting, held at the offices, 3, Old Broad-street, on 7th Sept. 1853, a report was read, of which the following is the substance:—

The Directors congratulate the Proprietors on a most satisfactory increase in the business of the Company during the last six months. The number of tickets issued during the half-year to the 30th June last, as compared with the corresponding period of the two previous years, is as follows:—

	Single Journey Tickets.			Double Journey Tickets.			Periodical Tickets.
	1st Class	2d Class	3d Class	1st Cls	2d Cls	3d Cls	
Exhibition Yr. 1851 ..	18,979	40,776	58,238	—	18	1,826	2,365
1852	17,830	41,068	59,256	822	1,413	4,823	2,398
1853	31,314	56,201	71,317	4,029	8,151	5,800	3,936

In addition to these, 207 persons who had been previously insured by annual tickets have renewed their insurances by taking policies for terms of years, or for life, on the new system, which makes the entire number of periodical insurers for the half-year equivalent to 4,143 against 2,308 in the corresponding period of last year. The total number of policies issued during the half-year not included in the above comparative statement is as follows:—For terms of years, 60; for life, by one payment, 58; for life, by annual payments on decreasing scale, 289. The receipts from premiums amount to £5,148 12s. 1d., against £3,066 8s. 1d. in the same period last year, and with the balance brought forward show a total of £6,363 18s. 6d. to the credit of revenue account on the 30th June. The disbursements include the ordinary working expenses £2,620 16s. 10d.; payments for compensation £1,901 13s. 7d. (including £1,000 paid to the executrix of the late Mr. Gibbs, a Director of the Great Western Railway, whose melancholy death occurred just previous to the last meeting,) and a sum of £150, which has been transferred to the capital account, in order to commence the liquidation of the preliminary expenses. The Directors hope to be enabled to set aside a sum regularly for this purpose in future years, so as to create a reserve in the capital fund sufficient to avoid the necessity of any future calls on the shares. The sum of £1,691 8s. 1d. thus remains at the credit of revenue account, which, with £826 9s. 4d. due from the Railway Clearing House and Agents, makes a balance of £2,517 17s. 5d., out of which the Directors recommend

the payment of interest on the paid up capital for the half-year, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, free of income tax, which will leave a surplus of £2,217 17s. 5d. to meet any claims that may arise, and the charges for commission and government duty not paid at the close of the half-year. Of this balance, the sum of £1,021 has been invested in the three and a quarter per cent. annuities, so as to be available in the event of any claim from insurances yet unexpired. The sum of £1,001 13s. 7d., which has been disbursed during the half-year, has been paid as compensation for one fatal case, and eighteen claims for personal injury, and while forming a considerable proportion of the amount received, it affords the most convincing evidence of the utility of the Company, and its means of alleviating, by pecuniary assistance, the distress consequent upon railway accidents. The total number of claims on the Company since its establishment have been 21 for fatal cases, and 343 cases of personal injury, involving the payment of £11,246 2s. 10d. for compensation, and medical and other expenses. The Directors have much pleasure in calling the attention of the Shareholders to the increasing number of persons who now avail themselves of the application of the principle of insurance to railway accidents, first offered by this Company, which is the best proof of its growing appreciation by the public. No effort has been spared to adapt the system to the wants and wishes of each individual — to the occasional traveller, who can obtain its advantages by a slight addition to his railway fare, as well as to those whose means enable them to insure by a single payment for a term of years, or for life, without further trouble. The Directors are happy to state, that on the opening of the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, the Directors of that line consented to the issue of the Company's tickets at their stations, and the sole exceptions to the universal establishment of the system on all the railways of the United Kingdom, are the Brighton and South Eastern lines, whose Directors still hesitate to afford the public the privilege of insuring against those accidents, to which, as has recently been shown, passengers are equally exposed on those lines as on others. The Directors desire to express their thanks to the Directors of the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, and to all the other Railway Boards with which they are in friendly communication. They feel equally indebted to the various officers of the different Companies, and to the Managers of the Railway Clearing House, through whose kind assistance the business has been greatly facilitated, and the efficiency of the Company so materially promoted.

By order of the Directors,
WILLIAM J. VIAN, .. [illegible]tary.

Age Insurance Company.—Extracts from the Report of the Directors, read at the second annual meeting, September 27, 1853. The business and progress of the Company during the past year have been of the most satisfactory character. The accounts have been made out as embracing transactions from 18th of August, 1852, to the 15th of August, 1853, within which period 665 proposals were received for Assurances, to the amount of £147,340, of which 454 have been accepted and completed, assuring the sum of £114,416. In addition to which, Assurances to the industrial classes have been completed within the last three months, when operations in this department were commenced, for a sum exceeding £22,000. The yearly premiums on existing policies, within the same period, amounted to £6,027 4s. 11d., which, in contrast with the business done during the preceding eighteen months, amounting to £3,482 4s. (and of which the first Report was published last year), shows, as to the time within which the respective amounts were produced, the business of the last year to have more than doubled the preceding one. The Directors have to acknowledge with gratitude, that the Company, in various cases, during the year, has escaped heavy losses by caution and judicious care, and they have had only one claim of £300 to pay. Two other claims, of £100 each, have been recognised, and will be paid in due course. These sums constitute the losses they have sustained. Keeping in view the importance of forming Chief Agencies in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, the Directors have much satisfaction in stating, that they have succeeded fully to their wishes, and have made excellent arrangements in Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, Sunderland, Aberdeen, Ipswich, &c., all of which promise ample returns for the expense incurred. They have also directed attention to the Continent, and have established a Branch at Brussels, under the most favourable auspices, with Agencies throughout the Belgian provinces. A Branch Office has also been established in the East of London, and Agencies in different parts of the metropolis, which are not only likely to become important auxiliaries in extending the general operations of the Company, but also a great blessing to the industrial classes, who are availing themselves, in large numbers, of the benefits which life assurance is capable of conferring. The plans for the operations of the Company during the ensuing year, have been laid on a judicious and comprehensive basis; and whilst nothing shall be wanting on the part of the Directors to promote the benefits of the Shareholders and the Assured, yet all are deeply interested in the extension of the business of the Company, and are earnestly requested to aid, by their efforts and influence, the carrying out of the objects in view. The Directors, in common with their brethren of the younger offices, have had their attention drawn to the groundless statements put forth by the older Companies, and to the ungenerous attempts made to damage the former in public estimation. After due consideration, however, they think it better to abstain from expression of their own views for the present, and merely refer to the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on "Assurance Associations." The Report states — "There is one subject which has formed so prominent a feature during your Committee's inquiry, and which has partly arisen from the Act of 1844, that they cannot pass it over without some remarks, viz. the differences of opinion and views entertained by the two great classes of offices, the one including those established since the passing of the Act of 1844, and completely registered under that Act, and the other those established prior to that date, and not so registered. Your Committee have arrived at the conclusion, that in many ways that distinction has operated prejudicially, and that it would be eminently to the advantage of the offices themselves, as well as to the public at large, if all Insurance Companies could be brought under one law, leaving each Company to recommend itself to the public on its own merits." By this recommendation, it appears that the Committee are of opinion, that the same surveillance should be exercised over the old as over the new Offices; and the next paragraph of their Report plainly proves the unfounded nature of the repeated calumnies published against the latter. The Report proceeds — "With regard to the general condition of existing Companies, so far as any evidence has been laid before your Committee, they feel it their duty to report, that it is more satisfactory than they had been led to believe, before they entered upon their inquiry." The Directors have not this year incurred the expense of a valuation of their existing assurances and premiums, as such a course is not ordinarily adopted, except for the purposes of declaring a bonus, or ascertaining at a fixed period the condition of the Company; the latter was the object of the last year's valuation, but as the business of the Company has progressed so satisfactorily, the Directors deem it only necessary to submit an account of the receipts and expenditure of the year. The Directors have to lament the loss of their late invaluable Secretary, Mr. Hoare, to whom the Company itself may be said to have owed its existence and the elements of its success. In the selection of his successor, they have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Edward Robinson, a gentleman previously connected with the office as Assistant-Secretary, and whose talents, energies, and general acquaintance with Assurance business, render him highly qualified for the appointment.

PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

// TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1853.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE; ITS FAULTS AND PROSPECTS.

It has been remarked by a recent writer upon agriculture, that the mode in which farm operations have in all ages been carried on has depended upon three causes:—the demand for food, the facility with which labour can be procured, and the supply of manure. This statement is, we believe, quite correct, excepting in those unnatural cases in which the object of the cultivator of the soil is not simply to produce food, but in which some secondary object is of equal, if not greater, importance.

For example, in the young days of the world, when the mouths of the consumers and the hands of the labourers were few, and when likewise comparatively few domesticated animals (at this early period the only source of manure) were in existence, there was no cropping, nor any arable tillage of the soil. These were the pastoral days, and the husbandman either wandered at will over a large tract of ground, or, if he had bounds, they were very wide ones, and the amount of food produced from so great an area very trifling. Along with his cattle and his goats, the two sources of his food and his raiment, the pastoral patriarch wandered from one spot of natural grass to the other. By so doing he obtained sufficient for maintaining his family; he had neither labour nor manure at his command to enable him to do so. To this day such is the agriculture of some of the Tatars.

As population increased, so also would the demand for food and the supply of labour. The various cereals would have been observed to grow wild, and the wandering patriarch would discover in their grains a large supply of nutritious food; he would employ his additional hands in breaking up the soil, and then in artificially cultivating these: this he would do, as even yet is very often done, year after year, until the exhausted soil refused even to yield seed for seed. The spot would then be deserted, and after a time it would be discovered that the soil had again become fertile. No wonder that the rude agriculturist thought that his land was refreshed by rest, and that the system of fallows became a favourite one. Many British farmers fallow yet, and pay rent for ground from which they receive no crop.

At length the increasing flow of population demanded more food than could be obtained from this partial culture of the land. In a lucky hour it was discovered that the restoration of fertility, that required years of fallow, could be at once brought about by the application of excrementitious animal and putrefying vegetable substances.

The more of such matter a farmer could procure the greater amount of food could he produce. Accordingly, among the more intelligent class of farmers, ways and means have been contrived of supporting a greater number of cattle and sheep than was before thought possible. Excrementitious matter has also been purchased from without, bones have found a ready market, and guano, the excrement of sea-fowls, has been largely purchased. Many of our modern agriculturists, excited by the demand for food, and aided by additional labour and an increased supply of manure, have produced a much larger amount of food from a given area than was ever done before. Such are called high farmers. Unfortunately, in this country, they constitute a very small minority of those engaged in the culture of the soil, and for one who farms highly, there are hundreds who manage their land little better than when labour was difficult to obtain, population small, and the supply of manure trifling; and there are even still some who conduct their rural affairs much after the fashion of the patriarchs.

It is clear that if every farmer in this country farmed in the manner the high farmers do, the supply of food would be greatly increased; but it is equally clear that there is a limit, and a very near one, to high farming. Only so many animals can be kept upon an arable farm, and the supply of manure from without has a very limited bound; on the other hand, our population is weekly, daily, hourly increasing. How are these additional mouths to be fed? Is it possible that when high farming has become the rule—if it ever do—that then this country (and ultimately the whole world) will have as many of a population as it can keep in existence?

Before attempting a solution of such questions, it will be as well to consider what is the action of

the soil and air upon the growing plant, what is the action of the vegetable upon the animal that eats it, and what is the action of fallows and manure upon the soil. If a farmer, even if he belong (save to a very small minority) to the high farmers, be asked these questions, he will reply, that fallows *rest* land, that manures *stimulate* it; and as for the two former queries, that no man does know, and that no man ever will know.

The few scientific men who have attended to farming maintain that the farmers' opinion regarding the action of fallow and manure is altogether erroneous, and that a tolerably clear answer may be given to those questions which they maintain are unanswerable. If the farmer be right, then the time is at hand when the producing capabilities of the soil will have reached their maximum; but if the man of science be correct, that day is far distant. It is important to know who is right. We have only space, however, to give an outline of the scientific man's view of the matter.

The time, he says, undoubtedly was, when this earth had no soil, but when its surface was a bare rock, similar to that which its subsoil would now present were the soil taken away. Upon this rock, lichens, mosses, &c. might grow, and the whole would, of course, be surrounded by the atmosphere and by moisture. A bare rock, of course, signifies one that presents a hard surface, not a crumbling mass. This rock, this atmosphere, and this water were, as water, atmosphere, and the subsoil now are, composed of certain elementary bodies, to which, in place of their scientific names, we will give the names of A, B, C, D, E, and F. The reason that the surface of the rock is hard is partly that its elements have been combined together under great pressure, and partly that they are combined together in such a manner as to be insoluble in water. The elements on the surface, however, do eventually combine with those of the air and the moisture, and form a crumbling mass, some of whose compounds are soluble in water. This is soil. If we place a piece of rock in the air now-a-days, precisely the same change takes place, and an identical proceeding is every moment going on in the subsoil, immediately under the soil, particularly when the soil is well ploughed, so as to admit the access of air and moisture.

When we come to inquire into the composition of vegetables, we find that they, too, are composed of elements, exactly the same as the rocks, the air, and the moisture, in fact of A, B, C, D, E, and F. If a young plant, or a seed, be placed in soil containing those elements, it can, provided they are in *such a state of combination as to be soluble in water*, take these elements from the soil, add them to its structure, and indeed so obtain its increased structure. The difference in point of chemical composition of a wheat plant, or a turnip, with soil, is the same as between John Smith in a black coat and John Smith in a blue one.

If a plant be allowed to rot upon the soil upon which it is grown, it restores to it all the elements that it took from it. If, however, it be taken away, it, of course, carries them all off.

Animals, too, are composed of these same chemical elements, A, B, C, D, E, and F. They, however, cannot take these elements from the soil, even if they are combined so as to be soluble in water; but the elements must have been passed through a vegetable. When an animal dies, it returns to the soil all that the vegetables, from which it derived its structure, took away. But portions of an animal die continually, and are cast off as excrementitious. These restore to the soil, if applied to it, so much of compounds of A, B, C, D, E, and F.

If a farmer, then, take a crop, year after year, from land, and consume it away from the land, he every year carries a certain weight of those elements of the soil that are soluble in water. A portion of this loss is supplied by the gradual decomposition of the subsoil; but a great deal more is taken away by continual cropping, than is in this way added; and the consequence is, that plants cannot go on growing in this soil. If it lie fallow for a time, nothing is taken away, and the subsoil is gradually adding something, and the soil, at length, can again supply food to a crop. Or if excrementitious matter, containing, as it does, the very elements in which the soil is deficient, in a state soluble in water, be added to it, its fertility is at once restored.

In like manner, if an additional quantity of these elements be afforded in the form of guano, and the like, a larger crop per acre can be obtained. In practice it is found that the high farmer, whose high farming mainly consists in using these extraneous manures, obtains about twice as much per acre as the bad one.

Assuming all the above to be correct, it becomes an important question, Can science find other sources of those elements A, B, C, D, E, and F? and can she suggest means for making these same elements in the subsoil form such combinations as are soluble in water, more rapidly than they do at present? To both of these science says, Yes, and were farm operations in this country conducted upon the same plan as printing, or cloth-making are, we might confidently look forward to an immensely increased production of food. And knowing as we do the progressive nature of science, we might almost hope that as the demand for food increased, so also would improved modes of scientific culture. Unfortunately, however, farming is not carried on in this country upon the plan that other manufactures are; and the main and sole end of the farmer is, not to produce as much food as possible, and that of the landowner, in general, is absolutely to hinder him from doing so.

In the unhappy days of feudality, a system which those connected with the soil will still play at, the proprietor of an estate regarded it as the means of keeping fighting vassals; and the vassals submitted to all that they had to endure, partly because they could not help themselves, and partly because they could only thus obtain an imperfect kind of protection for their lives. The whole power was in the hands of the proprietors. The advance of civilisation has destroyed feudality, but the owners of the soil not unnaturally cling

to power. The vassals became the tenant-farmers; but, as a body, the tenant-farmers cannot be said to have emerged from vassalage. Their bodies, indeed, are free; but their minds are enslaved. A heavy rent is not exacted — from taxes which other hard-working subjects have to pay, they have been and are exempt — most unjust monopolies have been enforced for their benefit; and, in return, they give up their judgments and their consciences in order that the landowners may retain as much as possible of their ancient political supremacy. It is a matter of notoriety, that the immense majority of farmers are not allowed to have an opinion of their own in politics; but that they are driven to the poll with exact instructions how to vote. And in many instances they are not allowed to have a religion of their own. To expect men thus circumstanced to farm well and scientifically, were no other impediment wanting, is out of the question. Their duty, however, is quite as much to sustain the landed interest as to produce wheat and mutton.

There is, too, another remnant of feudalism that is an effectual bar to all good farming — of course we refer to the game laws. Modified and greatly amended as these have been, we believe there are few unprejudiced persons practically familiar with rural affairs who do not believe their existence incompatible with any intended agricultural improvement. The argument for retaining them, when contrasted with their great and manifold evils, altogether falls to the ground. All the advantage that they possess is, that they afford, to a few hundred favoured individuals, the pleasure of putting to death, during a few weeks of the year, a number of wild animals. As far as shooting is defended on the ground of exercise, there is no doubt but were the game laws abolished, there would be sufficient game left to give an excitement to him who pursued them. For the sake, however, of affording to a very small minority an opportunity of committing excessive slaughter, we deprive the farmer of the fruits of his industry, and we artificially raise the price of food of the hard working man of this realm. Every shot in the well-preserved domain not only tells of a dead pheasant or a mutilated hare, sent, for a momentary sport, to linger out days of torture ere death by starvation free it from its agonies, but it also speaks of the young ploughman toiling on the treadmill and learning vice, for taking a partridge, not for sport, but food; of his lonely and heart-broken wife at home; of a farmer ruined to give his landlord three weeks' doubtful fun; and of the poor artizan, whose toil makes this country what it is, having, at least, in times of hardship, to lay by the loaf in the cupboard, his hunger and his children's hunger not satisfied.

But our business here is only to glance at the effect of game laws upon the producers of food. Those who live in towns, or who only occasionally visit the country, have no conception of the immense amount of damage done by pheasants, hares, and rabbits (partridges are comparatively harmless), when these vermin are protected. It is not only what they destroy that has come to maturity, that does the mischief, but what they destroy at an early period of its growth. The writer of this paper had a field situated next to a wood, the proprietor of which latter would persist in protecting pheasants and rabbits, although he knew quite well that they would live entirely upon our crops. (After he shot them we may mention that he *sold* them.) The field was only about six acres in extent, and (save one little bit otherwise for a special reason cropped) laid down with autumn-sown wheat. Early in spring not a blade of wheat was left, and we were very doubtful if it would not be necessary to plough up the field for another crop. We determined otherwise, and kept a watch upon the field, with a gun, day and night. The result was, that on the farther side from the preserve, we had a pretty good crop, more, indeed, than forty bushels to the acre, but from the centre it gradually declined towards the preserve, until at last it was scarcely worth reaping. The expense of the watch and the loss were estimated at £35. The rent of the land was £1 per acre. Moreover we put the brutes to death every time that we had an opportunity, a thing which an ordinary farmer is prohibited from doing.

We may farther mention, as illustrative of the opportunity that the game laws afford of doing injustice, that this same proprietor who made this preserve upon the extreme verge of his estate, in order that his game might be reared at our expense, on the opposite verge of his property had another preserve, the occupants of which were destroying the crops, and it was said ruining a small farmer who had his farm adjoining.

What a melancholy picture does the following extract, from Caird, present: he is speaking of the estate of the Marquis of Exeter, upon which the farmers were suffering great distress, where, at the time of his visit, one was compelled to apply to the parish for sustenance money, and where the game was so protected, that so late as the 24th of January, a party of seven guns killed the monstrous number of four hundred and thirty head of game. "The fields," writes Caird, "are all stuck about with bushes to prevent the poachers netting, and the farmers feel most severely the losses that they sustain in order that their landlord and his friends may not be deprived of their sport. The strict preservation of game on that and some other estates in the northern part of the county, was described to us in the bitterest terms, as "completely eating up the tenant farmer, and against which no man can farm or live upon a farm." It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back, "and men who might have made a manful struggle against blighted crops and low prices, are overborne by a burden which they feel to be needlessly inflicted, and of which they dare not openly complain."

It is a sad thought that the descendants of Anglo-Saxons, who say, and perhaps think, that they live in a land of freedom, should suffer a great oppression and a crying injustice, and yet not *dare* to *complain*.

One would think that making a political tool

of the farmer, and thereby ruining his independence and energy, and eating down a good share of his growing crop by game, were sufficient evils for the owners of land to bestow upon its cultivators. There is, however, another, and to the inexperienced, an astounding one. We have seen that the occupation of the farmer consists in taking certain elements, which we have called A, B, C D, E, and F from the soil, and turning them into vegetables. The faster a man does this, the better farmer he is. The farmer's business is to produce crops, and surely the more of them, and the more remunerative they are to himself, the better, not only for him, but for the owner of the land, and for the consumer. And yet, upon almost every property, the farmer is prohibited under a severe pecuniary mulct from doing this. The kind of prohibition altogether varies upon different properties, and sometimes oppose one another. Thus, upon one estate the farmers may not grow potatoes, upon another flax is prohibited, wheat upon some may only be grown once in six years on the same field; on one estate admirably suited perhaps for the growth of hay, no hay is allowed to be sold; in fact, the catalogue is endless, but all with one intention, that of tyrannically hindering the farmer from making as much money as he can.

In no business, save that of farming, would such proceedings be tolerated for a day. If any one went to hire a house in a town, and were told that he must use the best drawing-room only twice in the quarter, or the big bed-room but once in a month, he would consider the proprietor a lunatic, and have nothing to do with him. Or if a man goes to borrow a book from a library, he never bargains that he will only read an hour a day in it. No man when he hires business premises, stipulates to do anything more than pay the rent. And yet proprietors of land and their agents, stipulate for all kinds of useless and absurd restrictions, and such is the force of habit, that the farmers submit to them without a murmur.

It is true that they very often do not observe them, and frequently if they are obedient and discreet tenants, this is winked at. But in this case they are always at the mercy of the factor and the landlord. The reason assigned for these restrictions is, fear that the tenant will exhaust the soil. This, when fallows were believed to rest the land, and manure to stimulate it, was an opinion that might be taken up; but now that the true action of the soil upon the plant is well understood, it is simply preposterous. This brings us to the consideration of another great evil that weighs upon the farming of this country. It is, that scarcely any of the proprietors of estates take the trouble to learn the science of agriculture, and very few to become acquainted with even the practical details, that their farmers understand.

The due management of a large landed property is indeed a very difficult matter. It requires a knowledge of the science and practice of farming, a sense of justice, and business-like habits. Too often, as we have said, the proprietors know nothing, and care to know nothing regarding the culture of the soil, and too many have been bred up in the notion, that those underneath them are made of inferior clay, and very many never attend to their own concerns at all. The consequence is, that they make about as good landlords as royal dukes do generals. In looking through Caird's report on the state of English agriculture, it is amazing to find so few estates, the management of which can be commended. One of the best is that of the late Duke of Wellington.

The Duke could not be expected to know much about farming, and therefore the manner in which the farmers conducted their operations on the estate of Strathfieldsaye was not good, no root crops being grown, and therefore little stock fattened. But the land is a very heavy clay, and such as is permanently improved by drainage, and the Duke drained it all at his own expense. It is also permanently improvable by liming, and therefore the Duke limed it. He renewed or rebuilt all the farmhouses, and gave to each farm a substantial set of offices. He built also comfortable cottages for the labourers, and to prevent the farmers from exacting too much rent, all the labourers held their houses direct from him, at a reasonable rent.

The best managed estate of all is that of the Duke of Bedford. Whenever a farm on it is to be let, it is valued and let on a lease at a corn rent. All draining, repairing of fences, and the like, are done as a matter of course at the landlord's expense. No game is protected, and its corresponding nuisance, hedge-row timber, is absent. The farmhouses and buildings are unnecessarily good, and five years' rent are sometimes expended upon them. All the labourers have comfortable cottages, and hold direct from the Duke. A system of husbandry is prescribed, but not an arbitrary one, but differing according to the supposed capabilities of the soil in different farms. A large home farm is kept on hand, and interesting experiments made, for the benefit of the tenantry and the public. So liberal are the conditions of the letting, that sometimes two white crops are allowed to succeed one another, and if a tenant wishes an innovation he has only to apply for, and if his request be reasonable to get, permission. Last and not least, infant and common schools are plentifully afforded, to the support of which the Duke contributes one portion, and the parents of the children the other. To use the words of Caird, "Recognising, in their fullest extent, the responsibilities of his high position, he rests himself not on the possession of great wealth or the pride of ancestry, but on the performance of those duties which secure the confidence of his tenantry, and engage the affectionate respect of the labourers. If we should venture to say to other landlords, 'Go thou and do likewise,' we may be met with the reply, that they have not equal means at their disposal. Let the same circumstances which limit or extend their property, limit or extend

the claims upon their justice, and great although the expenditure of the Duke may be, it is governed by that prudent foresight, and adherence to economical principles, which, while it provides for a fair return from the investment, at the same time draws forth the intelligent energies of those who share in the prosperity thereby created."

Such a mode of management is, however, altogether exceptional. We may take as an instance of what are considered pretty well, or rather very well managed estates, that of Sir James Graham, at Netherby, a property which has, during the present proprietorship, been very much improved. Sir James is a wonderfully astute man, of indefatigable business habits, and anxious to head the liberal party. We, therefore, do not wonder that his mode of management is more liberal than that of many other landowners. He drains his land, but charges the tenant 5 per cent. upon the outlay. The fences are well kept, but it is by the tenantry, "in addition to their rent." In practice a good tenant is not much interfered with, but the stipulations as to management are most stringent. There has been no re-adjustment of rent. Roads and embankments have been made, but to make them the labour of the tenants is exacted. The farmers are allowed to kill hares and rabbits, *provided they use neither snares nor guns*, and in return for this great concession, are expected to protect the game, for the amusement of him, his family, and friends; and to summarily dismiss any of those servants who may, in the slightest degree, violate the game laws. Lastly, he recommends his tenantry to adopt the agriculture of the twelfth century, and "to plough less and *graze* more."

To conclude, however, we firmly believe that as long as the farmer is made a political serf, as long as his crops are exposed to the ravages of protected game, and as long as the proprietors will not learn farming, and impose restrictions on the culture of the soil, so long will the agriculture of this country not produce that amount of food that it might. The time will come, when the law will at last in good earnest *protect* the farmer. That time may be distant, for prejudices of education, and long-continued habit, render even the best of us blind to the wrong and injustice that we are committing. Meantime we may deduce this lesson, that moral dignity, intelligence, happiness, and success are only compatible with the prevalence of liberty and justice.

THE COUSINS.

A TALE OF OLD SCOTTISH HISTORY. *(Concluded.)*

The news of De Wode's designs, strange as they might seem, were speedily verified. At first, on William returning to the banquet hall, and giving Sir Hubert the information, he had laughed loudly in seorn; but on the morrow the watermark had risen fully a foot upon the rock, and was going on with hourly increase, until a shadow seemed fast settling even on the faces of the boldest. The English were seen toiling busily in the entrenchments they were casting up; and to prevent the chance of the Scotch knight sallying out and attempting to pierce the embankment by which they had succeeded in damming up the waters, a strong detachment showed itself on the other side of the lake, furnished with boats, and ready on the instant to take advantage of the castle being left comparatively defenceless, as in such a case it necessarily would be, on account of the number of the garrison being barely sufficient, even in full force, to man the walls. In such a situation, the prospects of the devoted little band seemed gloomy enough.

It was the middle of the second day thereafter, and by this time the accumulation of the waters had been such, that the lower esplanade of the castle was entirely flooded, and William de Graeme, as he wandered about with a visage of spectral woe, beheld the last remnant of the turf bower, so dear from association, washed into the tide. Even in the increasing difficulties of his position, the good Sir Hubert had noticed the youth's abstraction and misery, and had once or twice addressed him on the score; but William only gave a reckless or a bitter reply, and evaded the subject farther. He was heedless of danger, and without a spark of interest in life; doing nought, but conceiving plans of desperation for extricating his uncle from present perils, or engaging to excess in the martial exercises which the garrison, in their cooped-up position, were constantly obliged to use. Towards the middle of the day in question, the heat had become intense—the brown moor, the parched hill-sides, and the broad sheet of the loch seemed burning under a universal glare. William, tired and oppressed, retreated to the shade of his chamber. In passing wearily up the corkscrew stair, he accidentally won a glimpse, through a doorway half-a-jar, and beheld there his cousin Isabella in tears, and Walter half-kneeling beside her, and fondly holding her hand. The Lady Jane, to his amazement, was by their side, regarding them with strong interest. William's proud heart swelled as he increased his pace; and on gaining seclusion, he threw himself upon a couch. With a strange forgetfulness of his own baneful inconstancy, he muttered something amounting to the old adage, "varium et mutabile," &c. And with that he re-

signed himself to the most complete and gloomy prostration of spirit. In the gulf in which he was now plunged, he felt that he had lost all energy for anything farther like decision; and if it pleased not Heaven, in the natural course of things, to extricate him, there he should lie awaiting the ultimate fiat of doom.

In such a mood was he discovered by Walter, who, in the course of the hour, entered the same chamber. They had exchanged but a few brief sentences for some days past. Walter looked at his comrade curiously, while the latter turned on him a blood-shot look, which, in the gloom of the little apartment, was like a glare of sullen menace. Upon this, Walter, who seemed unusually flushed, conceived it proper to call William somewhat to task, by saying, "I am not blind to the fact, William de Graeme, that, for several days, I have been the object of either your contempt, or your aversion, or both. Now will it please you to set yourself upright, and deliver yourself in knight-like fashion of the thing wherein I have done offence."

It wanted but such a fillip to rouse the fiery heat of William's temper. The suppressed passion rose boiling over in an instant; and, flinging his lower limbs from the couch, he sat up as requested, and looked Walter full in the face. The latter by this time had become deadly pale through excitement.

"You shall not have the advantage of me in boldness, I vow," replied William, when his tongue could find words to give his fire expression. "The sum of the matter then is, that you have galled me in a point where I feel more keenly than the Arab steed does the lancing steel. You have dared to love my cousin Isabella, sir; you have dared to advance your love in form, sir; and, perhaps, your advances have had success, sir: but you are now to know that you have trodden on ground that was devoted, as I once told you, exclusively to me, and you have plucked a flower I had vowed should bloom in my crest alone. It may be mortification to me to tell you all this; but it may do you some good to know it, and to know, at the same time, that I tell you not with the coupled purpose of desiring to contest your victory. You are welcome both to it and its fruits. Remember, I envy you not. I shall win laurels and a place in the world, that may well suffice to raise me above so vulgar an emotion."

And with this magnificent speech, the cavalier was striding haughtily to the door, when Walter calmly laid his hand upon his breast.

"William," he said, gravely, "is it possible you can treat your own fair fame so infamously, as calmly to avow that you love your cousin Isabella? Does this not involve you in the guilt of perjury to others, whom you have adjured, in every solemn name, to confide in your truth?"

"It matters nothing," answered William, though blushing scarlet at the charge. "I tell you, Walter, that, if hitherto it has been my nature to be subject to winds of passion, I may be severely blamed, but I must be acquitted of deliberate design to deceive. No one mourns more bitterly than do I over the infatuations to which I have been successively subject."

"And," put in Walter, with a slight smile, "fear you not that the present may be but another infatuation added to the list, and that Heaven may have been kind in thwarting its progress?"

"You may have some right to say so, from what the past tells you," rejoined William; "but if the heart of man have ever conceived, and fostered, and been moved to its depths by such a passion of love, (and here he used the vehement gestures and look dictated by his full and bursting heart,) as that with which I adore my lovely cousin, the very shadow of her figure, the sound of her footstep, and the utterance of her name—and if, yet, that passion be not worthy of dependence, or its steadfastness, then I resign for ever all claim to human trust, and all self-reliance on mine own purposes."

"But think of what lies in the way," urged Walter, earnestly, and, I believe, unselfishly; "the opinion and feelings of her parents, who might shrink back even at the very mooting of the idea; the mortal enmity you might rouse amongst your own kindred, and the kindred of the Lady Geraldine, and the fatal consequences to the peace of that lady herself; and, finally, the feelings of your cousin herself on the subject. I could state the case much more strongly; but these hints may be enough for caution, of which, William, you will own you have never, at any time, been a proficient master."

"Your cool calculations I cast to the winds," answered William, impetuously. "Why address words of caution to a man in despair? While you drop out your measured words, I am much disposed to think it is more in exultation over your own success, than in friendly compassion over my trampled affections."

"Now, by Heavens, you are unjust," cried Walter, with earnest protest.

"Less unjust than you aver, sir," replied William, who was glad to stir up opposition. "I ever thought you of modest mien, and ordinary accomplishment, and scarce the man to shine in hall or in field; therefore, it is sure, if now you can outdo William de Graeme, succeed where he failed, and win a prize that disdained his touch, your vanity has reason to congratulate itself."

Walter's lips quivered with passion at the insolent taunt. "Well, then, if you *will* have it," he exclaimed, "let your insolent bearing be rebuked at my success, where you found pre-eminent failure. Wherefore, I should rejoice to know, am I not free as yourself to aspire to the affections and the hand of Isabella de Twisedale? I am ready to write my claims on the highest battlement in Europe; and that, William de Graeme, is not more than, with all your valour and presumption to boot, your hand can achieve."

"Presto! here is a proper burst with a vengeance!" exclaimed William, his broad eyes now flashing in all their pride. "Presumption, sayest thou, sirrah? Malapert boy! I will teach thee, on

the spot, there is something more substantial than that."

And with that, out flew his short sword from its scabbard, and he cast his plumed bonnet on the floor. Walter, pale but with darkly gleaming eyes, followed the example quick as light; and ere six seconds could be counted, the steel blades were crossed with a ringing clash, and they were engaged in all the fury of a deadly conflict. The narrow little place rang to the music of the steel, and showers of sparks flew from the contact. But who was to prove unhappily the meaner combatant, there was not time to declare; for suddenly the door was flung open by the young Border retainer so often mentioned, and who, with a wild air of alarm, gave entrance to the stout Sir Hubert himself. The latter was instantly between the hot-headed youths, and had dashed their weapons aside, while, with red and angry face, he turned from one to the other in bewilderment. "How now, my masters!" he exclaimed, at length. "Have we not fray enough outside, but this must be your pastime within? Or am I to judge it is in reality pastime, and that ye are not both of you mad, as the devil and Peter de Wode to boot. Speak, William, and forget not you are a Twisedale, as well as a Graeme."

"Walter may tell the story if he chooses," answered William, with sullen indifference, and his chest still heaving violently.

"You know, William," said Walter, with his usual piercing gravity, whether or not you were the aggressor, and who of us, therefore, it becomes to tell the tale."

"If you are to retain my favour five minutes longer, nephew," exclaimed Sir Hubert, impetuously, "you will speak at once."

"Well, I *will* speak," replied William, at length desperately, "though it is an accursed hour which witnesses the necessity of my so breaking a resolution I had regarded as one of the most sacred I ever formed. But I can hardly be in a worse position, at any rate. Let me inform you at once, then, uncle, that the cause of this absurd dispute is nothing more nor less than the hand of my cousin Isabella. There, then! you have it now, with a wannion."

"How! what?" shouted Sir Hubert, his face growing scarlet, and his voice giving forth notes of thunder; "Has Walter or you dared to"——

"Love her! as perhaps you don't mean to say," interposed William, now facing the case boldly, since there was nothing else for it. "I believe we are both here to acknowledge it. But uncle," he added, with a quick revulsion, "if there be aught of grievous mistake or other wrong in the fact, that I lifted eyes of love towards my cousin, forgive me that I could not fight against what fate had decreed. Not wild horses should have torn my secret out of me, had not this unforeseen dispute come about so strangely."

The knight made no reply; but, after casting a keen glance at one after the other of the young men, he sat down on a bench, and leaned his forehead on his hand for a moment; then suddenly looking up, with his usual tone and look of emphatic decision, he said, "William, you have been very dear to me; and you, Walter, scarcely one whit less so. It boots not to which of you I might have felt my heart inclined to yield my Isabella's hand. I desire to regard you alike if possible. But since your dispute must be settled on some ground or other, let the responsibility be removed from me in this way,—whichever one of you brings me in the head of yon tiger, Peter de Wode, he shall woo and win my daughter for his bride. The battle is to be fought on these terms. Are you agreed?"

A joyous light glanced in the eyes of both the young men at the proposal; and heartily closing with it, they clasped each other's hands in renewed amity at Sir Herbert's request. At the moment, an ominous sigh sounded from the door of the chamber; and William, in spite of himself, started with vague alarm; but, on their hastily turning round, the figure of the young soldier had vanished, and there was no foot-fall on the staircase. The knight, then, admonishing the cavaliers to use discretion in their present dilemma, hastily left them to themselves. Both picked up their weapons slowly, and restored them to their scabbards. William, though troubled with his thoughts, indulged in a lofty mood of silence. Walter was as little disposed, it would appear, to break the charm; but at length, as he was about to leave the apartment, he turned and simply said, "You will permit me to say, William, without giving you offence, that I have accepted this challenge, and will carry forth the enterprise on my side, with a heart undoubting, and a conscience free as the mountain breeze. Out of charity, alone, I pray you may be not less accoutred to your satisfaction."

The elder cavalier looked askance merely with a haughty smile, but deigned no farther reply; whereupon Walter departed. Left to himself, William was in no enviable frame of mind. Whatever pride he might have in exhibiting superiority over Walter in the proposed trial of adventure, he could not but reflect on what, after all, might be Isabella's own decision in the matter. Then the readiness with which Sir Hubert had given way to the notion of his daring to love Isabella, and even receiving her hand, without stating any opinion on the character of his claims, puzzled him not a little. And, finally, his heart was very very heavy, as he sat down, and with hands folded on his knees recalled in fancy the image of the beauteous and forsaken Geraldine, gazing on him, as it were, with large lustrous eyes of despair and reproach.

The stout Sir Hubert had, in the meantime, resorted to his good dame's counsels to strengthen him in his present complication. His first proceeding, on reaching her chamber, was to throw himself on a seat, and shake his sides in a hearty burst of laughter. Not till she somewhat sharply rebuked him, and even pinched his brawny neck with no feminine touch, did he at length sit upright, and tell her the whole tale from beginning to end. Her dark eyes danced with delight, as the narrative went on. "Ay," she remarked, on

its conclusion, "so I was right so far about cousin Walter. But the poor boy shall be taught to soothe his disappointment as kindly as possible."

"Tut, tut, goodwife," remonstrated the knight, "that is not the point in question. The point is, wherefore I have been kept in ignorance of William's sentiments, as you call them in your foreign slang, towards our daughter? Dame, you never"——

"Sir Hubert, I did," argued the lady decidedly. "I told you long ago that they were made for each other, and Isabella William should have, or she might at once don the vestal veil, and let the English pockpudding rule for ever in Loch Torry."

"Well, well," said Sir Hubert, goodnaturedly, "I am content that you pay this compliment to my side of the house at any rate, thereby showing yourself to be a sensible, not to say a comely, woman."

"But you have not yet told me how *you* decided the dispute," urged the lady.

"Why," said the knight, stroking his chin evasively, "naturally enough. I told the striplings neither of them had yet won his spurs, and until they did something worth the dubbing, it was out of the question to talk of lady's guerdon. You know you taught me all that punctilious jargon once on a day."

At which reply the lady laughed and hemmed, as now, all intent on this new piece of business, she left the room, most likely to seek her daughter. Sir Hubert followed, and, immersed in unusual reflections, went out upon the watchtowers.

Dusk by this time had fallen; and William, having at last made up his mind that every risk should be run, left his chamber, and went out to survey the rock. He was suddenly struck with the thought that he would make the great adventure that very night, on the principle of striking while the iron was hot. Accordingly, after having refreshed himself with a manchet of bread and a draught of wine in the spence, he kept out of sight as much as was possible, till the shades of evening deepened, and lake and shore were at last closely shrouded in the gloom of night. He then had himself carefully but lightly armed; and, creeping out on the edge of the rock, sought for the point where some half dozen small boats were moored, comprising the whole fleet owned by his uncle, and now floating many feet above the old surface, where they were wont to be launched. William immediately selected the lightest of the craft, and, after stepping in, and shipping the oars, he proceeded cautiously to undo the fastening on the rock. While engaged in this process, he was startled by a voice calling his name in a low tone, just above his head; and, on quickly raising himself, he beheld close by him the armed figure of Walter de Polmaise. Even in the moonless gloom he could see his pale fixed features beneath the rim of his low headpiece. William was not the first to speak.

"We are bent, I suppose, on the same enterprise," said Walter, in a whisper.

"It would seem so," replied William; then reflecting for a moment, and that his hand had perhaps acquired more dexterity in the rowing art, from his practice on the meres of Cumberland, than probably had fallen to Walter's share, he added candidly, "If you think it any advantage, we can also journey in the same skiff, Walter. Make your choice; if you would go alone, there are more crafts here; and should you fancy this as the lightest, it is at your service."

"Gramercy for your courtesy," answered Walter. "I will be your comrade once more."

"In the name of God and St. Andrew, then, step on board," said William; and as the other assumed his place, the skiff was pushed vigorously from the cliff, and was silently and swiftly impelled across the dim waters. William answered in a low voice the challenge of the sentinel on the outermost watchtower, and then wrought steadily and with long sweeps, as they flew fast towards the distant watchfires of the English encampment. Their progress was rapid, although several times they paused upon their oars, to listen if any sound was afloat upon the air. Nothing was, however, heard except the faint ripple of the water, or the scream of a heron or curlew amongst the sedges at a distance. The dark mass of rock and tower had become indistinct, and a solitary light, gleaming in their centre like a star, had also vanished; and now the cavaliers had nothing but the English beacons to guide them. They urged their course accordingly straight for these.

It might have been about the hour of midnight, when, as they came within a hundred yards of where they gleamed, they perceived that most of them had sunk to heaps of red ashes, and were but drowsily maintained by the watchers sleeping around them. Their ruddy glare fell here and there on the rows of white tents occupying the side of a sloping descent from the edge of the loch, where the waters had hitherto poured out their volume into a valley that wound away among the hills, but where now was seen cast up the huge barrier of earth and stone that confined their chafing masses within the basin of the loch. The crimson flag of St. George was seen lazily hanging its gloomy folds by its staff, on a prominent situation, in the centre of the camp. The silence and slumber of the hour seemed to prevail all over the place; not even a watchdog bayed, nor was the moving steel of a sentinel on the alert seen to glitter. Our cavaliers contemplated the scene for several minutes, with intense earnestness, and then prepared to decide on a farther movement.

Suddenly, however, they felt as if their light craft were drawn into some curious suction, and their ears distinctly were saluted with a louder ripple than usual, which went on steadily increasing in sound and breadth, as if some strong power had, all at once, been put in operation. Guiding themselves by the new current, they permitted their boat partly to drift, when they were borne steadily towards the embankment across the mouth of the watercourse. It was perfectly obvious they were in a pretty strong and fast increasing current. On running down to the dyke, this was farther shown by their suddenly coming into on-

tact with, and nearly upsetting, a skiff even lighter than their own, which, containing a single occupant, was moored close up to the barrier, and by the edge of an open gap, through which the loosened waters were beginning to flow, and whose size they were rapidly enlarging. The single boatman seemed intent, with a light pick, in giving what way to the flood his single arm could achieve, and that with the least possible noise. On being so rudely struck by the boat of the two cavaliers, he turned hastily round from his toil, and in an instant his spear was pointed at their bosoms; but he had evidently some means of recognising their badges, for even in the thick gloom they were so near, and their eyes so accustomed to the darkness, that their voices were hardly needed to announce either name or purpose. He accordingly dropped his weapon with a slight cry of surprise, and as William de Graeme, determined to solve the mystery, stept on board his craft and grasped his arm, he shrank at the very touch, and in a low tone answered to the cavalier's question, that he was the Border recruit. William, more and more amazed at the extraordinary character of this boy, saw at a glance that he had been toiling probably for hours at the tremendous feat of giving a way through the English dyke to the pent-up waters. These, quickly enlarging their way, would, the cavalier now foresaw, presently sweep every gigantic obstacle before them, and perhaps flood the English camp itself in ruins. All this flashed on him in one breathless moment, and in the enthusiasm of desiring to have some hand in the boy's fearful daring, he seized the abandoned pickaxe, and began to dig into the broadside of the huge rampart. It was composed of stone and turf chiefly, but packed together in formidable depth and breadth. The English boy sat down in the bottom of the little skiff, either fatigued or overtaken by some mood of emotion or passion, while William, now also ardently assisted by Walter, plied his laborious task. One short half-hour saw several huge boulders loosened from the mass and tumbled into the flood, which, thus acquiring strength, in addition to that every moment of freedom gave it, burst up a way for itself, which quickly superseded farther effort at aiding its passage. The great embankment broke on either side of the opened course in huge fragments, which were borne away headlong, giving place to yet larger volume, and larger fragments being displaced and hurled down. Wider and wider grew the breach, until those in the skiffs, unwatchful in their ardour, found themselves involved in the tide, and swept down amid the great hurtling masses, which, roaring through its passage, it was bearing along in headlong confusion. William de Graeme laid hold of a projecting piece, which stood in the midst in well-based strength; but his craft, struck at the instant by a tumbling fragment behind, was dashed away from under him, and he heard the shriek of the young Borderer as he was plunged into the flood. In a moment he had plunged in the direction of the cry; and, after several desperate strokes with his arms, he succeeded in grasping and securing the imperilled boy. Both were now, however, afloat on the angry element. The gray dawn was breaking, and enabled the cavalier to cast his eye about him on where the scene promised nearest shelter. The waters were pouring forth through the bursten floodgates, broad, red, and angry as some mighty monster. Their mass, high reared at where they broke forth, first curled over with an angry crest, and then rolled down stones, huge pieces of earth, and trunks of trees, mingling and being lashed together in dire confusion on the broad breast of the flood. By this time, of course, the English camp was in uproar. Already the waters had spread their broad breast, so as to embrace almost its entire limits, and swept through its precincts, bearing away tents, men, horses, and arms, in tenfold overthrow. The scene, with the but half-broken darkness brooding over it, was appalling to the boldest heart.

Our stout cavalier, taking in the terrific picture at a glance, and that almost one of despair, at length, through dint of strong arm, got with his burden under the lee of a huge pile, as yet unmoved. Here he paused to take breath. But, as he looked round, he beheld pile after pile, such as that under which he sheltered, tottering and giving way in fearful ruin. Once more then, catching his senseless burden in his arm—for the poor boy had swooned in his embrace—he struck out amidst the havoc and roar. He was caught almost instantly in a frightful whirl, and borne along like a straw. But in the moment of extremity his hand struck a projecting pole, firm amidst the battling surge. He seized and clung to it with desperate gripe. It was a long tent pole, which, whirling with the water, had had one end driven deep into the earth, and thus had become firm as if rooted many feet in depth. It yet, however, swung with the strife around it; but William, laying hold of it as his last anchor of chance, found that, even with his armed and encumbered form, he might maintain his hold till some other hope was given.

He raised his head and looked forth around him. The last glimpse he had had of Walter de Polmaise was, when they parted company on their first being drawn into the current. The younger cavalier, by a certain dexterity, and bent upon one heartfelt object, had managed to throw himself at the instant on a strong isolated part of the embankment; and it was while alighting on this footing, and casting back a look to where William de Graeme and the Southern boy were apparently perishing in the waters, that William had had the last glimpse of him. But as he now rested on the pole and looked forth amidst the wreck, roar, and tumult, Walter was speedily beheld again. The mound on which the scarlet banner of St. George had been pitched was conspicuous, like a small islet in the midst of the wrathful sea; and there the broad crimson folds flew yet proudly in the wind. Standing by the staff that supported this unconquered ensign, was a single man, with only part of his armour hastily thrown about him, his naked sword in his hand, his matted and grizzled hair and beard uncovered and flowing

round features dark with ferocious passion, and eyes that literally blazed with the fire of a fiend's despair. He was glaring around him on the far-spread ruin, which in an hour had involved his boasted strength in a havoc that mocked repair. And to complete the woe, yonder on the skirt of the valley, down which the sea of water was tearing and roaring in its race of fury, was hovering, like a dark cloud, a band of warlike men, seen by their appointments to be lusty Scots, and hemming in the stragglers who had effected an escape from the camp, only to meet this choice of deaths in their very earliest flight.

It was at this moment, then, Walter de Polmaise was again beheld. He had won possession of a masterless steed; and, in spite of the nature of the venture, was spurring the animal recklessly through the wild hurry of ruin towards where the banner of St. George flew on its mound. More than once the good horse reared in wild affright, and plunged almost headlong amongst the the surf; but Walter madly kept him in his career till he had attained to within a very few paces of his point. Here he was eyed' by Sir Peter de Wode, and both brandished their naked weapons towards each other like furious maniacs. Walter's aim was now plainly to be seen, and William felt his heart fail him at the sight. He looked down at the senseless boy, and a terrible thought of abandoning him to his fate and yet crossing Walter in his purpose, flashed upon him. But the pale cheek of the hapless youth, half hid among long luxuriant curls, as it lay calmly on his shoulder, and the soft, helpless clasp of the arm round his neck, seduced him next instant from so barbarous an expedient. Then he turned his eye on the closing combatants, and, in his bitterness, a second thought, hardly less horrible, crossed him. It was, that Walter might fall in the strife, and thus his claims fall with him for ever. He shrank himself with horror at the thought, but it refused to be driven from his brain; and, with straining eyes and a bosom hardly heaving with suppressed respiration, he bent his gaze on the deadly foemen.

It was certain a challenge of words was exchanged between them, as Walter's horse at length scrambled on firm ground, and he sprang out of the saddle; but, of course, no sounds could be borne to William's ear. He only beheld Walter drive the steed again into the foaming waters, and then set himself in an attitude of deadly strife towards the English knight. The latter seemed to grind his teeth over the prey he thus beheld offered him, when he had no object on which he could expend the concentrated fury of his soul. Next instant, the narrow platform on which they stood was the scene of their hand to hand struggle. It was a struggle, fierce and reckless, as it was meant to be mortal. At first nothing was seen but the flashing blades, as they flew round and round the heads of the combatants, and struck on each other in their showers of blows. It was not even seen if cuts or thrusts had been effective, although a practised eye could judge that, from the very recklessness with which, especially on De Wode's side, the combat was conducted, more than one both thrust and blow must have gone home. Presently, at all events, Walter was seen to falter and come down upon his knee; whereupon his antagonist, rearing high his arm, with a savage flourish, was about to pass it home through his heart, when a sudden flirt of one of the long banner folds caught him in the face, entangling both eye and arm, and almost casting him to the ground. When he recovered from the entanglement, and had again freed his blade, his ancient strength had, alas! left him for ever. Slowly a dark, staunchless [stream was seen welling over his breast, the fierce eye began slowly to glimmer and droop, the hand that would fain have wielded one more blow to finish in knightly sort its latest game, dropt nerveless by his side; until, at last, gathering his last energy into a steady glare of revenge and defiance towards his half-prostrate foe, he fell flat to the earth upon his face, and died beneath the flagstaff's shadow.

All this while, Walter de Polmaise, desperately wounded, had remained powerless in the kneeling position to which he had been driven, his head sick and giddy, as he leaned it on the pommel of his sword, and held one hand faintly on his side. It is a question if he was conscious of his opponent's fall: at all events, there he remained, hanging over his blood-smeared blade, and an object at whom, it is hard to say, if William de Graeme strained his eyes with more of envy or of pity.

But by this time his attention was drawn by other matters hardly less momentous. The day had fairly broken, and he could behold the scattered company of Scottish spearmen, who had come in to complete the ruin of the English body, spread themselves along the skirts of the yet raging flood, attracted here and there by the floating remnants of arms and plunder thrown up. The garrison within the castle had also, long before this time, seized the alarm, and their light boats were plying swiftly across the disturbed waters. William was able to detect, under a distant clump of trees, two hooded female forms, just landed from one of the light barks; and a near shout by the edge of the cataract drew his notice farther to where old Sir Hubert, mounted on a grey charger, was galloping furiously up and down, half in wrath, half in wild triumph. Suddenly his eye lighted on the English banner, yet blazing on its elevation; and, with a gesture of menace, he plunged his horse straightway into the current. But ere he could strive to win the object of his fury, up cantered a small plump of about twenty Scottish spearmen, headed by a remarkably tall, knightly man on a sable horse, and a sable plume floating in his closed helmet. This individual seemed to exercise command over the whole of that opportune aid which had come in on the back of the enemy's ruin. With his present detachment, he spurred hastily in after the Knight of Loch Torry; and, after an interchange of loud words and vehement gestures, forced him back to the bank. There they drew themselves up, evidently with the purpose of awaiting the sinking of the waters, when an approach could be made to

the banner without the certain peril of destruction by the way. William renewed his gripe on the pole, and, heaving a long sigh, prepared to test his patience and his sinews also.

At that moment the sun rose in full splendour over the edge of the blue eastern hills; and, sending its lustre into many a vale and ravine among the long swelling heights, finally broke in unclouded glory over the broad bosom of the loch, with its small fortified island resting in the centre, and the blue flag on its highest turret, streaming in the freshening breeze. The sudden radiance, breaking on the gleaming points of hundreds of scattered arms, and on the steel-clad figures that bore them, exhibited more strikingly than ever the wild tumult and ruin that had taken the place of so much boasted strength and insolent security. Far and wide, the sea, rushing out of Loch Torry, over the breach a boy's hand had begun, yet spread its volume; although, by this time, its cataract was less broken by the thousand obstacles which long before had been hurried away before the flood, or cast upon its borders. As the sun in his effulgence burst out on the picture, one bright beam flashed on the armed warrior, yet kneeling with drooping head beneath the crimson banner; and Sir Hubert's eye, as well as those of his companions, caught the object. Arms were pointed eagerly towards it, and anxious converse seemed to be carried on among the group. At length, in a compactly united band, they showed as if bent on daring all hazard that they might swim to the rescue; for, with the tall black knight and Sir Hubert in the centre, they began to urge their horses into the angry water. William, who eyed every movement, was moved to the soul. If they won the mound, the victory would yet be Walter's; for the dead De Wode lay a corpse at his feet. But if, before they touched the spot, he himself could struggle thither, and yet sever the head from the trunk, he would at least make the award doubtful on the original ground. His eyes began to glitter with the thought of excitement; and, drawing all his limbs together, and looking down again at his helpless burden, he began to think the achievement possible. A moment's hesitation more, and the prize might be lost; for yonder were the warriors boldly struggling in the stream, the water rising in foam above their pommels. He tightened his hold on the lifeless boy, therefore, and, with what spring he could make, trusted himself to the wild eddy. In the first moment it swept him away several paces like a leaf, but he was a stout and practised swimmer, and as the point he struggled to win lay happily some distance down the current, he was enabled to hold for it, without the hopeless task of a direct struggle against the river's strength. Once and again, however, he was plunged beneath the surf, until he heard the cries of the spearmen who had had their attention directed to his daring feat. But holding his breath, and striking out with might he himself had never suspected as lying even in his practised muscle, William kept his eye on the red banner, and, after a fearful suspense, during which three several times he was swept past the mound, after as often gaining its edge, he at length was able to scramble on its firm ground, and throw himself at full length in utter exhaustion. The boy, from whom he had never parted, he laid down on the bloody sod; and then, as the cries of the horsemen now sounded closely in his ear, he drew several long breaths and arose. He had just plucked his dagger from his side, and, bending over the grim face of De Wode had grasped the beard, saturated as it was with blood, when Walter, whose drowsy attention had been roused, suddenly sprung up with a superhuman effort, and his features wild, haggard, and bloody, came between William and his prize.

"He is mine—I have won the guerdon," he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, as he took the dagger, ere William could recover from his surprise. At two strokes he severed the savage head from the trunk; and then, taking it up by the bloody beard, stood erect, and awaiting the approach of the plump of spearmen. As they scrambled up the bank, their panting horses shaking the foam from their sides, Sir Hubert was the first to leap on the sod; and, after embracing William and Walter one after another, and expressing his amazement and his joy alike over the grim spectacle of his headless foe, he pitched his whole strength violently against the English flagstaff, and by repeated assaults quickly brought it to the ground. In a minute, his hands and those of his comrades had torn it in a thousand strips, which, after having trampled under their feet, they strewed with contemptuous shouts on wind and water. The bloody head of De Wode then seized their attention; and Walter, the conqueror of this redoubted chief, was loudly applauded for his daring valour. He looked round proudly in William's face, and muttered something in answer; but his tone was so faint and hollow, that the words were not distinguished.

All this while the tall knight, already conspicuous as the Scottish leader, had been intently occupied in bending over the form of the Border boy where it lay on the oozing grass. Having satisfied himself that pulsation was still there, he arose with a relieving sigh; and, turning to where Walter stood, yet clutching his gory prize, and then to where William, mortified and sad, was bending his eyes in the direction of the two female figures beneath the birchen clump, he drew his sword from its sheath, and requested the latter to kneel down.

"You see my crest, young man, is that of unsullied knighthood," he said, with a certain calm and princely mien, "and when you are told I have not been the most backward in my country's defence, you may judge it worth accepting knightly distinction at my hand. When most eyes were otherwise directed, I witnessed your noble exertions in saving yonder boy; and, with the knowledge of what I have been able to make out of the prize you and your comrade cavalier had in view, I dare to say that your generosity was the highest of valour. Your hand, too, if I guess aright, had no mean share in

opening these flood-gates of destruction on the English camp."

Surprise and other varied emotion affected William, as, without well knowing why, he found himself yielding to the lofty air and speech of this knight, and going down on one knee before him in the middle of the group. He was then struck lightly on the shoulder with the tall chieftain's flattened blade, and arose with a bounding heart to the cry, "Dubbed by the noblest hand in broad Scotland!" His uncle clasped him, with pride and affection, in his arms.

It was next Walter de Polmaise's turn. The knight, with the same calmness, recorded in a brief speech his intrepid and indomitable valour; and Walter, sinking mechanically before him, and still clutching his ghastly prize, received at his hands the same honours with which William had risen from the turf. No sooner was he released, however, than, after pressing his hand for a moment on his side, he caught Sir Hubert's arm, and then pointed mutely to the distant castle. The knight comprehending the sign, answered by pointing in turn to the female figures beneath the little clump of trees. "Nay, yonder are both dame and daughter," he said; "if you are urgent, boy, it is thither you must speed."

Sir Walter, as we may now call him, shook the gory head eagerly, as his eye turned in the direction indicated, and, after again pressing his hand to his side, he signed his anxiety that they should start. He was accordingly mounted, with all haste, behind Sir Hubert, the bloody head yet dangling at his knee. Sir William, as we may now also call the other cavalier, was aided to a seat behind one of the stout spearmen; and the majestic leader of the band himself, having lifted with great care the Southern boy to his pommel, the whole party put horses in motion, and were presently up to the girths in the river. The flood had now at length given signs of subsiding, and the struggle through its foam was less fierce than had been the approach to the mound. A few minutes brought them to the edge of the flood, when the whole body advanced at a hand gallop towards the point occupied by the Dame of Loch Torry. The eyes of the two ladies were eagerly scanning the approaching band; but it is to be remarked, that, though Sir Walter was in the first rank, and the first whose foot alit upon the sod, their attention was anxiously pointed to where Sir William de Graeme came up in the rearmost skirt. Not till Sir Walter had flung himself at Isabella's feet, and looking towards Sir Hubert as he shook the ghastly head, exclaimed hoarsely, "The award, the award!" did the girl's eyes turn upon him. At his haggard appearance, and the gory trophy he showed, she shrank back, with cheeks blanched to an ashen hue. The hapless cavalier still ejaculated, "The award!" in accents of a fearful sound; and, turning her eyes wildly from her mother to Sir Hubert, the bewildered girl exclaimed, at length, "What award, my father?"

"Why, this!" answered Sir Hubert, as he stood by the mane of his heaving steed, and looked down mournfully on the pleading youth, "that whoever of your two cousins, William or Walter, should bring to your feet the head of Peter de Wode, he should win you, my daughter, for his bride!"

The eyes of both Isabella and Walter met in a gaze of terrible fascination at the words; while Sir Hubert and all around looked from one to the other with speechless interest. At length, in a low, almost inaudible, whisper, the poor girl said, through her bloodless lips, "Did you ever love me, Walter?"

The light of intensity which played on the tortured features of the cavalier answered more fully than a thousand words. Isabella, with a sickening heart, covered up her eyes for a moment with her hand, as if to close out some horrid vision. Once more she then raised her glance, but it was to cast it wildly round the circle of faces bent upon her. It alighted on the tall figure of her cousin William, standing on the edge of the group, with arms folded and eyes bent on her, with a mingling of sorrow and passion that expressed his whole soul at the moment. As eye met eye, the light that streamed between them, in that moment of wrought-up agony, was like that of magnetic power. Isabella's pride, or her coquetry, or whatever else had hitherto kept her in bonds, failed her as would the reed in the storm. She clasped her hands towards William, with an involuntary motion of entreaty: in an instant he was at her side, and both had clasped each other in a wild embrace. The eyes of Walter were raised, and for a moment they rolled like balls of fire in his deathlike countenance; but suddenly their light grew dim, and, without the utterance of a syllable, he fell forward upon his face, a corpse at Isabella's feet. The Lady Jane was the first to raise his head, but the spirit was gone. The passion of his soul had given him for a while preternatural power; for it was found on examination that he had received from De Wode a deep and mortal thrust in his side.

The spectators of a scene like this could not but be deeply stricken. Those of chief interest in the group were undoubtedly the Two Cousins. William had, in the one moment, all his recent pangs and trials amply compensated for. At first, he could hardly fancy himself other than the victim of a wild phantasm, which, if he dared to move, would vanish like the flying mist. But as he felt Isabella's arms twined around him, her face buried on his breast, and her heart throbbing violently to his, his ecstasy was certain as it was complete. He fondly clasped her soft and girlish form within his arm; and, drawing her away from the spot, he bent down close to her ear as they retired, and whispered in passionate words the love and adoration he had so long repressed within his bosom. She trembled like an aspen, as he continued speaking.

"My own, my Isabella," he said, "will you not look up with but one glance, and say, that, in reality, you love me? It is bliss for wh ch I had never dared to hope."

By this time, the birchen trees and the declivity

of the ground together had sheltered them from observation, had it not been that, at all events, with the delicacy of knightly natures, the body of spearmen had retired, on various pretexts, from the immediate scene. The gentle girl could, therefore, raise her head without shame, although a crimson blush suffused her to the forehead, as her eyes of love met the burning eyeballs which the young knight turned down upon her. The clasp of her arms round his neck grew tighter, as he drew his folded arm closer; and, bending nearer still, sealed their love with a long and ardent kiss upon her lips. The most prosaic of readers will surely admit, that Sir William must now, at length, have been supremely happy.

But there was a shadow to cross him yet; for the Lady Jane, who had remained with her husband and their retainers in mournful attention to the corpse of Sir Walter, now slowly approached. She had but time to kiss her daughter's brow with fondness and pride, when there was seen also advancing towards them, and on foot, the same tall knight, whose mien was so remarkable, and whose hand had dubbed both the young cavaliers. He led what seemed a young maiden, closely muffled in cloak and hood. On coming near, he signed to this maiden to remove the disguise from her features. In the calm and deadly pale features disclosed to him, William thought he at first saw the young Border recruit, whom his arm had so nobly saved; but as the raven tresses fell out in large profusion, and the large eyes met his earnestly, he now beheld before him the unhappy Geraldine. He started and stood with the aspect of a condemned criminal — the Border boy and Geraldine were one!

"Yes, William de Graeme," began the young lady, in sweet, clear accents, "behold—and you, ladies, noble and good, also behold—the victim of perjured faith and honour. My love for you, sir knight, was of that single and devoted cast, that when you last said farewell to me I had nought worth living for, apart from your presence. I sought that presence, therefore, in an ignoble and unmaidenly disguise; but how else could my love be satisfied? If I must tell all, too, I feared for your steadfastness—that on which I had risked my love, my peace, my all. I met you by accident in these wilds, and you know the rest; my perils, my hours of bitter anguish, my broken heart, and my despair you can never know."

The great drops rolled from under her dark eyelashes as she spoke, but her grief was silent. At this point the strange knight took up the dialogue in his deep, lofty tone. He pointed towards Geraldine as he spoke.

"Can you, William de Graeme," said he, "as you look on the wreck of beauty and youth your faithlessness hath wrought—can you claim either truth as a man, or honour as a knight? Yet your crime is before God and your conscience. It will take much penitence to wash it out."

It would be in vain to attempt delineating what the effect of this revelation was on the several parties. Isabella, prepared in some measure for the tale of William's treachery, yet astonished at the identity of the Lady Geraldine with the young man-at-arms, and the devotion of purpose her story laid open, gazed with earnest glance at the small, pale, and beautiful features. The Lady Jane, utterly bewildered and not a little impatient, darted her glances from one individual of the group to another in rapid succession. As for William himself, he stood, humbled and abased to the very heart. At the knight's last words he moved forward, as if he sought Geraldine's hand; but she proudly drew back. "The pledge between us is broken—you shall never touch hand of mine again. I vow it henceforth to a sacred betrothal, no earthly cause shall ever sever or even shake. I vow it to serve God in his holy church. Yet think not, William, I wish you evil. Heaven is my witness"—and here she turned upward her streaming eyes—"that I freely forgive you all my wrong, and will, to my latest breath, invoke a prayer on your name. And for you, sweet lady," she added, turning to Isabella, "who have won the prize my heart so cherished, may it prove dearer and dearer in the wearing, and never a cloud of bitterness come to bedim your happiness. Permit me to kiss that fair cheek ere I say farewell." As she spoke she bent gracefully towards Isabella, who, instead of the mere salute, however, folded her in a warm embrace, moved by an impulse she could not resist. Poor Geraldine drew herself away from the clasp with a long, heavy sigh.

"But whither are you to go—who is to be your protector?" asked Isabella, with a choked voice.

"Mine is the honour," said the deep voice of the sable knight. "Know, lady, that this noble maiden was found by me in one of the Southern forests, as she was toiling northward on her devoted errand. She told me her simple tale, and I was able to give her safe conduct to within view of the banks of Loch Torry. I made her acquainted with certain of our signals, which enabled her to communicate with me in the hour of need. Her Border education had taught her to handle an oar, and this made the task easier. It was she, when De Wode had planned his scheme of ruin for yon castle, who conveyed to me, under cover of night, intelligence of his plans; it was she who heroically, in the strength of her woman's arms, undertook to open, at my suggestion, a way through the English sluices, when, at a concerted hour, at which it was judged the flood would fully have its way, my spearmen were to appear suddenly on the outskirts of the camp and complete the general havoc. You know how the scheme accordingly was executed. The cavalier who saved the Lady Geraldine's life won, by his noble act, my forgiveness for half the ruin he had entailed upon her peace. I acquitted him of being the cool, deliberate villain, although I charged him bitterly for vain and undecided purpose. I have now to guard this unhappy maiden to her home in the South, where a kind Heaven may in time soothe, if not heal, her broken heart."

"And who are you, whose voice bears so much authority, and whose words so calmly approve

and condemn?" asked Isabella, moved with breathless curiosity.

"You may have heard," answered the knight, raising his visor as he spoke, and displaying a set of bold, handsome features, browned by the sun, and lighted by clear blue eyes; "you may have heard of one not unknown to a broad Scottish repute,—I am Sir William Wallace, knight of Ellerslie."

They started with awe at the far-famed name, and not less at finding themselves in the great leader's actual presence; but he permitted not a moment farther of delay. Closing down his visor, he took the Lady Geraldine's hand; and, bending his stately crest to the two ladies of Loch Torry, turned to depart. As Geraldine also turned her faltering steps, suddenly she beheld William kneeling bareheaded, and with pallid countenance, in her very path. He spoke not, but his downcast aspect told how poignant was his sorrow over the past. A gush of anguish filled the poor girl's bosom as she looked for the last time on the noble countenance she had loved so dearly and so often kissed; but constraining herself violently, she stooped hastily over him, printed her lips once on his forehead, and then, trusting herself no farther, fled along the heath, without ever casting a look behind. If I must follow her story farther, it is merely to relate, that she made scarcely a pause till she had gained nearly the distance of a mile from the spot; when, as her noble guardian was busied at some paces off in saddling his war-steed, she sank down by a willow stem, and wept the tears of a woe not on earth to be comforted.

But while the interview above detailed was proceeding, the Lady Jane, unable to unravel its mysteries, went off in hot haste towards the spot where she had left Sir Hubert. The cousins were therefore left alone. As William arose from the ground, he turned an uncertain gaze on Isabella; but her eye, though troubled, was yet that of unshaken love. They sat down together on the green bank, and as William drew her once more to his heart, and her beautiful head rested on his shoulder, he whispered, "Isabella, can you still be mine?" She looked up in his face with the searching eye of love, deep and true, beyond expression in words; and, at the mingled sadness and tender truth read in every line of his open countenance, her heart was completely reassured. "Let the past be forgotten," she replied. "I will trust your truth, as if it had never failed." And William, as he clasped the generous girl closer still, vowed in his heart that never should his faith be unfixed again. It was no matter that the resolution had been often recorded before—the chances were now, it seemed, all in its favour.

But Sir Hubert and Lady Jane, at the moment, came up. It was easy to satisfy the indiscriminate curiosity of the impatient dame, now that she saw the scheme on which her heart had been set prospering to her utmost wish. The bluff knight contracted his brows heavily at first; but he also was gradually satisfied, only adding, "That you may never have the temptation to fail again, nephew William, the chaplain shall tie the knot this very eventide." No remonstrance even from his own absolute dame would move him on this score. It might be indecorous—or it might be trying to Isabella's feelings—or it might be this, that, and the other thing—he cared not a pike's head. His triumph over the English foe was complete; and so, having first seen the corpse of Sir Walter consigned to a hasty grave, he summoned his retainers, rowed back to the castle, and—must I record it?—the nuptial tie was actually bound that very night, as he had sworn.

The Lady Jane was, in process of time, gathered to her noble ancestors. The knight, her husband, lived to break a lance on the field of Bannockburn, where Sir William also did gallant things. All readers will anticipate that the cousins lived in happiness, seldom witnessed in these later days. The knight had his hours of bitter remorse and penance, it is true; but his valiant renown was also great and wide-spread. His descendants rule to the present day in Loch Torry; and it is from their veracious archives I have extracted this story of Sir William de Graeme and his Dame Isabella.

THE PEEL MONUMENT IN MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER, with its energetic forwardness, accused by unappreciating strangers of headstrong or headlong precipitateness, in carrying out the most various schemes for local or national good, achieved, in October last, its first performance in a new line. Whilst the other great towns of Great Britain possessed something for each to show in the shape of artistic monuments, in the public view of their streets, the metropolis of the cotton republic had never, till recently, thought of such a thing. That fashion was introduced, the other day, by the unanimous consent to erect a "Peel testimonial." The adjoining community of Salford completed, more rapidly, its lesser design, and stationed a bronze Sir Robert in the Peel Park, before the door of its free library and museum. The Manchester statue, by Mr. Calder Marshall, has now taken its place, in the spacious area at the head of the principal street, and was inaugurated with proper ceremony, in the presence of Mr. Gladstone, who spoke well and warmly upon the occasion, with a grateful and

gracious acknowledgment of the wisdom, and the dutiful integrity, of that characteristically English statesman, whose political disciple he claimed the honour to be, and of whose policy the opinion of Manchester hailed him as the trustworthy heir. Another monument will be set, a few months hence, in the same ground, in front of the Manchester Infirmary. Whom should the statue represent but him, the subject of recent mourning, whose name appears to have become, already, a star in our historical firmament, associated with that of Peel, not only by accidental connections in the service of the state, but through that kinship of their moral nature, which enabled the military and the civil generals of England to understand each other, when misunderstood by the world, and rendered the few sentences of affectionate praise, that dropped from the lips of Wellington, the most precious and genuine tribute given to the memory of Peel?

These men were *English*, more peculiarly so, in their faults as well as in their virtues, than any other men of their age. It is, therefore, that they became the real masters and guides of the time; and, therefore, not because of their eminent success, but, because that success was the exact result of their fitness to the time and place, they are likely to be honoured by England, above all other men; and, because Manchester *is* English, in spite of prejudice and calumnies of unappreciating strangers, they are honoured by Manchester, more evidently, and with more liberal endeavour to prepare a conspicuous manifestation of that honour, than by any other local community.

There is a prejudice, as we have intimated, in the minds of a great part of the nation, of the privileged classes and the landowning gentry, the classes of academic culture and of professional standing, to the disparagement of the manufacturing world of South Lancashire and the West Riding. We have heard, from those gentlemen, serious doubts, which we could not seriously hear, of the nationality of Manchester; doubts, whether the census of this empire should not classify two millions of the busy inhabitants of this district as a kind of aliens, in England, but not *of* it, rather as Yankees, than partners of Britain. "Would they fight in defence of the country, if the French invaded us?" was the usual formula of this venerable scepticism, especially during the invasion panic of last winter. The influence of those, who have given tone to public sentiment, in the manufacturing district, being usually cast in the scale of a pacific foreign policy, and the representatives of Manchester and the West Riding being the most authoritative spokesmen of every Peace Congress, it has been unjustly alleged against the people there, that they are indifferent to national honour, and to the historical glories of their country, and unaware of its majestic part in the affairs of the civilised world. They do, indeed, study the events of our day with an anxious and a wary mind, for they have a larger stake in the game than the entire interests of those who impugn their patriotism. The hazard of war is immeasurably more to a man whose warehouses are crammed with goods for the Levant, than to the rector of a rural village, or the squire of broad acres, whose wealth can only be made less profitable by taxation, but undergoes no risk of his being altogether deprived of it, since, even should a prefect of Napoleon assume the government of Bucks and Hampshire, territorial confiscation is no longer, as in the Norman time, the inevitable sequel of conquest. The risk of war is greater to the "self-acting minder" of a Stockport spinning factory, with his 16s. of weekly wages, than it is to a Dean of Nunchester cathedral, or to Professor Ponder, or Sir Frederick Finch. The manufacturers of Manchester have not forgotten how, during the great French war, their deputation went to Mr. Pitt, to complain that there were no more men to be found to work their machinery, (it is said, that 20,000 volunteers were enlisted from this neighbourhood, and the number of Waterloo veterans surviving in Manchester is still considerable,) and how the heaven-born minister answered, "If you have no more men, take the children." But the slander, that they fail in due esteem for the principles of international equity and freedom on the Continent, is refuted by the unequalled cordiality of the welcome they gave to Kossuth, and the unaffected admiration which they have expressed for the character of Wellington; a feeling that was touchingly shown by the crowds who lined the streets of Manchester, when the aged hero accompanied his queen thither; is evidence of no indisposition to claim a share of the dignity earned by English valour in the championship of Europe.

Another accusation — and one that has been, hitherto, not without an apparent truthfulness — is that of the dull and narrow sphere of mental exercise, to which the real Manchester man, if he ever takes any leisure-excursions from the cares of his practical business, is self-confined. A certain Dutch inaptitude for the higher flights of contemplative thought, we must confess, belongs to the bred and born Lancashire man, so far as our intercourse with him has allowed us to judge of the nature of that variety of mankind. In this respect he does not resemble the equally vigorous and practical American, whose magnificent genius for extravagant imagination approaches, in the humorous exaggerations of *brag*, the pitch of Arabian sublimity. Your Manchester man has far too much respect for the actual to affirm, as the Yankee did, "Our locomotive engines run so 'tarnal fast, that it's no good having steam whistles to 'em, cause the train always goes a-head of the sound." Your Manchester-mind is incapable of irony, and receives no joke well except a practical joke, or one that is strongly seasoned with the broad humour of the Lancashire classic "Tim Bobbin." It is curious to trace the effect, here, of the intermixture of nations. The Irish element is *nil* in the composition of middle-class society: we may say, there are no Irish amongst the commercial and "respectable" people of Manchester, although there are some 60,000 of them engaged in common labour or vagrancy, and occu-

pying a colony called "Little Ireland." But the Scotch are very influential, and their zealous temper keeps vital heat in the religious institutions of the place. They are more apt for theoretic controversy and speculation, more addicted to enunciating abstract principles, than the indigenous Lancashire people, who seldom trust a principle farther than where they can foresee its practical application. For example, such a design as that of the "National Public School Association," though earnestly and liberally supported by the Manchester party of "progress," was conceived at first by a few sanguine Scottish brains. In the sturdy Saxon race, whose great towns and populous villages, throng the country that slopes down west of Blackstone Edge, as well as the other side, far into Yorkshire, the stronghold of democracy and dissent is firmly settled. Some districts of this country, though rich and thriving, and swarming with a comfortable population, still remain in a state of primitive social simplicity, which appears strange, even to the stranger from the lonely moors of North Devon and Cornwall. He would not expect to find, as we have found, within six miles of the city of Manchester, the people of a village turning out for their holiday, the women, both young and old, wearing no other head-dress than a brightly-coloured handkerchief, and, on their feet, the wooden shoes of Normandy. The language of the country, spoken in its purity by the rural inhabitants, is perfectly unintelligible until the hearer has become familiar with its peculiar vocalisation. Very different is it with Manchester; where an ancient clerical establishment, founded in the reign of the Plantagenet, with certain scholastic endowments, and the position of the town as a market, resorted to by buyers from distant places, contributed even before the age of the spinning-jenny and power-loom, to smooth away the provincial peculiarities. But the last ten years have effected a more important revolution. The manufacturing processes are comparatively superseded, in Manchester itself, by the business of exchange. Still, the tall chimneys, in the suburbs of Ancoats and Hulme, pour forth their daily volumes of gainful though ungainly vapour; the Medlock and the Isk, as they intersect the obscure streets, bear along the dingy refuse of the dye and printworks; but the *new* factories are mostly erected in the large *merely* manufacturing towns, each with a population of from 30,000 to 60,000, such as Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton and Hyde, Staleybridge, and Stockport, which form, at a distance varying from seven to eleven miles, a complete zone around Manchester, connected with it by hourly railway trains, and depending on its market for their existence. Nor do these make up the entire commercial constituency of the Manchester Exchange. Beyond these, at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the centre, there is a second belt of manufacturing towns, Wigan, Preston, Blackburn, Colne and Burnley, Todmorden, and some places over the Yorkshire border, wholly engaged in the cotton manufacture; to the south, Macclesfield, with other Cheshire and Derbyshire towns, which find their silk market at Manchester; while the Mersey, passing within a few miles of this latter, spreads into the capacious port of Liverpool, the receptacle of all the "raw material" that America can produce, and the great port of all the foreign traffic of Manchester, except that share which is absorbed by the Baltic from Hull. The great social change, which has been effected in Manchester by this arrangement, is due to the settlement of foreign merchants, and their families, in this town. We have not taken the trouble to compute, and do not care to guess, the proportion of German houses to the mercantile establishments of our own countrymen here; but it is a proportion so considerable, as to infuse a great amount of continental vivacity and versatility into the social atmosphere of the place, forming an agreeable contrast with the sincere solidity, and somewhat oppressive seriousness, of the regular matter-of-fact Manchester men. These Bavarian and Prussian traders are, usually, men of the world, men of a varied career of experience and travel; and the younger men are, like most of the Germans of this generation, educated up to a certain degree, and susceptible of the pleasures of refined taste, in a manner very different from that of the ordinary middle class men of trade in the towns at least of South Lancashire. The Jewish residents in Manchester, too, although kept apart, to some extent, by the prejudices that yet exist, do, by their skill in business, and by their keen intelligence, make some impression on the social, if not upon the political, conditions of the place; they represent, as everywhere, the principle of cosmopolitan liberalism. In an opposite direction, the clergy of the Established Church,—low church, almost to a man, or at least *broad* church,—rallying about the headquarters of their newly created diocese, and associated with the remnant of that which was the old Tory party, in the days of Tory ascendancy, serve to keep a drag on the wheel of "progress," and prevent Newall's Buildings from carrying the suffrages of the whole community. They are allied, upon occasion, with the interest of two or three great landowners in the neighbourhood, and with the ambitions of some of the municipal magnates; and, although the last electoral contest, stoutly as it was fought, and creditably to both parties, without any reproach of corruption or disorder, sufficiently proved, that the constituency of Manchester cannot be seduced from the "Manchester School," we believe, that a very salutary balance of powers does exist here, and that in spite of the affected alarms of ignorant politicians of Mr. Disraeli's party, (if he yet have any party), there is no community in this kingdom less than that of Manchester liable to capricious and violent subversive impulses; none more truly "conservative" of everything, in our national institutions, that has either usefulness or dignity to make it worth "conserving."

The Peel monument, now standing in Manchester, is supported, on either side of its granite pedestal, by a seated feminine figure, allegorical and impersonating the prevailing faculties, which

built up the prosperity of Manchester, long anterior to its accession of the benefits from Peel's legislation. On the right hand of the statesman, we have the robust form of Practical Art, or Manufacture; her bold eyes are gazing fondly over the roofs of her favoured city; a bale of its merchandise, and a ship in bas relief, symbolise her foreign commerce. On the left hand, with pensive brow, studiously perusing a tablet, is the slighter grace of Theoretic Science; but, lying at her feet, as subject to her dictation, are the instruments of chemical and mechanical skill, as well as those of the fine arts of elegance. The history of this community may be read, in these noble colossi of speaking bronze, poetically narrated.

That the monument may impart its whole lesson to the Manchester folk, is the best wish of their well-wishers, and of all those who see the great future of their part in the affairs of Britain. When the bronze statue of Perseus, we are told, in the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," was uncovered to the public view in Florence, "it pleased God that all the people, who saw it, began to cry out and to admire it; and they brought sonnets and rhymes in praise of the work, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and fixed them up, continually admiring the same." We are not sure but that such means of exciting the generous enthusiasm of a people, by durable forms of Art adorning the common highways of city life, have been too long undervalued in England, and especially in Manchester. We should like to see the eyes of the multitude, who daily pass by our costly creations of architectural and plastic art, directed to their beauty, with a lively and inspired glance, instead of with the sullen stare of alienated sympathies. We want no "Perseus" in the nineteenth century, no resuscitation of the vain mythologies, in which only the patient study of the scholar, or the rare insight of the genial idealist, can perceive an eternal significance. But let us have Peel and Wellington,—let us have Cromwell and Milton, and the heroes of English history, from Alfred onwards, to stand in our streets, and remind us to walk erect, and do and live like men. Let us have the sculptured frieze of a civic hall decorated with scenes from the great heroic struggle for liberty and right, in which our fathers, during several centuries, won for us all that is dear in the world, and laid upon England the lofty mission "to teach the nations how to live." Let our public institutions, for reading and mental exercise, glow with human life out of the dramas of our Shakspeare, who ought to be more to us than Homer was to Greece. We have no doubt that Science, so far as it may teach men how to wield the might of steam, and to mix and vary the elements by chemical transmutation, to use electricity for a voiceless messenger, and the solar ray for a printer, will be sedulously pursued; Manchester is, even now, making ready another monument, to the name of Dalton. But there is another Science, which has for its subject that which is absolutely true; and another Art, seeking, with unselfish and pure desire, to woo the apparition of ideal beauty. Where these have their votaries among the men of practical energy, there is a fair promise of a noble development of humanity. Therefore, we have thought it worth while to make these brief reflections on the new thing which has been done in Manchester.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CANVASSING.

In that part of the city of Philippi where the wharves stand thickest upon the river banks, and where the sounds of steam "getting up," and steam "blowing off," along with the rattle of hammers upon nail-heads, and rolling of bales and barrels, do most abound; and where the smells of oakum, and tar, and packing mats, most largely infect the air, stood in a conspicuous position, a huge unpainted pile of wooden buildings, fitted up as a tavern for the accommodation of the Irish wharf labourers. In this tavern, with its ranges of settees under the indispensable *stoup*, or porch, which marked the principal entrance, where these gay sons of Erin lolled and "loafed," and its bar-room within, where they squabbled and scolded—the staple commodities were, of course, politics and whiskey. Such a drinking, fighting, noisome den—it was the scandal of the quarter; but there, in a country where the divine right of King Mob is so largely respected, interference was difficult on ordinary occasions. On extraordinary ones, such as St. Patrick's Day, the few and feeble police of the district was a mockery and a scorn; and then there was nothing for it but the horsewhip of the priest.

In the spring that followed the winter months of our story, there were additional and particular causes of excitement in the tavern under notice—causes immediately affecting the interests of its Milesian frequenters. The Presidential election was forthcoming; and the native American party was up and astir, in order to deprive these intelligent electors of the precious privilege of the

franchise. This den was the great focus of agitation whereby to counteract the plans of the inimical party: and "ould Ireland," with its brawlings, and its violence, and its hatreds, seemed to be transported microcosmically into the heart of the peaceful city of Philippi.

The landlord of the tavern was a great authority, ringleader, and spokesman among these people. An emigrant, as it was understood, from Ireland, at an early period of life, he seemed to unite in his character many of the distinguishing traits of the land of his birth and that of his adoption. With the vehemence and passionate impulses of his native Ireland, he mingled the intelligence and audacity of a Western freeman. His language had the boldness and ease of those who recognise in no other the character of a superior, and his inspirations possessed the warmth and force of the profounder nature of the European. His influence over this unhappy rabble was great. He conversed with them singly, he addressed them in groups, he made set speeches, in fact he was the regular "stump orator" of the Celtic Irish in the city of Philippi. His accent recalled echoes of Munster and Connaught; though the features of his face betrayed little affinity with the physiognomy of those regions. But he wore a patch upon one side of his face, distorted his mouth, leered with his orbit of vision, and conformed as much to the true blackguard type as nature would admit. He was not a drinker himself, though no discourager of the practice in others. He set up for a man of unblemished morals, and considered himself entitled to the reputation of a respectable citizen. I said this man was a great dabbler in politics, and made them a principal point in his intercourse with the frequenters of the tavern. People thought that he aspired to be elected for some political office.

One evening he was seated under his porch with an old man of marked Hibernian exterior, and bearing unmistakeable evidences of fresh importation. The corduroy small clothes, the motley stockings, the swallow-tail full-dress blue coat, with brass buttons, the tattered checked cotton neckerchief, all were there, as well as the twinkling eyes darting dark glances from underneath shaggy beetling brows, the weather-beaten, pock-pitted face, and the broad shapeless mouth. They had a mug of whiskey between them, and were both smoking.

"That's a bad business they're preparin' for us," said the landlord of the tavern, whose name was Gamin, "and if they take the vote away from us as they threaten, it will be owld Ireland again—hunger and oppression, the bailiff and the constable, and God help us all. The want of the vote wrought all the mischief there; and it's only the vote that's between us and it here."

"Tare an' ages," said the old man, "and let them try it that dares! Just act as ye plase; but don't contrar' me, nor meddle wid me, that's all. If a man meddle wid me or any of mine to their hurt, I shouldn't mind cuttin' his throat more than I would a sheep's throat, that's all. We didn't come this faraway for to taste the blessins o' pace and plinty; and thin straight to behowld them rint from us, without lifting a hand against the villains that would do us the wrong, or what's the use of yer land o' liberty. An inimy's an inimy in Britain land or Yankee land, by garra!" said the old man, gnashing his teeth. He was evidently an adept in the sacred duty of revenge.

"They'll never succeed in their mischievous plans," said the other, speaking thick with the pipe in his mouth; "though it'll not be for want of trying if they don't. The Protestants and the Orangemen calculate they'll get Ameriky all to themselves, as they have got Irelan'; and are about to make the first bold move in their game; and, if we don't look sharp and strangle the chick afore it's chipped the shell, it'll be a devouring kite yet for the children of Ireland. And it's poor persecuted sowls we are in every corner of the rownd world; but, if we don't stand up for our own in this free country, where there are no lord-lieutenants nor constables to pinion our limbs like sheep for the butcher, or gag our tongue like dumb dogs, then we deserve all we'll get. It's the Protestants, my friend, the Protestants, they are at the bottom of all this."

He had evidently touched a chord, for the old man's eyes darted fire, and he gulped down large quantities of whiskey in which to swallow his emotion.

"I'm an owld man," returned the other, "but I have still a strong arm and a stout heart; beside the wrong that's lying on my soul, *yet to be* revenged." A wistful melancholy look passed over the old man's face, while he stopped short.

"Hush!" said Gamin, "I know it all," (the allusion was in reference to a son who had been executed for shooting his landlord;) "mum's the word with respect to your wrongs. A man known to carry about the remembrance of his wrongs is always accounted a dangerous person. *To speak* is nothing. *To act* is the word."

And here Gamin, as if quite satisfied in the achievement of an object, began to whistle loudly and cheerily. He was interrupted by the arrival of several other gentlemen in knee-breeches and full dress coats. One of them carried a newspaper, and the other a large printed placard, which, amidst the excitement of his comrades, he placed on the table before Gamin.

"Read that, and by garra!" said he, striking his fist upon the table. Gamin read, "Native American Meeting in Girard's Fields, next Tuesday, 13th April. Hon. Mr. W., of the Senate, Mr. Eliab Byron Tunny, Mr. Chauncey Pike, and other distinguished orators, will address the meeting. All friendly citizens invited to attend. Long live the Native American Republic!"

"Yes, gentlemen," said Gamin, "matters are come to a head at last; and this is the first blow aimed against us by the great Protestant conspiracy so long hatching in secret in the republic of America. Be on your guard, gentlemen, and God defend the right."

So saying, he rose and left them babbling, execrating, and talking—nobody knowing what another was saying, each being so much occupied

with his own overflowing thoughts; yet all inspired by a common sentiment, which was one of defiance and wrath.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONSPIRACIES.

JOSIAS GAMIN, tavern-keeper and citizen, upon quitting this noisy scene, retired into the apartment which he called his own, arranged his outward man into some show of decency, and prepared to go out. He took his way through the streets, where it was now beginning to get very dark, and found himself after some time at the door of the tenement yclept the Coadjutor's palace, in the immediate neighbourhood of the cathedral.

"Is his rivirance tu hum?" said he, in reply to the woman who came to know his business.

"Step in, and I'll see," returned the woman, with the caution of one accustomed to mount guard against intruders; and closing the door, she ushered him into the waiting room, where all those desiring an audience of the ecclesiastical lord of the mansion were in the habit of awaiting his convenience or pleasure.

The room was hung with religious prints of a very superior order, and calculated to fasten upon the sympathies of all good Catholics. But Gamin took no heed of them: he sat down upon one of the wooden benches, and began to whistle. Soon there appeared an individual in ecclesiastical costume, and saluting Gamin with a respect strangely incongruous as offered to one of his air and apparent station, he invited him to follow to the Coadjutor's apartments.

Gamin, having gone up one flight of stairs and down another, and across a long gallery, and through sundry small doors in thick walls, and multifarious and labyrinthine passages characteristic of that convenient style of domestic architecture common to the middle ages, came at length to a small and well-lighted apartment, where sate two jolly gentlemen over their wine. The Coadjutor received the Irish tavern-keeper with a deference nearly equal to that accorded to him by the servitor ecclesiastic, and Father Dollard bowed himself to the dust before him. A chair was placed, fresh glasses ordered, and the three sat down in the shelter of two-feet-thick walls and an oaken door. Of the Irish tavern-keeper the dress only now remained; and from the ease with which he fell into the manners of polite life, he seemed only reassuming that which was natural to him.

"Anything new?" inquired the Coadjutor, who saw intelligence in his face.

"Why, yes! and something very serious. They have at length determined to hold that meeting. Time and place appointed. I hold the printed announcement in my hand." And he spread it out before them.

The Coadjutor read it attentively. "On the 13th, I see—we have yet a couple of weeks before us. Gamin, the meeting must be prevented. I need not impress upon you the reason of this," he continued, "nor the absolute necessity of preventing the agitation of this question at present. Let it once seize hold of the minds of the populace, and let them make it a leading point in the forthcoming elections, and woe to the progress of the Catholic Church for the next quarter of a century in this Western continent. Our people from Ireland are emigrating by thousands and tens of thousands, and the Protestants are beginning to feel, in this country of universal suffrage, the efficiency of the weapon permitted into our hands against them, by the admission of these to the franchise; so that the proposed law, which deprives all foreigners of the right of voting until after a naturalization of twenty-five years, is not a question between native American and foreigner, but in reality only a revival on this Western battlefield of the old quarrel which has divided the world ever since the schism of the fifteenth century. The minds of the populace at large are not yet informed upon the deeper meaning of the question; only their leaders know it well; and it is the present object of these latter to expound it to them in this view, and so to excite that energy and antagonism in the public mind which religious questions never fail to excite. This is what I take mainly to be the design of the meeting in Girard's Fields. A new phase is to be given to the movement by unfolding it in its true light, and expounding it in its genuine significancy. Great exertions, doubtless, will be made to secure great oratorical influence, as well as to collect a triumphant attendance."

"Even so!" said Gamin, who had been listening to the discourse of his superior with profound respect. "You perceive that the Hon. Mr. W——, of the Senate, whose influence with the multitude is so unparalleled, has agreed to make the grand speech of the day."

"He shall never speak on that day!" said the Coadjutor decisively; "in a city of such population and influence, a central point of the Union, such a meeting would be ruinous, in the present conjuncture of our affairs. The meeting must be prevented," said he, looking at Gamin, "as you and I shall have to answer for it before our ecclesiastical superiors."

Gamin looked inquiringly at the speaker. "I am utterly at a loss;" said he, "I have already exhausted every means at my disposal."

"If it cannot be prevented," said the Coadjutor, "let it at least be delayed. By and by some other public question will have turned up to occupy the energies of the populace, to the exclusion of the subject so important to us, and then the storm will have passed us by. Only delay this meeting, and we may possibly be saved; let something be done, let it be interfered with;"— he hesitated, as if there was some unutterable phrase behind.

"I need not remind so true a servant of the church," continued he in a blander tone, "of the duties connected with his peculiar department. *Yours* it is to execute and devise the means for that purpose; *mine* to prescribe what shall be done; and I need not repeat, though I do it now

more decisively, how necessary I consider it that this meeting should be prevented."

He glanced significantly towards Dollard as he spoke; and Gamin, bound hand and foot to a body, part of whose system is a mutual surveillance, and that one of its members should be a spy upon another, well comprehended the import of this man's testimony in the accounts to be rendered before their ecclesiastical superiors.

Gamin sat and bit his nails, revolving on the great difficulties in the way of the execution of these orders.

"I confess to utter perplexity," said he at length; "I know not how it is to be done."

"Try powther and shat," chimed in Dollard, in the happy inspiration of his Irish instincts.

"You are rash, Dollard," said the Coadjutor; "recollect, I sign my hand to no such warrant."

He spoke indecisively, but the fierce glance of his eyes belied his words. Among conspirators, no word is necessary; a look, an interjection, a gesture, is all-sufficient.

Gamin sat on and on. They talked of other matters now, for their business was closed. Gamin drank more than he had done for some time; the wine was good, and his spirits were low. At length the chimes rang twelve. He took his way into the streets, and reeled home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GHOST OF CÆSAR.

It was dark and cold in the streets through which Gamin threaded his way. A frost had clarified the upper regions of the atmosphere, making visible thousands of stars, through which a vivid Aurora Borealis danced and fluttered, to Gamin's eyes like spectres in the air. He thought he saw the spectres gliding amidst the tall mill chimneys and high pointed gables immediately surrounding him; and farther away in the horizon, he saw the same white ghosts in troops among the trees that crested the surrounding hills. The air he thought was alive with them, and they crackled and whizzed about him like the sounds of millions of invisible whips. As he walked along hurriedly and bewildered through the deserted streets, hiccoughing, and rolling, and reeling, he thought he heard a firm though light footstep behind him. He did not know why its sound should have inspired him with so much dread, as he was then conscious of: he did not dare to look behind, but endeavoured to walk forwards as quickly as the state of his legs would allow. However fast or slow was his progress, he was aware of the pertinacious pursuit of the footstep, apparently always following at the same distance, and so near he thought, that if he would but turn his head a little to one side, he could not fail to see what it was. He proceeded onwards, till at length it appeared to him as if he had lost his way among unknown streets and interminable alleys, where he wandered hopelessly and helplessly as through a labyrinth, called up by some magic from the abyss to perplex him — these alleys closed in by cold high walls—these *cul-de-sacs*, where every few minutes his course was blocked up — these narrow closes fetid with impure exhalations — these cold, dark, deserted streets! Surely this was no terrace city, or no city he had ever traversed before; at any rate not the familiar city of his residence; and through every winding of it the indefatigable footsteps behind him. He was fairly overcome, his knees trembled, the cold drops stood on his forehead; and he would have fallen but for the occurrence in his path of a friendly lamp-post, round which he clung.

He had now come face to face, in spite of himself, with the pertinacious treader upon his path; and lo! the brawny gigantic figure, stuffed with straw like an effigy, with the beard of the Indian corn upon his chin, and his broad forehead crowned with its flowers. The same old coil of rope was in its muscular hand, and he recognised the hero of his former vision — the vision of a few months ago, when he lay wounded in the city of Noph.

"At Philippi we meet again," said the figure, shaking a huge finger at him. "At Philippi. Beware, beware. I am Judge Lynch!"

Gamin fell to the earth and groaned; and all was darkness. . . . . . .

When he came to himself it was morning, and he found himself in his own snug bed, in an upper room of the tavern, on the banks of the Ha-wah-hah. For the fact of his presence in that locality he could in no way account; nor was he ever able to gather from his recollections aught tending to throw light upon the subject. The bar-keeper indeed insisted, that as he was making up his books for the night, he had seen his master enter the house at a little after twelve o'clock, and pass up into his room. He noticed too that he had an unusually unsteady step, and a fishy eye. This explanation, as the reader knows, not tallying with Gamin's experiences, as to the manner of his having passed the midnight hours, was, of course, rejected by him as at variance with the facts of his consciousness. All that he could now decisively tell was, that he had a severe headache, a feverish pulse, and a strong desire for soda water.

But Gamin was not a man to be daunted by nightmares and drunken visions; and stern duties were before him. His judgment misgave him, it is true, with respect to the consequences of the course he was about to pursue; but it was not his province to deliberate or to calculate consequences, as he had lately been reminded; his it was to *act*, and to march unflinchingly in the course carved out for him. He set about it with the audacity and energy expected of him. The frequenters of the tavern, and all those over whom it had been his business to acquire influence for the past six months, now flocked about him more than ever. Whiskey circulated with redoubled activity; boon companionships were compacted and cemented over the inspiring bowl. Toasts and sentiments went round which gave voice to the community of opinion, and assured to each that his private and peculiar sentiments were shared by all. Speeches were made by Gamin

and others, whereby the feelings of the hearers were wrought up to the requisite pitch; but Gamin's main machinery consisted of secret conferences, held with more favoured individuals, at which no third person was permitted to be present. The most frequent of these were held with the man Phelan, the ancient gentleman with the knee breeches and full dress coat. On the eve of the day of the 13th April, the day on which was appointed to take place the meeting in Girard's Fields, Gamin, after a long conference between them had been brought to a close, conducted the old man into a dark low room in the top of the house.

"By the bye," said Gamin, "will ye accept a thrifle of a present from me for poor owld Ireland's sake. She's a good lock, carries a sure bullet, and in a steady hand never missed her aim. She's a jewel of a rifle, tho' I say't that shouldn't, and here's life and luck to use her."

He handed him the rifle, which the old man received with a touch of his hat, but made no reply. There were several other rifles in the chest in the corner of the dark room; but the gloom was too great for the old man to see them, besides he did not care to be inquisitive.

Gamin gave him a case to put it in, and told him, for prudence sake, that he had better not carry it out into the streets while he took it home with him, till it became quite dark. In terms of this suggestion Phelan lounged about the bar-room until very late, when he took his way into the darkness with his treasure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RETROSPECTIONS ON THE THRESHOLD.

The reader can by this time have scarcely failed to perceive the identity subsisting between the persons of Josias Gamin, tavernkeeper and citizen, and the quondam instigator in the duel scenes in the ill-fated steamboat of the Ha-wah-hah. Gamin was a Proteus; and there was no form of man, beast, or reptile, to which he could not adapt himself when it appeared necessary for the fulfilment of his appointed functions.

The hopes of himself and his confrères had of late been sorely daunted in this quarter by recent political threatenings; particularly by this notable movement to which we have had frequent occasion to refer in the course of our story, and of which Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney was the prime agent and agitator. On the tour into the South and West which this glib though intelligent gentleman (and than whom none understood better how to adapt his means to his ends,) had recently made for the purpose of strengthening and extending the native American league, he had been dogged at every footstep by this indefatigable alias. He had assumed various disguises, and Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, though accounted a sharp man, had dwelt all unsuspecting. The little gentleman was no match for the disciple of a system whose capacities, in the direction of imposture, had been accumulated from the lessons of three hundred years, yet was the adept constrained to confess that he had made very little real progress in defeating the ends of his adversary, or forwarding his own. He was constrained to confess, too, that his expedition had been marked by signal discomfiture, and that his efforts and ingenuities had been plied very much in vain.

Is it that the system of which we speak is not calculated to play perfectly its part on the theatre of a free country, and that there is something in the machinery of free institutions containing a principle of resistance to it, and in concert with which its machinery cannot work? Instead of the splendid schemes and lofty combinations by which it has been wont to compass its designs; it is there obliged to descend to petty intrigues and low material contrivances, destined, as we hope, to equal discomfiture in future instances, as in the noted one of which we are now about to speak, whenever Liberalism and Protestantism, abandoned to their own sources — a fair field and no favour — meet hand to hand in their eternal battle with ecclesiastical intrigue.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MEETING IN GIRARD'S FIELDS.

Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, on his part, had taken up his quarters at a large and fashionable hotel; which thence became the focus from which emanated all movements connected with the business of the great day of the 13th of April. There, surrounded by his friends, he had been indefatigable in his preparations, and a great demonstration was expected. Delegates had arrived from the principal towns of the South and West, where he had lately been engaged in forming branch societies of the League, as well as the Hon. Mr. W. of the Senate and other speakers of eminence; and the procession was to set out from the Ha-wah-hah Hotel.

By a strange coincidence it happened, that Arthur Denning—lately arrived in Philippi to take possession of the property assigned to him by the will of the late Mr. Tremont — happened to be lodging at the very identical hotel, and saw the procession form and depart from under his windows. Processions and demonstrations are of very common occurrence in America, every new phase in the state of public feeling being ushered in by some flourish of the kind. They are usually very peaceable and orderly affairs, and are only King People's method of indulging himself in a bit of state after his own peculiar fashion — a fashion more grotesque than imposing as we may suppose, but certainly very innoxious; for having exhibited himself in public and declared the state of his feelings, he returns home quite satisfied with the consciousness of having fulfilled his duty. No one thinks of molesting him, except by a counter-demonstration equally harmless; each party looking forward to "election-day" for a decision of the differences between itself and its opponents; which having taken place, the vanquished one quietly submits to the voice of the majority as to

that of righteous fate, and all recent angry feelings and political passions are lulled as if by magic, so admirably does the machinery of free government work in this Western World. These things ought to be borne in mind, for the events of the 13th of April were quite unparalleled in the history of the model republic, and demanded nothing less for their discomfiture than that instant action which was destined effectually to crush the system of a certain unhappy island, as attempted to be transported among its Anglo-Saxon brothers of another continent.

The procession formed in the wide space in front of the Ha-wah-hah Hotel. Its marshals, who were respectable citizens, appeared on horseback, decorated with red favours, and were in an unparalleled state of activity, reducing everything into marching order. At length the various companies occupied the place assigned to them, and the word was given to march. It was a procession to behold, absurd but respectable — grotesque, though neither squalid nor poor. First, went a band of excellent musicians in a cart; then marched about fifty farm-horses in pairs, pulling along between them a native American rope, each attended by a man, to represent the feeling of the rural districts; next followed the delegates from distant localities, each bundle of delegates being perched up in a waggon, from which waved a flag of many colours, inscribed with the name of the particular town or district. Before each cart of delegates went another cart, containing said delegates' wives, the gay bonnets and shawls adding to the brilliance of the scene. The string of delegates in carts was wound up by another string of farmer delegates on horseback, each with his lady seated pillion-wise behind him. This peculiar and novel arrangement of the lady's hanging on to her beloved spouse, with feet dangling in the air, was received by the crowds with great applause. Then came bands of music in waggons. Then came the trades of Philippi, each with its peculiar insignia borne before it; and one contrivance belonging to this division, which made a prodigious sensation, was a small steam-engine in full operation, whirling and puffing on its cart, as the badge of the practical engineers. Then, in open carriage and four, was borne along Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney, with the Hon. Mr. W., of the Senate, and two other friends. With head uncovered, and bowing right and left to an admiring crowd, a proud man was Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney on that day. He was succeeded by another carriage and four, containing the other speakers who were to address the meeting; and with banners waving, music playing, and crowds hurraing, the procession took its way in this reputable manner to the place of meeting in Girard's Fields.

When about half way to this suburb, it was met by one of the marshals on horseback, who had just returned from the fields, whither he had been making arrangements for the conduct of the meeting, with the startling intelligence that the platform erected for the speakers had just been pulled down by a mob, who occupied the avenues to the field, and appeared in a very angry and threatening mood. In this, which, however, was the first faint growl of the approaching thunder-storm, the procession could as yet perceive nothing very formidable; and it took its way, cheering as it went, to the place of destination. The next betokening of the storm consisted of a crowd of tattered women and boys, that met it with fierce yells and hisses, as it came in sight of the entrance to the fields. Except, however, the fierce disposition manifested in their scowling faces and execrating lips, it could discover nothing to excite its fears. Presently more solid symptoms of hostility began to present themselves in its path; for groups of gaunt, dirtily clad men appeared waiting, many of them with clubs and shillelahs, which they brandished angrily, and assailed it with still louder groans and hisses as it passed. Onwards the procession moved, still unhurt, till it came to a lane between two hedges, which led to the gates of the fields; then from behind the hedges came a sudden rattle of stones, sharp and thick, and effectual, by reason of the density of the crowd enclosed in a narrow space, and the proximity of the assailants. A large body of these had taken up a position behind the fences, and the unarmed procession stopped and staggered for a moment at this hostile demonstration, for which they were so totally unprepared.

But it was too late to retrace their steps; and "Forward! forward!" was the cry. "A bit of a hailstorm sha'n't stop us," cried the marshals, and the procession hastened on, though several people had been sorely hit and hurt. The hail showers fell faster and heavier, and the procession began to feel that matters were assuming a serious aspect. Stone-showers, cheers, yells, and groans, and in the midst of the hubbub the sharp, sudden crack of a rifle! A man in the procession fell. The procession was completely taken in an ambuscade. What course, right or left, onwards or backwards, remained for its leaders to pursue?

"Off, off! Down with your meeting! Death to the Native American League!" was the cry from behind the hedges, and from the numerous auxiliaries of boys and women and armed scoundrels, who had now joined and attacked the procession from behind. But though they literally swarmed, and must have cost their leaders incredible efforts in the assemblage of such masses together, the native Americans disdained to be turned from their purpose, and determined, that if possible the meeting should go on. With a shout of defiance on the fall of their comrade, the procession in part broke itself up, and threw itself on the pack behind the fences. But what could it do? It was totally unprepared; it possessed nothing in the form of a weapon, and the Irish, after a few efforts with sticks upon the heads of a body which overpowered them both in numbers and spirit, retired to a distance, and assailed them with stones as before. Breathing time was now permitted for the procession to occupy the fields. They had resolved to proceed with the meeting. The proceedings took place in due form, amidst however distant showers of stones; the chairman had been moved to the place of precedence; Mr.

Eliab Byron Tunney had risen to give an account of his labours in the service of the League, and to unfold its future prospects — when, lo! another sudden sharp report — and a rifle ball whizzed past Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney's ear. Another crack! another, and again another! like the discharge of a company of musketry — and the chairman was wounded in the arm. A shriek from a woman who had also been shot — the shouts, and shrieks, and screams of all — and a wild scene of confusion and dismay. It appeared that the assailants, who had been driven to a distance, had seized the opportunity while the Americans were engaged in constituting their meeting, to make a fresh attack. They poured in from across hedges and fences, and mingled with the assemblage before it was aware. Friends and foes now jostled against each other; and the defenceless Americans were knocked down in every direction. Club and shillelah were busy at work, and it became apparent that more deadly weapons were only biding their time, to be plied with more sure and deadly effect. Mr. Eliab Byron Tunney sat down. To stand up to speak in the present posture of affairs, he thought would be merely the transformation of his body into a target. The chairman recommended that at least the meeting should suspend itself, until the arrival of some suitable force from the public authorities. The crack of the rifles had become more frequent; and to save the effusion of blood "Disperse! disperse!" was now the cry throughout all the assemblage. The chairman and the marshals used every endeavour, to bring about that desirable consummation as quickly as possible; for the fighting was now going on in all parts of the field. Americans were collaring Irishmen, and using their fists, in the absence of more efficient weapons to cope with them; and the latter brandishing their clubs, or, it might be, using the more effectual quietus of a pistol.

Several people had been killed (forty-five it afterwards appeared), and the rage of the Americans for the blood of their comrades was dreadful; but the determination of Mr. Tunney, the Hon. Mr. W., of the Senate, and the marshals of the procession, to clear the field immediately, as the only method in the point to which matters had arrived, to prevent a frightful bloodshed, compelled them to forego its expression.

"Disperse!" was still the cry as, keeping them together, the marshals conducted them out of the field. Still their adversaries maintained their firing.

There was one quarter, a deadly one, from which several shots had been seen to proceed on that fatal morning; the precincts had been searched more than once for the purpose of discovering the murderous hand which directed the ball, but without success. At length, towards the close of the dispersion of the native American portion of the crowd, and among its latest groups, a young man, who had given his arm to an elderly one, whom he was hurrying along with him, and calling him "father," was startled by a groan from the figure at his side, and which fell heavily on his arm like lead. The old man had been pierced by a bullet through the chest, and it came from a direction hard by the entrance gate; the same direction whence so many fatal shots had been fired in the course of the day. Without an expression of surprise or grief, the young man called to some one from the crowd to take the body off him. "Take it away," he cried. He had been marking, with his eye, the spot where a slight wreath of smoke was then hovering. Then springing like a madman towards it, he dragged from beneath a bush, where he had been concealing himself beside the wall, an old man, to us a well-known form, that with the same breeches and full dress coat which Josias Gamin had patronized so largely. He had still the warm rifle in his hand, that elegant weapon with which he had been presented the night before.

"Hoary villain, murderer, wretch!" cried the youth, "take your deservings." And with the butt end of the rifle he aimed fierce blows at his head, till he had dashed out his brains.

It was near the close of the afternoon before any effectual dispersion of the crowds could be accomplished; and so ended the first act of the drama of those few eventful days.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMAICA.

PUBLIC attention has for some time been drawn to Jamaica by its secular declension, its political paralysis, and the remedial interposition of the Imperial Government. It deserves such attention on ordinary as well as special grounds. Ascending the stream of time, we reach that noble Englishman, Cromwell, under whom it became ours, and that famous Italian, Columbus, by whom it became the world's. Descending thence, what changes it exhibits, and with what suggestions is it fraught! We see it swept by hurricane, shaken and partially entombed by earthquake, singed by fire, saturated by flood, ravaged by epidemics, revolutionised by emancipation, darkened by adversity, stranded by party, and now sifted and searched for mineral wealth. How many British families has it enriched, and how many has it ruined! What English homestead has not some immediate or remote connection with "the isle of springs," or some interest in its fortune? It is one of our noblest colonial possessions, and deserves much more than trivial and temporary regard. Though a speck on the map, it is the queen of the British Antilles; and in fertility of

soil, riches of productions, variety and salubrity of climate, magnificence of scenery, and convenience of geographical position, yields to few of the islands that stud and gem the globe. Look at its place in the Caribbean waters. It is protected from hurricanes (long unknown in it) by a girdle of islands, consisting of the Windward Islands, Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba; among the West Indies it is central; and for the various lines of European and United States' traffic with Central America, it is admirably situated as a shelter and a depot. And when Central America is opened for shipping, and the Caribbean Sea becomes the highway of the world, what benefits must such an island as Jamaica at once reap and confer? With plains so fertile, with mountains and hills so fruitful and grand, with ample shelter for shipping around it, with mineral resources so rich in initial development, with a large and promising population, with English language, laws, and institutions, and, above all, with the blessings of the Christian religion, Jamaica cannot, will not, sink. She will yet emerge out of darkness, to combine secular prosperity with political liberty and Christian truth.

Who that has seen this noble island, and sojourned in it, can disregard or forget it? Years have rolled away since we saw its glorious chain of hills recede from our vision, and many more have gone since we caught the first glimpse of its proud appearance; and, though we may never have the pleasure of seeing it again, we love to remember it, and must ever desire its peace and prosperity. We have inhaled its halcyon morning breezes, cool and balmy as the air of Eden; we have listened to the murmurs, and followed the windings of its beautiful streams; we have feasted our eyes on the living verdure and graceful forms of its palms and canes; we have climbed and crowned its successive elevations, and thence looked down on such groupings and distributions of nature as we have nowhere else beheld. We have proved the hospitality, the courtesy, and kindness of its people; and while mind and memory, while heart and hope endure, we must cherish its image and influence, and rejoice in its welfare. To write of it now is a labour of love, which may perchance provoke some abler pen, or enlist on its behalf some efficient sympathy, or gladden some of its warm-hearted and worthy sons.

In our recollections of this land we shall eschew statistics as too dull and dry for our present purpose, except to say that an island averaging 150 miles long and 55 broad, that contains about 400,000 inhabitants, that rises into the clouds 8,000 feet above the sea level, that has been ours since 1655 and the world's since 1494, that has long produced the very finest sugar, coffee, rum and ginger, together with its own characteristic pimento, that abounds in woods of the firmest texture and finest hue, that yields the most nutritious food and the most valued fruits, that could furnish, as experiment has proved, abundance of the finest cotton, is a land to be regarded by the utilitarian as well as the tasteful, and that justifies the enthusiasm it kindles, and the affection it inspires.

In the order of description, as in the order of creation, vegetable life precedes animal. The vegetation of Jamaica is singularly rich and luxuriant. The late lamented Dr. Macfadyen, of Kingston, who fell a victim to Asiatic cholera, and to his own professional struggles against it, ascertained and assorted no less than 598 botanical species in the plain of Liguanea alone. Bridges, the annalist of Jamaica, remarks that "when the European discoverers first reached the Antilles, they found all the islands covered with deep forests, whose enormous timbers were bound together by an infinite variety of parasitical plants peculiar to the tropics, forming gloomy bowers and impenetrable masses of the deepest shade. The annual fall of the leaves in these virgin woods, their decomposition, and the natural destruction of the ponderous trunks which bore them, withered by age, or felled by lightning, rendered the earth they covered extremely rich, and forced a prodigious vegetation in those plants which arose as substitutes to the fallen. The trees springing from cliffs, or the summits of mountains, were, for the most part, of the hardest texture; while the valleys, fertilized at the expense of the mountains, were filled with timbers of a softer nature; beneath which grew those succulent plants which the earth liberally produced to supply the wants of its natural inhabitants. Among these, the Caribbean cabbage, the sweet potatoe, the igname, and the couch-couch, are of indigenous growth." He also remarks that patches of fern, in the interior forests, long marked the sterility caused by the unskilful and exhaustive cultivation of the aboriginal Indians, who confined themselves to the rude production of the cocoa and ginger, unassisted nature supplying all their wants. Some sort of sugar-cane appears to have been indigenous to Jamaica, but under English sovereignty the Bourbon cane and the invaluable Guinea grass have been introduced. Cocoa was the favourite staple of the Spaniards in Jamaica, and at first of the English, and was also indigenous. Ginger is easily grown but exhausts the soil. The indigo plant once greatly flourished in the English settlements. Pimento, or allspice, sometimes called Jamaica pepper, is the island's most distinctive produce, and grows on a handsome tree in the uplands and hills. At some distance, the bark appears as if it had been lately whitewashed; the fruit is gathered by breaking off the smaller branches, which, carefully done, serves as a pruning; and, generally, the crop is large only in alternate years. Pasture lands dotted with pimento trees, as in the parish of Saint Anne, present a beautiful park-like aspect. What sugar equals the best of Jamaica in granulation, colour, saccharine matter, and flavour? Mocha itself cannot beat the best Port Royal coffee. And what land produces a finer or more wholesome spirit than old Jamaica rum? The island produces also maize, or Indian corn, proved by analysis to be more nutritive than any extra-tropical corn; and produces the date, cocoa-nut, sago-palm, cabbage-palm, palma Christi or castor oil, bitterwood, camphor, sassafras, cin-

namon, Barbadoes aloes, croton Eleuthera, tobacco, cassava, so useful for cakes and starch, limes, lemons, citron, and orange. There is also a parasitical plant in the uplands which yields a milky fluid, that forms a substance like India-rubber. The prickly pear and several other species of cacti abound. Dr. King, of Glasgow, in a great anti-slavery meeting in Spanish Town, the capital, in 1849, at which the Bishop of Jamaica presided, observed with equal truth and eloquence, "Your soil is confessed to be generally excellent. The weeds of your public roads are the ornamental plants of our greenhouses and hothouses. Your very wilds are orchards. The grandeur of your mountains is qualified only by the soft charms of their vegetation, and the beauty of nature has transformed your rocky cliffs into hanging gardens. Your isle has a central position in the ocean, as if to receive and to dispense the riches of the earth."

Jamaica contains a great variety of wood for the manufacture of beautiful furniture, and for the construction or completion of buildings, though probably only a part is yet known. Besides its well-known mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar, yacca, mahee, ebony, wild orange, yellow sanders, bully tree, lignum vitæ, brazaletta, maiden plum, mountain guava, and several others. The cotton tree excels every other, in size and grandeur; rising and spreading, in its enormous trunk and majestic branches, like the lord of the forest. It flourishes in both the lowlands and the hills; but its wood is so soft that it serves scarcely any purpose but to be scooped out for canoes. Its exquisitely fine cotton is not manufactured. At a certain elevation fern begins to abound, and in the higher mountains it becomes a tree. The varieties are very great, and many of the ferns are delicately fine. The ugly trumpet tree is spared to shade the coffee. The sandbox tree is large, handsomely shaped, with fine foliage, and takes its name from the boxes in which its seeds are enclosed, and which, if plucked in time, make pretty sand-boxes; but if allowed to remain on the tree till they ripen, burst with considerable noise and scatter the seeds around. Thus the Author of nature provides for the distribution as well as preservation of the species. Parasitical plants abound everywhere, except at the greatest heights, and, if allowed to grow, intertwine and cover everything. One kind, called "the Scotchman," encircles trees from bottom to top, and eventually kills them. We are not accountable for the name, or for any aspersion it may denote, neither do we consent to any disparagement of our canny cousins beyond the border. The chewstick may be ground into an excellent tooth-powder; and nothing is more common than to see negro women, early in the morning, as they walk the streets, or emerge from their places of rest, freshening the pearly whiteness of their teeth with a piece of the chewstick, used as a tooth-brush. The sensitive plant grows in the pastures, in some places very abundantly. The plant called "live for ever" will grow anywhere, even hung up in the house, and is so indestructible and prolific that it soon becomes a very troublesome weed. The fruit of the akee, transplanted from Africa, is a very palatable article of food, and is often eaten with salt fish.

Justice cannot be done to Jamaica without a word or two on esculent vegetation. The yam, now known in England, needs neither description nor eulogy. Even an Irishman would utterly forget the potatoe, in his enjoyment of the white and Indian yam. The latter yam, commonly called "yampy," is exceedingly delicate and pleasant. The sweet potatoe is very agreeable occasionally, but is too sweet for constant use. The cocoa, very different from the cocoa palm, and the cocoa for beverage, is not so fine a root as the yam, but of a firmer texture, and more in use among the negroes. The enormous leaves and beautiful clusters of the plaintain and banana greatly heighten the picturesque appearance of the field or garden: the banana may be roasted or eaten as it is plucked; and the plaintain, roasted before it is quite ripe, is one of the most grateful articles of food. Roasted breadfruit is very pleasant and nutritive; but the tree, though remarkably handsome, and very productive, is not extensively cultivated, and has not realised the design of its introduction, probably owing to the abundance and variety of pre-existing food. Nothing can exceed, nothing of the sort equals, the mucilaginous and highly nutritive ochropod, especially in soup. The celebrated soup, called "pepper-pot," is chiefly composed of meat, dried fish, and pepper, and corresponds to the "mullicatawney" of the East Indies. The beautiful cabbage tree, or cabbage palm, growing in the mountains to the height of 150 feet and upwards, forms at its summit and just beneath its beautiful crown of foliage, a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel the tree must be felled. The avocado pear grows on a large tree; it is usually eaten with pepper and salt, and in conjunction with animal food; but its richness and fineness, like the sweetness of honey, must be experienced to be understood: there is nothing in England that can at all be compared to it. For the invalid and for the thirsty traveller, no beverage can surpass the cocoa-nut water; and the jelly of the young cocoa-nut is one of the most delicious of all fruits. Most of the fruits seem to want, at the first and to the European palate, a little of the European acidity; but the pine-apple, the neesberry, the star-apple, the grenadillo, the guava, the mango, the custard-apple, the sweet sop and the sour sop, the cherimoyer, the citron, the orange, the mammee, the shaddock, the pomegranate, the jack, the Jamaica gooseberry, the Tahiti apple, the genip, the melon, the tamarind, the papaw, the cashew, with others, are found to afford great variety and fineness of flavour; and they might all be greatly improved by cultivation, which is scarcely ever bestowed upon any of them; for agriculture, and not horticulture, has been the study and occupation of Jamaica, and is, unquestionably, its chief interest. In the mountains are to be found the English strawberry, apple, pea, potatoe, asparagus, and

artichoke. Indeed there is scarcely any European fruit or vegetable but may be cultivated at some elevation. Throughout the year, there is a constant succession and variety of food. With the varied and abundant produce of the island itself, and the continuous imports from Great Britain and the United States, there is no want of appropriate and acceptable nutriment for either the healthy or the invalid, the delicate or the robust. Very fine mutton and beef may be had in the mountains, though in the lowlands the beef is often lean and tough; and from the fresh and salt water very excellent and various fish is obtained, as mudfish, eels, calapava, kingfish, groupa, mackarel, barracooter, lobster, prawns, shrimps, mullet, jack, and many others. The black crab of Jamaica is much esteemed.

One of the greatest luxuries in the lowlands is an early morning drive. Setting off before sunrise, you find the air refreshingly cool, and feel as if you were inhaling the very atmosphere of paradise. Travelling in Jamaica is done at all hours, when occasion calls; but the knowing ones, who study the welfare of themselves and their horses, and journey at their own option, rest during the noontide heats, and travel in the cool of the morning and afternoon. The interval between sunset and dark is very short; and as the sun begins to disappear the heavy dews begin to fall, which prudent people, especially the delicate, avoid. But at midnight the fall of the dew has ceased, and then travelling may be commenced at any hour with safety. As the morning light prevails, the foliage appears wet with dew, as if heavy rain had fallen; but long before the usual hour of breakfast, every trace of dew disappears, under the glowing heat of the ascending sun.

Nothing is more striking, in very dry seasons, than the contrast between the parched and arid lowlands and the verdant, woody, and grass-grown hills. Below, between the shore and the base of the mountains, or in the bottom of deep interior valleys, there is scarcely a blade of grass, and vegetable life appears almost extinct, except in the hardy cacti, the penguin, the logwood, cashew, and ebony trees; above, where vegetable life aspires to the clouds, and attracts the skyey juices, the luxuriant Guinea-grass covers the hills to the very summit; and the parasitical plants form lofty and extended masses of the finest festooning; while the trees are clad with the richest foliage, and the gardens of the peasantry are either largely yielding, or largely promising, what is pleasant to the eye and good for food. In the plains, the traveller becomes wearied and exhausted from the intense heat of a cloudless, tropical sky; but as he winds his upward way among the interlacing hills, and in the shade of bamboo groves and over-arching trees, he feels as if suddenly transferred to another land and inspired with new life. But the lowlands themselves exhibit strange scenic contrasts. When protracted drought appears to have nearly annihilated vegetation, and Guinea-grass for the cattle has to be supplied from the contiguous or distant hills, a rainy season (May or October) sets in, with gathering clouds, lurid lightning, and pealing thunder; night and day, for several days in succession, the waters pour down as if emptied from innumerable buckets, the streets become deep and rapid streams, the rivers overflow their banks and sweep away cottages and bridges; and then again the rains suddenly cease, the sun shines out with unclouded light and intense heat, vegetation revives with great vigour, and tracts of land that erewhile seemed nothing but clay and dust, become green and gay with luxuriant grass and bright yellow flowers. It is after such rains, preceded by such droughts, that bilious fever chiefly prevails, that medical practitioners are ceaselessly out, and that death gathers an abundant harvest. The chief agricultural produce of the lowlands is the sugar cane; and those estates which lie close to the hills and climb their gentlest acclivities, so as to catch the mountain rains, are often flourishing and remunerative; while sugar estates, farther off, are often parched and languishing. The value of sugar estates depends upon situation and soil, and upon facilities for the cheap and easy shipment of sugar and rum, arising from good roads and contiguous harbours.

It is difficult to describe the mountains of Jamaica. They form the chief portion of the island, running through its whole length, from east to west, in an unbroken chain, which towers to the greatest altitude in the eastern end, forming the celebrated Blue Mountains; then dips towards the centre, shoots up again in the Bull Head Peak, and sinks again, but never meanly, towards the western extremity. Along the northern side of this fine mountain range, the acclivities are generally more gentle and beautiful; along the southern side more abrupt and bold, and often with huge projections seaward. The chief plains are on the southern side, and the prince of them is Liguanea, under the mountains of St. Andrew, and surrounding the city of Kingston. The Blue Mountains are chiefly in the parishes of St. David and Port Royal, and take their name from the blue aspect which, to the spectator on the plains or on the vessel's deck, they uniformly present, as they proudly climb the azure vault, and veil their head in clouds. Driving six miles from Kingston, along a good road, past the Kingston Waterworks, and partly by the banks of the Hope River, you reach the quondam Botanical Gardens. Changing wheel for saddle, you climb the lower hills and skirt an extended and narrow valley, till you crown its upper extremity, called "Guava Ridge," which divides the valley you have past from a capacious basin before you, drained by the Yallahs River, and separated by a range of higher hills from another valley beyond, which is drained by Negro River, an ultimate confluence of the Yallahs. North of this further valley, proudly soars Blue Mountain Peak, 8,000 feet, or upwards of a mile, above the sea-level, wrapping his head in mist and drinking the frequent shower. Crossing these valleys, and the intermediate hills, at certain seasons you see the coffee fields white with blossoms, as if covered with snow; and you inhale the rich odour of the coffee flower, which is a jessamine. At length,

scaling the peak by a path through the bushes and trees, you have a prospect, in a clear day, east, west, north, and south, of mountains and plains, of earth and sea, which can neither be described nor forgotten, and which well repays the fatigue of ascent.

From many a hill-top, in these mountain-masses, you may gaze upon magnificent panoramas — on hill o'erlapping or o'ertopping hill, stretching into the dim distance, or aspiring to the celestial canopy — on spreading plains beneath — on sugar estates far down in the plains, looking like gardens — on the towns of Kingston and Port Royal, with their noble harbours, flanked by Fort Augusta and the Apostles' Battery — and on "the sea, the sea, the open sea" beyond — thinking, as we have thought, while we gazed, of friends far off and of beloved lands beyond the Atlantic, wishing to be a passenger homewards in one of those sheeted or steaming fabrics, and recollecting childhood, school, and youth:—

> "There is a land of every land the pride,
> Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;
> Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
> And milder moons emparadise the night.
>
> . . . .
>
> In every clime, the magnet of the soul,
> Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole."

Who can forget the land that gave him birth, and that nourished him into manhood? "Not that I love Jamaica less, but that I love Fatherland more." The mountains of Jamaica are fitting scenes for poetry and song. Wending your way along the sinuous roads, among and around the ever-varying hills and the cottages and villages of the peasantry; gazing upon the precipitous roadside descents, on the one hand, and upon the successive elevations, on the other — the deep ravines and gorges — the ample valleys and confluent streams, you may contemplate the loves of the clouds and the mountains, and the abundant progeny of rains, rills, and rivers; you may expatiate, with fancy and feeling, upon the aspects of a land ennobled by freedom and consecrated by religion. Following the road of a frontier ridge, you reach an opening in the hills, whence you see, with equal distinctness, on the one hand, Blue Mountain Peak and the basin of the Yallahs beneath, interspersed with coffee-works, negro villages, and places of worship; and on the other hand, the hills melting into the lowlands, and the plains declining into the sea.

Such are some of our recollections of the vegetation and scenery of our Queen of the West.

THE POOR MAN'S HONEY—AND THE BEES WHO MAKE IT.

Literæ mel est vitæ. Literature is the honey of life. The saying has become a proverb, and thousands and tens of thousands of luxurious readers are ready to attest its truth. Of late years the taste for literature, of some kind or other, has wonderfully extended, and descended—from the upper and leisurely classes, through the middle and well-to-do classes, down, down, down to the lower and lowest orders. The whole world of England and Scotland is fast becoming a reading world; and solid acres of solid small print are rushing forth from a thousand steam presses, to feed the insatiable appetite of hungry millions. The appetite grows daily by what it feeds on—and this alone is perhaps no bad sign of the quality of the food. It were a curious speculation to test and taste this low-priced honey. Like Jonathan son of Saul, we may dip the end of our staff in it some day; at present we go in search of the working Bees who provide it. These bees have no common hive, unless it be the printing office; they dwell and labour apart in solitary cells, and must be diligently sought out, or they will not be found. It is usual to denominate the contributors to a standard journal, its literary staff; but the writers who cater for the poor man's amusement, do not come under the denomination; they are not a staff, if by that we are to understand a combination of forces; they are rather rivals, each one endeavouring to make head against the others. Who are they?—these industrious scribblers who supply the demand of the million? whose literary honey is retailed at the rate of four or five thousand lines for a penny, with a couple of works of art into the bargain — who spin those interminable yarns, that last from one year's end to another — who furnish this vast mass of intellectual pabulum, such as it is? Let us take a glance at one or two specimens that have fallen in our way; the rule of simple multiplication will help us to the rest.

Mr. Patrick Sanguine came to town about twenty years ago, or something less, in the heyday of youth, with a brace of epic poems in his portmanteau, and twenty more in his head. He brought letters of introduction to some of the first literary men of the day, and was not a little proud of an intimacy with the poet Campbell, who gave him good advice, and lent him the key of Lincoln's Inn Gardens, where, by a poetical fiction, he might fancy himself in Arcadia, in the centre of London. By some means or other, perhaps through the interest or recommendation of the Bard of Hope, he contrived to get his grand epic poem, entitled "Wickedness, or the Devil in Everything," into print, and he canvassed the whole town for subscribers, while it was going through the press, carrying about with him a sheet of very blank

verse as a specimen, and heading his subscription list with the name of the Queen Dowager, who was down for a dozen copies. There was not a happier man in being than Patrick, while this process was going on. He drew a few pounds from the publisher occasionally, on the strength of the goodly list of subscribers which his voluble tongue enabled him to seduce, and spent them with the liberality of a prince, in the company of a few choice spirits, who frequented his favourite tavern. He became the lion of second-rate soirées, and enacted the character in first-rate style. His conversation was an inexhaustible flow of humour and high spirits; he told capital stories, and sung his own songs, and laughed, and made others laugh the live-long night. By and by his poem came out, and his patrons and the public were effectually puzzled for a few days — but not long. A few brief criticisms in the newspapers and the literary journals, followed close upon the publication. They were cannon shots to Patrick's reputation and pretensions, and blotted him out at once and for ever from the catalogue of the bards, and, what was worse for him, from the position he had assumed. Patrick disappeared all at once from society, and from his lodgings in Surrey-street, and went no man knew whither. The "Wickedness" was piously rejected by the whole town, with the exception of the butterman; shoals of uncut copies found their way into the threepenny box of the stall bookseller, where, thumbed by errand-boys and splashed with mud, they lay month after month, till the annual "wasting" came round, and then they finally disappeared. By this time Patrick was well nigh wasted himself, and came forth from his hiding-place with woe-worn face, and seedy, threadbare garb. Poets must live, as well as other men, and our poor poet, urged by grim necessity, began to besiege the publishers for employment; he could not afford to take "No" for an answer, and would not take it. Luckily the penny broadsheet started into being, and Patrick clutched upon the skirts of it with the tenacity of a barnacle. He soon installed himself as working poet to the concern, and taking the oracular department, spent his days and nights in the concoction of riddles, charades, conundrums, and rebuses, by manufacturing which, at the charge of one shilling each, and doing them into verse, he managed, though but in a scurvy way, to solve the difficult problem which his stomach was perpetually propounding. Then he made the fortunate discovery, that though he could not make an epic poem, he could make, nay he had a sublime talent for making, an index. He worked this idea to good purpose, and by persevering in his suit to the publishers, contrived to get one from the tailor, and again shone as a literary man in a decent garb. Then he made a descent upon the renowned firm of Messrs. Cutem and Dryem, and offered to immortalise their pantaloons upon terms which it was not consistent with their principles to decline, and he did immortalise them, turning at length the heroic couplets of his "Wickedness" to some account, by altering them just a little to suit the pantaloons. We happened to need his services some twelve months ago in the matter of an index, and procuring his address from the printer, sought him out. Plunging into a dark archway leading from the Strand down to the margin of the river, we found the door of the house standing open, and following the directions of a slip-shod dirty-faced maiden of fifteen years, and five times fifteen rags and patches, we ascended the mud-dried staircase to the fourth and topmost floor. Here we tapped at the "second door on the right," and being requested by a jovial voice to "come in," entered. There sat Patrick upon a chair without a back, in front of a rusty grate lacking the middle bar, and an ashy fire. A coarse apron was tied round his middle, and a blanket drawn from the unmade bed was thrown over his shoulders and pinned round his neck. He had just finished the operation of cooking a pound of potatoes, in a saucepan as big as a band-box, which he had borrowed from his landlady, and having tucked up his shirt sleeves, was in the act of peeling and eating them with a little salt screwed up in paper. His dining table was the flat bottom of his portmanteau turned upside down. The small deal dressing-table was covered with a litter of papers, newspaper cuttings, pens, and an earthenware jar of ink, among which lay a clean pair of wristbands for out-door wear. His gentlemanly coat and hat hung behind the door, whence they were only displaced, it was evident, when he had occasion to go abroad.

He rose on our entrance, and motioned us to a seat — on the edge of the bed. "Good morning, sir — Mr. —— I believe — you catch me doing the anchorite, you see — I ought to apologize — but it's quite classical, you know. Seneca dined upon turnips. I prefer potatoes myself, as less watery; by the way, I have a plan for making them cook themselves, but that's a secret at present, as I intend to make a paragraph, perhaps a little paper, of it, for our broad sheet. You have brought me a volume, I believe, to be indexed — that is, if I understood Mr. Types aright. You may depend upon having it fairly done and in time — you have only to name the day. I never disappoint the press — that is one of my principles — why should I? The press is the best friend I have." Thus he ran on for some minutes without drawing breath, and occupying himself the while in shovelling coals from under the bed upon the fire — in replacing the towel which had served as a tablecloth upon the key of the cupboard door, in carrying the saucepan to the landing, in righting the portmanteau, in drawing on his boots, and polishing them when on, in washing his hands, in buttoning on his wristbands, mounting a clean "dickey" which he extracted from the cupboard without opening it wider than to allow for the admission of his hand — in throwing off his blanket and apron, and induing his glossy coat. "Now, my dear sir," said he, "I am ready to receive your orders before I go out — you will excuse these little mysteries of my poor toilet, I know; my apartment is but circumscribed, you see; but what of that? better men than I have occupied less room before to-day — there's no philo-

sophy in grumbling," &c. &c. Patrick received our directions, and executed them carefully and punctually.

Any one who would estimate the poor poet's ways and means and enjoyments from the above scene, would do even the miserable grade which he occupies in the profession of literature an injustice. It is a part of Patrick's principles to "put the screw on," as he terms it, within doors, in order that he may show the best possible front to the world — the enemy — without. He works hard, and drudges painfully throughout the day, and though it consumes the best part of his hardly-won capital to make a genteel appearance, yet he *is* genteel in the eye of the public, and would turn the screw yet tighter rather than to appear otherwise. His enjoyments, which are not of the fireside species, come in at the end of the day. His connection with the press and its purveyors, slender as it is, procures him the means of gratuitous admission to a long list of places of public entertainment, which he can frequent as often as he pleases, and which he does frequent, almost nightly. His true home is the multitudinous family party assembled at the theatre, the concert, or at some public spectacle, and his real banquet is the tavern board, where chops, steaks, and kidneys mingle their fleshy flavours with the odours of port-wine negus, and brandy and water. There is a chance yet open to Patrick. If he steer clear of intemperance, he will rise into a sub-editor one of these days, and, by the judicious exercise of scissors and pen, earn for himself a standing position as "a member of the press."

Herr Klauer Heimlos is a bushy-bearded German of our acquaintance, who having imbibed certain republican notions, made himself too busy at the outbreak in Vienna in 1848, and before the year was out found it not merely expedient, but imperative, to fly to some other city of refuge. He arrived in England without a dollar in his pocket, but with as black a beard and as fine and aristocratic-looking a physiognomy as ever surmounted the manly proportions of five feet eleven. It so fell out—whether it was an act of sheer prudence or extreme folly we do not pretend to determine—that, being qualified by poverty for a trial of matrimony in the abstract, he married an English waiting-maid before he had learned the English tongue. The small savings of the lady were very soon exhausted, and then Herr Heimlos rushed into literature like a forlorn hope into a breach bristling with bayonets. He began translating, with the aid of his wife, who had to mould his broken English into shape, the thousand and one romances of the German school. He applied to a broad-sheet proprietor, and having got his first piece accepted at a bread-and-cheese price, he contracted with his employer to furnish a thousand lines a week at the rate of two shillings the hundred. His work is about three times as toilsome as that of a mill-horse. He and his wife have been at it now for about three years, without once failing in supplying the quota agreed upon. The liberal publisher, however, like the Laird of Buchan, fearing lest the influx of too much wealth should sap the energies of his voluminous author, has considerately withheld two-thirds of the payment. The receipts for labour done have actually been eight-pence, and no more, for every hundred printed lines—the rest being allowed to stand over and accumulate as a debt—of course a debt of honour, to be liquidated when the publisher takes to dealing in that article.

Terence Donohoo, Esq., took a degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and was intended by his guardians for the priesthood; but an accidental discussion with a friend made him a Protestant. He forsook the church, and for want of any other choice commenced studying for the bar. He occupies at present upper chambers in the Temple; but the law has been but a step-mother to him, and he has never yet received a brief that was worth receiving. He lives upon literature and tobacco. His pipe, a blackened meerschaum which never leaves his mouth, is part of his portrait. He smokes and writes, penning and puffing together, all the day and half the night. His lucubrations are on diverse subjects and of a very various character—novels and romances, history, topography, and matters of science, criticisms dramatic and artistic, essays ethical and intellectual, and political diatribes of the ultra-democratic cast. His performances are too vague and mysterious for the sober tone of the monthlies, but he finds a voice in the weekly penny broad-sheet, among the readers of which he is regarded as a "great gun," and with the editorship of which he has something to do. He can write upon all subjects, no matter what, and keeps a pile of manuscripts of various lengths constantly upon hand ready to fill up any vacuum that may occur. His office is a complete manufactory of cheap literature, where there is ever a good stock on hand ready to supply any sudden demand. During assize time he is away from chambers, and busy at the printing-office, having stuck upon the door of his outer room a notice, "Gone upon Circuit." He is known to every publisher of a weekly sheet, and to every printer too, between Charing Cross and Saint Paul's Churchyard, and is regarded as a sort of universal "*pis aller*," a last resource to be had recourse to at the last moment when expected contributions have failed to arrive, and a blank has to be filled up. He is an amazingly clever fellow, and clever in nothing so much as in making a very little wit go a very long way. He can write ten chapters on a button-hole, and ten more if they are wanted by way of second thoughts upon the same subject. He would describe the journey from one end of Chancery-lane to the other at greater length than an average writer would occupy in narrating the circumnavigation of the globe. His boast is, in short, that he can go any lengths upon any topic—and he can do it too. Of course he is a valuable man—and he knows his value. He and such as he are the back-bone of the penny broad-sheet, which being an omnivorous monster, devouring literature by the ream, must be fed to the minute when feeding time comes.

The Reverend Paul Polyglott, seven years ago, was a poor curate, officiating in one of the black,

sooty, and smoky suburbs of London, and "passing *poor* with forty pounds a year." He had the finest opportunity in the world for the practice of abstinence and self-denial, being surrounded with the miserably needy and wretched of the worst and most demoralized class. His manse was a three-pair back room, abutting upon a soap-boiler's chimney, where he was supposed to dwell in the odour of sanctity—and putrefaction, and to shine as a light in a dark place, to the edification of his parishioners. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of his cure, he had no excessive predilections for playing the part of the Man of Ross; there was a dash of the reformer in his composition, and a most inconsistent longing for the means and appliances of gentility and comfort made him uneasy. At length, as his one black suit grew threadbare, he began to cast about seriously for some means of providing an income which should enable him to assume the appearance of something at least better than a scarecrow. He naturally, as a man of letters, turned to the grey-goose quill, and as naturally, having taken up the pen to write, wrote of his own grievances, and the grievances of his order. A caustic paper virulently attacking the "ten thousand pounders" of the church—the bishops and the pluralists—was with many misgivings, and not without some secret remorse, forwarded to the Editor of the "Penny Smashall." It was immediately accepted and printed, and a guinea returned to the writer, much to his delectation and enlightenment. Paul eyed the guinea with considerable interest—put it in his pocket, and mended his pen. This stimulus was all that was wanted. He soon set his wits to work to improve the connection which he had thus established with the press. He penned more hard words against the abuses of the church, and received more guineas—and made the discovery ere long, that the heavier metal he fired off, the heavier was the return in gold to his pocket. At length the proprietor of the "Smashall," willing to secure the continuance of his services, proposed a meeting, and, after a little preliminary conversation, tendered him the editorship of the paper, with a salary of a hundred a year, under stipulations that he should supply from his own pen a certain number of columns weekly. The reverend gentleman agreed to the proposal—threw up his cure of souls, out of regard to his own body, and entered upon the work. He is now a sharp thorn in the sides of that church of which he was once an unadorned pillar, and has laid the whole enormities of its ecclesiastical system bare to the comprehension of clown and cobbler, and continues his elucidations to the present hour, vastly to the satisfaction of that large section of the public, who prefer the outside of the church to the inside. He lives and writes incog., under a pseudonym well known to the public. Among the orthodox, his productions pass for those of an infidel—though it would be difficult to say why, unless it be that he satirically enforces the practices of Christianity upon those whom the public pays so well for the profession of it. He declares that he is still a preacher as much as ever—the only difference being, that he has transferred his instructions from the flock to the shepherds, as the parties in his estimation most in need of them.

We might multiply such individual instances as the above *ad infinitum*. The cheap pennyworth has called into being a whole army of authors and authoresses, among the ranks of which are to be found numbers of poor and half-starved professionals waiting for employment—governesses out of place, or in place and villanously paid—superannuated and unpensioned ladies' maids and companions—single women more or less educated—and great girls and gawky boys anxious to see themselves in print. The result is, that the avenues to the press are choked up with aspirants for literary reputation or literary reward. One effect of it all is, the gradual improvement of the monster mass of literature which is daily devoured. In the attempt to improve others a crowd of unfledged writers are teaching themselves, and their improvement is becoming manifest in the more healthy complexion of their productions, and in the growing discouragement of what is intrinsically vicious and worthless.

ST. FLORIAN; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The night was dark, and the lamps of the Rue du Temple had nearly all been extinguished by a high wind; there was no moon visible.

It was in the month after the capture of Paris, in 1815, that the adventures I am about to relate occurred to me.

The defeat at Waterloo, the rapid advance of the British troops, the capture of Cambray by Sir Charles Colville, of Peronne by the brigade of guards under Major-General Maitland, and, last of all, the seizure and military occupation of the great and glorious city of Paris—the citadel of Napoleon—the heart of France, had exasperated the French, and excited their animosity against

us. Every citizen greeted us with darkened brows and lowering eyes.

No officer of the Allied army could pass through the streets of Paris in perfect safety without being armed, and few went abroad from their billets or cantonments after nightfall, unless in small parties of three or four, for mutual protection. On many occasions we were openly insulted and severely maltreated in the more solitary streets or meaner suburbs of the city; while in the taverns and restaurateurs our quarrels were frequent with the old men of the revolution, who had witnessed the decapitation of Louis and the demolition of the Bastille; but still more so with the soldiers of Buonaparte, who were swarming in every part of Paris, in plain clothes, or in the rags and remnants of their uniform.

Those French officers whom we met at the promenades, on the Boulevards, in the Jardin des Plantes, at the theatres, or in the salons and billiard rooms, sought quarrels with us quite as frequently as their men; but these, of course, ended in hostile rencontres, and for the first week or two a morning seldom passed without a French or British or Prussian officer being borne, dead or wounded, through a mocking crowd at the barriers, from the Bois de Boulogne.

In all these wanton quarrels and street assaults the republicans eminently distinguished themselves, and often vented their pitiful spleen by spitting at us from the windows; by hissing and railing at us in language that would have disgraced the denizens of the infamous faubourg St. Antoine; but after a time, when it became generally known that their great emperor had surrendered himself to Captain Maitland, of the Bellerophon, and submitted to the clemency of Britain, their virulence abated, and their manner became somewhat changed towards us; though their hatred of the Russian troops, sharpened by the bitter memories of the retreat from Moscow, was undying and inextinguishable.

It is an old story now; but Lord Wellington had taken every means to insure the tranquillity of the city, and to repress any armed outbreak, which must assuredly have ended in its utter destruction; for the Black Eagle of Hapsburg soared above Montmartre, and the Union of Britain waved over the splendid garden, the winding walks, and leafy groves of the Champs Elysées; the brass cannon of Blucher were planted at every barrier-gate, loaded with grape and canister, to rake the streets at a moment's notice; while by night and by day, his artillerists, in their blue great coats and bearskin caps, remained by their guns, with swords drawn and matches lighted. A regiment of Scottish Highlanders occupied the Tuilleries; the Prussian advanced guard was in position on the road to Orleans, cutting off the remnant of the French army who had survived the 18th of June, and still obeying the baton of Davoust, were lingering on the banks of the Loire. Every approach to Paris was guarded by our infantry, and a strong division of the Allies were encamped in the Wood of Boulogne, and along the right bank of the Seine, so far as St. Ouen.

Never was Paris, the glory of France, more completely humbled since Henry of England unfurled his banner on its walls!

My regiment, the 5th Hussars, were the third, or Sir Colquhoun Grant's cavalry brigade. We were quartered at Ligny, a small town on the Marne, about fifteen miles from Paris, where we occupied the ancient Benedictine monastery, which had been founded in the eighth century by St. Fursi, a Scot, as the old curé of the place informed me; and there, with an irreverence for which the public utility, the chances of war, and the orders of the quartermaster-general must plead our excuse, we stabled our horses in the church, and stored our rations and forage in the chapel of Our Lady of Compassion.

It was while matters at Paris were in the state I have described, that I obtained leave from parade one day, hooked on my pelisse and sabre, and rode from Ligny to visit the city of sunshine and gaiety, bustle and smoke, music and wine, intending to return to my billet, which was in the house of the curé, near the bridge over the Marne.

I was in time to see the Russians reviewed by the Emperor Alexander, and passed the day very agreeably, visiting the Champ de Mars, the Tuilleries, where the soldiers in the garb of old Gaul were keeping guard, as in the days of the Ancient Alliance; the site of the Bastille, the Hotel des Invalides, where many an old soldier of the empire saluted me with more of sternness than respect in their aspect; the Temple where the hapless Louis had been confined, and the noble gallery of the Louvre, on the lofty walls of which were many a blank where the officers of the Allied army had torn down and conveyed away the artistic spoils of their several nations, spoils wrested from every city in Europe by the invading armies of Napoleon.

I dined at a restaurateur's on a beefsteak *à l'Anglais* and kickshaws, a bottle of tent dashed with brandy, and walked forth to enjoy a cigar on the Boulevards, where several of our bands from the Champs Elysées, and those of the Austrians from Montmartre, were playing divinely for the amusement of the thousands crowding those magnificent promenades, which, as all the world knows, or ought to know, encircle the good city of Paris, and were shaded by many a stately plane and lime tree, that was levelled to form the barricades of the last revolution.

There were the officers of the Allies in all uniforms, the scarlet of Britain, the white of Austria, the blue of Prussia, and the green of Russia, with all the varieties of their different branches of service, horse, foot, artillery, and rifles; Calmucks, Tartars, Scots, Highlanders, and English guardsmen, jostling and mingling among moustachioed students of l'Ecole de Médicine, French priests in their long plain surtouts and white collars, and Parisian dandies in their puckered trowsers, short frock coats, and little hats; while the ladies, seated on camp stools, formed each the centre of a circle, in which revolved a little world of wit and chat and laughter; and the vendors of cigars, of bon-bons, hot coffee,

and iced lemonade pushed their way and a brisk trade through the crowd together.

I had tired of all this, and was thinking of my fifteen miles ride back to Ligny, through a rural district to which I was a stranger, though I had my sabre and pistols, and luckily the latter had been loaded by my groom. Nine o'clock was tolling from the steeples of Paris; the crowds on the Boulevards were dispersing; the bands had all played the old Bourbon anthem, *Vive Henri Quatre!* and with the troops had repaired to their several cantonments. The trumpets of the Austrians had pealed their last night call from Montmartre, and the English drums from the Champs Elysées, and the shrill Scottish pipes from the Tuilleries, had replied to them. The lighted portfires of the Prussian artillery were beginning to gleam at the Barriers. The streets were becoming deserted and still.

Turning down the Rue du Temple, as I have stated, from the Boulevard St. Martin, I endeavoured to make my way to the stables of the hotel where I had left my horse.

The darkness had increased very much, and the oil lamps in the thoroughfares were few and far between, and creaked mournfully in concert with many a signboard as they swung to and fro to the full extent of the cords that suspended them in the centre of the way.

Aware that the streets of Paris were then far from safe after nightfall, and that the knife of the assassin was used as adroitly within sound of the bells of Notre Dame as on the banks of the Ebro—with my furred pelisse buttoned up, and my sabre under my arm, I hurried on, anxious to avoid all rencontres with chevaliers d'industrie and other vagrants, whom from time to time, by the occasional light of the swinging lanterns, I could perceive lurking in the shadows of porches and projections of the ancient street.

I soon became aware that two of these personages were dogging or accompanying me, on the opposite side of the way; increasing their pace if I quickened mine, and lingering when I halted or stepped short. Anxious to avoid brawls, for on that point the orders of the Duke of Wellington were alike stringent and severe, I continued to walk briskly forward, keeping a sharp eye to my two acquaintance, whose dusky figures seemed like shadows gliding along the opposite wall, for the cold and high night wind had extinguished so many of the oil lanterns, that some of the streets branching off towards the Boulevard du Temple and the Rue St. Martin were involved in absolute darkness and gloom.

I was somewhat perplexed, after wandering for a considerable distance, to find myself on the margin of the Seine, which jarred against its quays, flowing on like a dark and moveless current, in which the twinkling lights of the Quai de Bourbon and the gigantic shadows of the double towers of the church of Notre Dame were reflected.

My followers had disappeared; but my uneasiness was no way diminished, being well aware that the clank of my spurs might mark my whereabouts; and I was conscious that the gorgeously-laced hussar pelisse and jacket of the ——th were more than enough to excite cupidity. I shrunk back from the Seine, on thinking of the ghastly Morgue (with its rows of naked corpses spread like fish on leaden trays) and the five francs given by the Police of Paris for every body *found* in the river at daybreak.

A low whistle made me start!

I turned round, and at that moment received a blow from a bludgeon, which would infallibly have fractured my left temple, had not my thick fur cap, with its long scarlet kalpeck saved me. I reeled, and immediately found myself seized by four ruffians, who flung themselves upon me, and endeavoured to pinion my arms, and wrench from me my sabre, while they dragged me towards the edge of the Quai de la Grève.

Strong, young, active, and exasperated, I struggled with them desperately, and succeeded in obtaining the hilt of my sabre, which I immediately unsheathed, for the fellow who had been endeavouring to drag it from my belt, grasped it by the sheath only; and an instant sufficed to level him on the pavement, with his jaw cloven through, and there he lay, yelling with rage and pain, and blaspheming in the style of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Upon this his companions fled.

Solitary as the quay had appeared, the cries of the wounded bravo brought around me a swarm of vagrants from house-stairs, from nooks in the parapets of the Pont Notre Dame, and from all the various holes and corners, where they had been nestling for the night, or hiding from the patrols of the gensd'armes; and recognising me at once as an officer of that detested Allied army, which had swept their vast host from the plains of Waterloo, and prostrated the eagle and tricolor, they assailed me with every epithet of opprobrium that hatred and malice could suggest; and there was an almost universal shout of "A la lanterne! à la lanterne!" in which, no doubt, my first assailants joined; and immediately I saw a lamp descend, as the cord was unfastened from the wall of the street, and lowered for my especial behoof.

Alarmed and exasperated at the danger and insult with which I was menaced, I endeavoured to break through the press, by threateningly brandishing with my sabre, but though the circle around me widened, still I was encompassed at every step, and made the mark at which a pitiless shower of mud, stones, and abuse poured without a moment's cessation.

While some cried *à la lanterne!* others shouted for the *gensd'armes* and accused me of murder. I could perceive to my no small concern, that the knave I had cut down lay motionless upon the pavement; and most unpleasant ideas floated before me, that even if I escaped immolation at the hands of these enraged Parisians, I might have to encounter the greater humiliation and graver terrors of Monsieur le Duc de Guiché — the Cour Royale de Paris — the Chamber of Appeals — the Correctional Police, and Heaven only knew what more.

At this perplexing crisis, a young French officer, in the scarlet uniform of the Garde du Corps of Louis XVIII., broke through the crowd, exclaiming,

"Halt! hold — in the name of the king — Down with you, insolent citizens! Is it thus you treat our allies? Nom d'un Pape! but I will sabre the first that lays a finger upon him. Permit me — this way, Monsieur Officier;" and he put his arm through mine.

We were in a low quarter of the city; the crowd of squalid wretches was increasing around us every moment; lights flashed at the opened windows of the neighbouring houses, and I could perceive the glittering bayonets, and the great cocked hats of a sergeant and six gensd'armes hurrying along the lighted quay, either to my rescue or capture, but which was dubious, for the vagabond women and rag-pickers continued to yell incessantly,

"Arrest! arrest! — seize the English murderer! away with him to the concierge!"

My heart beat quick; but my new friend of the garde du corps seemed to be quite *au fait* in the management of such affairs, by the admirable tact and decision he displayed. Calling lustily for the gensd'armes, he suddenly grasped half-a-dozen of the foremost men in succession, and rapidly — for he was a powerful fellow, threw them in a heap over the wounded man, thus increasing the tumult, the rage, and the confusion.

Then seizing me by the hand, he said hurriedly, "Monsieur will pardon me — but come this way or you will be torn to pieces!" and half leading, half dragging me, he conveyed me down a dark and narrow street. "Nom d'un Pape! I could not see a brother of the epaulette maltreated by these rascally citizens," he continued, laughing heartily at the rage and confusion of the bourgeois. "Ha! ha! follow me! I know how to escape. There are deuced few outlets, holes or corners, byeways or sallyports in Paris, that I don't know. Ah corbœuf! didn't they all tumble delightfully over like so many ninepins? Ha! ha! but hark! they follow us. Hasten with me, Monsieur Officier, and remember that a brawl in this neighbourhood may prove infinitely more dangerous to *you* than to me."

I was too well aware of that to resist his guidance and advice; and having no ambition to suffer, like St. Stephen, at the hands of a mob, or (escaping that) to figure next morning before the correctional police, and in the evening endure a reprimand from Wellington, I fairly turned, and, accompanying my guide, ran at full speed along the dark alley, laughing heartily at the affair. Gathering like a snowball, as it rolled along, the multitude came on, puffing and shouting, and swearing and yelling behind us.

"This way," cried my guide, who laughed uproariously, and seemed one of the merriest fellows imaginable; "this way — Vive la joie! we are all right now!"

"Where are you leading me, in the name of all that is miraculous?" I exclaimed, as my companion, laying violent hands upon my sash, almost dragged me down a flight of steps, which apparently led into the bowels of the earth. The appearance of the vast depth to which they descended being increased by a few hazy oil lamps that twinkled at the bottom.

"Excuse me, Monsieur," said I; "what the mischief — 'tis a strange den this! I will go no further!"

"Courage, mon brave! courage! why we have only descended about a hundred steps or so;" replied the Frenchman, still continuing to descend. "You will find this an old and odd place too; but if you would escape an enraged rabble, the claws of the police, the maison de force, the prison, and the devil, follow me, and trust to my honour. I am Antoine St. Florian, captain of the garde du corps, and late of the 23rd grenadiers under the Emperor. You are safe — I know every nook of this subterranean world, for I have found a shelter in its ample womb many a time before to-night."

He still continued to speak as he descended, but the sound of his voice became lost in the vast space of the hollow vaults: my curiosity was excited: I still kept my sabre drawn, prepared for any sudden surprise or act of treachery, and continued to descend some hundred steps, to a depth which I afterwards ascertained to be 360 feet.

"This way, Monsieur; on—on yet!" exclaimed my conductor, hurrying me forward through a gloomy vault, and at that moment I heard the uproar of the multitude, and the buzz of their mingled voices resounding afar off, and high above us at the mouth of the lofty staircase.

The aspect of the place in which I so suddenly found myself was so strange, so novel, so grotesquely horrible, that for some moments I was unable to speak, and gazed about me in astonishment. The whole place seemed hewn out of the living rock, and the height of its roof was about twelve feet from the floor, which was uniformly paved. In every direction caverns were seen branching off lighted by lamps which vanished away in long lines of perspective till they seemed to twinkle and expire amid the noxious and foggy vapours of this wonderful place, which appeared like a vast subterranean city, or the work of enchantment. The atmosphere was cold as that of a winter day, and I was sensible of the utmost difficulty of respiration.

Myriads of human skulls, grim, bare, and fleshless, with grinning jaws and eyeless sockets, piles of human bones, gaunt arms and jointed thighs, basket-like ribs and ridgy vertebræ, were ranged in frightful mockery along the sides of the vaulted alleys or avenues of this subterranean city of Death. The ghastly taste of some grim artist had arrayed all these poor emblems of mortality in the form of columns with capitals and arcades of intertwisted arches, but from every angle of which the bare jaws grinned, and the empty sockets looked drearily down upon us, producing an effect that, when viewed by the dim and uncertain light of the oil lamps, was alike wondrous and terrible. I was now in the Catacombs of Paris, that place of which I had heard so much.

To me who had but recently left the Peninsula, the appearance of these remnants of the men of other years was less striking than it would prove to visitors generally; for many a time and oft, I had bivouacked where the dead of France and England lay unburied; and I thought of Albuera and the plains of Salamanca, where we had encamped within twelve months after battles had been fought there —and pitched our tents and lighted our camp fires on ground strewn for miles and miles with the half-buried skeletons of the brave who had fallen there, producing an effect that was never to be effaced from the memory. There the triumphs of death were calculated to impress the mind with melancholy; but *here* it was too grotesquely grim and horrible.

Scraps of verses from Ovid, Virgil, and Anacreon appeared over the entrances of these caverns or crypts, in gilt letters that glimmered through the gloom; while, with a strange incongruity, but in true keeping with the morbid taste of the French, large red and yellow bills, the advertisements of the theatres, the fashionable hotels, concerts, and tailors, &c. appeared on different parts of the walls.

At a little distance there bubbled up a sparkling fountain, the plash of which rang hollowly in the vast vaults, as it fell into a large basin, where a number of gold fish were swimming. Over it shone the legend, in gilded letters,

"THIS IS THE WATER OF OBLIVION."

"They are strange and frightful places, these catacombs, Monsieur St. Florian," said I.

"True, mon ami," he replied, pausing to take breath; "but famous for the growth of asthmatic coughs, and all diseases of the lungs. Peste! What an uproar these bourgeois make. The affair has quite sobered me, for I was somewhat unsteady before. My face is scratched, I think. Does it seem so?"

"Rather."

"Mille baionettes! do you say so? and I shall be for guard to-morrow at the chateau — and with this swollen face. Morbleu! what will the ladies think?"

"I regret very much, Monsieur le capitaine, that for me" ——

"Pho! my dear fellow, no apologies; I care not a sous about it," said my new friend, whom I could now see to be a tall and handsome fellow, whose scarlet uniform, faced and lapelled with blue, fitted him to admiration. His face was prepossessing in its contour, and was very much "set off," or enhanced, by his sparkling dark eyes, his jet moustache, and smart red forage-cap; but he had quite the air of a *roué*, and the unmistakeable bearing of a man about town. "Ha! ha!" he continued, "how messieurs the bourgeois were rolled over each other; that was indeed a coup de grace — the trick of an old routier! Ah! 'twas poor Jacques Chataigneur taught me that."

"How hollow our voices sound in these vaults," said I, after a pause; for the Frenchman's merry tones and light remarks seemed strange to me amid the deathlike stillness of a place so sad, so gloomy. "The echoes seem to come from an amazing distance."

"Oui: I will vouch for it, Monsieur never saw a place like this before. The Parisian dead of a dozen centuries are piled about us, and afford fine scope for philosophy and moralising. Diable! what an uproar there will be among all these separated heads, legs, and arms, when the last trumpet sounds; and many a hearty malediction will be bestowed on Monsieur Lenoir, of the Correctional Police, who, to please the morbid taste of the good bourgeoisie of Paris, made all this ghastly display. Corbœuff! the skulls are all piled up like cannon balls on the arsenal — there were more than two millions of them at the last muster. But, hark!"

At that moment we heard a distant cry of "*A la lanterne!* Death to the Englishman!" and a rush of footsteps down the long staircase followed.

"We had better secure our retreat," said the French captain; "all the avenues are closed, save that at the Val de Grace; and if messieurs the gensd'armes possess themselves of it, we shall be captured like mice in a trap. The lieutenant-general ordered all the other outlets to be closed, because they afforded safe and sudden retreats for chevaliers d'industrie, and other worthies, who, after nightfall, become thick as locusts in the streets of this pious and good city of Paris. *Nombril de Belzebub!* behold! our friends have been reinforced."

I looked back, and could see a party of about twenty gensd'armes advancing, but at a great distance, and their fixed bayonets flashed like stars in these misty caverns. The mob were in hundreds behind them, and the clatter of their feet and their cries rang with a thousand reverberations through the vast vacuity of these echoing catacombs. We could see them all distinctly; for though a quarter of a mile distant, the lamps burned brightly where they were passing.

"I have my sabre, and will confront these rascals," I exclaimed, becoming inflamed with sudden passion; "they dare not lay hands on me, as a British officer."

"Peste!" he replied, laughing; "I think you have seen whether they will or not. 'Tis better not to trust them; a bayonet stab I do not mind, but think how unpleasant for a gentleman to be captured at the instance of a few rascally citizens. 'Twill never do! We are not far now from the Val de Grace. This way, up the steps, and I will lead you to a secret doorway, near a nice little house that I know of, and where a pretty face will welcome us with smiles."

By the hand he conducted me up several flights of steps, along an excavated corridor, where the cold wind blew freely in my face, and from thence by a doorway, the exact locality of which seemed well known to him, ushered into a dark and quiet street, in a part of Paris quite unknown to me.

"My friend, we are safe; that is the Val de Grace," said my frank friend, pointing to a large mass of building;" there is the Rue Marionette, and that large street still full of open shops, light, and people, is the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques,

which leads straight across the river. We can mingle with the crowd, and there all traces of us will be lost."

"Any way you please," I replied; "never having been in this part of Paris before, I am quite bewildered. Lead on, if you please—it is a dark place, this."

"The Russians have probably been passing this way. It is well known in Paris that these piggish Muscovites never return to their camp from a ball or café without drinking up the contents of every lamp within their reach; nor can all the alertness of the gend'armerie prevent them."

On gaining the main street of the faubourg, the blaze of the lighted shops, the long lines of lamps, the gaiety and bustle which were seen on every side, together with the free healthy breath of the upper air, were a pleasant exchange for the dark and silent caverns we had quitted, where breathing was almost impossible and the mind was oppressed by the gloom of surrounding objects.

"Vive la joie!" exclaimed Captain St. Florian, almost dancing as he took my arm; "how delightful is the free air of the streets after leaving that pestilent pit. Ouf! I shall never trust myself down there again. But now we must sup together at a restaurateur's. Come to the Oriflamme; 'tis down the Rue de Bondy Merci! there is a pretty waiteress there—a perfect Hebe. Her smart lace cap and braided apron—her red cheeks and roguish eyes will quite vanquish you."

"Well, then, the Oriflamme be it."

"You will behold teeth and eyes that some of our dames in the great world of fashion would give fifty thousand francs to possess."

Turning down the street, we entered a restaurateur's, on whose sign the Eagle of Napoleon had lately given place to the ancient ensign of the Bourbons.

A very pretty girl who sat within the bar arose and welcomed us with a smile.

"Ah, entrez Antoine St. Florian," said she, raising her arched eyebrows with a true Parisian expression of pleasure and familiarity; "entrez, Monsieur."

St. Florian called her his *belle Janette*, and saluted her cheek with all the friendliness of an old friend, as she ushered us along a corridor, on each side of which were neat little chambers, or cabinets, each having a single table and two chairs.

That appropriated for us had a lustre with two lights, and the walls were decorated with coloured prints of Jena, Marengo, Leipsic, and other hard-fought battles, on which St. Florián soon began to comment with all the ardour and enthusiasm of a French soldier; and by his sentiments soon revealed, that though poverty or policy had compelled him to assume the scarlet trappings of King Louis's guards, his heart was still with the fallen Emperor—the idol of a hundred thousand soldiers.

"And so your old regiment was the 23rd?" said I.

"Ah, the 23rd of the Emperor," he replied with a sigh, while his eyes lighted up at the name.

"I remember that we charged your regiment at the passage of the Nive, where I was on the very point of sabreing a young officer, before I fortunately perceived that the poor fellow's sword arm was tied up in a sling, and that he was quite defenceless."

"Indeed—how singular! and you saved him from your troopers, and conducted him out of the press"——

"For which he gave me a draught from his canteen of country wine."

"The same. Ah, monsieur, my friend, *I* am that officer, and I owe you eternal thanks."

We shook hands with ardour.

"I had been severely wounded by the poniard of a villanous Spanish peasant, and was still suffering from its effects. Ah, it was quite a story, that affair; my evil eye brought it all about."

"Your *evil eye?*"

"Ah," he replied, laughing; "you would not think I had one, to look at me—I seem so innocent; but so I have, or, at least, had when I was in Spain—ha! ha! You have often heard the Spaniards speak of the Evil Eye—the Malocchio of the Italians? and how the women will veil themselves, cover up their children, and mutter a prayer if a stranger but glances at them."

"I have heard of that superstition, when on the borders of Estramadura; but your affair."

"Listen, and fill your glass with the champagne—I call it the 'The Evil Eye.'—'Tis a perfect romance, and was well known to many a brave fellow of the 23rd who has found his grave at the foot of Mont St. Jean."

(End of Chapter the First.)

THE NUMBERING OF THE PEOPLE.*

The Public are indebted to Mr. Edward Cheshire for a very concise and at the same time comprehensive digest of the important and interesting facts elicited by the operations of the Census Office. Our readers may not be generally aware that the original returns transmitted to the Registrar General extended in manuscript over some forty thousand volumes, and that it occupied the Census Department upwards of two years to reduce them to the form in which the *first* portion

* *The Results of the Census of Great Britain in* 1851; with a Description of the Machinery and Processes employed to obtain the Returns. By Edward Cheshire. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1853.

of the Census was published, namely, to the limits of three bulky folios. From these folios, which few have the leisure, and still fewer the inclination to consult, Mr. Cheshire has culled the principal facts, and condensed them in a popular form. We shall avail ourselves of his labours in order to put our friends in possession of some of the results of the Herculean task yet in course of accomplishment, and to point their attention to the fund of valuable statistic knowledge arising out of it—at the same time heartily commending his work to the perusal of all whom it may concern.

The inquiries undertaken at the census of 1851 were of a more extensive character than those of any previous enumeration. In addition to the occupation, age, and birthplace of the population, it was to exhibit various relationships, such as husband, wife, son, daughter—the civil condition, as married, unmarried, widower, or widow, &c. &c. The machinery by which such knowledge was sought to be obtained differed considerably in England and Scotland. In England the Registration Districts were made the basis of the enumeration. Of these there were 624, with a superintendent registrar to each; these were divided into 2,190 sub-districts, each having a local registrar. The 2,190 registrars divided their subdistricts into enumeration districts, to the number, in England and Wales, of 30,160, each district being assigned to one enumerator charged to complete his enumeration in one day. In Scotland, where there is no system of registration, the duty devolved on the parish schoolmasters, or other fit persons, under the supervision of the sheriffs and provosts. The enumeration districts throughout Scotland numbered 7,873; and those in the islands of the British seas were 257 more, making in all 38,740 districts, with enumerators, acting simultaneously, to all. By such means provision was made for obtaining an account of all persons residing on *land* on the night of the 30th of March, 1851. Measures, which if not equally efficient, were yet nearly so, were adopted to obtain returns of persons afloat in vessels in harbours and on navigable rivers. The first step was to deliver to the occupier of every house a *housekeeper's schedule* containing the necessary inquiries. Of these the total number forwarded from the Census Office was 7,000,000, weighing nearly 40 tons. The schedules, being filled up by the occupiers, were collected by the enumerators, and copied by them into books prepared in a certain form, and the respective totals summed up. For this duty the enumerators were allowed a week, after which each one forwarded his schedules and book to his registrar, and the duty of the 38,740 enumerators terminated. The registrars revised the statements of the enumerators, and drew up summaries according to their instructions. For this a fortnight was allowed, at the end of which period the summaries and enumeration books (as to England and Wales) were in the hands of the 624 superintendent registrars. By them the above documents, after revision, were transmitted to the Census Office. By such machinery not only was all necessary information obtained with respect to the census, but further valuable knowledge bearing upon the civil and social condition of the people.

In two months from the taking of the census the householder schedules to the number of 4,300,000, and the enumeration books, more than 38,000, were at the Census Office, and a rough statement of the total population and number of houses was forwarded to the Secretary of State, and made public within ten weeks of the night of the census. But to obtain accuracy, it was judged necessary to institute a thorough revision and totalling of more the 20 millions of entries, to certify the figures forming the groundwork of the abstracts to be prepared. The portion of the Census recently published gives the numbers of the people in Great Britain, distinguishing males and females, and the number of houses occupied, and buildings, and, in a condensed form, all previous census abstracts. Particulars regarding their condition, social, civil, educational, &c., will appear in a future publication.

The number of persons absent from Great Britain and Ireland on the night of the census was about a quarter of a million, viz. army, navy, marine, and merchant service, belonging to Great Britain, 162,490; belonging to Ireland, 49,704; and, resident or travelling in foreign countries, 33,775.

The number of people in Great Britain and the small adjacent islands, in 1851, was 20,959,477, which, added to the men in the army, navy, and merchant services gives a population of 21,121,967, of whom 10,386,048 are males, and 10,735,919 are females. British subjects in foreign states are not taken into the account, but set off against the foreign subjects in Great Britain. To give some idea of this multitude, we may state that, if assembled together in one spot, allotting a square yard to each, they would cover about seven square miles, and it would take three months, during twelve hours daily, to march them at quick step through the gate of a city four abreast. The females are in excess of the males 512,361, or as many as would have filled the Crystal Palace five times over; yet the births of boys are in excess five per cent. over those of girls. The disparity in the proportions of sexes is greatest in Scotland, where there are no less than 110 females to 100 males. The population of this country has nearly doubled since the commencement of the present century, notwithstanding an accelerated rate of emigration, which in the ten years between 1841-51 amounted to 1,693,516. If it go on to increase uniformly at the present ratio, it will double itself every 52½ years.

The number of inhabited houses in England, Scotland, Wales, and the islands in the British seas, is 3,670,192; of uninhabited, 166,735; building, 29,194; thus about four per cent. of houses are unoccupied, and to every 131 standing there is one in course of erection; but the increase of houses has not kept pace with the increase of population. The number of families to a house varies in different localities. In Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, few houses contained more than one

family. In Lancashire and Cheshire, more than 300,000 out of 472,907 families lived in separate houses. In Glasgow, from the prevalence of the plan of dividing houses into flats, the number of families to a house was 5·4, and of persons to a house, 27·5. In all Scotland the number of persons to a house was 7·8, or about the same as in London. Of 67,609 families, 41,916 heads of families were husbands and wives, 10,854 widowers or widows, and 14,399 bachelors or spinsters; in 440 cases the head of the family was absent from home; 36,719 heads of families, or more than half, had children living with them; 7,375, or nearly a tenth, had servants; 4,070, or a seventeenth, had visitors with them; 8,543 had relatives with them; and 1,020 had apprentices or assistants in their respective trades. Of the 67,609 families only 3,703, or 5·2 per cent., consisted of husband and wife, children, and servants; whilst 4,874 consisted of man, wife, and servants. The heads in 24,180 instances had neither children, relatives, visitors, nor servants; like some corporations, they might be characterised as "sole," man and wife being considered one. 14,399 families or occupiers were either bachelors or spinsters. The number of children at home in families varied considerably. Of the 41,916 families having man and wife at their head, 11,947 had *no* children at home; 8,570 had each *one* child at home; 7,376 had each *two* children at home; 5,611 had each *three* children at home; 4,027 had each *four* children at home; and so forth in a decreasing scale, until we come to 14 families having each *ten* children at home; 5 having *eleven* children at home; and 1 having *twelve* children at home. Nevertheless the average number of children to a family does not exceed two.

The population sleeping in barns, in tents, and in the open air consists mainly of gipsies, beggars, criminals, and the like, with a few unfortunates. The houseless classes in 1851 numbered 18,249; in 1841, they were 22,303. One whole tribe struck their tents, and passed into another parish, to escape enumeration. The whole number who passed the night of the census in barges, barns, tents, and vessels throughout the kingdom, amounted to 82,921, of whom 71,155 were males, and 11,766 females.

In 1851, Great Britain contained 815 towns of various magnitude; 580 in England and Wales, 225 in Scotland, and 10 in the Channel Islands. The population of the 815 towns was 10,556,288, that of the rest of the kingdom 10,403,189 — so that the population of town and country may be considered equal. In the country the persons were 120 to the square mile; in the towns 3,337, or about 28 times as many. The average population of a Scotch town is less than half that of an English one. Seventy of the towns contain each above 20,000 inhabitants, amounting in the whole to 34 per cent. of the entire population, against 23 per cent., the ratio of the same towns in 1801. London extends over an area of 78,029 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants was 2,362,236, on the day of the last census — a mass of people sufficient to furnish a column 300 miles in length in close file four deep.

The 624 districts of England and Wales, classed in the order of density, range from 185,751 persons to the square mile in the east London district, to 18 only in Northumberland. In all London, the number of persons to a square mile in 1851 was 19,375. In 1801, the people of England were on an average 153 yards asunder; in 1851, only 108 yards asunder. The mean distances between their houses in 1801 was 362 yards; in 1851, only 252 yards. In London, the average proximity in 1801 was 21 yards; in 1851 only 14 yards.

The British population is spread over a great number of islands, of which Great Britain is the chief. Five hundred islands have been numbered; but inhabitants were only found in one hundred and seventy-five islands, on the day of the census. The population of the island of Great Britain has been stated to be 20,536,357; Ireland contained 6,553,357 inhabitants; Anglesey, 57,318; Jersey, 57,020; the Isle of Man, 52,344; the Isle of Wight, 50,324; Guernsey, 29,757; Lewis, 22,918; Skye, 21,528; Shetland, 20,936; Orkney, 16,668; Islay, 12,334; Bute, 9,351; Mull, 7,485; and Arran, 5,857. 17 islands contained a population ranging from 4,006 to 1,064; 52 had a population ranging from 947 to 105; and the remaining 92 inhabited islands ranged from a population of 92 downwards, until at last we come to an island inhabited by one solitary man.

The 196 reformed boroughs in England and Wales contain a total population of 4,345,269 inhabitants; the population of 64 range under 5,000; 43 from 5,000 to 10,000; 68 from 10,000 to 50,000; 14 from 50,000 to 100,000; 4 from 100,000 to 200,000; and 3 above 200,000. The *city* of London is still unreformed, and therefore not included in these. If inserted in the list it would stand below Sheffield, as having a population of only 127,869 inhabitants, or *one-nineteenth* portion of the population of London; and yet, forsooth, the corporation claim to represent the metropolis. Scotland contains 83 royal and municipal burghs, having a total population of 752,777 inhabitants; 55 have a population under 5,000; 16 from 5,000 to 10,000; 11 from 10,000 to 70,000; and one, 148,000.

The above are a sample of the important and interesting facts in which the little work before us abounds. Those of our readers who wish to investigate more closely the particulars of our social condition, numerically considered, cannot do better than procure Mr. Cheshire's brochure. They will find in the appendix a series of accurate tables, by means of which they may satisfy a praiseworthy curiosity, and obtain in an hour or two the knowledge which it required forty thousand men to collect from every square rood of the land.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH; OR, THE COMMUNISTIC PROPAGANDA IN CHINA.

Among the various works on China, which have appeared since the progress of the great insurrection in that country has kept the mind of Europe in a state of wondering suspense as to the true history of its origin, and the probabilities of its issue, none cast a clearer light upon the former, than a short pamphlet lately published in Germany by the Rev. Mr. Röttger, now pastor of Lengerich, in Westphalia, but, until 1846, missionary in the Dutch possessions in India.

The greater part of Mr. Röttger's twelve years' stay in India having been spent in the island of Rious, or Bintang, close to Singapore, in which island there is a Chinese population of 5,000 souls; and his missionary duties having brought him into constant contact with these people, he learnt thoroughly to know and understand their national peculiarities, and acquired their confidence in an eminent degree; so much so, indeed, that many secrets were disclosed to him that were kept carefully concealed from others. Among these secrets, the most important was the existence, constitution, forms, symbols, and objects of a secret society, mention of which has been made in the works of Doctors Milne, Morrison, and Gutzlaff, but the true character and tendencies of which, according to Mr. Röttger, were never revealed to those gentlemen, whose information on the subject was gathered in parts where a far higher degree of circumspection was necessary. As Mr. Röttger truly observes, in London and Paris more may be learnt of the plans of the German communists than in Germany; and in like manner, it was easier to obtain information relative to the secret views of the Chinese malcontents in the island of Rious, than in the heart of the Celestial Empire; besides which, the most important secrets of the society were not divulged to the missionary until the eve of his departure for Europe, when it was supposed that he could be in no danger of communicating them. It was not, indeed, fear of injuring his Chinese informants that kept Mr. Röttger's lips sealed so long; but a disinclination to disclose, and thus perhaps to propagate views and tendencies which he considered utterly subversive of society. The disclosures of 1848, and subsequent years, have, however, convinced him that Europe has nothing to learn from China as regards communistic and socialistic ideas; and he has, therefore, at length published the notices of the wide-spread secret association of China, which forms the subject of the pamphlet we have mentioned, and which seems indeed to explain the rapid progress of the revolutionary party in that country.

During the reign of the Emperor Kia-King, *i.e.* from 1799 to 1820, the Chinese empire was much disturbed by discontent and disorders, fomented by a secret society, known by the name of Th'iën, Hauv, Hoi'h, or Family of the Queen of Heaven, and having extensive ramifications, embracing all classes of the people. In their secret meetings, the Hoi'h expressed great dissatisfaction with the Government, even pronounced maledictions on the head of the Son of Heaven, the Emperor, and on his paternal laws; and in their mysteries they made preparations for the advent of a new world era, which was to be the golden age of China. The attention of the authorities was in consequence soon drawn to their machinations, and in the eighth year of his reign, the Emperor issued an edict against the association, bearing the usual signature: "Shake and tremble when you read it, and hear it." Soon after the provincial authorities reported, "with covered face," to the cabinet at Pekin, that "the Hoi'h, which threatened so much danger to the State, had been uprooted from the blessed soil of the Celestial Empire."

Not long after, however, the Emperor learned that the Hoi'h were continuing their machinations in the tributary and neighbouring states of Cochin-China, Siam, and Korea, where branch societies were established, and that the central society had its seat in the southern provinces of the empire. A new edict was issued to the governors of provinces, bearing the more stringent signature, "Open your eyes and ears, shake and tremble when you read;" and further stating, that "every corrupt member of the Hoi'h shall be punished with the *pantre* (stripes) and with the *tsap* (branding) on the cheek. This is written with vermillion pencil — Kia-King." Again the governors sent in their reports, "with a thousand-fold prayer, under the sole of the Emperor's foot," in which indeed nothing was said of stripes and branding, but in which assurances were given, that "even the very lowest soul among the Hoi'h had been extirpated from the heavenly soil of the Empire."

After the promulgation of the last mentioned edict, and the threats of punishment added by the provincial governors, "the Family of the Queen of Heaven" adopted a new name, and now called itself Thiën, Ti, Hoi'h, or, "the Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth," a name which in Chinese symbolizes the three great powers of nature, *Heaven*, *Earth*, *Family*. This change of name brought an immense accession of strength to the association, for the mysterious words, Heaven, Earth, Family, formed the basis of the philosophy and metaphysics of the learned; and in the eyes of the poor and ignorant they indicated the equality of right to enjoy what Heaven, the common father of all, bestows upon his children, and what Earth, the common mother of all, produces

for the benefit of her offspring; and thus learned and unlearned, high and low, hastened to enrol themselves among the Hoi'h.

The successor of Kia-King, the Emperor Tao-Kioang, repeatedly renewed the edicts of his father against the Hoi'h; but when opium smuggling increased from year to year, so that the smuggled imports at last amounted to no less than 14,000 chests annually, the edicts against the smugglers became much more stringent than those against the Hoi'h, and at length the latter were supposed to be identical with the former, and were believed to be felled by the same blow that was aimed against the opium smugglers in May, 1839, when the Emperor's patience being exhausted, he ordered 20,283 chests of opium to be burnt at Canton.*

This mistake seems to have been of great advantage to the Hoi'h, for being no longer so vigilantly watched, its agents, by promising to the poor and needy a revolution which would secure to them all the goods of the earth, and by threatening the rich with the loss of all that they possessed if they did not join the association, were enabled to draw thousands and thousands within its folds, not only in the Indian Archipelago, but also in the southern provinces of China proper; and thus originated the wide-spread organization which has become so evident now that the country is in open insurrection.

The principles of the brotherhood of heaven and earth, as openly expressed by themselves, are as follow:—They consider themselves appointed by the Supreme Being to destroy for ever the terrible disparity between inexpressible misery and superabundant wealth. The possessors of earthly power and riches, they say, come into the world, and leave it again in the same way as their defrauded brethren. "It is not the will of the Supreme Being that millions of the sons of heaven should be the slaves of a few thousands. Heaven, the father of all, and Earth, the mother of all, never gave these few thousands the right to waste the possessions of their millions of brethren in pampering their own love of luxury. Riches and power were not given to the great and rich as a monopoly, but rather that they should consider themselves as holding them for the benefit of the toiling and oppressed millions. The sun, with its beaming face; the earth with its rich treasures, the world with its many joys, belong to all in common; and this common property must be taken out of the hands of the thousands, to be distributed among the millions of naked, suffering brethren, who have an equal right to enjoy. The sun, which, during the reign of 10,000 years, has only shone upon the few thousand privileged favourites, will soon rise in brighter glory, and shed its mild and loving rays upon millions of celestial brothers, who have hitherto stood in the shade."

The object of the Hoi'h, in the attainment of which it places its greatest honour and glory, is "to liberate the earth from all oppression and misery," and this is to be achieved by means of union and courage. The members are enjoined not to allow "the noble seeds of the Hoi'h to be choked by the bad weeds; but, on the contrary, to use their best endeavours to extirpate the weeds that overshadow the good seed," and are assured that although the task is difficult, victory will be theirs if they struggle manfully for it. All premature attempts at insurrection were however discouraged, and the members were admonished not to refuse apparent obedience to the Koa'ngs or Mandarins, and to ingratiate themselves with the police, by means of presents, until the day came when the majority of the inhabitants of each town and province, had taken the oath of fidelity to the Hoi'h. "When this day comes, then the old empire will sink in ruins, and then will be the time to create a better state of things out of the chaos of the old; and the founders of the new and happy reign will be idolized by millions of their brethren, when the latter reflect upon the immense benefit conferred on them by their liberation from the bonds of the dynasty of 10,000 years and the fangs of the Koa'ngs."

The exact locality in which the central authorities of the Hoi'h had its seat was, in 1846, still kept so profoundly secret, that Mr. Röttger could never learn this from his informants. He learnt, however, regarding this central governing body, that it consisted of three members, the chief of which was called Koh (eldest brother) and the two others Kiong Thi (younger brothers). From these three chiefs issued all instructions and ordinances relative to the pecuniary affairs of the Hoi'h and other matters, and they had allowed the members of the brotherhood in each city to nominate the three most competent among them to bear the same titles, but on condition of their acting in all matters in subservience to the central Koh.

In order to ensure that secresy, without which it would have been impossible for the association to lay the mine which was ultimately to shatter to pieces the ancient empire, every person who wished to join the Hoi'h was, previous to admission, bound to take the oath of secresy and fidelity, the breaking of which was, on detection, punished with death. The ceremonies observed on these

* This severe measure seems to have been chiefly called forth by the report of the Emperor's body physician, who was enjoined, in 1837, to examine into the extent and consequences of the excessive use of opium in the southern provinces; and whose memorial on the subject proved these to be of a most disastrous character. One of the paragraphs of this memorial states, that "in towns and villages the abuse of opium-smoking is common among all classes and all ranks, and has convinced me that opium is not only a deadly poison, but that the use of it has led to such a state of complete demoralization, that the women shamelessly converse with the men in the front court, before the eyes of the whole world, and smoke opium with them; and thus the secrets of the men are made known to the women, and the foundation is laid of demoralization and poverty." Since the last war between England and China, it seems that the women in the cities in the southern provinces not only show themselves in the front court, but even in the streets; a circumstance of most disastrous augury for the Chinese, as an old prophecy says, that the 10,000 years' dynasty will come to an end during the reign of *a woman*, and when women show themselves publicly in the street.

occasions were as follow: The aspirant pronounced the oath kneeling in front of the image of one of their deities, while two naked swords are held above his head, by the Hiong Thi, or younger brothers, who likewise kneeling, one on the right and the other on the left of him, place the points of the swords together, so as to form a triangle above his head. The Koh, or eldest brother, recites the formula of the oath, which is repeated by the aspirant with bended head, but in slow and distinct accents. The most important of the thirty-three principal points comprised in the oath is the following: "I recognise neither father nor mother, neither brother nor sister, neither wife nor child, but the brotherhood alone; whoever sins against it or persecutes it, sins against me and persecutes me — its enemies are my enemies."

In further confirmation of his fidelity, the new member then cuts off the head of a white cock, which ceremony signifies, "In like manner as this white cock is inhabited by a white or pure soul, so will I also be animated by a pure soul; and in like manner, as I have ventured to cut off the head of the cock with the white soul, so will I let my head be cut off should I prove unfaithful to the Hoi'h, or should I injure it by any of my acts."

The elder Koh then delivers to the initiated member the secret symbols, by which the members of the brotherhood recognise each other, and which consist in peculiar signs, and actions of the hand, and mystic phrases. In raising their tea-cup to their lips, in eating, in taking up or laying down their travelling staffs, for instance; or in shaking hands, the members of the Hoi'h are never to make use of more than three fingers. In their mystical similies, proverbs, and wagers, the number three must always be named first, in acknowledgment of their symbol, the triad Thi'ïën, heaven, as the father of liberty; Ti, earth, as the mother of equality; and Hoi'h brotherhood, as the indissoluble bond, uniting the citizens of the new and happy state.

Every member of the Hoi'h is further bound to carry, within the wide sleeve of his ma-kwa, a bamboo wand nine inches long, and wrapped round with red silk ribbons; and, in order that they may recognise each other in the dark, when no other signs can be interchanged, the members must learn by heart, and be able to recite, the rhymes in the mystic seal of the society, so that when one in passing by pronounces one character, the other may immediately add the character which follows, and the two may thus at once prove their membership to each other.

This seal which is about three inches in diameter, and of a pentagonal form, contains sixty-nine characters, which are, however, so curiously combined as to be quite incomprehensible to the uninitiated, whereas to the initiated they symbolize the objects, the hopes, and the duties of the brotherhood.

The rules which the members bind themselves to observe, relate to implicit obedience, profound secresy, and indefatigable endeavours to win over new members, and to disseminate the principles of the association, which will be fully realized when the riches of mother earth have become the common property of the whole brotherhood. All communications must be made by word of mouth only. Agents are paid by the association. All members suspected of indiscretion or treachery, must immediately be got rid of by means of poison.

Such is the association to which, according to Mr. Röttger, is owing the present insurrection in China, and the object of which he believes to be the establishment, not of Christianity, but of communistic principles as the basis of the state. However, in China, man can as little as elsewhere found states in violation of the laws of his own nature, and whatever may be the origin or the issue of the present movement, we may be sure that we shall not see *practical* communism established there.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY—*continued.*

III.—THE GREEK CHURCH.

It is impossible to comprehend not only the circumstances of the wars, but the diplomacy and the treaties of peace and commerce which have been negotiated between Austria, Turkey, and Russia, without a knowledge of the religious hierarchies of those empires.

Although the Roman Catholic Church constitutes the established state religion of Austria, and the Greek Church that of Russia; and although both consider themselves purely Christian Churches, they have no charity for, but entertain an inveterate hatred towards, each other, Of the Islamic hierarchy the Sultan must be considered the pope or kaliph; yet only three out of fifteen millions of his subjects in Europe profess that faith, while three-fifths, at least, in various forms, worship according to the rites, and under the instruction of the priests of the Greek Church.

The divisions of the Eastern or Greek and the Latin or Western Churches originated in a great degree from the jealousies and the religious disputes which arose between the Bishops of Byzantium and the Bishops of Rome. The subjects of the Eastern Empire at the same time entertained a traditional hatred against the Latins, and this

enabled the ecclesiastics to foment a schism, which ended in the final separation of both churches. This schism, probably more than any other cause, contributed in its results to the fall of the Eastern Roman Empire. The apostolic succession and the Athanasian Creed are held as the basis of the Roman Catholic faith, without an absolute belief in which none are allowed to be saved. The Greek Church, on the contrary, denies that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son as well as from the universal Father of all things in heaven and in earth. The Greeks have only confined celibacy to the bishops of their clergy. During the years A.D. 857—886 quarrels continued between the Bishop of Constantinople and the Pope of Rome. The former, before his promotion, had been a military officer, commanding the guards, and was a man of extraordinary acquirements and power. The Pope dreaded his ambition, and their fierce, indecent, and unchristian disputes and animosities caused an incurable separation between the Eastern and Western Churches, both of which had long abandoned the primitive simplicity and beautiful morality of the early Christians. Both had become rich, pompous, corrupt, and profligate. During the sixth and following five centuries, the profligate lives of the inferior bishops, priests, and monks, are exposed and condemned by every credible writer on historical and ecclesiastical affairs who lived during those periods. Pride, insolence, simony, avarice, pious frauds, intemperance, and gross sensuality are enumerated as prevailing crimes and vices which disgraced both the Western and Oriental Churches. "While," says Mosheim, "true religion lay buried under a senseless mass of superstition."

In 1054 the Bishop of Rome, by his legates, excommunicated the Patriarch of Constantinople, and all those professing the Greek dogmas. This diabolical anathema enumerates seven mortal heresies of the Greeks. The Patriarch of Constantinople immediately after excommunicated the Pope. The separation was consummated in 1183 by the massacre of the Latins, few of whom escaped the fierce and religious fury of the Greeks. The clergy were burnt alive in their churches; so were the invalids in the hospitals; besides which 4,000 Latin Christians were sold as slaves in perpetuity to the Ottomans. Not even in the annals of Turkish cruelties and tyranny do we discover more horrible atrocities than those inflicted by the Greeks upon the Latin Christians. Among other indignities, the head of a Latin cardinal, the Pope's legate, was fastened to a dog's tail and dragged through the streets of Constantinople. The Latins who escaped by flight, murdered and robbed all the Greeks whom they met on their way back to Italy. Muratori and other authorities inform us that, in 1438, the Council of Basil, on deposing Pope Eugenius, charged him with "heresy, perjury, simony, tyranny, schism, and with all the degrading vices." Yet he was one of the most virtuous of the Popes. An attempt was made a month afterwards by Eugenius, in the city of Florence, when the Greek and Latin priests embraced each other, to reconcile and unite the Western and Eastern Churches. Both afterwards proved insincere and perfidious. A similar attempt was made in Russia by Romish missionaries, who declared that the guilt of idolatry was less damnable than that of heresy. To this day the sovereign and people of Russia, and more than 11,000,000 of the subjects of the Sultan, are enthusiastic worshippers in the faith, and doctrines, and ceremonies of the Greek Church; and in their superstitious ignorance and traditions hate the Roman Catholics more than they do the Mohammedans.

Those who worship according to the text and chapters of the Koran have never had any affection or sympathy with either the Romish or Greek Churches. But they have ever been more tolerant, and they are so at the present time. In reference to the Greek, or, more properly speaking, the Oriental Church, let us not forget the fact, that its professors are only to a comparatively small number Greeks; the great majority, about sixty millions, are Russians, Servians, and other Sclavonians, Dacians, Moldavians, and Bulgarians. We must also keep in view that the whole mass is as superstitious, fanatical, and ignorant as the Mohammedans, and that they are, body and mind, completely under the authority of their priests; and in the Danubian principalities, by no means, as some imagine, under the command of, or obedience to, the Vaivodes and Boyards. So far with respect to religion, the great engine with which Russia will act in regard to the Porte and the Lower Danubian territories.

Let us now review the progress of Russia in her acquisitions of territory by wars and by treaty since the death of Peter the Great, and we are by a continuous series of facts bound to admit, that her policy has been uniformly and triumphantly aggressive; not only with respect to Poland and Asia, but especially in the direction of Constantinople.

There was no sincerity upon the part of Russia in the treaty which ceded Azoff to the Turks. But the revolutions and anarchy which succeeded the death of Peter, in Russia, prevented the resumption of hostilities against the Turks until 1736, when the Empress Anne directed her general, Leonteff, to make an expedition against the Tartars of the Crimea. The pretence was, to chastise those barbarians for their marauding incursions over the frontier countries of Russia, and therefore to destroy the power of the Tartar hordes who inhabited the steppes between the Crimea and the Ukraine. Leonteff, with 9,000 Don Cossacks and 20,000 regular troops, laid waste with fire and sword the whole country of the Tartars; but, after a loss of 9,000 men, he was compelled to retreat into Russia.

War was now declared against the Turks, on pretence that the Porte had not prevented the incursions of the Tartars. In May, 1736, the Russian Field-marshal Münnich marched with 54,000 troops towards the Crimea, and forced the lines of Pérékop, which forms the key to the Crimean peninsula. After reducing Kimborn, Koslov, and other places, he advanced to the usual

residence of the Khan of the Tartars; but disease, want of food, and fatigue forced him to retire from the peninsula after losing 30,000 men, but not before he had levelled the walls of Pérékop. Azoff capitulated on the 4th of July following, the Turks before evacuating it having reduced the city within the walls to ruins and to ashes.

A congress was held at Niemizoff in 1737. The exactions demanded by Russia from the Porte were refused, in accordance with the advice of the French ambassador, the Marquis de Villeneuve, and the mediation at the time offered by England and Holland was accepted. But notwithstanding these negotiations, Field-marshal Münnich, at the head of 60,000 to 70,000 men, invested Otchakoff, which was defended by a garrison of 20,000 men. This fortress was reduced by assault, after a bombardment which destroyed the greater portion of its buildings, and the blowing up of several powder magazines, by which, during the siege, 16,000 Turks perished. A Russian army of 40,000 men then carried desolation over the whole Crimea.

Austria soon afterwards engaged in war against the Porte. But the three Austrian armies which marched into the Danubian Principalities were each discomfited, chiefly through the superior generalship of Count de Bonneval, formerly a general in the Austrian service, but who, on being disgraced by an intrigue at Court, had turned Mussulman, assumed the turban, and was created a pacha. An attempt at negotiation was then made, but the Grand Vizier, Mehemet Yaghia, indignantly rejected all the proposals advanced by Russia and Austria. One cause of the rupture of the negotiations was the refusal of the extradition of Ragoczi from Turkey, which was demanded by the Emperor, who had already offered a high price for his head. The war was then continued, but with little success on the part of the Allied Powers; nor were the Turks successful in their subsequent attempts against the empire.

Negotiations were resumed without any result during the following year. Ayvas Mehemet, with General Count Bonneval, drove Count Wallis with great slaughter from the siege of Krotzka. The Grand Vizier then laid siege to Belgrade. This campaign was disastrous to the Austrians, but Field-marshal Münnich, with a good commissariat, passed the Dniester, on the 30th July, and defeated the Turks at Choczim, the important fortress of which fell into his power three days after the battle. He soon afterwards reduced Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, and received the submission of the archbishop and principal Boyards of the principality.

The misfortunes of the Austrians rendered it desirable on the part of Charles VI. to conclude a peace if possible with the Porte; and preliminaries were signed in September, 1739, by which Belgrade, with its ancient fortifications, was ceded to the Turks. The whole province of Servia, that portion of Wallachia between the Aluta and the Danube, the island and fortress of Ortsova and St. Elizabeth were all ceded to the Sultan. Austria retained the Banat of Temeswar and the Save, the old boundary west of the Danube between Turkey and the Austrian dominions. All slaves captured since the signature of preliminaries were to be rendered up without ransom, and the navigation of the Danube and the Save along the boundary of each country to be free to the subjects of both; a general amnesty for the subjects of both powers who had taken part in the war, and the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion as provided for by previous treaties were to be maintained. Captives in the prisons of each country were to be liberated in two months. Duels and provocations to mutual combat were, as formerly, to be prohibited. In case of a rupture between the two states, the subjects of each to be reciprocally advised of the same, in order that they might retire in security beyond their confines, after having liquidated their just debts. By the 18th article of this treaty it was, however, provided, that henceforth no asylum or retreat should be afforded to evil-doers, to discarded or rebellious subjects; and that each of the contracting parties should be obliged to punish those kinds of persons; also thieves and brigands, even when they are subjects of either party. With regard to Michael Czaki and other Hungarians who, during the war, found an asylum in the Ottoman dominions, liberty should be given them to remain in the place of their retreat, and for their wives to join them. The residence of the ambassadors at the respective courts was also provided for. By a separate article it was stipulated, that whatever was omitted in the Treaty of Belgrade should be supplied in the Treaty of Passarowitz, which was to remain in full force. In 1741 a convention was concluded between the Porte and Austria. It chiefly referred to the adjustment of the frontier. By the Treaty of Belgrade, entered into in 1734 between Russia and the Porte, a mutual, perpetual, and inviolable peace was stipulated by both parties, and obligatory on their heirs and successors. The fortress of Azoff was to be entirely destroyed, and the territory of the said fortress was to serve as a barrier between the two empires. Other stipulations agreed to respecting the Tartars and the disposal of prisoners and slaves were much the same as those in the Treaty of Passarowitz. But by the Treaty of Belgrade, article XI., Russians were to be freely allowed to visit the city of Jerusalem and other holy places, without the exaction of any payment or tribute; and it was agreed that Russian ecclesiastics should be protected from any indignity or violence while they remained at those places, or in any other part of the Ottoman dominions. Their respective ambassadors were to reside at the courts of the Sultan and the Czar, and it was agreed, in form of friendship, each should present mutual presents suitable to the dignity of both empires. By the Treaty of Constantinople it was provided, that the fortress of Azoff should be demolished, and that the fortresses occupied by the Russians in Moldavia should be restored to the Porte in the condition in which they were captured. But, notwithstanding those treaties, the Czar refused to demolish Azoff until the Porte had fulfilled certain conditions respecting the liberation of the slaves. After the death of

the Empress Anne, on Russia granting the Porte the satisfaction demanded, the latter acknowledged the title of Emperor in the person of the Czar.

We must not omit to state that, upon the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty of Belgrade, between Russia and the Porte, the German Emperor and the Czar presented, through the mediation of the French ambassador, a declaration, the substance of which was, that an alliance had been formed by his Sacred Majesty of all the Russias and his Sacred Imperial Majesty, stipulating that if one or either should be attacked by the Ottoman Emperor, the one should be obliged to furnish the other with 30,000 auxiliary troops. The Treaty of Belgrade was humiliating to the Emperor Charles VI.; but it has remained in force for nearly half a century, during which period the Austrians and the Turks remained at peace—that is to say, from the year 1740 to the year 1790, although the Court of Vienna by negotiations extended her dominions at the expense of the Porte, without disturbing the peace provided for by this treaty.

By a secret convention concluded between the Empress Catherine and Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, in 1767, it was stipulated that the empress should march an army into Poland: this aggression led to the first partition of that unhappy kingdom, as it did, in the following year, by the influence of the Court of Versailles, to the declaration by the latter of the war of 1768 against Russia.

IV.—PARTITION OF POLAND.

The subversion of Poland, and the impracticability of its government, may be chiefly attributed to the absence of an hereditary monarchy, and the power of electing the king being vested in an aristocracy jealous of each other, often treacherous to their country, and frequently the mere instruments of foreign potentates. The great majority of the population were then, and are still, serfs, the personal property of the great landowners. Those barbarous military and spiritual associations, known as the Teutonic Knights, had, for the purpose of planting Christianity, which they effected only by fire and sword, among the Germanic and Sclavonic nations of the North of Europe, acquired a territorial sovereignty over East Prussia. In 1255, the bishopric of Riga was erected into an archbishopric, and included Livonia and Prussia; both forming a description of military and ecclesiastical republics. But the archbishop arrogated to himself many regal prerogatives, while he and the great master of the Teutonic order were engaged in ferocious and interminable quarrels. In 1352, the grand master purchased, for 19,000 silver marks, the whole of Esthonia from the kingdom of Denmark, by which accession of territory and sovereignty he acquired a complete preponderance over the archbishop.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Russians attempted to invade Livonia; but were defeated with great slaughter by the grand master. East Prussia had previously been ceded to Poland by the Teutonic knights, after a disastrous war to the latter country, by the Treaty of Thorn. By the Peace of Cracow, in 1526-7, East Prussia was ceded by Poland to the Protestant Prince Albert, Margrave of Brandenburgh. William of Brandenburgh, brother of the Duke of Prussia, suddenly professed the Protestant religion, and decided on secularising the archbishopric. He was defeated in the attempt. In 1558, the Czar Ivan Vasiliavitch invaded Livonia, and reduced several towns and fortresses. But by the Treaty of Wilna, Livonia was added to the kingdom of Poland, and it was stipulated by the second article that the inhabitants should freely exercise the Protestant religion, without the king having any right to interfere in their devotions. The master of Livonia, at the same time, had the title conferred upon him of Duke of Courland.

By the Treaty of Kioff, or Kiov, between Russia and Poland, 1582, the Czar ceded to the King of Poland all the territories, and castles, and possessions which he had captured in Livonia, with all their villages and dependencies. In this cession were included no less than thirty-six principal towns.

But, notwithstanding this treaty, war was continued between the Russians and the Swedes, and Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland formed their battle-fields. By the Peace of Teusin it was stipulated that Sweden should retain possession of Esthonia, with the portion of Livonia which had been captured. At the same time a mutual restoration of captured towns and dependencies took place between Russia and Poland, and the Grand Duke Michael agreed to abandon the titles of Livonia, Smolensko, and Thernagoff. The image of St. Nicholas, captured by the Poles, was then restored.

The progress of the Swedes against Poland after hostilities had been commenced by Gustavus Adolphus, in 1625, deprived Poland of its remaining territories in Livonia; but by the Treaty of Altmark several captured places were restored. In 1634, by the Treaty of Wiesmar, it was stipulated between the Czar and the King of Poland that the latter would renounce his rights to the throne of Russia in favour of the Grand Duke, and that he would relieve all Russians from the oath of fidelity they had taken to Michael Feodorowitz, acknowledged as Grand Duke. The Grand Duke thereupon surrendered to the King of Poland several provinces, towns, and castles, and it was agreed that he should exercise no hostilities against the provinces of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland.

This treaty was sworn to by the King of Poland at Warsaw, in presence of the Russian ambassador, and by the Czar at St. Petersburgh, in presence of the Polish ambassador. By the Treaty of Stumsdorff, 1635, between Sweden and Poland, that part of Prussia which had been conquered by Gustavus, with the exception of Pilau, was surrendered to the Elector of Brandenburgh, with various other places and towns. This was the commencement of the loss of all the Swedish conquests east and south of the Baltic, and from

this period we also date the growing ascendancy of Prussia in Germany. By the celebrated treaty negotiated and concluded, 1660, at the convent of Oliva, near the village of Sobboth, in Poland, the King of Poland ceded several places to the King of Sweden, while the latter surrendered his pretensions to Esthonia and Livonia. The Duke of Courland by the same treaty was restored to his sovereignty.

The Cossacks, whose descendants now formed a formidable number of the subjects of the Czar, were most of them for a long period under the dominion of Poland. Their revolt against the latter caused a war of thirty years between Russia and Poland, and the termination of which, in 1667, secured for ever the ascendancy of the former over the latter. The country through which a portion of the Dnieper or Borysthenes flows, between the latitude of 50 and 53 deg. north, being about 210 miles in length and 120 in breadth, has long been known under the name of the Ukraine, or Little Russia; the word "Ukraine" in the Sclavonic language meaning *frontier*. This country, inhabited by the Cossacks, formed, from its situation, a sort of frontier between Russian Poland, Little Tartary, and Turkey; and the city of Kiev, or Kioff, became in 1037 the capital of Russia. But afterwards Kiev had its own princes, who lost their independence in 1240, when the country was devastated by the Moguls, who remained for eighty years masters of Little Russia. In 1366 the Grand Duke of Lithuania added the Ukraine to the kingdom of Poland; but it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that the Cossacks became known as regular military hordes. In 1569 Lithuania was definitively incorporated with the kingdom of Poland; and in 1579 the Cossacks were by Stephen Batorie divided into six regiments, each consisting of 1,000 men. They were distributed under different banners, and each Cossack, knowing the banner to which he was appointed, rallied to it on the first call of war. Each regiment had its chief, or Hetman.

When Vladislaus, the seventh king of Poland, contemplated rendering the throne hereditary in his own house, he resolved to place the Cossacks in a formidable position; but this bloody and desperate plan was suddenly cut off by his death; and in 1653 the chief of the Cossacks threw himself on the protection of Russia, with whom they had a common origin, a common language and religion; and the treaty entered into with the Czar in 1654 having led to an immediate war between Russia and Poland, the former made several conquests, which he was afterwards allowed to retain.

The great alliance which had been formed in the beginning of the eighteenth century between the powers of the North was dissolved by Poland deserting the alliance and by other defections, and by the Peace of Neustad in 1721, after the death of Charles XII. Meantime Prussia and Russia, especially the former, after the accession of Frederick in 1740, resolved to take advantage of the disordered condition of Poland, and in the year 1773 the first partition of that kingdom, or rather oligarchy, was completed. This first act of robbery must be charged against Frederick the Great and Catherine II., Maria Theresa having been actually forced by the philosophical Sovereign of Prussia to accept a section of the plunder, in order to commit her afterwards as a participator in the crime.

It was preceded in 1768 by the war which the Court of Versailles excited the Porte to declare against Russia, in order to check the dangerous growing power of the Czar. This was a bloody war of many battles, and the success of the Russians in most of the murderous campaigns led to vast acquisitions of territories.

It was in 1769 that a Russian fleet first appeared on the Mediterranean. Thirteen ships of the line, and as many frigates, sailed under the command of Admiral Spiritoff, in September of that year; and in April 1770, a second fleet of four ships of the line, and one frigate, under the command of Vice-admiral Elphinstone (a British subject), to join Spiritoff. Soon after, a third squadron, commanded by Vice-admiral Arff (a Dane), sailed for the Mediterranean.

Supplies of all kinds were previously collected in Sardinia, Leghorn, and other places, for the combined Russian fleet, by Count Alexis Orloff, brother to Catherine's favourite. This armament sailed for the Morea with troops, made several descents with little success, until Orloff attacked the Turkish fleet of ships and galleys, between Chio and Libernos, Asia Minor, in July. The flag-ships of both the Russian and Turkish admirals were blown up. Nearly all the crews were destroyed; the admirals were saved. The Turkish fleet then retreated to the Port of Tchesme, where they were two days afterwards all burnt by the Russians. Several places in the Morea, Chio, Lemnos, and Mytiline, were taken by the Russians, and the intelligence of these victories, and of those in the Crimea, Wallachia, and other parts to the north, by the Russian armies, caused the utmost consternation at Constantinople.

In 1771 the Court of Vienna and the King of Prussia, especially the former, became alarmed at the progress of Russia, and a secret treaty was signed on the 6th July, between Maria Theresa and the Porte, at Constantinople, by which the former agreed to aid the latter by negotiation and, if necessary, by force of arms, to cause the Russian army to retreat from Moldavia and Wallachia. Those principalities were then very much in the same condition with respect to occupation as they are at the time we now write. Frederick acted at the same time with great energy and candour.

An armistice was in consequence agreed to at Giurgewo, on the Danube, between the Russian and Turkish armies, and also between their respective fleets at the Isle of Paros. This cessation of armed hostilities was prolonged until the end of the inauspicious congress held at Bucharest in April, 1773.

The rupture of this congress was solely owing to the determination of Catherine not to cede back the Crimea to the Porte. It has, however, been often asserted, that the influence of the

French ambassador prevented the Sultan from acceding to the decision of the Czarina. War recommenced; the Russian general with his army crossed the Danube, although boldly opposed. He besieged the strong fortress of Silistria, but after many bloody assaults, he was as often repulsed, and General Weissman, who covered the retreat of the Russians, was killed, after performing several brilliant exploits, which enabled the Russian army to re-cross the Danube. In 1773-4 several battles were fought with various success and defeat. Suwaroff, on the 22nd June, crossed the Danube with a part of his army. He occupied Bulgaria; and, after one of his generals gaining a decisive battle, the Turkish troops, worn out and ill-fed, demanded of the Vizier to negotiate for peace.

This led to the celebrated Treaty of Kaynarji, which was signed on the 21st July, the anniversary of the Treaty of Pruth. The stipulations of this celebrated treaty, like those of several others between Russia and Turkey, are so little known* in Western Europe, yet so important, in order to comprehend the actual relations of those empires with each other, that we must reserve a summary of their details a future Number.

J. M.G.

(*To be continued.*)

* The authorities for this essay on Russia and Turkey are voluminous, and the writer has examined them with great care, in the face of all the exaggerations and misrepresentations put forth at this critical and grave period by visionary enthusiasts and impractical politicians.

Our authorities are, chiefly, that great work, "Le Corps Diplomatique," by Dumont, and his continuators; Marten's "Collection of Treaties;" Puffendorff; Von Hammer's "History of the Turks;" that admirable work, "Histoire Abrégée des Traités de Paix," by C. G. Von Kach, continued by F. Schoel, Councillor of the Prussian Embassy at Paris (Brussels, 1838); Tooke's "History of Russia;" and various diplomatic papers in our possession, besides numerous other works and documents to which we have found it necessary to refer.

CHRISTMAS.

O Christmas! jolly Christmas!
Is come our hearts to cheer,
With holly crown'd, and mistletoe,
The monarch of the year!
With merry din invite him in,
And heap the yule-logs higher,
And pour the wine that all may join
To greet the good old sire.

For, hark! the gale is rising,
The winds blow loud and strong,
And on the gloomy storm-cloud thron'd
Dark Winter sweeps along.
But what care we! with shout and glee,
While beauty's eye shines bright,
Blithe hours we'll spend, and our old friend
Shall be our guest to-night.

O Christmas! social Christmas!
In cottage and in hall,
To rich and poor a welcome friend,
Alike belov'd of all;
To hear thy voice our babes rejoice
And clap their tiny hands,
While age with thee can jocund be,
And join the festive bands.

With game, and dance, and carol,
We'll hail thee as of yore;
To thee, from many a flowing bowl
A rich libation pour;
And while the snow in drifts doth blow,
While moans the dreary blast,
Our mirth and joys shall higher rise,—
Away our cares we'll cast.

O Christmas! sacred Christmas!
From yonder village bells,
To herald thy majestic step,
The pealing music swells;
And voices rise 'neath midnight skies,
In holy, solemn strain,
To tell how He of Bethlehem
Was born on earth to reign.

Come, come with ancient Christmas,
To yonder hallow'd pile,
And hear the sounding anthem roll
Along the lengthened aisle;
With footsteps slow, up let us go
Where our forefathers trod,
To worship there, in fervent prayer,
And hear the man of God!

O Christmas! fleeting Christmas!
Thou ever beckonest on,
Though memory dwells o'er vanish'd hopes,
And loved ones dead and gone.
Thou must not stay, but far away
Through Winter's dreary halls,
To greet the year thou dost appear,
The bright new year that calls.

And onward, ever onward,
Through realms of frost and snow,
Till Winter merges into Spring,
And wild March trumpets blow.
Soon will the day, with lengthened ray,
Foretel the summer flowers;
But while they're here, with social cheer,
We'll spend the Christmas hours.

Kettering. J. A. L.

A PORTRAIT.

A beam of braided moonlight fell
Upon a sleeping girl,
And shot its silvery lines athwart
A neck of dazzling pearl.

Her hands, like folded leaves, were claspt,
Her head serenely bent,
Her spotless form, love's proper shrine,
Reclined in sweet content.

Her brow was polished, arched, and smooth,
Her eyes of raven hue,
Her lips were pouting, rich, ripe, moist,
And steeped in rosy dew.

Her teeth were white as garden drops,
That droop in wintry bowers,
And glimmered 'twixt her ruby lips,
Like glow-worms 'neath the flowers.

Her frolic curls of jet embraced
Dissolvingly below,
Upon a queenly sculptured neck,
That mocked the Alpine snow.

And when those brilliant orbs peeped out
Beneath their silken shroud,
It seemed as if the sun had burst
Some dark o'ercharging cloud.

But when the torch of love lit up
Each calm unslumbering eye,
It was as though two stranger stars
Were shining in the sky.

Her step was musical and soft,
Her speech one stream of song,
Sweet as the dying swan's bewail,
Breeze-loving, borne along.

Her presence breathed the balm of heaven,
One glance of that dear face
Brought back earth's vanished Paradise—
Her long-lost Eden race.

S——

Magdalen Hall, Oxford.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

DOMESTIC.

The "Eastern Question" has become a regular puzzle to our credulous, diplomatizing Government. When they thought they had actually "belled the cat," and brought the Northern Bear to terms indicative of peace and retrogression, they were themselves brought to a stand-still of a sudden by the Turks taking the initiative in warlike demonstrations. This was quite unforeseen by our sapient rulers, who had pronounced the passage across the Danube an utter impossibility at this season of the year. They therefore kept on protocolling and negotiating on the "Eastern question," with as much confidence as if Old Nick (we really mean the Czar) had been divested of his "horns, hoof, and tail, and become anither mon," as the Scotch minister benevolently anticipated of the Czar's arch-prototype. "At any rate," said they, "there can be no fighting till the spring, and by that time all will be amicably settled, the two belligerent armies remaining 'in statu quo,' defying each other in pantomime across the impassable Danube."

A French writer of the last century, (Helvetius,) foretelling a Catholic crusade against England, says, "the sea is a weak barrier against religious fanaticism." Just so; and the Danube, a still weaker; so that a considerable sprinkling of this fanaticism having infused itself into the armies on both sides that river, our Government were surprised one fine morning lately, on learning that the most active of the two had actually passed the "impassable" stream, and soundly thrashed their opponents, and thus obtained the prestige of victory; and that, upon a second encounter, they had repeated the dose, and sent their enemies to the right about "with a prodigious flea in their ear." So much for our diplomacy and its results.

The Lancashire "strikes" continue in full force with unabated virulence and destructiveness; the masters, in other towns than Preston and Wigan, having found it expedient to shut their mills, in order to prevent their men from aiding the "turn-outs." This will fearfully cut off the resources of the latter, and spread misery and distress, not only amongst the operatives themselves, but amongst the innocent and helpless families, to an incalculable extent. That the "turn-outs" should suppose that they can hold out successfully against the capitalists, is an absurdity; and although we do not pretend to adjust the balance of blame, as between the parties, which, in the present stage of the affair, would be useless, we cannot but award the meed of folly to the operatives in choosing the eve of winter, and a slack time, for a demonstration,

which, to succeed at all, requires a busy time and full work to give it efficiency. There is no doubt, that the men have calculated on the drain upon the labour-market by the extensive emigration, to urge their claim to a share of the profits of the trade, *as partners*, rather than wages as workmen and servants. Thus, the Spinners Committee avow that they aim at ruling "the destinies of the trade;" and accordingly, when Mr. Naylor offered his men an advance of five per cent., the committee peremptorily refused to accede to it, and demanded *ten per cent. in addition*, or fifteen per cent.

There is not a shadow of a doubt on our mind, as to how this internecine contest will terminate. All former experience goes to show, that while the masters are fully alive to the dangerous expedient of yielding to this "combined action" of the whole body of workmen, they can, like the master engineers, hold out, — at an enormous sacrifice, it is true, — until downright starvation drives the operatives to submission; and, at the present high rates of provisions, this will not take long. We shall sincerely rejoice to hear, that both parties, — "letting bygones be bygones," — have mutually abandoned their "combined action;" and, without making a question of "which begun first," settled their differences upon the principles of justice, which are always in accordance with those of sound political economy.

We used formerly to hear a great deal about "justice for Ireland," when Daniel the Second reigned in that country. We confess, however, that we never could exactly make out what was comprehended in that term. The items, in fact, were so numerous, that we compared the compound, in our own mind, to the medicine some years ago advertised by a quack, as "*the omnifarious mass coagulated from the Hermaleptic fluid!*" which "all the old women" thought must be an excellent specific because it was incomprehensible. Be that as it may, Sandy has now taken up the motto; and the "Land o' Cakes" is alive from north to south, and from east to west, with the gathering cry of "Justice to Scotland!" and a "National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights" has been formed, headed by Lord Eglinton. A numerous meeting was held during the past month at Edinburgh, when the measure of justice required was clearly and temperately defined. It comprehended the appointment of a secretary of state for Scotland, (they have one for Ireland,) a more equal distribution of the funds of the Imperial expenditure in public works, an increase in the number of representatives in Parliament, the construction of a harbour of refuge on the Scottish coast, &c. &c. The temperate manner in which these and other claims were urged, and the unanimity that prevailed amongst those present, is quite refreshing, and in accordance with that sober good sense and love of order, for which the Scotch are noted. We heartily wish success to this movement, convinced as we are, that Scotland has a just claim to equal rights and an equal participation in the benefits of the Imperial expenditure.

We are glad to learn, by a letter from Mr. Gisborne, that the "Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company" have finally adopted the plan of cutting the canal across the Isthmus of Darien, from ocean to ocean, *without locks;* and that the preliminary expedition for completing the surveys of the isthmus and the pecuniary arrangements with the New Granadian Government, will leave England on the 17th December, under the charge of Lionel Gisborne, Esq., the engineer of the company. It is most gratifying, too, to learn, that the French, American, New Granadian, and English Governments co-operate in the undertaking, both as regards this expedition, and in guaranteeing the permanent neutrality of the territory through which the navigation is to pass.

The Great Exhibition of Dublin closed on the last week in October; and, as a worthy Irish correspondent of ours remarked, *fully* answered the expectations of the projectors, *except* that there was a deficiency of some ten thousand pounds on the balance-sheet! We regret this result the more, on account of the general conviction, that if it had been kept open another month the deficiency would have been covered. A vast number of the Irish gentry, who had been absent the entire summer, were then returning home, and were anxious to have the opportunity of seeing it with their families. The failure also may, in a great measure, be laid at the door of the Irish railway companies, who, most impoliticly, refused to lower their fares until the last fortnight; when they reluctantly did this, the rush of people from the country nearly doubled the number of visitors. In this respect the conduct of the Irish companies is in perfect contrast with those of England, which afforded every facility to the public to witness the wonders of the Crystal Palace.

The cholera continues its progress through the country and the metropolis. Hitherto its march has been slow; and it is to be hoped that, as the approach of winter has checked its ravages, it may wholly disappear before the cold season is over. It has been particularly fatal at seaports and on shipboard; and many emigrant vessels have had to report an unusual number of deaths by that disease and diarrhœa.

The Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland sold last week property to the amount of five hundred and seventy thousand pounds, the land fetching from seventeen to thirty years' purchase. The good that must result to that country from thus setting free so large an amount of landed property is incalculable, and is apparent in all directions.

It is said that Government are in possession of intelligence that the combined fleets have entered the Black Sea. The tenders for the contracts for supplying the French fleet with provisions, during the period they shall remain in the Bosphorus, or the Black Sea, were ordered to be sent in by the 16th November.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The intelligence from India is far from satisfactory. The famous bandit chief, Meatoon, with 4,000 or 5,000 followers, and his colleague, Moung

Goung, with 6,000, are devastating the territories in Burmah, under British authority, and exercising every kind of cruelty on the inhabitants. They are said to be within four days' march of Rangoon, where the British force is only 800 strong.

It is rumoured that an alliance has been entered into between Russia and the Government of Cabul; to which report, the foul assassination of Colonel Mackeson gives a kind of confirmation. The more probable supposition, however, is, that Dost Mahomed is rather inclined to co-operate with Russia against the Turks, than against the English.

In Australia the "Diggins" continue to yield a large amount of gold, but as they now have a mint of their own, the colonists will most probably send the produce of the gold fields over sea in specie, instead of bullion or gold dust. A large excess of imports, a few weeks ago, had lowered the price of goods; but the excess is considered so temporary and unimportant by the merchants acquainted with that portion of our commerce, that they have continued to purchase for the Australian market, under the conviction that the enormous consumption will soon clear off any surplus that may have accumulated.

At the Cape of Good Hope, the unexpected announcement that Sir George Clerk had arrived, with a commission to make arrangements for abandoning the Orange River sovereignty, has again thrown the settlers, in that part of the colony, into a state of great excitement and exasperation against the Government. The reasons for this determination have not been made public, nor was any intimation given of it in Parliament during the last session, otherwise it is probable a considerable opposition would have been raised to it. It is to be hoped that those interests which will be sacrificed by this abandonment, will be considered by the Government, and compensation awarded to the sufferers.

The "Friend of the Sovereignty" of the 18th. August, announces the death of Commandant-General A. W. J. Pretorius, of the Trans Vaal Republic, in South Africa. His character and history are well known to our readers. Before his death he exhorted his coadjutors in office to cultivate the friendship of the British nation.

A remarkable feature in the state of society in the Canadas is, the vast increase of emigrants from the Southern States of America. These poor fugitive slaves now number 35,000, and form a kind of border phalanx in the Upper Province, that would prove a powerful barrier to any aggressive action against it. The Fugitive Slave Law now leaves the slave no alternative, but to abandon the States of the Union as quickly as possible, there being no rest for the sole of his foot within them.

In New Brunswick the legislature has followed the example of that of Maine, Massachussetts, &c., and have passed a law, prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits, except under special license for medical or scientific purposes. There is a growing conviction, that nothing but this plan can prevent, or even mitigate, the enormous and deadly evils to society arising from the free sale of these moral and physical poisons, the taste for which appears to be rather on the increase than otherwise. The extraordinary effects of the "Maine Law," wherever it has been adopted, are so palpable and so beneficial, that it must recommend itself to every man who feels any interest in the welfare of his species. We should heartily rejoice to see this law introduced into the United Kingdom, where it is quite as much needed as in the New World.

FOREIGN.

France, like England, is almost exclusively occupied by the all-absorbing question of the Turko-Russian affair, which is as momentous to that country as it is to us. The manifesto issued by the Autocrat on the 1st November, which consists of a string of the most palpable falsehoods, has been responded to by the French Government, or rather by Louis Napoleon, in a manner which will sting the tyrant to the quick. "It is not exact," says this document, "to say that the principal Powers of Europe have vainly endeavoured by their exhortations, to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman Porte." This sounds exceedingly like giving the Czar the lie in the Turkish fashion, "you say the things which is not;" and we are glad to see the French Emperor thus firm in denouncing a document doubtless intended to sow discord between the two countries, which, of all others, have now the most powerful motives to keep on terms of the strictest amity.

The character of the Turks has been raised indefinitely in the estimation of the political world by the moral courage they have evinced in taking the initiative by declaring war against the invader, and following up that act by commencing hostilities. The passage of the Danube, at this season, in the face of a hostile army, was considered an impossibility; but it appears to have been effected by the Turkish army with great ease, and without any opposition from the enemy until they had effected their object. Then the Russians under Gortschakoff attacked the Turks at Oltenitza, but were completely routed with considerable loss. A second engagement also took place with a similar result, which obliged the Russians to sound a retreat. Subsequent accounts inform us that the heavy rains which fell had induced the Turkish general to abandon the intention of marching to Bucharest, to relinquish all the posts he occupied on the left side of the river, with the exception of Kalafat, and to re-cross the Danube with the greater part of his troops, without fighting. This latter part, however, is a Russian account, transmitted by Prince Gortschakoff to Vienna, and it is in a measure contradicted by the French consul at Bucharest, who reports that he heard a continuous firing of cannon in the direction of the Danube; and the Turks give the true reason for re-crossing the stream,—the right bank being more healthy.

It is a curious feature in this affair, that, of the 80,000 Russians who were said to have crossed the Pruth, not half of them can be accounted for; and that not more than from twenty to thirty

thousand were ready to oppose the Turks on their crossing the river. The accounts received from the scene of action are, in fact, so vague and contradictory, that it is impossible to deduce the truth any further than that all of them admit the Russians to have been beaten.

On the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, there is a general movement among the Mahometan populations. The Affghanistans have sent a deputation to the Shah of Persia, to request him to allow the Mahometans in his provinces to take part against the Russians. And Abda Pasha, the Turkish commander of the army of Asia, had passed through Erzeroum and Kars, and entered Immerita (a Russian province wrested from Persia), and was received by the mountaineers with demonstrations of joy. A general attack was to be made upon the whole Russian line, which is of very great extent and but weakly defended. It is much to be desired that the contest will result in the separation of the provinces of Immerita, Georgia, &c. from the Russian yoke, and the entire expulsion of the Russians from the plains at the foot of the Caucasus. The Czar will indeed have "too many irons in the fire," for his own comfort or advantage.

In China, the revolutionists are gaining ground. Shanghae is now in the possession of the insurgent army; and wherever they come into contact with the Imperial troops, the latter stand no chance against them.

Brother Jonathan is still casting a longing look upon Cuba, and cannot relinquish his designs. We had hoped that the fate of the last attempt would have effected his conversion to something like political honesty; but it is *his* ruling passion.

The harvest in America has been an abundant one, and the States' merchants calculate upon having two and a half million quarters of wheat to spare for exportation. According, however, to the present rate and proportion of the shipments, not more than one-third of that quantity will come to the United Kingdom, which will go but a little way towards the supply of our deficiency.

A vessel from St. Petersburgh has arrived at Hull, which reports that the Imperial Guard, 70,000 strong, has been ordered out and reviewed, and that, to a man, they volunteered to march to the Principalities, if required. The Emperor was much affected, it is said, by this demonstration of loyalty, but expressed a hope that God would prevent the necessity for it. The Russian fleet in the Baltic has been laid up in winter quarters.

LITERATURE.

Victoria; late Australia Felix, or Port Phillip District of New South Wales; being an historical and descriptive Account of the Colony and its Gold Mines. By WILLIAM WESTGARTH. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1853.

THE gold country and the diggings have formed a very prolific, and we doubt not a profitable subject for writers of all grades. Mr. Westgarth comes comparatively late into the field, but he has the advantage of bringing the latest news, and is therefore all the more acceptable. No man has had better opportunities of collecting information, and no writer that we are aware of has given a picture so complete in all its parts of what is going on at the present moment at the other side of the globe. The author of this book is no common observer; he sees deeper than the surface of things; and the reflective reader who shall follow him through his wanderings, will find his remarks tempered with a philosophy more than superficial, and in all cases with practical common sense. His illustrations of the squatting system, of which we at home have but a very imperfect notion, are extremely interesting, and introduce us to a mode of life, which though it is not without its charms, a man may well ponder over before he embraces it. His speculations upon the effect of the gold discoveries are reasonable and sensible, not calculated to excite unnecessary alarm, but yet demanding the serious consideration, and it may be preparation, of those likely to be most damaged by the influx of the precious metal. It is perfectly true, as he remarks,

> That many individuals, having a fixed money property or income, may hereafter be injured by this prospective depreciation of gold. Slow as may be the progress of this decline, and graduated downwards by the opposing powers of inventive industry, and by successive natural causes, whose combined operation is infinitely more ameliorative in this question than the most consummate legislation, nevertheless the fixed annual mite of the widow and the pensionary will become year after year of less and less avail, effecting a change in the circumstances of these parties not the less real because perhaps imperceptible even to the recipients themselves. Such parties are holders of considerable amounts of the public stocks, and will cling to the yearly diminishing pittance with a patriotic faith, which nothing in the present or the future can impair.

He deprecates, however (and very wisely), a change in the currency which would neutralize the impending national saving, and prefers that the Government should administer a gracious and well-appreciated relief of some few millions ster-

ling to several hundreds, perhaps thousands of poor recipients, than wantonly dismiss to the winds of stock-exchange speculation an approaching national saving, possibly of many times that amount.

The author proceeds to the diggings, giving us a graphic account of his journey over the frightful roads, and painting many animated pictures of life and labour upon the spot. He describes the Bendigo gold fields as crowded with the toilers of all nations, Germans, Swiss, Frenchmen, Americans, Dutch, New Zealanders, Malays, and Chinamen, some of them working laboriously by night as well as by day.

In these enthusiastic pursuits serious accidents were frequent, from the impatience and negligence of all parties. In every locality of auriferous repute, the competing diggers thronged so thickly together, that very insufficient surface space was left for the ejected matter in sinking their pits. There was usually, therefore, around each pit a pile of gravel, earth, and stones, rising at a very unsafe angle, directly from the edge of the excavation. The slightest disturbance above was ever rolling down a dangerous shower upon the heads of those below, and long lines of pits on either side of the narrow and devious road-ways were exposed to the additional danger, from an incessant throng of trucks and wheelbarrows, carts of gravel, and waggons of provisions, horsemen and footmen, pressing backwards and forwards with equal impatience and negligence in their exciting vocation. A blow on the head from a descending quartz nodule had become, therefore, as familiar, and nearly as harmless, to a sturdy digger, as the punch of an iron waddy upon the skull of an aboriginal lubra, whose noisy jealousy amongst her several rivals had disquieted the family wigwam, and worn out the patience of a common husband. More serious injuries arose from the falling in of the sides of the pits, and particularly of the lateral borings, which were far too hastily and unmethodically executed. One serious and fatal accident was reported on the day of our visit, and was of a peculiar character. A depth of about twelve feet in excavating a pit, had brought the miners to some porous bed, through which the water began to ooze into the hole, threatening to render the claim useless. An experienced digger would most likely at this point have at once decided to abandon the place as hopeless. The party, however, determined to stick to their labours, and commenced "baling out." After a brief attempt, during which the increasing waters had by degrees undermined the pit, the sides began to fall in, and a stick was lowered in order to pull up one of the men who had remained below. This could not, however, be accomplished, although the influx of earth and water had as yet reached only to the knees. In great alarm, therefore, a rope was next procured, which gave the man a better hold. But this also proved in vain, and the immersion was now beyond the middle. Before any fastening could be effected on the person of the sufferer, the crisis was already at hand. He could not be extricated; and a harrowing spectacle awaited a surrounding crowd, who could scarcely credit the scene before them, of a fellow-creature deliberately perishing almost within touch of a hundred able and anxious arms, that were yet in the hurry of the moment, and in the absence of available apparatus, quite powerless for any succour.

Ladies being at a premium in the colony, we are not surprised to find that they take care of themselves. The wives of the diggers,

Although desirous of appearing shocked with such mercenary matters, are occasionally tempted, like Mrs. Caudle, in the case of the Eel Pie Island's railway stock, to inquire of their husbands on an evening, how much they have secured by the day's labours. The subject is thus dignified by a domestic tendency. The Sydney ladies are said to have gone, by aid of long experience, considerably further; for, in attending diligently to the relations of cause and effect in the wool-market, they had ascertained that, on a broker's report showing a penny per lb. of advance in price, an extra horse to the carriage was quite an attainable affair, from a husband of average humanity.

Mr. Westgarth was introduced to a party of four diggers at work at the "White Hills," Bendigo. They had excavated a hole to the depth of twenty feet, and struck the "auriferous grit," which they were then collecting and washing. Of this grit, every bucketful yielded from two to three ounces of gold, and a cart-load would give nearly two pounds weight. But it must be remembered, that they had spent considerable capital in getting to the necessary depth, and were fortunate in reaching it at all.

We must confess to some surprise on learning from our author that the proportion of persons in Melbourne who have received a good practical education, of persons of some cultivation and address, accustomed to social intercourse and to some measure of refinement, is rather beyond that which might be found pertaining to a town of similar extent in Britain. The current notion here runs very much the other way, and the reports which reach us of atrocities in Melbourne streets tend to strengthen it. Of the state of society in the neighbourhood of the diggings, we have an amusing and graphic description in Chapter XI., which contains also an account, present and retrospective, of the colonial press, with the history in detail of the Melbourne *Argus*, a newspaper now well known in England, which rose from small beginnings only a few years back to a present circulation of ten thousand daily, and an income from advertisements alone of £800 a week. Melbourne sent 70,000 newspapers to England by one vessel (the "Harbinger"), in the month of May last, besides 40,000 letters. The fact of this enormous communication and correspondence suggests to the author some sensible observations on the colonial postal question, which demands complete revision and reform. The subject of a low uniform ocean postage is one of daily increasing importance, and cannot much longer be shirked by the legislature.

Here we must take leave of this volume, commending it to the notice of all who wish to be agreeably informed upon a subject which, of all the absorbing topics of the day, is, perhaps, the most universally interesting.

Dudley Ronan: or The Bible v. *Error*. London: Robert Hardwicke, 38, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn. 1853.

This appears to be the work of a layman, written with the view of exposing the errors of Tractarianism, by subjecting the new doctrines to the test of the Bible. It is written in a candid and liberal spirit, abounds with substantial argument, and appeals throughout to the reason and common sense of man, not to his prejudiced or sectarian

predilections. In point of profundity and solid wholesome thinking, Dudley Ronan is very far above the average of religious narratives of the same class. The worthy sea captain, who is the champion of the truth, is at once a better metaphysician, a better divine, and a more accomplished disputant than three-fourths of the occupants of our modern pulpits; and that antagonist must be something more than a clever casuist who shall succeed in controverting his arguments. It may just happen that the very peculiarity of this book, which ought to render it generally acceptable, the total absence, to wit, of the slightest tinge of bigotry or exclusiveness, may tend against its popularity; but no lover of truth will fail to recognize its value. Unlike too many works of an analogous kind, the story, which is often nothing more than a bald vehicle for controversy, is in this case one of real interest, and rich both in incident and character. There is a vein of cheerfulness, often rising into genuine humour, pervading the whole, and, as is always the case where the faculty of humour exists, a corresponding power of pathos where pathos is required. We have read Dudley Ronan with much pleasure, and can warmly commend it to the religious public as an excellent family book. The character of Chips is admirable—a genuine representation of the British sailor of the better sort.

Fulcher's Ladies Memorandum Book and Pocket Miscellany. 1854. Sudbury: G. W. Fulcher. London: Longman and Co.

FULCHER'S Pocket Book is this year, as usual, quite a literary miscellany, teeming with good things. Besides riddles enough to puzzle us for a year, there are tales by Frank Fairlegh, tales by Frances Brown, and a whole collection of poems by a band of poets who know how to sing to good purpose. We shall quote one of these for which we expect our readers will thank us.

FOUR TRAVELLERS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Four travellers sat one winter's night
At my father's board so free;
And he asked them why they left their land,
And why they crossed the sea?

One said for bread, and one for gold,
And one for a cause of strife;
And one he came for a lost love's sake,
To lead a stranger's life.

They dwelt among our hamlets long,
They learned each mountain way;
They shared our sports in the woodlands green,
And by the crags so gay.

And they were brave by flood and fell,
And they were blithe in hall;
But he that led the stranger's life,
Was the blithest of them all.

Some said the grief of his youth had passed,
Some said his love grew cold;
But nought I know if this were so,
For the tale was never told.

His mates they found them homes and friends
As the swallow finds a nest;
We saw their flocks and fields increase,
But we loved him still the best.

Now he that came to seek for bread,
Is lord of my father's land;
And he that fled so far from strife
Hath a goodly household band.

And he that sought the gold alone
Hath wedded my sister fair;
And the oaks are green and the pastures wide,
By their pleasant homesteads there.

But when they meet by the winter fire
Or the shade of summer's vine,
Their talk is yet of a whelming stream,
And a brave life given for mine;

For a grave by our mountain river side
Grows green this many a year—
Where the flower of the four sleeps evermore,
And I am a stranger here.

Savile House. An Historical Romance of the Time of George the First. By ADDLESTONE HILL. In two volumes. London: Routledge and Co. 1853.

THE scene of this stirring romance is laid in a spot well-known to the inhabitants of London, and which, with its immediate surroundings, has been for a long time invaded by the French, who, with a good sprinkling of blacklegs, swindlers, and scamps of all nations, maintain their position—how, is best known to themselves and their victims. The time is the beginning of the last century, when Jacobinism was rife and daring, and the Papists were persecuted with a rancour and a rigour now only to be imagined—when the first German George gabbled dog-Latin to his ministers, and paraded the ugly mugs of his Hanoverian strumpets in the public streets, by way, it is to be presumed, of inculcating lessons of royal morality. It was the era of Pope, and Addison, and Lady Mary Montague, and a crowd of lesser notabilities, famed for their flow of wit and lack of wisdom, and for their abandoned profligacy. Savile House, according to Mr. or Mrs. (which is it?) Hill, was then what Holland House was at a later period, the resort of the literary, political, and fashionable celebrities of the day; and, in consequence, there the reader meets with them. If some of the portraitures of individuals with whom, through their writings, we are tolerably well acquainted, are not by any means too like the originals, they are at all events amusing; and being limned with considerable spirit, may be contemplated with pleasure. Let us quote a sample of the conversation carried on at a ball. Lady Montague asks Pope

"Who is that precocious pup, with a lady's handkerchief dangling from his button-hole? He looks quite new."

"So he is," said Pope; "it is young Warwick, Addison's step-son, who has just returned from Italy, laden with foreign fashions. He is in close attendance on Mrs. Howard, and seems to have identified himself as her cicisbeo; no doubt he has served in that capacity abroad."

"And pray what is that?" said Edith, with extreme simplicity.

"A man, my dear," replied Lady Mary, "who passes

his time with another man's wife, but who means nothing, says nothing, and does nothing."

"I suppose he studies the text that commands us to bear each other's burdens, and translates it literally," chimed Pope.

"Ask Wharton that," whispered Lady Mary, for he had again joined the party with Madeline; "methinks he would gladly shift his burden, if he could find some other man who would be fool enough to bear it."

"As your husband has done," said Wharton, with some spleen; "but he has been more fortunate than I, and has shifted his incubus to the back of your friend Pope, who, cripple as he is, is yet Atlas enough to bear so light a fardel."

This is coarse enough, at any rate, for the period, but not more so perhaps than the actual manners of the day, if ladies and gentlemen may be presumed to have spoken as unceremoniously as they wrote. The story, the plot of which is too intricate for explanation here, is, upon the whole, a good one; the events, which are startling, succeed each other rapidly and dramatically; and the denouement, though in our view anything but satisfactory, is ingeniously brought about. The narrative is principally occupied with the details of a daring and atrocious plot, in which Madeline, whom many will regard as the heroine of the romance, is the principal actor, and at the same time the deluded tool. A canting, hypocritical renegade, Hitchmough, is the dark and bloody villain of the tale, and to him poetical justice is finally dealt out by the gallows' cord. It is to be regretted that the story ends so miserably by the death of poor Edith, the best of all the author's creations. She might have survived, to the improvement of the work in every respect, and without any damage to the moral sought to be enforced. Her mother's fault is sufficiently expiated without the daughter's death, which every reader will feel inclined to resent as a practical blunder on the part of the author. From the fact that the machinery of this very exciting drama does not work very smoothly — that while the puppets dance we see the strings which move them — we are inclined to think it is the performance of a young writer. If so, we have good hopes of him or her, and shall look again for the name of Addlestone Hill upon a title-page.

On the Remote Cause of Epidemic Diseases. Parts I. and II. *The Cause of Blight and Pestilence in the Vegetable Creation. The Prevention and Treatment of Disease in the Potatoe and other Crops.* London: Hatchard, Piccadilly. 1841, 1846, 1853.

In these several works, which are all well-written, and remarkably well-reasoned, Mr. Parkin seeks to establish the theory, that the plagues and epidemics which at various periods in the history of the world have assailed and so fearfully devastated both animal and vegetable life, are all due to volcanic action in some form or other. Whether he is right or wrong — and we are disposed to think, from observations we could not avoid making during the prevalence of cholera in 1849, that much could be said on the opposite side of the question — he has yet rendered service to science and to mankind by the elaborate discussion of the subject contained in the above separate publications. He is an anti-contagionist, on the strongest grounds and the strongest convictions. According to him, the deleterious elements which poison our crops of food and decimate the human race, are generated in subterranean reservoirs, and diffused in the surrounding atmosphere along particular lines of the earth's surface subjected to volcanic action, which lines he shows to be identical with the line of march of epidemic diseases. Thus he arrives at the conclusion, that it is *places* and not persons which are infected at epidemic periods. His arguments are, at this crisis, well worthy of the attention of medical men, and of all indeed interested in the execution of sanitary measures. They are based upon an extensive acquaintance with the history and operation of epidemic disease for the last five centuries — to the details of which we refer the reader for matter of exciting, though not very consolatory, interest at the present time.

A Love Story; being the History of the Courtship and Marriage of Dr. Dove, of Doncaster. By the late Robert Southey. (Traveller's Library, Part 50.) London: Longman and Co. 1853.

The narrative of Dr. Dove and his Deborah is familiar to most of us, through the medium of "The Doctor," &c. We cannot agree with the editor in the high praise he accords to this story; but it is a charming fragment, suggestive of a beautiful whole which should have existed, but never did exist. The few characters introduced are limned to the life, but the story is bald in the extreme, and is disfigured by much obsolete nonsense about the corrupting influence, forsooth, of cotton factories, and the solemn duty of a parson not to preach sermons of his own composition. The following is a whimsical illustration of Southey's idea of a poor man's religion:—

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward, after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! and you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church."—"Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is, indeed, a blessed day! I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

Southey adds, "such *must* be the religion of most men of his station," asserting that it is a wise dispensation that it is so, and that there is no reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise.

Temperance Memorials of the late Robert Kettle, Esq., with a Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. W. Reid. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. London: W. Tweedie, 1853.

Robert Kettle was a man of whom Glasgow has reason to be proud. His whole life afforded a remarkable illustration of the practical working of Christian principle: he would have spent it,

and did spend it, in supplying the need of others; and shrunk from no labour, however great, in the furtherance of a great object. He waged war against the monster vice and disgrace of humanity. For this service he appears to have been especially qualified. His kindness was proverbial; his sincerity and unselfishness were above suspicion; his humour and sarcasm were admirable, and always under control, and exercised in the right direction; his style of reasoning was simple, forcible, and popular, and, judging from the examples in this volume, peculiarly adapted to the comprehension and conviction of the class of minds to whom they were addressed. The memoir of this amiable and worthy man is a useful and instructive piece of biography, well deserving the serious attention of young men entering upon life. As for the Memorials, the production of his earnest mind and powerful pen, we presume that in the form of tracts they are already in the hands of multitudes. They cannot be too often reprinted or too widely circulated.

The National Miscellany for November, 1853. London: Parker, Strand.

The papers for this month's Miscellany are well chosen. "Travelling in England" is a lively hint to both landlords and travellers, from which both may profit. There is a biographical sketch of Arago, which might have been advantageously extended over a page or two more; a useful article on the Greek and Russian churches; and a very pleasant and readable one, entitled "Some Chit-Chat about the Organ," which some of our strong-fingered, light-footed, harmonists will enjoy not a little. The remaining papers exhibit an improvement upon some of the previous numbers, but are too brief for a monthly serial.

Poems. By Anna Blackwell. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1853.

Miss Blackwell grinds a sort of poetic organ, very tunefully and harmoniously set, but to a stock of venerable melodies as old as the hills. We feel convinced, as we read, that she could go on in the same strain till Doomsday, if she chose, without wandering from the respectable beaten track. She has a profound respect for old truisms, and sets them to odd metres, which latter constitute her chief claim to originality. We shall quote the introductory *morceau*, though why it should be called "Fiat Lux" is hard to say.

The opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Dark is born;
From out the gloomy womb of ebon Night
The stars' soft light.

Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
The summer flowers.

The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The rotting seed, the fading bloom, restore
The last year's store.

Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches Truth;
Through efforts long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the Deed.

Wise orderings of variant Tones afford
The full accord;
Co-ordinated Parts, as cycles roll,
The perfect whole.

History of the Anti-Corn Law League. By Archibald Prentice. Vol. II. London: W. and F. G. Cash, Bishopsgate-street. 1853.

This second volume of Mr. Prentice's work continues the history of the Anti-Corn Law League from the opening of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1843, down to the final triumph and dissolution of the League in May, 1846. These volumes form a valuable and important record of the greatest fact in the politico-commercial history of the world; a fact, the progress of which will never be erased from the memories of mankind, and whose influence will remain to all succeeding generations. Already is the success of the League regarded as the triumph of truth over falsehood; of probity over knavery in high places; and the day will come when men will wonder why such a combination of forces was needed to perform a simple act of justice, which common sense and common honesty should have brought about without its instigation. These volumes should have a place in the library of every English patriot. They will teach him what virtue there is in combination in favour of a righteous cause, and show him how to set to work when he would win from his oppressors the right to be free.

A Narrative of Practical Experiments with the Divining Rod. By F. Phippen. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1853.

This pamphlet details a series of extraordinary and successful experiments made for the purpose of detecting water and minerals in the bowels of the earth, by one Charles Adams, a Somersetshire labourer. The story is but clumsily told, and it does not very clearly appear what is the author's design in publishing it. We are not aware that anything new is stated on the subject, unless it be that specific directions are given for the use of the talismanic rod. These we shall copy for the behoof of such of our readers as may choose to make the experiment, from which we do not anticipate much good.

Instructions to Persons *endeavouring to ascertain whether or not they possess the gift or power of* "Dowsing."

Go to a hedge and cut from it a forked twig of *hazel*, or *whitethorn*, of one or two years' growth. Cut off the small sprouts or branches. Then place the end of each fork between the *second* and *third* fingers of each hand, and apply your hands closely to each side of your body just below the short ribs. Keep the rod in a horizontal position, and walk slowly over the ground under which you imagine the sought-for treasure lies. If you possess the power, and arrive over the hidden object of your

search, the fork will either be repelled with force back against the chest, or attracted downwards towards the earth. Experiments have been made with divining rods of iron and copper wire: both acted; the copper best, and as well as the wooden twigs."

The Last Fruits off an Old Tree. By Walter Savage Landor. London: Edward Moxon. 1853.

The writings of Walter Savage Landor are greatly more admired and praised than read. We place those two tall, closely-printed, treasure-laden volumes upon our shelves, and there they stand, day after day, and month after month, waiting for a convenient season, an opportunity for deliberate perusal, which, amid the hurry and bustle of this fast-living age, rarely comes. They will not bear to be lightly handled, to be cursorily dipped into now and then, and thrown aside as suddenly; in a word, they are not generally suited to the present popular taste, which is a taste for gossip, and chit-chat, and extravagance, and elaborate trifling. They demand a "fit audience," and though that audience be few at the present time, it is not likely to be fewer, but to increase and multiply by degrees as the faculty of philosophic thought extends with the multitude, and the growth of a correct taste leads to a more general and just appreciation of what is finished and complete in literary art. Their distinguishing characteristics are originality, fertility, and poetic imaginativeness, qualities never suddenly recognized by the mass of readers, because the mass of readers, unfortunately, have not these qualities in themselves. Then, again, they are learned, far beyond the average erudition even of reading men, and this alone would bar them from a very wide popularity.

The volume which, under the above charming title, Mr. Landor has now published for the benefit of the Madiai, is, to a great extent, free from the last-mentioned objection. The larger proportion of the papers are on popular subjects, and topics of interest at the moment. These do not require, and are not susceptible, of the same elaborate finish which mark most of the author's previous labours. The author apologises in his preface for the absence of this, alleging that an artist cannot work so effectively in sandstone as in alabaster and marble. This may be true to a certain extent; but your true artist lives in his material, whatever it may be. Even a dab of clay in the hands of Michael Angelo shall become animate with godlike action: and so it is here—the sandstone heroes of Mr. Landor, the selfish despots, the wily knaves of modern days, live as livingly in the new volume as do Pericles and Aspasia, Boccacio and Petrarch in the old ones; and they have all the advantage of being better understood, because all the world knows what they are talking about. We must make one or two extracts from an imaginary conversation between Nicholas and Nesselrode, as an exhibition of Russian sentiments on subjects of present moment.

Nicholas. If they (the Circassians) would become my subjects, I would let them, as I have let other Mahometans, become Christians at their leisure. We must brigade them before baptism.

Nesselrode. It is singular that this necessity never struck those religious men, who are holding Peace conferences in various parts of Europe.

Nich. One of them, I remember, tried to persuade the people of England, that if the bankers of London would negotiate no loan with me, I could carry on no war.

Ness. Wonderful! how ignorant are monied men of money matters. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to listen to my advice when hostilities seemed inevitable. I was desirous of raising the largest loan possible, that none should be forthcoming to the urgency of others. At that very moment your Majesty had in your coffers more than sufficient for the expenditure of three campaigns. Well may your Majesty smile at this computation, and at the blindness that suggested it. For never will your Majesty send an army into any part of Europe which shall not maintain itself there by its own prowess. Your cavalry will seize all the provisions that are not stored up within the fortresses; and in every army those are to be found who for a few thousand roubles are ready to blow up their munition-waggons. We know by name almost every discontented man in Europe.

Nich. To obtain this information, my yearly expenses do not exceed the revenues of half-a-dozen English bishops.

. . . .

Nich. I hated him (Napoleon) for his insolence, and I despised him alike for his cowardice and falsehood. Shame is the surest criterion of humanity. Where one is wanting, the other is. The beasts never indicate shame in a state of nature: in society some of them require it; Bonaparte not. He neither blushed at repudiating a modest woman, nor at supplanting her by an immodest one. Holding a pistol to the father's ear, he ordered him to dismount from his carriage; to deliver up his ring, his watch, his chain, his seal, his knee-buckle; stripping off galloon from trouser, and presently trouser too. Caught, pinioned, sentenced, he fell on both knees in the mud, and implored this poor creature's intercession to save him from the hangman. He neither blushed at the robbery of a crown, nor at the fabrication of twenty. He was equally ungrateful in public life and in private. He banished Barras, who promoted and protected him; he calumniated the French admiral, whose fleet for his own safety he detained on the shores of Egypt, and the English admiral who defeated him in Syria with a tenth of his force. Baffled as he often was, and at last fatally, and admirably as in many circumstances he knew how to be a general, never in any did he know how to be a gentleman.

. . . .

Ness. England, sire, is indeed tranquil at home, but that home is a narrow one, and extends not across the Irish Channel. Every colony is dissatisfied and disturbed. No faith has been kept with any of them . . . . To say nothing of the massacres in Ceylon, your majesty well knows what atrocities her commissioner has long exercised in the Seven Isles. England looks on and applauds, taking a hearty draught of Lethe at every sound of the scourge.

Nick. Nesselrode! you seem indignant. I see only the cheerful sparks of a fire at which our dinner is to be dressed; we shall soon sit down to it; Greece must not call me away until I rise from the dessert; I will then take my coffee at Constantinople. The crescent ere long will become the full harvest-moon; our reapers have already the sickles in their hands.

Ness. England may grumble.

Nick. So she will. She is as ready now to grumble as she was formerly to fight. She grumbles too early; she fights too late. Extraordinary men are the English. They raise the hustings higher than the throne; and, to make amends, being resolved to build a new palace, they push it under an old bridge. The Cardinal, in his way to the abbey, may in part disrobe at it. Noble vestry-room! where many habiliments are changed. Capacious dovecote! where carrier-pigeons and fantails and croppers intermingle with the more ordinary, bill and coo, ruffle

and smoothen their feathers, and bend their versicolor necks to the same corn. It is amusing to look at a playground of striped tops, humming, whirring, wavering, now dipping to this side now to that, whipt from the centre to the circumference of the court-yard, and losing all distinctness of colour by the rapidity of their motion. We are consistent, Nesselrode. We can sit quiet and look on. I am fortunate, another may say judicious, in my choice of instruments. The English care more about the organ-loft than the organ, in the construction of which they employ stout bellows, but look little to the keys and stops. Mr. Pitt could speak fluently for hours together, and that was enough: he was permitted to spend a million a week in expeditions. Canning issued state papers of such elaborate lacework, that ladies might make shrouds of them for their dead canaries. Of Castlereagh you know as much as I do. We blew snuff into his eyes, and gave him the boxes to carry home. He has the glory of being the third founder of the French monarchy. Pitt sharpened the sword of Bonaparte and placed the iron crown upon his head. He was the cooper who drew together and compacted the barrel, by setting on fire the chips and shavings and putting them in the centre.

Ness. Small is the expenditure of keeping a stop-watch under the pillow, and an alarum at the bedside. For less than ten thousand crowns yearly, your majesty knows the movements of every dangerous demagogue on the Continent. To gratify your majesty, no less than his majesty of Naples, the Chevalier Graham, then a minister of England, gave information against the two brothers Bandiera, by which they were seized and shot.

Nich. I hope we shall see the chevalier once more in office.

From the poetical portion of this volume which, besides some novelties, contains a goodly number of pieces already familiar to the public through the medium of the journals, we select the following as provocative of mirth.

PHELIM'S PRAYER TO ST. VITUS.

There was a damsel ill in Limerick
Of that distemper which impels the nerves
To motion without will; a dance 'tis called,
Of which Saint Vitus is the dancing master.
Phelim O'Murrough saw the damsel late
Recovered from this malady; he asked
What was it called? who cured it? having heard,
Homeward he hastened; yet before the porch
Of the first chapel lying on the road
He fell upon his knees, and thus he prayed:
"Ah! now, St. Vitis! may it please yer Honor!
Ye know as well as any in the world
I never troubled ye, and seldom yours
By father's side or mother's, or presumed
To give the master of the house a wink,
Or bother his dear son about my wife.
But now I know what ails her, I would fain
Jist tell ye what she suffers from — the same
As lately visited Peg Corcoran,
At the bridge-end (see ye) in Limerick,
She had it in her limbs, in every one,
Yet she found saints (yer Honor above all)
Who minded her and set her up again.
Now surely, good Saint Vitis! bless your heart!
If you could cure (and who shall doubt you could?)
Such awful earthquakes over every limb,
'Twould give your Honor mighty little trouble
To lay one finger on one spot alone
Of my poor wife. Unaisy soul! her dance,
The devil's own dance, she dances day and night;
But only with the tongue. . . . Save now and then
It seizes foot and fist and stirs them sore.
She cannot help, poor crathur! but must hoot
Murther! bad luck to ye! and *bloody thief!*
At every kick and cuff that she vouchsafes.
These, plaise ye, are the burthen of the song,
And this the dance she leads me up and down,
Without one blest *vobiscum*, evermore.
Could not yer Honor stop that wagging tongue
And woeful fist and thundering foot of hers?
Do now! and Phelim will, when called upon,
Work for ye three hard days in Paradise."

The publication of this volume, the child of his old age, is likely to have the effect of recalling the attention of readers to the earlier and more finished productions of Mr. Landor, which have been so long before the world. May it enlarge the circle of his admirers, by adding to the number of those capable of relishing his classic style and comprehensive originality of thought.

Ruins of Many Lands. A Descriptive Poem. By NICHOLAS MICHELL. Fourth Edition, revised; with considerable Additions to the Text and Historical Notes. London: Tegg and Co. 1854.

WE have already, in a previous number of the Magazine, expressed our high opinion of this poem. We have only to add, that it is a production which grows in estimation by a prolonged intimacy. Like all good things, it requires to be familiarly known to be properly appreciated. The author has added new poetical scenes and pictures, availing himself of the latest researches amid the buried antiquities of the East. We regard his volume as in all respects a finished performance, calculated alike to improve the taste and arouse the reflective faculties of the young, and to win the lasting approbation of the mature and well-informed.

Outlines of Universal History. In Three Parts. By HENRY WHITE, B.A. For the use of Schools. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1853.

THE use of such a compendium as this is obvious. It is not only in schools that advantage will be derived from it. A recurrence to first principles is necessary to most students now and then; and the student of history, as much as anybody, needs the assistance of a general summary in outline, for the purpose of concatenating, so to speak, his desultory readings, and classifying the information acquired from time to time. For this reason, if we mistake not, this compact little tome will circulate beyond the schools for whose use it was intended. It cannot travel too far, containing, as it does, all that it pretends to contain, and honestly fulfilling the promise of its title-page.

Benedictions; or, the Blessed Life. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: J. F. Shaw; A. Hall and Co. Edinburgh: J. Menzies. Dublin: J. Robertson. 1853.

THE subject of this volume, the nature of which is sufficiently expressed on the title-page, is comprised in twenty-four short discourses, beautifully adapted for family reading, and suggestive of serious and natural reflections upon the portions

of Scripture whose teachings they enforce and illustrate. They contain no shows of learning, no intricacies of logic; their argument is everywhere simple and scriptural, and addressed to man's inner consciousness, and to that longing after happiness, which is a part of every man's nature. They possess the same agreeable lightness of style which characterises all the writer's works, and imparts to his theological essays an air of cheerfulness too much wanting in most of the productions of his fellow-labourers.

The Hero's Child, and other Poems. By ANNA M. DEBENHAM. London: Hughes, Ave-Maria-lane. Langley: Stamford. 1853.

WE condole with this young lady in the sorrow she must have by this time felt for the publication of this namby-pamby stuff. A shilling laid out in the purchase of Murray's Grammar will do her a world of good; and we advise her not to inflict another volume upon the public, until she have at least mastered the commonest rules of syntax.

Poems. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Stories from Boccaccio." Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1853.

THERE is evidence of some power in these compositions, but more evidence of an over-confident carelessness. Mr. Payn can versify agreeably enough when he chooses to be at the trouble, and he can also descend to the perpetration of something very like doggerel, when he is in the humour, it is to be supposed, to show his contempt of the rules of his art. Such stuff as the following, which is a part of the longest piece in the book, is hardly to be matched by the "pewter-pot poets," who do the ballads for the London street-patterers.

> But the slayer springs down from his steed,
> For the dear brother's sake,
> That he once loved so gladly and well,
> That sleeps in the calm lake;
> Through the stern warrior's lips flow the same
> Kindly speech as far back
> When the down was upon them; that name
> Even "Claude, Claude!" they speak.

And we might cite fifty other passages of equally miserable bungling. Then, again, the author of these Poems (?) chooses at times to be unintelligible. What is meant by the following passage, for instance, we defy any one to guess who reads the lines entitled "Over the Fells," in which they occur.

> For as beauty's glorious glance
> Some doth slay if some entrance,
> So this deadly deed was done
> By three days' sight of a summer sun—

—there being no talk of any "deadly deed" in the narrative. Again in "Pygmalion," which is a sad failure, we have

> So joys Pygmalion at the marble base
> Of his rare statue, carved by Venus' grace;
> Alone with her he made, for that fair sight,
> Its gracious errand sped, took sudden flight,
> As in these earthy times, the sweet souls given
> One brief white day to point the way to heaven:

the sense of which perhaps may be guessed, though it is not very apparent. Let us now turn to the light side of the picture, and contemplate what is pleasant and therefore praiseworthy in this gentleman's performance. The following lyric, though by no means embodying an original idea, is natural and amusing.

THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

I.

> While my head was yet dazed with the schools and their learning
> My heart play'd the truant with Kathleen the fair,
> Ah, soft was the word that first set those cheeks burning,
> And earn'd the first tress of that golden-waved hair!
> With mine arm round her waist, just to still its pulsation,
> My eyes gazing fondly on lids that droop'd down,
> The moon always found us in that situation
> Beside the white hawthorn apart from the town;
> One kiss as we met, and one kiss as we parted,
> Gave Kate to her Prince, and gave I to my Queen;
> May the wretch love a Dragon, and die broken-hearted,
> Who dares to ask how many kisses between;
> Ah! blythe was the morn, and, ah! blissful the even,
> That Kathleen the maiden made Kathleen the bride;
> But the day's been forgot and the day's been forgiven
> That stole my sweet Kathleen away from my side.

II.

> When far on in my manhood, its autumn beginning
> To change my long lovelocks from raven to grey,
> I possess'd the sweet Florence, ah! well worth the winning,
> And, like a rose, wore her by night and by day;
> Like a red rose full-bloom'd with the buds all about her,
> Whereon she oft scatter'd her delicate dew,
> I could not have thought life had lasted without her,
> Or that love in mine heart could have e'er pulsed anew;
> If wife Kathleen were dear, what was Florence the mother?
> The sapling twines close, but, ah! give me the tree
> With its fair golden fruit that hath never been other
> Than a joy, and a pride, and a blessing to me.

III.

> Now my white hairs grow fewer, and cheeks glow less brightly,
> My old dame, dear Effie, holds fastly my hand,
> And (it may be these dim eyes don't see her quite rightly)
> She seems just the dearest old dame in the land.
> With the good book before us, each through our shell glasses,
> Read its glad words aloud, and, alas! all alone,
> For around us are standing nor lads nor yet lasses,
> God giveth, God taketh, and God's will be done.
> My step hath grown slow, but my heart not grown heavy,
> I love my first love with as steady a flame
> As when 'neath the white hawthorn I first met mine Effie,
> My Kathleen, my Florence, Bride, Matron, and Dame.

The following we give as a fair specimen of the author's manner and matter. Like the bulk of the volume, it is not wanting in substance, but is marred by his too frequent slovenliness of style.

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

> Of the wise king's wise words
> These were the wisest,
> The glory that passeth,
> Man, see thou prizest;

At noon, feel not o'er thee
Eve's shadows coming,
Let the sun do his task,
Wait thou the gloaming;
While the tide runneth right,
Oarsman, spare labour,
Soon shall have toil enough
Thou and thy neighbour:
While the tree shelters thee
Its green leaves under,
Fear thou no thunder-bolt
Ere thou hear'st thunder;
While the sky holdeth blue
Spend the bright hour,
Nor, till the cloud cometh,
Heed thou the shower,
While youth is given thee
Be thou no older,
Better care flee thy heart
Than make it colder;
Nor is thine autumn time
Lent but to gather
Fruit into garners for
Thy winter weather;
For unto the foul Fiend
Is nought more hateful
Than blessings well enjoy'd
And a heart grateful.

The following sketchy lines, entitled "The Backs," are, to our thinking, the best in the volume.

Dropping down the river,
Down the glancing river,
Through the fleet of shallops,
Through the fairy fleet,
Underneath the bridges,
Carvèd stone and oaken,
Crown'd with sphere and pillar,
Linking lawn with lawn,
Sloping swards of garden,
Flowering bank to bank;
'Midst the golden noon-tide,
'Neath the stately trees,
Reaching out their laden
Arms to overshade us;
'Midst the summer evens,
Whilst the winds were heavy
With the blossom-odours,
Whilst the birds were singing
From their sleepless nests;

Dropping down the river,
Down the branchèd river,
Through the hidden outlet
Of some happy stream,
Lifting up the leafy
Curtain that o'erhung it,
Fold on fold of foliage
Not proof against the stars.

Drinking ruby claret
From the silver'd "Pewter,"
Spoil of ancient battle
On the "*ready*" Cam,
Ne'er to be forgotten
Pleasant friendly faces
Mistily discerning
Through the glass below:
Ah! the balmy fragrance
Of the mild Havannah!
Down'd amidst the purple
Of our railway wrappers,
Solemn-thoughted, glorious
On the verge of June.

Musical the rippling
Of the tardy current,
Musical the murmur
Of the wind-swept trees,
Musical the cadence
Of the friendly voices
Laden with the sweetness
Of the songs of old.

We shall conclude our extracts with an epitaph "On our Dog Jock," omitting the last line for a reason which, in the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, we are very sure would outweigh the value of the rhyme.

A rollicksome frolicsome rare old cock
As ever did nothing was our dog Jock;
A gleesome fleasome affectionate beast,
As slow at a fight, as swift at a feast;
A wit among dogs, when his life 'gan fail,
One couldn't but see the old wag in his tale,
When his years grew long and his eyes grew dim,
And his course of bark could not strengthen him.

Never more now shall our knees be press'd
By his dear old chops in their slobbery rest,
Nor our mirth be stirr'd at his solemn looks
As wise, and as dull, as divinity books.
Our old friend's dead, but we all well know
He's gone to the kennels where good dogs go,
Where the cooks be not, but the beef-bones be.

Curiosities of London Life: or, Phases, Physiological and Social, of the Great Metropolis. By CHARLES MANBY SMITH. London: W. and F. G. Cash.

THOSE of our readers, who have accompanied us during the last three or four years, remember the "Working Man's Way in the World,"—an autobiography, which we think no less valuable, for its veracious and sensible views of life, than that classic one of Benjamin Franklin, also a "Journeyman Printer;" whilst the racy humour, and enterprising spirit, of the author, render this genuine narrative of his varied experience a very entertaining story, and a book that is sure to survive the term of his natural life, inasmuch as it is a faithful extract from the common life of the world. The volume he has now put forth, although it lacks the interest of an individual career, holding the various adventures and observations together by the unity of our sympathetic association with the author, possesses the same characteristic merits; it has humour, of the dramatic order, in the representation of the quaint and queer "phases" of humanity,—too often, we seriously fear, the distorted abortions of humanity,—that abound in the highways, and more abound in the byeways of *the* city, of which it was said

"How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is *London!*"

Mr. Smith tells a story with a relish; and, as a story is a pleasant thing for quotation, we will invite him to tell our readers, in the present page, one that has tickled us not a little.

Some time since (so runs the current narrative), the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which after much difficulty he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and throve so well that a speculating baker, on the opposite side of the w-

made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop; and acting on the principle, universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Ho, ho!" said her friend, "that ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade agin, there aint no snakes, mark me — that's all!" so saying he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below, superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend, in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance, "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring t'other four to-morrer arternoon!" With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighbourhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was covered with hastily abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit shop, at the corner of the street, experienced an unusually large demand for "goes" of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations, not purely grammatical, were not merely audible but visible too in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring the "balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.

A sportive and happy fancy has its play in such light *capriccios* as that of "The Obstinate Shop;" and we like the quiet satire upon that dreary establishment of the funereal drapers of Cypress Row: let us give it, for a sedative, to correct the effect of the mutton-pies:—

Here commerce condescends to sympathy, and measures forth to bereaved and afflicted humanity the outward and visible symbols of their hidden griefs. Here, when you enter his gloomy penetralia, and invoke his services, the sable-clad and cadaverous-featured shopman asks you, in a sepulchral voice—we are not writing romance, but simple fact—whether you are to be suited for inextinguishable sorrow, or for mere passing grief; and if you are at all in doubt upon the subject, he can solve the problem for you, if you lend him your confidence for the occasion. He knows from long and melancholy experience the agonizing intensity of woe expressed by bombazine, crape, and Paramatta; can tell to a sigh the precise amount of regret that resides in a black bonnet; and can match any degree of internal anguish with its corresponding shade of colour, from the utter desolation and inconsolable wretchedness of dead and dismal black, to the transient sentiment of sorrowful remembrance so appropriately symbolized by the faintest shade of lavender or French gray.

But the best quality of these sketches is, their evident veracity,— the unmistakeable aspect of reality, and accuracy of circumstantial detail, with which all things are described. In this one respect, we do not see that the delightful papers which made the reputation of "Boz" as a delineator of men and manners in London, have the advantage, though, undoubtedly, in respect of imaginative genius, and control over every mood, from the most ludicrous to the most pathetic, the "Sketches by Boz" made known to the world a power unapproached in contemporary literature. What Mr. Smith undertakes, he does adroitly and effectively; and we can assure our readers that he has known where to find a sufficient quantity of the raw material of London life, not previously worked up into similar sketches, to make his book an instructive as well as an amusing one. We have had, of late years, not a few writers engaged in taking the portrait of London. May we suggest to any of those clever observers, that they could find a new field, and be doing good service to the age, in making the nation better acquainted with its own component parts, by turning their attention to the social "physiognomy" of our great *provincial* towns? Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, Glasgow, and the other great "hives of industry," as it is fashionable to call them, would surely make a volume as interesting as this one upon the "Curiosities of London," if the subject were regarded with the same acuteness of observation, and represented with the same dexterity of literary handling. A.

BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

National Adult Education. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1853.

The Elder Brothers; or, Protectors and Tyrants. A Story for Boys. By Mrs. T. Geldart. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

The Scottish Review. A Quarterly Journal of Social Progress and General Literature. Vol. I. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1853.

Clotel; or, The President's Daughter: A Narrative of Slave Life in the United States. By William Wells Brown. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1853.

Discovery. A Poem. By Edward Aldam Leatham, M.A. London: Walton and Maberly. 1853.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. A New Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

Cookery: Rational, Practical, and Economical; treated in connection with the Chemistry of Food. By Hartelaw Reid. Edinburgh: J. Menzies. London: Orr and Co. 1853.

An Examination of the Report and Evidence of the Committee of the House of Commons on Decimal Coinage. By P. W. Rathbone, Esq. London: Ridgway. 1853.

A Sermon, preached on Occasion of the Death of the late Earl of Ducie. By S. Thodey, Minister of Rodborough Chapel. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1853.

Villa Volpicelli: or, The Shut School. By H. B. Hamilton. London: Cornish, 297, High Holborn. 1853.

The Journal of Health, for November, 1853. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Income Tax Tables, showing at sight the Amount of Duty in the Pound, under the 16 and 17 Vic. cap. 34, &c. By C. M. Willich. Fourth Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

Gresham Life Assurance Society.—The following are extracts from the Fifth Annual Report of this Society, for the twelve months ending on the 31st July:—

During the year 880 proposals were received for assurances, amounting together to £502,716 6s. Of this number 617 were completed, assuring in the whole £316,121, and yielding, in annual premiums, £10,436 1s. 2d., being an increase over the previous year of 92 policies, £47,838 5s. in the sum assured, and £1,274 4s. 4d. in annual premiums.

Of policies assured at the tabular rates applicable to first class lives during the past year, out of the whole 617, 511 are not only upon healthy lives, but mostly upon residents in England, and in this department the assurances amount to £264,053 5s.

The total number of policies in force on the 31st July last, after deducting lapsed and all other discontinued assurances, was 1,816, assuring a gross sum of £953,281 15s., the annual premiums receivable thereon being £31,756 15s. 4d.

The income of the Gresham, from premiums in each year, is given in the subjoined statement. It must be remembered that this account does not in any one year show the entire revenue of the Society, but only the income derivable from premiums, which is in reality further increased by the interest on investments.

	Premiums receivable.		
July, 1849	£5,615	11	8
July, 1850	8,281	2	1
July, 1851	5,124	8	4
July, 1852	9,421	12	0
July, 1853	10,436	1	1

The employment of the capital of the Society has not only been an accommodation to policy-holders, but the mode of investment has secured a rate of interest upon sound securities exceeding that of the ordinary market rate. The following amounts were advanced in different years since the formation of the Society:—

Year ending.	Amount out at Interest.		
July, 1849	£7,454	15	0
July, 1850	18,172	17	2
July, 1851	25,331	18	5
July, 1852	39,910	16	8
July, 1853	74,564	19	7

The Loan Department has, from the commencement of the Society, worked in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Directors, and amply repays the labour and care bestowed upon it.

The funds of the Society have increased with its growth, and the following table shows that they have been augmented, in the last year, by the large addition of £35,710 7s. 10d., indicating the increased confidence of the assurers, shareholders, and depositors.

Year ending.	Total Funds.		
July 31, 1849	£10,145	8	10
July 31, 1850	20,885	15	1
July 31, 1851	30,409	8	5
July 31, 1852	48,087	4	10
July 31, 1853	83,797	12	8

Notwithstanding the rapid increase of the funds of the Society, £19,164 2s. 7d. has been paid to the families or legal representatives of assured parties at death since its formation. During the past year the payment of claims has amounted to £7,870, an amount which is less than the Directors were prepared to pay, having regard to the extent of the Society's assurances.

The Directors are glad to be able to report that the number of discontinued policies is less than is found to prevail in most other societies, which confirms the former statement of the Directors, that a large portion of this Society's assurances are opened by heads of families as a provision for their widows and others at their decease.

T. A. Pott, *Secretary*.

Lancashire Insurance Company.—We abbreviate the Report of this Company, read at the Royal Exchange, Manchester, at the first annual meeting:—"The Lancashire Insurance Company was projected in the spring of 1852, but preliminary arrangements prevented the commencement of business until the 23rd of June. The period embraced in the balance-sheet runs from that date to the close of Midsummer quarter, or July 20th, 1853. The Directors refer with satisfaction to its profitable result. The safe and legitimate extension of the business of the Company, and the secure and profitable investment of its funds, have unremittingly occupied the attention of the Board, and both these objects the Directors feel that they have fully attained. The allotment of shares has always been most carefully and scrupulously made with a view to secure business.

"The very satisfactory results of our Liverpool office have justified not only the allotments made, by the provisional Directors in that most important place, but have quite warranted the establishment of a local Board there. The Directors, early in their career, succeeded in purchasing on favourable terms, the entire business of the late British Fire and Life Assurance Company. By these arrangements they secured an established position in the metropolis, where they have now an influential and important Board. The British Life Policies gave an income of upwards of £2,500, which has since been increased. Their Fire Premiums derived from the entire kingdom, amounted to £4,000 per annum, and although the whole of the Northern Division was detached from the London Office, in order to facilitate the working of the two Boards, that office has been able to maintain the above return. In the West of Scotland your Directors have also recently appointed a local Board, and they have obtained an influential proprietary there of a most valuable character, and from which extension of their operations they have reason to anticipate the most favourable results. They have also succeeded in appointing upwards of two hundred very efficient agents, through whom a large income is derived. The capital of the Company, so far from being an incubus, as some of the mutual offices prominently set forth, has hitherto proved a valuable auxiliary, and has helped materially to procure business: it has not even entrenched upon the funds of the Company, the interest realised having produced as much as the dividend just declared.

"The extension of the business may be measured by the duty, amounting to £11,314 10s. 10d. payable to the government—a sum, they believe, never equalled by any Insurance Company in the first year of its existence. It will be satisfactory to the proprietors to learn that, after paying all losses, the necessarily heavy expenses of a new office and 5 per cent. interest to the shareholders, there is laid by for life reserved and life bonus purposes upwards of £7,500, and that there is now accumulated the sum, including the premiums on shares, of nearly £8,000 for similar purposes in the Fire department. In addition to the above large amount of duty, the income of the Company from all other sources amounted to £32,583 12s. 11d.

"In the Life Department, the Directors regret that they have had to decline many proposals, and have already had proof of the soundness of their decision. According to experience, we ought to have looked for a greater rate of mortality, but only one life, insured by a British Policy for £100, has lapsed. They have issued 182 new policies, assuring £110,005, and yielding an annual income of £3,309 10s. 6d.

"Your Directors hesitate not to say that, considering