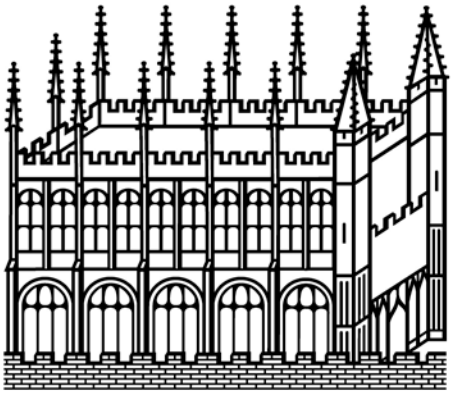

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Hope Essays 512.

John Thomas Hope.

JANUS;

OR, THE

EDINBURGH LITERARY ALMANACK.

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THE publication of this Work has, from circumstances not likely to occur again, been deferred considerably beyond the time intended. In future years, the volume will be produced in the first week of November. The Editor has the satisfaction to state, that he has received every assurance of steady and efficient assistance from the distinguished Literary Characters who have contributed to the present volume.

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JANUS.

HINTS CONCERNING THE UNIVERSITIES.

The great subject of education has of late years deservedly fixed a much larger measure of attention than perhaps any such subject could have been expected to do, in any period but one of perfect tranquillity. The exertions that have been made in regard to the education of the humbler classes of society cannot be too highly commended. Already the beneficial effects of them begin to be sufficiently visible in many important districts of the country. Above all, the stimulus which has been given to habits of scientific study among the mechanics of Great Britain, is attested in a variety of circumstances truly delightful to observe, but too well known to require repetition here. The labours which Mr Brougham has expended upon this field must secure for him the gratitude of the public; and others whom we might name are well entitled to partake in the same reward. The attempts to spread education among the youth of the English manufacturing and agricultural population, have also begun to receive no slight portion of success and applause.

At first there was in many quarters a narrowness of feeling as to these matters. It was at least insinuated, that the loyalty of the lower orders might not be improved by habits of reading. This appre-

hension was worthy, we shall not say of bigots, but of hypocrites; for it could not have been grounded upon any thing less base than a desire to uphold, at the expense of ignorance and degradation, something privately felt to be incapable of standing its ground, were the light fairly let in upon it. To all such objections, however, the best answer is an answer made up of simple facts; and such an answer was happily not far to seek upon this occasion. It amounted to nothing but what may be put in three words, "Look to Scotland." Here is a country in which every body can read and write; and this is upon the whole quite as loyal a department of the British empire as any other. It is true, that in times of great distress the better feelings of the reading mechanics and manufacturers of Scotland have sometimes threatened to desert them; but in all such times the counterpoise has been found at once in the equally well-educated agricultural population of the same kingdom.

In point of fact, this might be stated still more strongly with perfect truth. There is no doubt that the Scotch weavers, &c. are great readers, and very intelligent people; but they are not to be compared, even as to habits of reading and range of general information, with the upper peasantry of the pastoral and agricultural districts of the south and east of Scotland,—districts of which the enthusiastic loyalty is now, and has ever been, proverbial.

As to all this, however, there really never was any difference of opinion among men of real education, intelligence, and candour. There are other branches of the subject which stand in a very different predicament. We allude in particular to the state of the

universities, and the attempts which have been made to procure a formal parliamentary investigation into the existing state of some of the most important of them, with the avowed purpose of introducing certain, by no means trivial, alterations, in the whole system of their government and conduct.

Something of this sort has already been attempted in regard to others of the universities; but by far the most serious object of discussion, or at least of attack, has been the constitution of the two great and powerful establishments in England. No one, who considers of what materials both houses of Parliament are mainly composed, can have much difficulty in accounting for the reception which certain speeches and motions on this head have met with. But, over and above the natural and avowed partiality of the English gentry, as a body, to the universities in which they and all their ancestors have been trained, and with whose interests those of their national church are so completely blended and identified, there can be no doubt that a very considerable jealousy was felt in regard to the *personal* views and qualifications of the gentlemen by whom these new designs were broached. These were pretty generally considered as *de facto* enemies to the ecclesiastical establishment of England. Whether this belief was well or ill grounded it is no part of our present business to inquire. They were also considered as *de facto* ignorant of the real constitution and character of the English universities. And it must be admitted, that *none* of these gentlemen were able to say that they themselves had been, either wholly, or even in part, educated at the seminaries whose peculiarities they had

assailed. It is no wonder that the attacks of persons in this situation should have been met with exceeding coldness by persons who had been so educated, and who, of course, did not conceive themselves individually to be specimens of the effects of education at all inferior to those exhibited in the persons of the enemies of their old *almæ matres*.

We have no hesitation in confessing, that we do not believe it is at all an easy matter for any man, no matter of what talents, to understand and appreciate thoroughly and fairly the character of a seminary of education differing widely from the character of that which educated himself. For example, we have small expectations of seeing even Mr Brougham make himself master of the tendency and effects of the institutions of Oxford or Cambridge, so as to be able to sustain a debate on such subjects against the Cannings, Peels, &c.; and, on the other hand, we have just as little notion that any of these English statesmen will ever understand, as well as Mr Brougham must do, the character of the university institutions of the northern part of the island.

But our present purposes are by no means of a high description. We do not pretend to enlighten either the Broughams on the one side of the question, or the Peels on the other. With what these great people may do or say in Parliament we have no desire to meddle; but it appears to us, that there is a great want even of the elements of information in regard to the English universities here in Scotland, and *vice versa* in relation to the Scotch universities in England; and our humble ambition for the present is merely to furnish our friends on the two sides of the

Tweed with a few *data*, the results of real experience, and, therefore, (may we venture to ask credit for this?) of *impartial* reflection; from a comparison of which, perhaps, the English reader may rise better qualified for the consideration of the next diatribe against the Scotch, and the Scotch of the next diatribe against the English system of university education. It happens also to be in our power to speak with some measure of personal knowledge as to a third system of university education, extremely different from both of these, but certainly well entitled, in every point of view, to be taken into very serious consideration whenever the subject of universities in general is agitated.

The universities of England and those of Scotland, great as is the contrast which they at this day present, were originally founded for the same purpose, that of furnishing an educated priesthood for the Catholic church. Out of the six colleges which compose the four* universities of Scotland, the four which existed prior to the Reformation were founded avowedly for this purpose by Catholic prelates. An immense majority of the colleges in Oxford and Cambridge are in like manner ancient Episcopal foundations; and all the others, founded prior to the Reformation, were endowed by royal or noble personages for the same purpose; the object being, however, in a great majority of cases, still farther limited, viz. to the furnishing of some particular county or counties

* The two colleges of Aberdeen are in reality two independent universities; but this is a distinction practically unattended to. New College at Oxford is in many respects an independent university also.

with educated clergy. A number of new colleges were instituted at the period of the Reformation in both universities, and endowed out of the monastic wealth, which had come into the hands of the state. As the only change which was made in regard to the older colleges, was the conversion of them, exactly as they stood, to the service of the Protestant church; so in regard to those new establishments, no idea seems to have been entertained, but that the primary purpose of every English establishment of the kind must be the service of the church through the education of the priesthood,—an idea which, looking back to the state of society when these universities were first founded, and long after, and considering in what a prodigious proportion the knowledge of these times was in the hands of clergymen,—how completely they were predominant in medicine, in law, and in statesmanship, for example,—we cannot pretend to characterize as *originally* absurd.

In England, the Reformation was carried on much more temperately than in Scotland. In both countries the monasteries were dispersed. In England, the wealth of the secular clergy, the bishopricks, cathedrals, and parochial churches, was left untouched. In Scotland, where, it must be owned, the proportion of ecclesiastical to lay wealth had come to be much greater, the church was far more severely assailed. The sees and cathedrals in particular, were pillaged by the too powerful nobility of this small country, to an extent that ever after must have rendered it almost impossible to maintain any proper episcopal establishment in reformed Scotland. And this circumstance certainly contributed in no trivial degree to the ultimate

triumph of the anti-episcopal party within her church. Several attempts were made to restore the bishopricks; but even these were done in a poor way, in order to avoid cutting too closely upon the great lords who had obtained possession of the episcopal estates; while in regard to the deaneries, stalls, and other inferior dignities, no attempt worth mentioning was ever ventured upon at all. The bishops, in this way, were left alone to contend against the general body of presbyters, without the means to build up any protecting aristocracy of ecclesiastics around the steps of their isolated chairs. The prizes were not very great; and they were far too few to be of much avail.

The consequences of all this were immediately seen in the universities. In England, the unimpoverished church asserted her prerogative boldly, and confined the benefit of university education to those who chose to avow themselves her disciples and her children. In Scotland, the church had been shaken to the very centre of its power; and, no one party being able to assert unquestioned authority, education was thrown open to students of all persuasions. In the course of time, the strict rule has been so far relaxed at Cambridge, that students of any persuasion may attend the university; though they cannot, unless they conform, obtain any degree. In Oxford the rule has always, in so far as we are aware, been acted upon rigidly and throughout, with the exception of one or two cases, in which a special privilege has been conceded, upon quite special grounds; as, for example, to certain foreigners of very high rank. It should be noticed, however, that even in the Scotch universities the teachers must, in all cases, sign, before

they are admitted to exercise their functions, the Confession of Faith of the established Presbyterian church of Scotland. The reason of this apparent inconsistency we take to be simply this:—Both the church and the universities were so poor after the Reformation, that the professors were, with scarcely an exception, parish priests also; which, of course, soon grew into a precedent.

As they at present exist, therefore, the English universities and the Scotch may be said to have, and to profess to have, different objects in view. The former undertake to educate the clergy of the established church of England;—the latter to educate men of all persuasions for the exercise of all liberal professions in Scotland. Whatever the former do beyond this is essentially a work of supererogation: wherever the latter fall short of this, they are confessedly in fault.

The total difference between the two sets of universities as to objects, may be gathered from a single glance at the numbers of young men whom they respectively put through their hands in any given portion of time. It is sufficient for the present to state, that at Oxford and Cambridge, together, the number of resident students has never for centuries exceeded, while in general it has fallen vastly under, four or five thousand; while the number of resident students at the four Scotch universities has, ever since we knew any of them, been at least equal to this; and is at present certainly very considerably beyond it. Anybody who reflects for a moment on the relative population and wealth of the two kingdoms, will at once see what this speaks to.

Anybody, who reflects for a single moment on the

small number of students resident at any one time at the English universities, and the proportion of men educated at these universities to be found at all times out of the ecclesiastical profession in England, will, moreover, see at once that those universities cannot be performing what they really do undertake to perform. There are ten thousand benefices in England; and if one thinks for a moment of dignities, chapels, chaplainries, curacies, schools, &c. it is obvious that a supply of two thousand young men per annum would not be much, if any thing more than the church of England herself needs for her own immediate service. But we have no need to call for calculations when plain facts lie cut and dry before us. The English universities do not educate the English clergy. Once or twice some three or four bishops have met together, and agreed that they would thenceforth ordain nobody who had not an university degree. The experiment has been tried at least twice in our own recollection, and both times it failed almost immediately. The truth is, that a vast proportion of the livings all over England are very poor; and that, besides men to hold the livings, there is a constant demand for a very large supply of curates. The man whose prospects are limited to the hope, or even the certainty, of a small living or a curacy, cannot afford the expense of an education at Oxford or Cambridge; and the consequence is, that all over England, clergymen who have never been at any university are abundant; and that there are many districts, particularly in Wales, Westmoreland, and such poor provinces, where one meets with, comparatively speaking, but few parish priests who have ever been at one.

This was not always the case. In remote times, in times which we now talk of as *dark*, the numbers attending on the English universities bore a very different sort of proportion to the population, especially when we reflect what that then was, of England. They say, that in the days of Edward I. there were at one time thirty thousand gownsmen in Oxford alone. Even granting this to be an exaggeration, (which, however, we see no reason for supposing it to be,) there can be no doubt that the number of resident students was in former times *absolutely* much greater than it is now. But it is quite enough for us to suppose it to have been as great as it is now, which, looking at the university buildings as they are, and have, generally speaking, been for at least two hundred years, no man can possibly doubt. We have on our table a book containing exact representations and plans of all the colleges in Oxford as they stood at the Restoration. These buildings would lodge very nearly as many students as the buildings connected with the university of Oxford would at this day do, even supposing them to be occupied in the same way; whereas it is known to all who have any knowledge either of the popular traditions, or of the local literature of the place, that the students even of our grandfathers' time were satisfied with accommodations infinitely more scanty than are now reckoned necessary by the inhabitants of these stately edifices. The word *chum* survives; but the thing has long since been exploded. The number of students heretofore then must have, at all events, borne a much greater proportion than it now does to the population of the country and the demands of the church.

The expensive style of living, which has come to be almost universal, is, as all admit, the cause which keeps back from the universities a vast proportion of the young churchmen; and, of course, the immense majority of the persons intended for the exercises of the more precarious literary professions in England. This is not disputed by any one; nor in so far does any one hesitate to admit that here is a real evil.

This evil, however, has arisen from the adherence to a principle in itself perhaps most excellent—that of enforcing upon the students attending in the university, personal residence within the walls of one or other of its colleges or halls. This system of discipline came down, no doubt, from the monasteries, which preceded universities as places of instruction for youth, and many of which flourished as such on the very soil of Oxford and Cambridge. It seems to have been in every age strictly adhered to in Oxford, and, except of late, and this to a comparatively trivial extent, in Cambridge also. Of old, however, the establishments were immeasurably more numerous than they have been of later times; and this, of course, must have been attended with the consequence, that youths who could not afford the style of living adopted in one place, might more easily find another better adapted to their resources. In Edward the First's time, it is said that there were in Oxford, besides the regular endowed colleges, three hundred *halls*, that is, houses for the reception of students, superintended and privileged in every respect like colleges. Anthony Wood has preserved something of the history of two hundred halls; of these some have become *colleges*, and

a very few continue as *halls* to this day; but at least one hundred and ninety of the two hundred Wood enumerates have passed entirely away; and indeed no vestiges of them, or almost of their history, remain.

It is very difficult to account for the disappearance of so many of these halls, as there is no corresponding increase in the number of colleges, nor any thing like this. But it is obvious, that the style of expensive living now in fashion could scarcely have practically prevailed over a whole university, but for the necessity imposed by the statutes, of residing under the roof of one or other of a limited number of houses, where, of course, the poorer youths are perpetually excited to imprudent indulgencies, or at least afflicted with galling reflections, in consequence of eternal juxtaposition with the wealthier. Many natures are no doubt capable of withstanding all such temptations, and rising high above all such sensations as these; but *many* do not make *the many*, and the result is before us.

Upon that *result*, as it is, we shall by and bye have a good deal to say; but, in the mean time, let us go on with some secondary but still important preliminaries.

In another respect, the practice of the English universities has materially changed within the last two centuries, especially within the last. In the old time, the students went to these universities much younger than they now do, and they staid there much longer. Whoever turns to the delightful life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, will see, that even in Queen Elizabeth's time, it was no wonder to find a young gentleman done with his residence at Oxford earlier than, in most cases, that is now begun; but, without going into the

history of individuals, it is sufficiently clear, that when the church of England had fixed on *three and twenty* as the age for ordination, and the English universities on *seven years* as the period on the expiring of which the master-of-arts' degree was to be granted, the understanding was, that young men were to come to college about sixteen years of age, and remain resident there until three and twenty. A few formal nothings are all that remain of this part of the old system; but, such as they are, they are quite sufficient to prove that the university in former times took cognizance of the studies and progressive proficiency of her *alumni* after they had taken their bachelor's degree at four years' standing, and down to their taking the master's at seven, every bit as strictly as they did during the period of undergraduateship.

It is difficult in these cases to distinguish causes from effects; and we really cannot pretend to say whether the fashion now prevalent of remaining only four years at the university stood originally more in the one relation or the other to the increased expense of college residence. We suspect, however, that it was more an effect than a cause. At all events, we are quite sure, that if the attempt were made (as Dr Parr spent half his breath in saying it ought to be,) to restore the custom of seven years' residence, the pecuniary matter we are talking of would be found by far the most serious obstacle to be surmounted. Parents may pinch themselves for four, as they would not, or could not, continue to do for seven years. As it is, the majority of young men go to these universities about eighteen, or rather nineteen, so as to be

of but little more than bachelor's standing when they take deacon's orders. And it must certainly be unnecessary to add, that, in all cases, it is a more expensive affair to support a young man from nineteen to twenty-three, than from fifteen to nineteen. Dr Parr was well aware of all these things; but his opinion, if we rightly recollect it, was, that if seven years' residence were strictly enforced, the style of expense must necessarily be lowered forthwith. We confess that we are not so sanguine as Dr Parr was on this head: but neither can we go along with those who, in disputing with him, maintained that the *only* effect of such enforcement would be to diminish still farther the relative proportion borne by the students at these universities to the population of the country for whose service they are educated.

Some other zealous friends of these universities have suggested, that, at all events, the examinations for the master's degree should be reformed, that is, made effective *bona fide* examinations, as those for the bachelor's degree have been reformed and improved in our own time. We humbly confess, that this proposal appears to us to be quite ridiculous, unless the period for commencing the university career were thrown back to the old standard. As things go, the young man takes his bachelor's degree one day, and becomes a clergyman of the church of England the next, if he pleases; and any notion of subjecting men who have been for three years intrusted with the spiritual care of a parish to a really strict examination on matters of mere literature or science, before a set of university tutors, seems to us extremely vision-

ary. Such men will not submit to such things; nor, if they were willing to do so, would the people to try them be easily found.

The principle on which all college examinations proceed, is that of encouraging emulation and rivalry among students. Men actually engaged in the business of life have other things to think of, and other motives, or at least very different modifications of this motive, to be actuated by. Such an examination of such bachelors of arts, no matter how solemnly provided for in rules and statutes, would infallibly end as the old undergraduates' examinations (before the present system came into action) notoriously had done, in some formal compromise, followed of course by a dinner to the examinators.

We are well aware that great difficulties attend every branch of the present subject, and are very sensible that it would be the merest presumption in us to pretend to any thing more than throwing out hints in regard to matters, the thorough and satisfactory discussion of which would demand infinitely more knowledge, and infinitely more leisure, than we have the means of possessing or commanding. But if we may be permitted to go on with our humble *hints*, we would venture to say, that the restoration of the seven years' residence could scarcely fail to be attended with one remarkable benefit to the great majority of English youths who go through the regular system of English education. The custom of going late to the university has been necessarily accompanied by the custom of remaining much longer than the old fashion was, at the schools of preparation. Now, without denying or doubting the admirable use which

in many respects is made of the time spent at Eton, Winchester, and so forth, we certainly apprehend that the later years spent there might be at least as advantageously spent at Oxford or Cambridge, as regards mere learning; and we have no sort of doubt at all that they might be spent with infinitely greater advantage as regards every thing besides learning. Those who are educated at Eton, for example, commence their residence there, generally speaking, when they are little more than children, and remain, as the fashion now is, until they are in the full bloom and vigour of early manhood, at eighteen or nineteen. Excellent classical scholars they are when they leave Eton; and in their *Microcosms*, *Etonians*, and other similar works, we have abundant evidence of the more than scholastic accomplishments which some of them are in the habit of cultivating during their residence there. But they go there children, and during the far greater part of their stay there they are boys. The whole system and establishment is prepared as if for boys, not men. The teachers receive them children, and can never be prevailed on to regard them as any thing more than boys. They themselves rather wish to think themselves men, than do think themselves so. The air of the place is essentially boyish; it takes its tone and character, as all other places do, from the immense majority of its population; and that is boyish. At the university, on the other hand, the majority always must be young *men;* and from them, of course, the tone always is, and must be, taken. We have no wish that boys should be made men of before their time; or that either boys or young men should be deprived of the amusements suitable to their years;

but we confess, that we shared thoroughly in the universal feeling of displeasure and pain, with which the public heard, not long ago, of the fatal result of a pugilistic contest between two generous boys at Eton, *at which a young gentleman of seventeen acted as a second,* bending his knee, holding his sponge and his brandy bottle, and condescending in every the minutest particular to ape the *scientific* manœuvres of a Belcher or a Spring. No state of society tolerative of such things as these could exist, where the tone was not given by boys—where the habits of thinking were not essentially puerile; and we put it to any one who knows what young men of seventeen are elsewhere, what complete men, for example, they are at that age in the army or navy, whether the flower of the English youth should remain in this state of things until eighteen or nineteen years of age. Even as it is, how quickly, how instantaneously indeed, do these Etonians lay aside all such boyish habits when they do find themselves in Oxford or Cambridge. There they are from the beginning supposed to be, and treated as, men; and as such they conduct themselves. Nor indeed, (in so far as our own recollection goes,) are the many youths who, even under the present state of things, come to the universities from country places, at a much earlier period of life than those educated at the great schools do, distinguished from these, after they are all mingled together on fair terms, by any inferiority as to manliness of personal habits or demeanour.

We have already admitted, that we are not sure whether the substitution of a four years' for a seven years' residence was originally more the cause or the

effect of the increased style of expense in university life; and indeed hinted, that we suspected it was more of an effect than a cause. But even if that were so, it by no means follows, that a recurrence, bold, steady, and imperative, to the old system, might not be attended with the consequence of greatly lowering the operative power of the cause in question. May not parents have yielded to the influence of the injurious habits introduced, and cut short, that they might have the means of doing so, the period of their sons' academical residence—may they not have done this in a great measure because the university herself did not impose on them the *necessity* of either giving their sons no academical education at all, or of maintaining them at college until they had taken their second degree?

The facility and triumphant success with which both these universities have, within our own time, introduced signal and essential reforms into many of the most important parts of their discipline, encourage us to throw out such suggestions without the smallest fear certainly that they can be taken amiss by those principally concerned. There is another hint which, in the same spirit, we may venture to add to what we have said as to the years of residence. The university year is divided into four terms, and between each of these vacations of various lengths occur; so that, in effect, six only out of twelve months *must* be spent within the university by her resident *alumni*. It is difficult to meddle with some old arrangements; but this, we think, is one which ought without delay to be done away with, or at least considerably modified; and we also think it is quite obvious, that, while

adhering to the letter of the ancient regulations on this head, the universities are totally losing sight of the spirit in which these regulations were enacted.

The slowness, difficulty, and expense of travelling in those old days were such, that the students could never think of leaving their college for their homes, in the remoter part of the kingdom, in the shorter vacations. If they had done so, the majority must have spent the greater part of these vacations—the Christmas and Easter ones, for example—in journeying, which certainly never was, nor was intended to be, the case. But now a young man can with such ease throw himself into a mail-coach, and find himself a hundred miles from his college ere ten hours are gone by, that, in point of fact, few, comparatively speaking, except those whose friends reside in the very outskirts of the island, ever hesitate about leaving Oxford or Cambridge for the shortest vacation in the year. It is impossible but that this system must disturb and fritter away attention, weaken discipline, and check in a thousand ways the natural progress of the student in his studies. The long summer or autumnal vacation of three or four months is, we are sure, quite enough to be spent in the country. Less than that we certainly should be sorry to see granted; for we are thoroughly aware of the bad effects which have in Germany and elsewhere attended the almost total abrogation of vacations. It is that which has so entirely separated the German Burschen into a caste by themselves; which has filled the whole empire with disgust for their absurd, and often offensive and even dangerous combinations; and which renders it in reality necessary for the German student to undergo,

after quitting his college, another education of a very different sort ere he is in any degree fitted for mingling in the ordinary intercourse and duties of society. No one would wish to see the English student cut off in this way from the society of which he is so soon to be an active member; but we venture to repeat, that the long vacation is quite sufficient for keeping all family and social ties unbroken. Besides, it ought not to be forgotten, that, instead of spending the shorter vacations at home, nothing is more common than for young gentlemen to be during these nominally, *to their tutors* in the country, and *to their parents* in the college, but really in the midst of all the dangerous dissipations of the metropolis, which, by the way, is perhaps much nearer both the universities, now that the journey occupies but five or six hours, than is in more respects than one quite convenient.*

One thing is certain, that when the present system of vacations was introduced, a residence of seven years was constantly enforced. To diminish the whole period of residence by nearly a half was a great innovation, though it probably came into action by slow and imperceptible degrees; but it was doubly injurious to diminish the gross number of years, and yet adhere slavishly to the old fashion by which the effective amount of each individual year was so seriously curtailed. To retrace the steps that have been taken as to the former matter might be

* Old Anthony Wood, in his diary, speaks of his accomplishing the journey from Oxford to London in two days, (in 1667 this was,) as an instance of wonderful expedition. The first stage-coach between these two cities was set up in 1661.

difficult, and would, at all events, require time; but as to doing away with the shorter vacations, that is a point in regard to which we certainly can see no difficulty whatever. It could be carried into complete effect in a single day, by a single statute; and if it were once done away with, we most assuredly are of opinion, that no judicious parent, nor dutiful son, would ever wish to see it restored again. To the father, the money at present spent on coach-tickets, &c. would, in most cases, cover the extra expense incurred by the extension of his son's residence; but, if not, might not this very extension of the residence tend to sink ere long the rate of the general expense altogether? We are most certain, that, in all cases, the truly zealous tutor, and the truly ardent pupil, would receive the proposed change with happiness.

We cannot, however, proceed any farther with the suggestion of alterations, without pausing to contemplate for a moment with pride and exultation the effects of the system pursued in these universities, even as that is at present found in operation. These effects certainly are so excellent, that the institutions in question need not fear a comparison with any others of the same kind the world knows, or has ever known; and we, in throwing out hints as to changes, are actuated by nothing except the natural desire to see the beneficial influence of a system which we thoroughly admire and profoundly venerate, still farther strengthened in the means, and enlarged in the field, of its energy.

In both of these universities, the business of education is almost entirely carried on within the particular colleges, each of which has an establishment of

tutors adequate to the superintendence of its resident youth. College examinations, however, take place at the end of every term, at which the pupils of all the different tutors are examined in presence of each other, and of the whole society; and college prizes and distinctions of various sorts are proposed for the open competition of them all. But the UNIVERSITY does not grant her degrees, or any of her honours, except in presence of all her colleges. Her examinations are public, and all must submit to them; her honours are public, and all are equally invited to compete for them. The emulation therefore of all the colleges is complete; and one standard of excellence is recognised throughout every branch of the great institution.

At both of these universities, the examination for the first (or bachelor's) degree is now the principal object on which, from the time of his entering college, the young student's eyes are fixed. To quit the university without a degree is never creditable; and a very large majority of those who go to the university, go there simply because degrees are necessary to them in the professions for which they are destined. Of course, it is impossible that any university should demand very great things ere she will grant her first degree; but at both of these a good deal certainly is demanded. In point of fact, however, to take a degree without endeavouring to obtain some distinction in the process of taking it, is now never thought of by young men who, along with perfect health, have any spark of ambition in their minds, or any claim whatever to the possession of talents beyond mere mediocrity.

At Oxford, every body knows, the higher encouragement is on the whole given to classical learning; at Cambridge to mathematical. A man *may* obtain the highest honours at Oxford absolutely without mathematics; at Cambridge, on the other hand, he cannot obtain these but by mathematics; and yet, without eminent classical attainments, his mathematics will not serve his turn. We have no wish to enter into any argument about the relative merits of these two plans. The world is now at length pretty well persuaded, that the object of real importance in all institutions for education, is to train the mind to proper habits of exertion, and that the nature of the particular means used for this purpose is comparatively a matter of little moment. Every body sees at once, that habits rather different must be the consequence of these two systems. But this is nothing to the purpose. Unquestionably both are excellent. Unquestionably the Oxford and the Cambridge man meet each other on equal terms in the society of after life, and in all its professions; and this, by the way, is the only test by which the effects of particular systems and places of education can really be tried. In point of fact, these two universities are, and ever have been, rivals; and therefore they must be equal, or nearly so, in all essential matters *now*.

We might perhaps be excused, although we made no allusion at all to the formal attacks made by some clever Scotch men of letters in our own day, upon the system of studies adopted in the university of Oxford; and if we allude to them at all it shall be very briefly. In the *first* place, the attack was made by people who did not know the facts of the case; for many of the

things which they pointed out as absurdities had been done away with long before they wrote. In the *second* place, they were not competent, and therefore could not be impartial, judges of the subject under debate. Here were men comparatively ignorant of classical learning, attacking the study of the ancients; and hence the egregious blunder they all along exhibited to the wonder and derision of those who really were imbued with that sort of learning, the blunder, namely, of assuming, that young men could make themselves masters of the Greek and Roman authors without learning any thing but *words*. Words, if people knew what they were talking about, are not nothing; but the notion that a man could make himself thoroughly acquainted with the works of the greatest geniuses who have as yet enlightened the world in many, in almost all, of the most important branches of intellectual exertion; the notion that one could be a perfect master of the poets, the orators, the historians, and the philosophers of antiquity, and yet not know a vast deal besides *words*, was certainly a Scottish blunder sufficient of itself to take away from Ireland *in eternum* all claim to any thing like the monopoly of the most genuine breed of bulls. We shall say no more of this conflict, in which the party acting on the defensive did not, we think, manage their matters very judiciously; and of which they who provoked the strife have, we believe, lived to be thoroughly ashamed—although, while it raged, the praise of more expert gladiatorship could not well be denied to them. We hope we shall have no more of such squabblings among our literati,—*bella nullos habitura triumphos.*

We have sufficiently expressed our regret that so

small a portion of the English youth should directly profit by the noble apparatus of instruction which these two great universities present. But it would be ridiculous to deny, that the influence of the universities extends, even as things are, immensely beyond the mere circle of their *alumni*. These are dispersed throughout all the land; and unquestionably, not only in the church, but in the higher departments of every other profession, their attainments, their habits, and their opinions, exert a prodigious influence over the general character of intellect and accomplishment, fixing, in a great measure, every where the standard of acquirement, and the tone of thought and manners. The churchmen, who have not received academical education, are compelled to strain every nerve to come up with those who have; nay, the dissenting clergy themselves, partly as having had, in almost all their sects, clever schismatic churchmen for their founders, and still more as being under the necessity of maintaining every where a constant struggle with the clergy of the church, are, scarcely less than churchmen themselves, obliged to conform, or to endeavour to conform themselves, to the standard of erudition fixed among the churchmen by the universities.

In a word, the influence of these universities is felt wherever the English language is spoken. Their influence keeps the liberal professions from degenerating, in their higher walks at least, into trades,—of which, considering the extraordinary mixture of elements of which modern English society is made up, there might be no small danger. Their influence keeps up a certain purity of taste, in the midst of a literature exposed, on all sides but one, to innumerable

hazards of corruption. It presents a grave and graceful counterpoise to the danger of licentious innovations, inseparable from the literature of a nation so much engaged in foreign commerce as ours has long been,—and, above all, of a nation in which, from the nature of their political institutions and habits, the reading public at large are so much exposed to have their taste debased by the ephemeral and never-ceasing lucubrations of persons whose principal object it always must be to flatter the multitude, and who, of course, accommodating without any great effort themselves, try also to bring down every thing, over which they have any control, to a low standard.

This beneficial influence, moreover, is very far from being limited to the departments of erudition and taste. It is felt, throughout the whole empire, in the deep sway which it exerts over the political feelings of those classes of society, whose sentiments as to such matters are of paramount importance now, and always must be so while the constitution retains its original character. We are not thinking of the two great old parties in the state as opposed to each other, but of these as, however little some of their partisans may agree with us, both, and, we are persuaded, almost equally in effect, opposed to the influence of the modern doctrines of the revolutionary school. So long as the gentlemen of England continue as a body to be educated as they now are, they must always retain at the bottom of their hearts, however they may sometimes appear, to superficial observers, to lose sight of it, the same profound and affectionate reverence for the inherited institutions that have made this nation what it is, by which they and their ancestors in every

age have been distinguished. The air of those venerable places is never breathed in vain by any young man, whose mind in after days is likely to make itself felt throughout England. The solemn antique aspect and observances of those hoary retreats imprint feelings, wherever the soil is generous, never to be eradicated or defaced by any thing that comes after; and the hour which witnesses the destruction of these nurseries of every thing that is graceful in scholarship, manly in manners, and noble and patriotic in sentiment, will, we devoutly believe, be not far distant from that in which the axe is at last laid to the root of the real glory of the intellect, the character, and the empire of England.

Having done justice to ourselves by this expression of our genuine feelings, in regard to these universities as they are, we hope we may now venture to return, without any danger of being misunderstood or misinterpreted, to the consideration of certain particulars, in which the practice of their discipline might, we humbly think, be altered for the better. We certainly should have felt much greater hesitation in doing this, had we not a firm conviction, that nothing is in reality needful, or even desirable, except that the practice of that discipline should be, in certain respects, brought into a more close and complete harmony with the spirit of its theory.

To come back, then, to the period of residence,—there are two distinct circumstances which, even in the absence of all distinct historical record, would sufficiently prove the fact, that in the theory of these universities a term of residence much beyond what now obtains has been taken for granted.

In the first place, the statutes of the university-libraries deny any right of using these libraries, except to students who have taken their first degree; which, the fashion of quitting college at the time of taking that first degree being now universal, amounts to little less than saying, that these magnificent libraries are not meant for the use of the great body of youth attending the universities. But could this have been contemplated by the founders of these libraries? Most certainly not. They restricted the use of their great collections to graduates, because they thought, and wisely thought, that, during the first years of his residence, the student, who ought to be engaged in mastering the ancient tongues, and the chief classics who have written in these, would be more likely to derive evil than good from having the doors of a boundless collection of all sorts of books perpetually thrown open to draw him from his own chambers.—We are not blaming the universities for their adherence to these rules,—particularly, as we are well aware, that when, in any special case, there is a good reason for relinquishing them, they make no difficulty about doing so; but, we say, the existence of such rules is of itself a sufficient evidence that the theory of the universities does not consider the residence of the great, the immeasurable majority of its *alumni*, as terminating with the fourth year of their matriculation.

Another circumstance, equally decisive as to the same matter, is found, as we humbly apprehend, in the existence of those numerous professorships in both universities, which are not at all connected with particular colleges, but constitute a separate apparatus altogether—an apparatus which, and here is the sub-

ject of our regret, has fallen, we verily believe from nothing but the abridgment of the period of residence, into a state of nearly total inexertion.

We are well aware that the professorships in question are, in almost all cases, bestowed upon gentlemen of rare and exemplary attainments in the branches of knowledge whose names they bear; and in so far they are useful; but they are not useful *quâ* professorships. There are, we think, as many as TWENTY-SEVEN professorships in Oxford, and of these not one can be said to be a permanently useful institution in regard to the instruction of the academical youth. Every now and then it occurs that some professor, or his particular science, happens to be the subject of popular favour, and attendance upon him becomes the fashion of the time. So it was with Sir William Blackstone's lectures on English law once,—so it is now with Mr Buckland's lectures on geology; but attendance upon the lectures of the professors of the university is scarcely, in more than two or three cases, a *sine qua non* in the road to the attainment of any degree or distinction whatever that the University, as an University, bestows; and the consequence is, that as nobody has heard of the lectures on English law for fifty years past, so, were Mr Buckland to get a rich living in some English county to-morrow, it is probable the name of lectures on geology might not be heard of again for as long a period. The professor of divinity's lectures *must* be attended by those who, leaving the university of Oxford, wish to take holy orders; but what does even this amount to?—a single six weeks' course—in all, thirty lectures—and these followed up by no system of examinations within the

control of the professor or of the university! What is this but mockery in regard to such a science, and more especially in such a place? It would be quite as well to have no divinity-lectures at all, than to have so few;—at all events, it is quite clear that the circumstance of attendance or non-attendance upon thirty lectures of divinity—no matter by how eminent a divine delivered—cannot possibly be a matter worth considering, when the question is, Whether any given person has or has not been educated in a mode likely to make him a sound theological scholar? Yet this is, we believe, the most permanently effective of all the twenty-seven professorships now existing in the university of Oxford. In many cases they are not, nor pretend to be, any thing but a mere name; in the immense majority of cases, one, two, or at most three or four formal discourses are annually delivered to empty, or nearly empty, walls, the only object being to comply with the letter of some statutory preliminary to the drawing of the salary,—not a thought being expended either on the real intention of the said enactment, or indeed on the purposes for which the said salary was originally meant to be set apart by the founder of the professorship.

We are not blaming the gentlemen who hold these situations, nor are we blaming the university for any thing she does directly in regard to them; but we apprehend that, as to this particular matter, it is quite evident the general theory of the discipline has been, and is, neglected—and necessarily so—in consequence of the change which has been suffered to take place in regard to the period of residence. The young men have enough to do, during a four years' residence,

within their own colleges, studying under the close and anxious personal superintendence of their college-tutors; but, if they remained three years longer, there would be "ample room and verge enough" for a great deal more than this,—and the magnificent apparatus of professorships would no longer be a dead letter.

The theory of the university as to all this, appears to us to be as clear as complete. According to that, the business of instructing the academical youth in those branches of learning which are alike needful in every liberal education, is intrusted to the care of the particular colleges—each having its own establishment of tutors complete within itself. The ulterior task of preparing young gentlemen for the exercise of the particular professions, &c. is reserved to the university herself; and for this *She* has *her* large and complete establishment of professors, to whose free lectures all the members of the university are supposed to have equal access. Here are two distinct instruments for two distinct sets of purposes. The former remains most effectively useful—the latter may be said to have fallen into absolute disuse. In other words, the English university virtually does no more now-a-days—by means of her apparatus of instruction that is—than give that general foundation on which the superstructure of professional knowledge is afterwards to be reared. She makes admirable classical scholars, mathematicians, and so forth; but she does not make any lawyers, physicians, no—nor even divines. Many are made so within her precincts no doubt; but they are not made so otherwise than through their own exertions—exertions which the university, as an university, can scarcely be said even to assist. She does not as-

sist them otherwise than through the access which she gives to her libraries; and though the opportunities for private instruction, and, above all, the stimulus for generous ambition, necessarily implied in the continual presence and pervading influence of the assemblage of accomplished and distinguished men, without which her existence could not be maintained. But this has nothing to do with the actual apparatus of university instruction. Great libraries and great men may be had elsewhere than in an university.

In regard to the students who are intended for the immediate profession of the church, we presume, there can be no doubt whatever that their professional education might be, without the least difficulty, carried on entirely within the walls of the university. It is notorious that, at present, the immense majority of those churchmen who become eminent theologians, acquire all but the mere elements of their theological learning after they have taken orders; and it can scarcely admit of any argument, that they might acquire all this, or at least a very large part of it, with much greater ease to themselves, in Oxford or Cambridge, than in their several country residences, where even the richest must eternally lament the distance of the great libraries, and the most ardent feel—whether consciously or unconsciously—the want of that stimulus which pervades the very air of a chosen seat and sanctuary of scholarship.

As to the other two professions—law and medicine—while it is equally notorious that scarcely any thing is done for the teaching of these sciences now-a-days in the English universities, a very general opinion has obtained, that much in reality cannot be done, in

consequence of the state in which these sciences are now found. It is said, in other words, and it is very generally believed, that no good can be done, as to the study of medicine, except in great cities, where the student has continual access to immense hospitals; nor, as to the study of law, except in situations where the student has daily access to the courts in which law is practised.

Now, nobody, we suppose, will ever be so absurd as to say, that any man can enter on the practice of either of these professions, without having enjoyed abundant access to these sources of information. But it humbly appears to us to be a very different question, whether, in either case, the student might not derive very great advantage from preparing himself, ere he approaches these, by a far more deliberate investigation of the theory and history of his profession, than, we strongly suspect, is at all easy under the present system,—a system of which the natural tendency at least must be to fix his attention, from the beginning, upon the actual practice of it? We speak with great submission as to these matters; but is it or is it not true, that the Haleses, the Somerses, the Mansfields, the Stowels, were all old residents in their universities, and deeply-read students, more especially in *the civil law*, ere they thought of profiting by the vicinity of the courts at which they afterwards meant to practise in London?—Very much of the common law, and all the equity law of England, is founded on the jurisprudence of Rome; and yet how few legal students of these times ever seek to make themselves masters of the doctrines with which their lives are to be conversant, in those original sources

where they are found arranged in far clearer order, and expressed certainly in far more felicitous language, than any where else! In regard to the profession of medicine, in like manner, we must be permitted to doubt, whether, in the present age, when first-rate surgeons are to be found every where, and there is scarcely one man in the whole empire who enjoys the fame of a first-rate physician, a return to something of the older system of study,—the system which produced the Meads, the Radcliffes, the Harveys,—might not be attended with important and highly-beneficial effects?—Where are the successors of Baillie and Gregory,—those high-bred *scholar-physicians?—Ultimi ne Romanorum?*

Theoretic changes in the general system of these universities are, as we have already said, unnecessary; and unquestionably few practical ones (however desirable some such may be), are obviously right, or, if they were, unattended with great difficulties. But since we are talking of changes at all, we must be permitted to observe, that, in relation to the individual colleges of which these universities are composed, there are certain particulars wherein the practice of things falls short of the theory, in a manner by far too conspicuous to admit of any difference of opinion at all, and in regard to which the means of reform appear to us to be as plain and simple as could possibly be wished.

In each of the universities the majority of colleges are foundations originally intended for the behoof of particular districts in England; and the fellowships, church-benefices, and other good things which they have to bestow, must be distributed among men born

in particular districts, or educated at particular schools. Other colleges are foundations for the behoof of the whole country; and all members of the university who choose, may compete for the rewards which they have the power to bestow. Now, we have no hesitation in stating it as a notorious fact, that (passing over, no doubt, many splendid individual exceptions), the character of those colleges is, and always has been highest, wherein the field of competition is the most extensive; and we venture to suspect, that, had there been no such things as open colleges to excite a feeling of emulation and rivalry, the close ones,—such is the natural indolence of man,—might long ago have ceased entirely to be, in practice, institutions of the sort their founders contemplated.*

But, on the other hand, considering that the close colleges are, to the open colleges, in the proportion of at least four or five to one, and that they are out of sight the more wealthy establishments, and that, being such, it is impossible they should not carry off a large proportion of the youth of the highest rank in society, from the particular districts to which they are attached; is it not at least a fair matter of suspicion, that their influence over the open colleges may be as decided in many particulars, as that of the open colleges over them is felt and acknowledged to be in others? Such, in point of fact, we ourselves have no sort of doubt, is and has been the case, and ever

* The superiority of the open colleges may be proved to demonstration, by a simple review of the printed records of the honours obtained at the examinations for degrees in any given series of years.

must be, until the numbers and resources of the open colleges are placed in circumstances widely different from those of their past and present inequality.

Laying out of view altogether for a moment the immense reduction in the number of *halls*, of which something has been said a little ago, does it not strike every one as a strange thing, that, considering the immense increase which has taken place in the population, the wealth, and the intelligence of this kingdom, no new colleges (with one or two munificent exceptions) should have been founded and endowed either at Oxford or Cambridge within the last *three hundred years?* Before the era of the Reformation, no age ever passed over the heads of the English nation, which did not witness the addition of one or more establishments of this order to the educational apparatus of the country. A number of new ones were set up by Henry VIII., and provided for out of the forfeited possessions of the monasteries. But why did it stop there? Has not England confessed through all the intervening time her pride in her universities? and is she not as proud of them now, and with quite as much reason, as she ever was or could have been?

Why is it, that, since the pecuniary resources of this empire have been administered,—not by kings, but by the representatives of the nation,—nothing whatever has been done BY THE PUBLIC, with the view of enabling the means of education, *in Oxford and Cambridge*, to share in, and keep pace with, the regularly increasing power and prosperity of all our other national institutions? These are questions which, we suspect, it will be no easy matter to answer.

There can, in the first place, be no manner of doubt,

that the existing colleges are inadequate for the reception of the youths who desire to be educated at these universities. So much is this the case, that every college in either university is at this moment as full as it can be; and that, in regard to all those which hold the higher places in public estimation, the parent who wishes his son to be numbered among their *alumni*, must make application at least three or four years ere the youth is of the proper or accustomed age, and back his application too, in most cases, by considerable interest of some sort or other.

A question may naturally occur,—Why do not these colleges, especially these extra-popular ones, add to their own means of accommodation? But this is not difficult to answer: many of them are locally so situated that the thing is impossible or nearly so. But this is not, generally speaking, the great and effective cause; that must be sought for somewhat deeper.

In these colleges, with a few trifling exceptions, the heads, fellows, &c., in whom the government of the society is lodged, do not derive any very considerable proportion of their emoluments from fees paid by young gentlemen educated within their establishment, but from the rents of the landed estates with which it is endowed. And even this, considering that, except in the case of the principals, presidents, &c., the old law of celibacy is still strictly enforced in regard to all college-functionaries, is a matter of little moment, when compared to the expectation of college-benefices in the church, &c., to which these gentlemen almost always look forward as constituting the far most valuable part of the good things

connected with the college that is to fall to the share of themselves as individuals. Between these two causes, the effect is, that they have little inducement, in a pecuniary point of view, for wishing to see new buildings erected in their colleges. Such buildings must be erected at the expense of the college, reducing of course for a time the *domus*, as it is called, or college income, out of which they draw their dividends; and before that time be expired, each of the gentlemen concerned hopes his own direct connexion with the college will have terminated in his acceptance of some vacated piece of preferment in the gift of his college, but situated beyond the precincts and beyond the immediate concerns of his university. Besides, there is always the chance that fashions may fluctuate.*

Accordingly, wherever any considerable additions have in recent times been made to the accommodation of any of these colleges, they have been made at the expense of individual benefactors, not of the societies themselves. Indeed the same theory holds true of the university herself; for the expense of whatever additions, of any importance, have been made to the edifices of the university, during the last two or three hundred years, has been defrayed, not out of the ample purse of the university, but by the benefactions of grateful *alumni*. Witness the *Sheldonian* Theatre, the *Clarendon* Printing-house, the

* Trinity College, Cambridge, is an exception, and almost a solitary one. It is obvious, that so very great, powerful, and extensive an establishment as that, stands in a very different situation from the majority—the immense majority—of colleges in either university.

Radcliffe Infirmary and Library, &c. &c., at Oxford; and we believe the course of things at the sister-university has been exactly of the same character.

The interest of the public should be made to coincide with the interests of individuals. This is the general rule, and the exceptions to it are seldom worth the reckoning.

A thousand circumstances conspire to render it a most delicate and difficult matter for the legislature of the country to meddle with these ancient institutions; more especially while it cannot in fairness be said that they neglect to do any thing expressly contemplated and provided for by those who bequeathed the wealth they now enjoy. But nothing can be more easy than to exert a prodigious indirect influence over all concerned in the management of them, by giving them new rivals, unfettered by any of those antiquated rules which, perhaps, it is not just to blame them for their slowness to abandon, or even modify, entirely out of their own good pleasure. Establish half a dozen great new colleges in either university,—have all the lucrative situations in these open as day to honourable competition,—and no fear but the elder establishments will soon see the wisdom —the necessity—of modifying their antique practice, so as to put themselves on a level with their rivals, in public estimation.

Above all, we have no hesitation in expressing our firm belief, that the greatest service which could possibly be rendered to these universities, would be the erection of some colleges in which the old rules of celibacy had no existence whatever. The natural, the necessary consequence of adherence to these rules

is, that, comparatively few men of distinguished talents are enabled to make the university their residence through life. Every year that has elapsed since parliament begun to declare the *headships* of colleges capable of being held by married men, has more and more proved the wisdom of that measure; and we really cannot see how it is possible to doubt, that the pursuance of the same system in regard to *fellowships* would be attended with consequences of the same sort. Dr Johnson said long ago, when some one was complaining of the excessive wealth of these universities, that the greatest good that could be done to them, would be the creation of a great number of offices of a thousand a-year, which might enable them to retain in their immediate service a much greater proportion of the eminent men they reared. And if this was just in his time, it is infinitely more so in ours. In general, the fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, even when combined with tutorships, cannot be considered as worth more, on an average, than L.300 a-year; and what bribe is this, more especially when the obligation of celibacy is annexed to it, to induce a man of high talents and acquirements to consider the work of university-tuition as the permanent profession of his life, or even of any considerable portion of his life?—The general course of things is, that a man enters upon the business of this tuition about four and twenty, and that not one out of twenty remains in it beyond three or four and thirty;—that is, the profession is abandoned exactly when experience has rendered the individual most adequate to his duty, and effective in its discharge.

We are satisfied, that a college, which should have the means of choosing her fellows out of the whole university, and of retaining them in her service, by offering emoluments more nearly on a level with those which great talents command in the other liberal professions, would, in a very short time, find itself placed in a proud situation indeed. We are satisfied that the older colleges would, ere long, be the first to pray for legislative interference to put them in a similar position; and we are certainly persuaded, that, until they do so pray, no such interference will ever take place.

Nor would there be any difficulty in enabling a new college to do all that we are wishing for. Suppose the buildings once erected, a parliamentary grant of L.36,000 a-year would be amply sufficient for maintaining twelve new colleges in the most liberal manner possible. It would give each of them a president with L.1000 a-year, and four fellows and tutors with L.500 a-piece; which, supposing each tutor to have five and twenty pupils at very moderate fees, would enable these gentlemen to maintain their rank, as married men, in comfort and independence, and prevent them, in the great majority of cases, from looking beyond the university; and twelve hundred young men, beyond the present number, would be annually benefiting by the academical institutions of England. The expense at which all this good, immediate and prospective, might be done, is absolutely as nothing to this great nation. A couple of embassies cost us more annually than all these new colleges put together would do.

Neither could there be the smallest difficulty

about restoring in these new colleges the ancient system of a longer academical residence. What more easy than to declare, from the beginning, that no members of these colleges should be permitted to take degrees in the university, without having complied with any given system of regulations adopted in the interior discipline of these colleges? What more simple, for instance, than to say, that none of their members should be allowed to keep their names on the books after four years standing without residing, but must reside until seven? What more easy than to declare, that, between four years standing and seven, it should be incumbent on them to undergo such and such college examinations, to attend such and such university prelections? &c. &c.—What more easy than to guard against any evasion of these rules, by declaring it incompetent for any member of these colleges to pass from them into any of the others, without the express permission, to be gained only on express and definite terms, of their superiors?

This, it humbly appears to us, is the only method that has yet been suggested by which the practice of these universities can be brought into more strict accordance with the theory. It appears to us, that, by the adoption of the course now pointed out, the three great *desiderata* would be effectually supplied:—

I. The universities would be enabled to educate a much larger proportion of the youth of our country;
II. They would be enabled to educate these *alumni* better within their college, because they would

have the means of retaining more able and accomplished men as permanent tutors; and,

III. They would be enabled to give life, and vigour, and prodigious influence to the magnificent establishments of professorships, which, in consequence of the change that has occurred as to the period of academic residence, are at present little better than useless (*quâ* professorships.)

The great subject of *a new university*, or *new universities*, remains untouched. We shall take it up hereafter, and probably have ample materials before us. But we fairly confess, that we would fain see the old universities doing all that they can do without any violation of their system, ere any new establishments of the same kind are created.

CHURCH-SERVICE FOR THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

We are all well aware that the ordeal by fire had, during many centuries, the sanction of the church, and moreover that, considering in what hands the knowledge of those times lay, this blasphemous horror could never have existed without the connivance, and even actual co-operation, of the priesthood.

It is only a few years ago, however, that any actual form of ritual, set apart by ecclesiastical authority for this atrocious ceremony of fraud, has been recovered. Mr Büsching, the well-known German antiquary, has the merit of having discovered a most extraordinary document of this kind in the course of examining the charter-chest of an ancient Thuringian monastery; and he has published it in a periodical work, entitled, "*Die Vorzeit,*" in 1817. We shall translate the *prayers*, as given in that work, as literally as possible. To those who suspected no deceit, there can be no doubt this service must have been as awfully impressive as any that is to be found in the formularies of any church: but words are wanting to express the abject guilt of those who, well knowing the base trickery of the whole matter, who, having themselves assisted in preparing all the appliances of legerdemain behind the scenes of the sanctuary-stage, dared to clothe their iniquity in the most solemn phraseology of religion.

A fire was kindled within the church, not far from the great altar. The person about to undergo the ordeal was placed in front of the fire surrounded by his friends, by all who were in any way interested in the result of the trial, and by the whole clergy of the vicinity. Upon a table near the fire the coulter over which he was to walk, the bar he was to carry, or, if he were a knight, the steel gloves which, after they had been made red-hot, he was to put on his hands, were placed in view of all.

Part of the usual service of the day being performed, a priest advances, and places himself in front of the fire, uttering, at the same moment, the following prayer, which is the first Mr Büsching gives:—

"O Lord God, bless this place, that herein there may be health, and holiness, and purity, and sanctification, and victory, and humility, and meekness, fulfilment of the law, and obedience to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. May thy blessing, O God of purity and justice, be upon this place, and upon all that be therein; for the sake of Christ, the Redeemer of the world."

A second priest now lifts the iron, and bears it towards the fire. A series of prayers follows; all to be repeated ere the iron is laid on the fire.

"*These are the Prayers to be said over the Fire and the Iron.*

"1. Lord God, Almighty Father, Fountain of Light, hear us:—enlighten us, O thou that dwellest in light unapproachable. Bless this fire, O God; and as from the midst of the fire thou didst of old enlighten Moses, so from this flame enlighten and purify our

hearts, that we may be worthy, through Christ our Lord, to come unto thee, and unto the life eternal.

"2. Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

"3. O Lord, save thy servant. Lord God, send him help out of Zion, thy holy hill. Save him, O Lord. Hear us, O Lord. O Lord, be with us.

"4. O God, Holy and Almighty, hear us. By the majesty of thy most holy name, and by the coming of thy dear Son, and by the gift of the comfort of thy holy Spirit, and by the justice of thine eternal seat, hear us, good Lord. Purify this metal, and sanctify it, that all falsehood and deceit of the devil may be cast out of it, and utterly removed; and that the truth of thy righteous judgment may be opened and made manifest to all the faithful that cry unto thee this day, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

The iron is now placed in the fire, and sprinkled with consecrated water, both before and after it is so placed. The mass is said while the iron is heating,—the introductory scripture being,—"O Lord, thou art just, and righteous are all thy judgments." The priest delivers the wafer to the person about to be tried, and, ere he communicates, the following prayer is said by the priest and congregation:—

"We pray unto thee, O God, that it may please thee to absolve this thy servant, and to clear him from his sins. Purify him, O heavenly Father, from all the stains of the flesh, and enable him, by thy all-covering and atoning grace, to pass through this fire, —thy creature—triumphantly being justified in Christ our Lord."

Then the Gospel:—"Then there came one unto Jesus, who fell upon his knees, and cried out, Good

Master, what must I do that I may be saved? Jesus said, Why callest thou me good?" &c.

The chief priest, from the altar, now addresses the accused, who is still kneeling near the fire:—

"By the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and by the Christianity whose name thou bearest, and by the baptism in which thou wert born again, and by all the blessed relics of the saints of God that are preserved in this church, I conjure thee, Come not unto this altar, nor eat of this body of Christ, if thou beest guilty in the things that are laid to thy charge; but if thou beest innocent therein, come, brother, and come freely."

The accused then comes forward and communicates,—the priest saying,—"This day may the body and blood of Jesus Christ, which were given and shed for thee, be thy protection and thy succour, yea, even in the midst of the flame."

The priest now reads this prayer:—"O Lord, it hath pleased thee to accept our spiritual sacrifice. May the joyful partaking in this holy sacrament be comfortable and useful to all that are here present, and serviceable to the removing of the bondage and thraldom of whatsoever sins do most easily beset us. Grant also, that to this thy servant it may be of exceeding comfort, gladdening his heart, until the truth of thy righteous judgment be revealed."

The organ now peals, and *Kyrie Eleeison* and the Litany are sung in full chorus.

After this comes another prayer:—

"O God! thou that through fire hast shewn forth so many signs of thy almighty power! thou that didst snatch Abraham, thy servant, out of the brands

and flames of the Chaldeans, wherein many were consumed! thou that didst cause the bush to burn before the eyes of Moses, and yet not to be consumed! God, that didst send thy Holy Spirit in the likeness of tongues of fiery flame, to the end that thy faithful servants might be visited and set apart from the unbelieving generation; God, that didst safely conduct the three children through the flame of the Babylonians; God, that didst waste Sodom with fire from heaven, and preserve Lot, thy servant, as a sign and a token of thy mercy: O God, shew forth yet once again thy visible power, and the majesty of thy unerring judgment: that truth may be made manifest, and falsehood avenged, make thou this fire thy minister before us; powerless be it where is the power of purity, but sorely burning, even to the flesh and the sinews, the hand that hath done evil, and that hath not feared to be lifted up in false swearing. O God! from whose eye nothing can be concealed, make thou this fire thy voice to us thy servants, that it may reveal innocence, or cover iniquity with shame. Judge of all the earth! hear us: hear us, good Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son."

The priest now dashes once more the holy water over the fire, saying, "Upon this fire be the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that it may be a sign to us of the righteous judgment of God."

The priest pauses; instantly the accused approaches to the fire, and lifts the iron, which he carries nine yards from the flame. The moment he lays it down he is surrounded by the priests, and borne by them into the vestry; there his hands are wrapped in linen

cloths, sealed down with the signet of the church: these are removed on the third day, when he is declared innocent or guilty, according to the condition in which his hands are found. *" Si sinus rubescens in vestigio ferri reperiatur, culpabilis ducatur. Sin autem mundus reperiatur, Laus Deo referatur."*

Such is certainly one of the most extraordinary records of the craft, the audacity, and the weakness of mankind.

SPECIMENS OF THE RABBINICAL APOLOGUE.

I.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ABRAHAM.

1 In those days Nimrod the king persecuted Tharah, and sought after his life.

2 And Tharah fled into the caves of the rocks; and Abram, his son, was born and reared within the darkness of the cave.

3 Yet even in the dark cave the law of God was in the heart of the boy; and continually within himself he said, Who is my Creator?

4 At length it came to pass that Abram walked abroad from the cave, and was in freedom to behold the heavens and the earth. Then did he earnestly survey all things, still meditating within himself, and saying, Who is he that made the heavens and the earth, and is the God of all things that be?

5 Then Abram beheld the sun ascending in his glory, and he fell upon his knees and said, Kingly, kingly art thou, O sun: Thou art the God of heaven.

6 And in this faith remained he all that day.

7 But when the evening was come, and the sun was gone down into the sea, then saw Abram the moon shining clearly in the east.

8 And Abram said, The light that hath descended and been cast down into the sea, how can he be the

God of heaven? Behold this lesser light is king of heaven, and these stars that shine around about him are his nobles, that do him homage, and his captains, and his host.

9 But yet a little while, and the moon and the stars were clean gone out of the firmament, and Abram was left alone in the wilderness.

10 Then ran he unto Tharah, his father, and said unto him, I pray thee, O father, reveal unto me who verily is the God of the heavens and of the earth.

11 And Tharah took him by the hand, and led him into the inner chamber, where his idols stood; and Tharah said unto Abram, These be the gods of the heavens and of the earth: My son, bow down before them, and worship them. And as his father commanded him even so did he.

12 ¶ Now after three days it came to pass that the mother of Abram gave unto him a certain sweet cake; and Abram said unto himself, I will not eat of this cake, but make thereof an acceptable offering unto the gods of heaven and earth, whom my father shewed unto me in his inner chamber.

13 And the boy went into the inner chamber, and laid the cake upon the table before the carved images, saying, O ye gods of the heavens and the earth, let mine offering be well-pleasing and find favour in your sight; stretch forth your hands now and take this cake.

14 But the images moved not, neither did they stretch forth their hands to take his offering.

15 And when Abram went in on the morrow, behold the cake was yet lying on the table, and none of the carved images had touched it, nor tasted thereof.

16 Then Abram mused within himself, and said, Of a surety the gods of my father be not the true gods.

17 And Abram took a hammer, and he broke all the images, save one which stood in the midst of them; and that image he left standing.

18 And he ran unto Tharah, and cried unto him with a loud voice, saying, My father, Behold, the god that standeth in the middle of the table hath slain, in his anger, all the other gods, and broken them into pieces in the fury of his indignation, and utterly destroyed them.

19 Then Tharah waxed angry with Abram, saying, Verily it is thou that hast done all this evil.

20 As for the god that thou speakest of, is he not the work of mine own hands? Did I not carve him out of the timber of the tree which I cut down in the wilderness? How then could he lift up his hand, being a piece of carved wood, or do violence upon his fellows?

21 My son, thou hast deceived me. Thy hand hath broken my gods.

22 Then said Abram unto Tharah, May it please thee, my father, to consider what manner of thing this is that thou sayest. Behold, I am but a little child, and yet thou sayest unto me, that the thing which the god thou worshippest cannot do, that I, even I, thy son, can do easily with these hands.

23 And Tharah wondered, but he wist not what to answer.

24 ¶ And not many days thereafter God shewed himself unto Abram, and called him out of the land of the Chaldeans.

II.

THE VINE TREE.

1 And when Noah had made an end of planting the vine, he departed to his dwelling, and left no one to watch over the tree.

2 And Satan beheld Noah, and knew what manner of tree it was that he had planted; and he said within himself, Shall man, which is made of the dust of the earth, drink wine, which is the liquor of the sons of heaven?

3 And Satan cast his eyes round about, and he saw in the valley a lamb, and a lion, and a swine.

4 And he seized them, and brought them unto the place where the vine had been planted; and he drew near to the vine, saying, Behold, O vine, thou art more precious in my sight than all the other trees of the forest: therefore with rich manure will I this day fatten all thy roots.

5 And Satan slew the lamb, and shed the blood thereof upon the roots of the vine; and in like manner did he pour thereon the blood of the lion and of the swine.

6 And the blood of the beasts entered into the roots of the tree, and in the fruits thereof it speaketh even unto this day.

7 For he that drinketh one pottle of wine is mild and gentle like unto a lamb, and his heart is merry within him, without wrath and without envy, and he is well-pleasing unto all men.

8 But he that drinketh two pottles is made like unto a lion, full of vain-gloriousness, and all manner of boasting, and exceeding cruelty, vaunting himself mightily, and thirsting for the blood of men.

9 And he that drinketh the third pottle, behold, is he not a swine?

10 Whence cometh the saying of the wise man, The wine entereth, and the wit goeth out.

11 And also that other saying, By three things shalt thou judge a man: by his purse, his passion, and his pottle.

12 For whoso spendeth what he hath in moderation, and setteth bounds to his wrath, and exceedeth not the first pottle, wherein is the spirit of the lamb, he only is wise and prudent, and his household is established.

SONNETS FROM THE GERMAN OF GLÜCK.

DOMINECHINO'S BAPTISM.

DAY gently dawning through a temple dim,
Reveals the whiteness of a marble fount;
While from the censer swinging o'er its brim,
Like heavenly dreams slow clouds of perfume mount.
I see, half-veiled, a pale young mother stand,
Solemnly listening with no tearless eye;
Within her serious lord's she rests her hand;
Attendant maids with downcast looks are by.
A venerable saint, with beard of snow,
With countenance all awful, all benign,
Upholds the infant o'er the blessed wave:—
Smile on, fair babe; yet when these waters flow,
And thy soft brow receives thy Saviour's sign,
What marvel if the circling air be grave.

DOMINECHINO'S CONFIRMATION.

UPON the altar steps behold her kneel!
While o'er that brow the mitred man of God
Stretcheth the symbol-crucifix abroad,
This covenant hath its token and its seal.
Who may the heavings of that heart reveal,
That warm young heart with holiest thoughts o'erflowing;
Whose aspirations, ever upward going,

God's angels share, and man can never feel!
O virgin innocence, and virgin zeal,
Ye only dwell together!—Must this earth,
This staining earth, on that pure bosom steal?—
Chastise this joy serene to human mirth,
Or steep these flowers of heavenly bloom below
The black and weltering waves of human wo?

DOMINECHINO'S MARRIAGE.

A SCENE of splendour!—Day's broad beam is quenched
Amidst the blaze of torches, whose rich glare
Spreads purple glory o'er the perfumed air,
Yet cannot stain one cheek surpassing fair,
Whose loveliness by natural awe is blenched,
Beneath the clusters of her jewell'd hair.—
Soft pride, be sure, and gentle gladness there,
'Mid these pale tremours are in mystery blending;—
Though scarce to feel her joy the maiden dare,
High beats that heart beneath its burden bending.
Religion sanctifies the peerless hour,
When Love's long dream in bliss undoubted closes,
Calms Passion's front with her serener power,
And weaves eternal amaranths with the roses.

DOMINECHINO'S CLEOPATRA.

STILL lingers on her cheek a sunset glow,
Though all the shades of eve are in her eye;
Love was her life, and lovely must she die;—
Rich—rich those lips, with all their weight of wo.
Her fingers have unbound the golden clasp;—
That bosom bursting with life's purple dew,

Bares all its heaving beauty to the asp,
As if some long-lost lover's lip to woo.
What luxuries of passion, and what pangs,
Were her imperial portion.—Gorgeous Flower!—
How darkly are thy bright leaves closed at last!
I see the type of thy foul-circling fangs,
Remorse!—She drinks the poison of thy power:
The Future is less fearful than the Past.

THOUGHTS ON BORES.

BY A BORE.

THE beginning, says Aristotle, is that before which nothing naturally comes, and after which something naturally follows. There can be little doubt, that bores existed in ancient as well as in modern times, though the deluge has unluckily swept away all traces of the antediluvian bore,—a creature which analogy leads us to believe must have been of formidable power. Of the primitive bore, from which it is conjectured by some, though not by me, that the quakers descended, not a bone is to be found in any of the primitive strata, as far as I can learn from the geologists, who have made most diligent and most ineffectual search,—one fossil biped only excepted, which is said to be preserved in some cabinet in Germany.

Much learning might be displayed, and much time wasted, on an inquiry into the derivation, descent, and etymology of the animal under consideration; suffice it to say, that, for my own part, diligence hath not been wanting in the research.—Johnson's Dictionary and old Bailey have been ransacked; but neither the learned Johnson nor the recondite Bailey throw much light upon this matter. The slang dic-

tionary, to which I should in the first place have directed my attention, was unfortunately not at my elbow. The result of all my inquiries amounts to this,—that *bore, boor,* and *boar,* are all three spelt indifferently, and consequently are derived from one common stock,—what stock, remains to be determined.

In farriers' or horsemen's language, a horse is said to *bore* when he pokes out his head, or carries his nose too near the ground; this *bores* the hand of his rider: hence to *tire,* to *bore,* may have become synonimous terms. But those who are not contented with this derivation will turn from jockeys to natural historians, and learn that there is a sort of diminutive insect, unprovided, to all appearance, with any means of achieving their purpose, which, by persevering efforts, *bore* their way through the thickest wood. May not the *bore,* who gets into society where no one knows him, be not unaptly derived from these?

The art of boring with smiths and carpenters, and such persons, is defined to be "piercing through and through with a sharp instrument." Now, supposing the substance to be bored endowed with the sentient principle, this could hardly be accomplished without pain,—such as a person of sensibility feels when *bored* to death. But, lest the reader should be too soon in this condition, I will add but one other etymology, furnished by a friend, who suggests *bore* in a river or a sea,—a wonderful kind of swell or wall of water, rising, in some Indian rivers, twelve feet high and upwards, it is said, by the struggle between stream and tide when making in opposite directions; so the tide of words from the mouth of a bore, rush-

ing in upon us contrary to the current of our own thoughts, raises anger often to a wonderful great height. If this derivation be thought too far-fetched, I have nothing for it but to send the reader a little further, and refer him, at once, to the Coptic. If any should think that I have left the question much as I found it, or in confusion worse confounded, I plead the etymologist's privilege and practice.

Through the indexes to Milton and Shakspeare I have not neglected to hunt; but unfortunately I have found nothing to my purpose in Milton, and in all Shakspeare no trace of a bore. In Pope I find the first description of the animal in English poetry, though he be not noticed by name. What could that creature be but a bore, from whom Pope says—no walls could guard him, and no shades could hide; who pierced his thickets—glided into his grotto—stopped his chariot—boarded his barge; from whom no place was sacred—not the church free; and against whom John was ordered to tie up the knocker, —" say I'm sick—I'm dead?"

Is not this what would be ordered at the present day against a bore, and in vain?—There was nothing wanting but the name; the creature evidently existed in Pope's and Horace's time.

Intent upon this etymology and antiquity, I have not yet touched upon the nature or habitudes of the animal. A *bore* is a biped, but not always *unplumed*. There be of both kinds;—the female frequently plumed; the male military plumed, helmed or crested, and whiskered,—face hairy. Dandy bore, ditto, ditto, ditto.

There are *bores* unplumed, wigged, capped, and

hatted, bearded or curled before. The *bore*,—not a *ruminating* animal,—carnivorous,—not sagacious,—prosing, long-winded, tenacious of life, though not vivacious. The bore is good for promoting sleep; but though he causeth sleep in others, it is uncertain whether he ever sleeps himself, as few can keep awake in his company long enough to see. It is supposed that when he sleeps, it is with his mouth open. Some aver that he talketh in his sleep, and full as well as when awake.

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves. To such, however, I would not advise trusting too much. The bore is harmless, no doubt, as long as you listen to him; but, disregarded or stopped in mid-career, he will turn upon you. If sleep overtake you in his company, beware of him next time you meet. It is a fatal if not a vulgar error to presume that the bore belongs to that class of animals which have no gall; of which Pliny gives a list, (much disputed by Sir Thomas Browne and others). That bores have gall many have proved to their cost, as some now living, peradventure, can attest. The milk of human kindness is said to abound naturally in certain of the gentler bore-kind; but it is apt to grow sour if the animal be crossed—not in love, but in talk. Though I cannot admit to a certainty that all bores have no gall, yet assuredly they have no tact, and they are one and all deficient in sympathy. A creature at once endowed with reason and quick sympathy with the feelings of others could not, by any possibility, be of this class.

A bore is a heavy animal, and his weight has this

peculiarity, that it increases every moment he stays near you. The French describe this property in one word, which, though French, I may be permitted, because intranslatable—*Il s'appesantit.*

Touch and go is what it is not in the nature of a bore to do.—Whatever he touches turns to lead.

All the classes, orders, genera, and species of bores, I pretend not to enumerate—Heaven forefend!—but some of those most commonly met with in England I may mention, and a few of the most curious describe. In the first place, there is *the mortal great bore,* confined to the higher classes of society.—A celebrated wit, who has as much judgment as wit, and who, from his long and extensive acquaintance with the fashionable and political world, has had every means of forming his judgment on this subject, lays it down as an axiom, that none but a rich man, or a great man, *can* be a great bore; others are not allowed time to come to maturity. The world grows impatient unless valuable consideration be given in some way or other. They are seldom endured long enough in society to come to the perfection of tiresomeness.

Of these there is the travelled and untravelled kind. The travelled bore, formerly rare, is now dreadfully common in these countries.

The old travelling bore was, as I find him aptly, though quaintly described, "A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed; and, being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters with *folliries* and misinformations."—*Vide* A Life published by Hearne—Thomas Hearne—him to whom Time said, "Whatever you forget I learn."

The modern travelled bore is a garrulous creature. His talk chiefly of himself, of all he has seen that is incredible, and all he remembers that is not worth remembering. His tongue is neither English, French, Italian, nor German, but a leash, and more than a leash of languages at once. He is, for the most part, a harmless creature. Besides having his quantum of the ills that flesh are subject to, he has some peculiar to himself, and extraordinary. He is subject, for instance, to an indigestion of houses and churches, pictures and statues. St Peter's and the Colisseum are seldom out of his mouth. How he gets any thing else in is the wonder. Moreover, he is troubled with fits of what may be called *the cold enthusiasm;* and when the fit is on, he raves of Raphael and Correggio, Rome, Athens, Pæstum, and Jerusalem. He seldom "babbles of green fields;" often of Mont-Blanc; continually of the picturesque. He despises England; and never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land; he has no *home,* or, at least, loves none.

I should note, that the creature here meant is the common-place travelling bore. But the class consists of so many orders, genera, and species, branching into so many varieties, that I must reserve them for consideration on a future opportunity.

I perceive I have already made an error of arrangement; I should in the first instance have given precedence here to the old original English bore, which should perhaps be more properly spelled *boor;* indeed it was so as late as the time of Mrs Cowley, who, in the Belle's Stratagem, talks of a man's being boored.

The *boor* is now rare in England, though there are specimens of him still to be seen in remote parts of the

country. He is untravelled always—seldom goes beyond his own shire, not apt to be found straying or stirring from home. His covering is, or *was*, homespun; his drink home-brewed, his meat home-fed, himself home-bred. In general, he is a wonderfully silent animal. But there are talking ones, and their talk is of bullocks. Talking or silent the indigenous English bore is somewhat of a sulky, surly, seemingly morose animal; yet really good-natured, inoffensive, if kindly used and rightly taken; convivial, yet not social. It is curious that, though addicted to home, he is not properly a domestic animal.—Bibulous,—said to be despotic with the female, and sovereignly disagreeable to his mate.

The parliamentary bore comes next in order;—said to be fond of high places; but not always found in them;—which makes him cross sometimes, and angry with those who are. His civil life is but short, never extending above seven years at the utmost, seldom so long. His dissolution often occurs, we are told, prematurely; but he revives another and the same.—— Mode of life.—During five or six months of the year these bores inhabit London, where they are seen every where, always looking as if they were out of their element. About June or July they migrate to the country—to watering-places—or to their own places; where they shoot partridges, pheasants, wild ducks; hunt hares and foxes; cause men to be imprisoned or transported, who do the same without *license;* and frank letters, some illegibly.

The parliamentary bore is not considered a sagacious animal, except in one particular. It is said that he always knows which way the wind blows, quick as any

of the four-footed swinish multitude. Report says also that they have the instinct of rats in quitting a falling house. But this is not confined to the parliamentary bore; he shares it only with the majority of the English houses of Lords and Commons. An incredible power was once attributed to him, by one from Ireland, of being able at pleasure to turn his back upon himself. But this may well be classed among vulgar errors.

Of the common parliamentary bore there be two orders: the silent, and the talking or the speechifying. The silent is not absolutely deprived of utterance; he can say, "Yes," or "No," but regularly in the wrong place, unless well tutored and well paid. The talking parliamentary bore can out-watch the bear. He can at the latest hour keep on his legs, speak against time, and put to sleep the most vigilant, by the united power of the drone of his voice, and his faculty of saying the same thing over a hundred times. He has many sets of words and phrases, which he repeats eternally like a parrot. But no parrot can vie with man of the bore kind, and of the parliamentary class more especially, in the power of reiteration, or the art peculiar to the rational creature, of using many words, yet saying nothing.

The following are some of the peculiar cries by which this order are distinguished.

"Hear! Hear! Hear!—Hear him! Hear him! Hear him!—Speaker! Speaker! Speaker! Speaker!—Order! Order! Order!—Hear your Honourable Member!"

His set phrases, which, if repeated with variations in good order, might give the substance of one of what are called his speeches, are as follows:—

"Happy to catch the Speaker's eye."—"Mr Speaker, sir, I rise to oppose the honourable member who spoke last;" or, "The honourable member opposite to me."—"And now I'm upon my legs, Mr Speaker."—"I am free to confess."—"I stand rebuked, sir."—"I may venture to assert."—"I am bold to declare, Mr Speaker."—"In the face of my country."—"In the state of this country, I vow to God, Mr Speaker, I am astonished."—"But, sir."—"In the temper of this house, Mr Speaker, I shall not trespass on your patience; but, before I sit down, sir, I must add a few words."

These, and a hundred more similar phrases, are used to fill each vacuity of sense.—Besides these, which are common to both sides of the house, there are others sacred to the ministerial, or popular on the opposition benches.

To the ministerial belong,—"The dignity of this house;"—"The honour of this country;"—"The contentment of our allies;"—"Strengthening the hands of government;"—"Expediency;"—"Inexpediency;"—"Imperious necessity;" with a good store of *evasives*, as,—"Cannot at present bring forward such a measure;"—"Too late;"—"Too early in the session;"—"His Majesty's ministers cannot be responsible for;"—"Cannot take upon me to say; but the impression left on my mind is;"—"Cannot undertake to answer exactly that question;" or any question, if closely pressed;—"Cannot yet *make up* my mind," (an expression borrowed from the laundress).

On the opposition side the phrases chiefly in use among the bores are,—"The constitution of this

country;"—"Reform in parliament;"—"The good of the people;"—"Inquiry should be set on foot;"—"Ministers should be answerable with their heads;"—"Gentlemen should draw together;"—"Independence;"—and "Consistency."

Approved beginnings of speeches as follows, for a raw bore:

"Unused as I am to public speaking, Mr Speaker, I feel myself, on the present occasion, called upon imperatively."

For old stagers, with fronts of brass and adamantine lungs:

"I never in my life rose with such embarrassment as this night;" or, "Never did I address this house with so much diffidence, Mr Speaker;" or, "In the whole course of my parliamentary career, I never felt myself under—found myself under—circumstances so distressing, sir, as those under which I now address you, Mr Speaker."

In reply, the bore begins with,—

"After what has been said by the honourable member opposite;" or on my right hand or my left—or of the honourable member for this or that, "it would be idle in me," &c.

Or more modestly thus,—

"It would be presumption in me, Mr Speaker, after the able, luminous, learned, eloquent speech you have just heard, to attempt to throw any new light; but," &c.

For a premeditated harangue of four hours or upwards he begins regularly with—

"At this late hour of the night I shall trouble the house with only a few words."

Some, knowing what to expect from his few words,

may attempt to cough him down; or to render him inaudible by a certain shuffling of feet; or he may be assailed with the cries of "Order, Order!—Question, Question!—Spoke, Spoke!"—from the opposite side; but your well-trained great bore parliamentary can stand all this and more.

The Speaker of the English House of Commons is a man destined to be bored. Doomed to sit in a chair all night long—night after night—month after month—year after year—being bored. No relief for him but crossing and uncrossing his legs from time to time. No respite. If he sleep it must be with his eyes open, fixed in the direction of the haranguing bore. He is not, however, bound, *bona fide,* to hear all the bore says. This happily was settled in the last century.

"Mr Speaker, it is your duty to hear me," said a bore of the last century to the then Speaker of the House of Commons. "It is the undoubted privilege, sir, of every member of this house *to be heard.*"—"Sir," replied the Speaker, "I know it is the undoubted right of every member of this house to speak, but I was not aware that it is his privilege to be always heard."

Whether the parliamentary bore, "graced, as he is, with all the power of words, so loved, so honoured, (sometimes) in the House of Lords," should be classed among thinking, reasonable creatures, may be a matter of doubt. The definition of man, which has been given by the first of English poets, and which was quoted with peculiar approbation by the most eloquent of English orators, describes him as

"A creature of large discourse, looking before and after."

One half of this admits the parliamentary bore certainly, the other excludes him from the pale of rationality. This biped is indigenous in England, and used to be deemed peculiar to these countries; but a spurious species has been found, within this century and the last, in other countries of Europe and America. Some little time ago he was seen in Paris, wild in the Chambre des Debats, blustering and chattering, much resembling the ape kind. But it has been lately caught, tamed again, and made to cry "*Vive le Roi;*" but languidly, not with spirit, as formerly.

The courtier-bore is common on the continent; infinite varieties, as *Le courtisan-propre, courtisan-homme d'etat,* and *le courtisan-philosophe*—a curious, but not rare kind in France, of which M. de Voltaire afforded one of the first and finest specimens. Also in France and Germany there is the grandest of grand bores: the *demi-philosophe-moderne-politico-legislativo-metaphysico-non-logico-grand philantrope.*—He jabbers incomprehensibly; scribbles, by the ream, *pieces justificatives, pieces de theatre, projets de loi, des constitutions, &c.*—His writings all fustian, cut upon satin; said to be fit to be written in letters of gold at first coming out—turn into waste-paper in a week.

Attempts have been made to naturalize some of the varieties of the philanthropic and sentimental French and German bore in England, but without success; some ladies had them for favourites or pets; but they were found mischievous and dangerous. Their morality was supected—easy—but difficult to understand—compounded of three-fourths sentiment

nine-tenths selfishness, twelve-ninths instinct and self-devotion, metaphysics and cant. 'Twas hard to come at a common denominator. John Bull, with his four rules of vulgar arithmetic, could never make it out—Not he!—Altogether he never could abide these foreign bores. He and they could never agree—Thought 'em confounded dull too—Civilly told them so; and, half asleep, bid them, "Pr'ythee begone." They not taking the hint, but lingering with the women, at last John, wakening outright, fell to in earnest, and routed them out of the island.

They still flourish abroad—Often seen at the tables of the great. The *grand philantrope-philosophe sentimentale* still writes volumes, to be seen at the fair of Leipzig, or to lie on ladies' tables. The greater bore *courtisan-propre* is still admired at little *Serene* courts, when well dressed and well drilled—his back much bent with Germanic bows.—Not a dangerous creature—would only bore you to death.

But to return to our own affairs,—we come next to our own *blue bores*,—the most dreaded of the species,—the most abused,—sometimes with reason, sometimes without. This species was formerly rare in Britain,—indeed all over the world,—little known or coveted from the days of Aspasia and Corinna to those of Mesdames Dacier, Montagu, and Jerningham.—Mrs Jerningham's blue worsted stockings, as all the world knows, appearing at Mrs Montagu's *conversaziones*, had the honour or the dishonour of giving the name of blue stockings to all the race; and never did race increase more rapidly than they have done from that time to this. They have multiplied, as they would perhaps say themselves, in geometrical,

not in arithmetical progression. There might be fear that all the daughters of the land should turn blue, but that here again John Bull, with his sturdy good sense, and a touch of humour too, for which he is famous, and which has often bestood him, settles the matter quietly thus :—" If they do not get husbands, you know there's an end of them."

John Bull luckily still keeps his right of *speaking first*. As yet, thank Heaven, he retains his really old privilege of " *Choose* a Wife and have a Wife."

The common female blue bore is indeed intolerable as a wife,—opinionative and opinionated ; and her opinion always is, that her husband's opinion is wrong. John certainly has a rooted aversion to this whole class. There is the deep blue and the light ; the *light* blues not esteemed—not admitted at Almack's. The deep-dyed in grain,—the nine nine-times-dyed blue—is that with which no man dares contend. The *blue chatterer* is seen and heard every where ; it no man will attempt to silence by throwing the handkerchief.

The next species,—*the mock blue*,—is scarcely worth noticing ; gone to ladies' maids, dress-makers, milliners, &c. ; found of late behind counters, and in the oddest places !

The blue mocking bird, (it must be noted, though nearly allied to the last sort,) is found in high as well as in low company ; it is a provoking creature. The only way to silence it, and to prevent it from plaguing all neighbours and passengers, is never to mind it, nor to look as if you minded it. When it stares at you, stare and pass on.

The *conversazione blue*, or *bureau d'esprit blue*. It

is remarkable, that to designate this order we are obliged to borrow from two foreign languages,—a proof it is not natural to England; but numbers of this order are found of late years, chiefly in London and Bath, during the season. The *bureau d'esprit,* or *conversazione blue,* is a most hard-working creature; the most abused and the worst paid of all the retainers of the public. She is the servant of the servants of the public,—of all actors and actresses, authors and authoresses, lions and lionesses,—odd people of all sorts,—foreign princes and princesses,—Jews, Turks, and Christians. She must feed and flatter the infidels; and though she does not clothe, she must admire the clothes of all the Christians (females especially), as well as their wit. If of the higher order, if a dinner-giving blue, and none others succeed well or long, Champaigne and ice, and the best of fish indispensable. She may then be at home once a week in the evening, with a chance of having her house fuller than it can hold of all the would-be wits, and three or four of the leaders in London; and very thankful she must be for the honour of their company. She must have an assortment of fibs by the dozen, and compliments by the gross;—she had need to have all the superlatives in and out of the English language at her tongue's end; and when she has exhausted these, then she must invent new;—she must have tones of admiration and looks of ecstacy for every occasion. At reading parties, especially at her own house, she must cry,—"Charming!—Delightful!—Quite original!" in the right places, in her sleep. When she sees a great lion she must never run away; she may scream with delight; she must be ready to

devour him; she ought to fall down and worship him: but of this more hereafter, when we come to the lion-lover proper.

She must read every thing that comes out that has a name, or she must talk as if she had—at her peril—to the authors themselves,—the irritable race!—She must know more especially every article in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; and, at her peril too, must talk of these so as not to *commit* herself, so as to please the reviewer abusing and the author abused;—she must keep the peace between rival wits; she must swallow her own vanity. Many fail in this last attempt, or choke publicly, and give it up.

I am sensible that I have not fully enumerated all the duties of a London *conversazione blue,* or all that is expected from one of her profession. I can only add, that I think her's the most dangerous and the hardest trade going. For my own part, I would rather be a turnspit or a king.

All the *blues* I have hitherto noticed are terrestrial; but there are celestial blues,—two kinds,—the false and the true:—the false, with eyes turned up, and corners of the mouth turned down, is an ugly creature, generally with an odious hypocritical voice,—always talking of her "besetting sins;" yet will allow no mortal mixture of earth's mould to be good but herself;—often thanking God that she is not as other women are. She is altogether intolerable, because intolerant; avoid the false-celestial-blue as you would the plague.

But *the true-blue-celestial,* classed among bores only by the grossly ignorant,—the true celestial,—she who really has heaven in her eye; follow her to

the world's end. Love her!—Adore her!—You must and will. Win her and wear, if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures,—Heaven's best gift;—man's joy and pride in prosperity;—man's support and comforter in affliction.

I know there are philosophical unbelievers who would class my true celestials among fabulous creatures. I own they are rare; but that such have existed, men of undoubted credibility and wisdom (Solomon and Park among others) have testified in the strongest terms. That such do exist I could give evidence,—I have seen some, I know some,—I will not name them. One I hope to have for my own. Then I shall be the happiest of my kind, and I shall know my bliss.

But for the present I must keep myself sober and go on with my business.

I am sorry that so much has been said about the *blues;* sorry, I mean, that such a hue-and-cry has been raised against them all, good, bad, and indifferent. John Bull would have settled it best in his quiet way, by just letting them alone, leaving the disagreeable ones to die off in single blessedness. But people got about John, and made him set up one of his "*No popery!*" cries; and when he comes to that pitch he loses his senses and his common sense completely. "No blues!"—"Down with the blues!"—Now what good has all that done? only made the matter ten times worse. In consequence of this "universal hubbub," a new order of the bore has arisen. *The blue bore disguised, the renegado blue, or the blue bore in sheep's clothing.* These may be detected by their extraordinary fear of being taken for *blues.* Talk of

blues before them, and they will appear in their proper colours, though never so much against their will; hold up the picture, or even the sign, of a blue boar before them, and they immediately exclaim or write under it, "'Tis none of me." They spend their lives hiding their talent under a bushel; all the time in a desperate fright lest you should see them—and lest you should *not* see them. A poor simple man does not know what to do about it, or what to say or think in their company, so as to behave himself rightly, not to affront them. Solomon himself would be put to it to make some of these, authoresses unknown, avow or give up their own progeny. Their affectation is beyond the affectation of woman, and it makes all men sick; I can answer for myself for one. It is so restless; it fatigues me so for them; it is so vain too!—For let them say or let them do, in every Proteus form affectation can take, nature lightens through the thin disguise; still through all you see the *blue bore*. I have known really amiable women and of superior talents driven to this miserable disguise of affectation from mere cowardice. Here, as in another case, they often run into the danger to avoid the apprehension. After all, what is the danger, what the mighty evil? would not it be better honestly to say,—

"I am a blue—you may call me a blue—a blue bore if you will—you may call me what you please—but I am not ashamed of being that which I am—"

"Your superior by nature and education" would be an elision perfectly understood.

I never saw a woman yet, for whom I would give a rush, who had not a certain portion, and a good large portion, of pride.

The most inveterate foes of cultivated women are in general stupid, ignorant, and conceited themselves —the indigenous bores or boors. Such a one have I seen in their company, pulling up his boot with a certain air as he repeated the only two lines of poetry that ever could be rammed into his head,—

> " A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink *deep* (with great emphasis on *deep*) or taste not the Pierian spring,"

without the slightest conception of what is meant by the Pierian spring.

When next such gentlemen are expressing their very wise and very polite wish, that all the blues were hanged, they should consider that, under the accomplishment of this wish, many of our own sex would swing. There are almost as many male blues as female, and as many male blue bores as female, which every body knows who is acquainted with London life. Are they not met with *as* constantly at *conversaziones,* and *more* frequently at dinner parties? The male blue is also equally subject with the female to the weakness of being ashamed to seem what he is, and of desiring to appear what he is not; and this has been so from time immemorial. To go no farther back than the case, which every body knows, of Voltaire *versus* Congreve. When Congreve was angry and affronted because Voltaire visited him as being a celebrated author, and talked of being a gentleman and not an author, what was he, with all his wit, but a blue bore disguised? And Pope, with all his too, and all his *judgment*—rare alliance!—moreover, the poet of Reason, if ever there was one—he had a touch

of this weakness too. What else was his ostentatious hatred of lords and the great, and his ostentatious living with them all the time? What was his eternal mocking at garretteers, and twitting them with their small beer? And then so much about his grotto at Twickenham; and, "Gods! was I born for nothing but to write?" Was he not, though proud as an author, prouder as a gentleman? Had he flourished in our days, assuredly Pope would have been a *renegado blue—a blue disguised*—bore he could not have been.

In our times, how many odd disguises they do take who fear to be detected as bits of blue! The higher the station—the graver the profession—the more aristocratic the man—the more this fear increases. To throw off the odium—to avoid the hard impeachment—a lofty minister of state will dance till he crack the tendo Achilles;—a grave divine will turn jockey or dog-breaker;—a learned lawyer, bird-fancier;—a charge d'affaires, or ambassador extraordinary, ballad-singer, or what you will;—men of sense and talents—ay, pre-eminent talents—will turn into fiddlers, buffoons, huntsmen, fishermen, epicures, coxcombs, fools—Fools! yes, believe me, they will talk like absolute fools, lest you should suspect them of being men of sense, or call them blues.

In some this is pure affectation; for which there is Locke's old and best excuse, that it is but a mistaken desire to please. Quite mistaken indeed!—But there are others—the pre-eminent men—who do these odd things on the same principle on which Alcibiades cut off the tail of his dog,—to give people something to talk of about them besides their merits. Others without affectation are arrant cowards. They are afraid

of standing exposed on their painful pre-eminence—superior and alone—a mark for the evil eye of Envy. This vain philosophical pusillanimity was perhaps put into their minds by the most philosophical coward that ever wrote—Lord Verulam. Never was old woman in more superstitious dread of the blast of an evil eye, than he of the stroke of the eye of Envy, which, he plainly says, doth fascinate or bewitch. His lordship lived at court as well as among the learned, which may account for his double portion of dread on this subject. He decides, that there is no cure for envy in the envious body; and for the body envied, no certain remedy except giving up that for which he is envied—a remedy worse than the evil—or, in sorcerers' language, *removing the lot*, which, translated, means getting, by means of his vanity, some fool to stand between you and envy, and take off the stroke: as, in a bull-fight, the Mantilla man, with the scarlet mantle, draws off the eye of the bull. But, after a great many recipes for blunting the edge of envy, or averting the blow, Bacon, with that boldness in theory which ever struggled against his constitutional timidity, advises that, if a man can, he should brave envy. He is of opinion, that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner—so that it be without arrogancy—doth draw less envy than a more crafty and cunning behaviour. "Wise saws and modern instances agree;" and if I, as a stander-by, might add a hint, and might hope that my word of advice might be more valuable, and better taken for being wrapped in language some 300 years old, I would say, that whereas it hath evermore been noted, that the percussion or stroke of the evil eye hath most force sent sideways or askance, doubtless it is

safest and best always, straightforward, to face Envy, which then, shamed and in terror of observation, hideth her face, or holdeth her tongue, or fleeth outright.

There are but few in an age, after all, who really need these recipes and advice against envy, though many think they do. Some, from pure good nature, make themselves ridiculous; imagining themselves nine feet high at the least, shrink and distort themselves continually, in condescension to our inferiority; or, lest we should be blasted with excess of light, come into company shading their farthing candle—burning blue—pale and faint.

No end to the various fashions and causes of the same follies in different persons. Every man in his humour. In Ben Jonson's time, every man who could afford it had his humour or his vapour; and in these days, men and *bores*—who can afford it always understood—amuse themselves much in the same way, under different names of odd fancies or oddities. Many a one who cannot be clever may be odd; men of genius must have their little amusements and relaxations, and bores, like apes, must imitate them.

There is nothing more delightful than the unbending of a great mind; and the bore,—both the blue and the anti-blue,—the one, to prove that he is, and the other that he is not learned, set about to unbend the bow in company.

Some professional gentlemen have formed clubs for unbending the bow,—joint-stock companies for the advancement of ease and enjoyment. There was a Lawyers' club, in which the first rule was, that law

should never be spoken of by any of the members, under pain of fine or expulsion. In ordinary cases, however, if any one subject were excluded, I should fear that old human nature would have a hankering after it;—a sense of restraint would creep over the company. It would cramp the genius, as some writers have found, who have set themselves to write sonnets, leaving out one letter of the alphabet in each line; or as painters have felt, who have bound themselves to leave out one colour in a picture:—it may be done, and by some cleverly; but the arts of painting, writing, and conversation, would suffer were such trials of skill frequent, and such practices generally adopted.

It may be doubted whether society would be improved by making it a rule, that no man or woman should talk of what they know best, or best understand; and that, by the rule of contraries, they should talk of that of which they know least or nothing. This has been attempted. It is a game at intellectual cross-purposes, which makes us smile at first, but in time grows a sad bore. I have been bored to death at it; and, when in fashion, bored others to the best of my ability.

Of the spring and fall, the ebb and tide time of genius, we have heard much from Milton, Dryden, and others; and of the flow of soul too much—a great deal too much—from every dunce and bore. At ebb time—a time which must come to all—pretty or rich treasures are discovered on the shores, or golden sands are seen when the waters run low. In others, bare rocks, slime, or reptiles. May I never be

at low tide with a bore! But the gold dust is not always found in the most celebrated places, or on classic shores.

There is a story told, I think of Swift, that, in his youth, having a great desire to become acquainted with some of the most celebrated English geniuses of his time, and having one evening obtained his heart's desire, he was much disappointed by their conversation, which turned entirely upon trifles. He retired to a window and began to write, on purpose, it should seem, to be asked by some of the company what he was about; this accordingly happening to his satisfaction, he shewed them, very little to their satisfaction, their own conversation noted down, word for word. Whether it was quite fair of the dean to do this I shall not decide; but I am clear, that few conversations would stand such a trial; and certainly those would stand it least well that were most prepared. It would be a great bore if men or women conversed as though a reporter were in the room to take down their words. There is no more certain method for any one, even he who may possess the talent in the highest degree, to lose the power of conversing, than by talking to support his character.

One eye to your reputation, one on the company, would never do even with the best of eyes—you would squint, and the company would see it; and few people are of Descartes's mind, that squinting is pretty. It has been said, that Pleasure never comes if you send her a formal card of invitation,—to a *conversazione* certainly never, whatever she might do for a dinner party. Ease cannot stay, and Wit flies away, and Humour grows dull, if people try for them; and though they would all strive and strain a point to oblige the

company, yet the company are not obliged. It is all in vain. Of this all well-bred, if not witty, people are perfectly convinced.

"*L'Ecueil est sans cesse a coté du bien.*" Let those who can, translate this for themselves and others. In avoiding the class of blue bores, disguised or undisguised, take care that you fall not in with the anti-blue bores. To have been near a *blue*, even if you are not a *blue*, would ruin you with an *ultra-anti*. You are not *en bonne odeur* if you have been within a hundred miles of one.—"For," says the fashionable, "I do so hate—so abhor a blue. Now, don't you?"

I do; but I despair of seeing this hatred well kept up. It is difficult to be a good hater,—to go far enough without going too far, especially in expressing hatred to affectation. How affected have I seen pretty souls—ay, and ugly bodies too—become, while protesting that they hate all affectation! Supposing, however, that there exists, in a certain circle, a natural honest aversion to every thing like wit and learning—abhorring the pedantry of the blues, and every thing like *les precieuses ridicules*, and, quite in an elegant tone, *determined* to have really good easy conversation—is it absolutely certain, that, if taking thought won't do it, taking none will do? Does it follow, that because your *extempore fait a loisir* be a bad thing, every thing which is off hand—quite off hand—must be good? No; from vulgar ease, good Heaven defend us! But let the ease be high-bred as possible, let it be the repose of the *exclusive*—the repose of the *transcendental*. Then begins the danger of going to sleep. Desperate danger! as full well I know. I would rather at once give up the honour and the elegance, and go

to the antipodes at once, and live with their antagonists, the *lion-hunters*—yea, *the lion-loving bores.*

Their antipodes did I say?—That was going too far. Even the most exaggerated ultra-anti-blue will condescend to take a bit of lion well-dressed and well-cried-up. The anti-blues forget themselves strangely indeed about lions; when in fashion, will run after them, to their parties, or their at-homes.

The anti-blues differ from the blue lion-hunter, by never treating the lion as one of themselves: they follow and feed them, and fall down and worship them; but still the lion, unless he be a nobleman, which but rarely occurs, is never treated as a gentleman *quite;* there is always a difference made, better understood than described. I have heard lions of my acquaintance complain that it is very disagreeable; they never relished well shewing themselves off to ultra-anti-blues, who sit in silent circles, smiling by, in all the insolence, or, worse, in all the condescension of birth and fashion. "Very good!"—"very pretty really!"—"I like that, when one has not too much of it."

I have asked, Why they let themselves be made lions, if they really disliked it so much, as no lion can well be led about, I should have conceived, quite against his will?—I never could obtain any answer, but that indeed they could not help it; they were very sorry, but indeed they could not help being lions; and the polite lion-loving bore always echoed this, and addressed them with some such speech as the following:—"My dearest sir, madam, or miss, as the case may be,—I know, that of all things you detest being treated as a lion, and that you can't

bear to be worshipped; yet, my dear sir, madam, or miss, you must let me kneel down and worship you; and then you must stand on your hind legs a little for me,—only for one minute, my dear sir; and I really would not ask you to do it, only to-night here are my friends, Lord and Lady Fiddlefad, and His Grace of Snorumborum, and the dear Quizzams of Quizzam-hall; and they are so desirous, and so enchanted, you really must oblige me, though I'm sure it is a horrid bore; but I cannot help it, you are such a lion;" and so on, *ad libitum, ad infinitum.*

But I forget,—I have not yet regularly described the genus and species of which I am treating. The great lion-hunting bore, and the little lion-loving bore,—male and female of both kinds;—the male as eager as the female to fasten on the lion, and as expert in making the most of him, alive or dead;—as seen in the finest example extant, Bozzy and Piozzi, fairly pitted; but the male beat the female hollow.

The common lion-hunting bore is too well known to need particular description; but some notice of their habitudes may not be useless for avoidance. The whole class male subsist by fetching and carrying bays,—grasping at notes and scraps if any great name be to them:—run wild after verses in MS.,—fond of autographs. The females carry albums, clasped or unclasped,—sometimes padlocked. The males carry note-books, and have common-place books too heavy for carriage, large as legers, and larger. In these they never can find any thing they want when they want it. Some learn *bon mots* by rote, and repeat them like parrots; others do not know a good thing when they meet it, without they

are told the name of the cook. Some relish them really, but eat till they burst; others, after cramming to stupidity, would cram you from their pouch, as the great monkey served Gulliver on the house-top. The whole tribe are foul feeders;—at best, love trash and batten on scraps; the worst absolutely rake the kennels, and prey on garbage, or mangle the dead;—all fond of dead men's skulls,—dead lions' skulls I mean,—often try to get into them, but cannot. The lion-hunting bore sticks with a furious tenacity, almost resembling canine fidelity and gratitude, to the remains of the dead lion.

But, in fact, their love is like that of the gowl,—worse than gowls, they sell all which they do not destroy;—every scrap of the dead lion may turn to account. It is wonderful what curious saleable articles they make of the parings of his claws, hairs of his mane. The bear has been said to live at need by sucking his own paws. The bore lives by sucking the paws of the lion, on which he thrives apace, and in some instances has grown to an amazing size. The dead paws are as good for his purpose as the living,—and better,—there being no fear of the claws. How he escapes those claws when the lion is alive is the wonder. Great the wonder that any living lion can suffer a bore. Lions, I thought, naturally had antipathy to the race. I could imagine a lion addressing a bore in the words of his noble little friend in need, the mouse, who thus apostrophized the frog:—

——"Since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation CAN a friendship grow?"

And yet, that in such circumstances friendships have

grown, many notorious examples, besides Johnson and Bozzy, attest. In Johnson there was a touch of the bear, which might account for the fattening on the paws. For anomalies in nature, however, and antipathies and sympathies, there is no accounting. It is well known to all read in the books Of Witches, (see Sir Thomas Browne—Glanvil—and the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,) that the sick lion relishes an ape's heart, and the ape himself, especially when roasted.

The winged lion, however, is above touching these creatures; and the real gentleman lion of the true blood, in whose nature there is nothing of the bear, will never let his paws be touched by a bore. His hair stands on end at the approach or distant sight of any of the kind, lesser or greater; but very difficult he often finds it to avoid them. Any other may more easily than a lion *shirk a bore*. The lion often attempts it, but seldom or never successfully. He hides in his den; but "*not at home*" will not always do. The lion is too civil to shut the door in the bore's very face, though he mightily wishes to do so. It is pleasant sport, if one is, like Tommy Merton, safe in a window, to see a great bore and lion opposite to each other;—how he stands or sits upon his guard;—how cunningly the bore tries to fasten upon him;—and how the lion tries to shake him off!—If the bore persists beyond endurance, the lion roars, and he flies; or the lion springs, and he dies.

A more extraordinary circumstance than any I have yet noted, respecting the natural history of lions and bores, remains to be told; that the lion himself, the greater kind as well as the lesser of him, are very apt

to turn into bores; but the metamorphosis, though the same in the result, takes place in different circumstances, and from quite different causes; the lesser lion and lioness, often from being shewn, or shewing themselves too frequently, so as to become cheap and vulgar in the eyes of man.

Then, like all other cheap and vulgar things, they become *bores*. This is the regular course, which every body knows and expects. But it is curious, that even the noble lion, who differs from the others in his really invincible abhorrence of being shewn off or led about; who cannot even stand being stared at, or bear to be called a lion; and who, as we have described, far from making himself cheap, will not let the vulgar even have a peep at him; will never come to the window for them, and seldom to the bars of his den, yet has actually been known to turn into *a bore* from very fear of being like the animal he detests.

"I am afraid I am a bore!—I am afraid I bore you—I am growing a bore I fear,"—are the words symptomatic of the commencement of this sort of hypochondriacism. I once knew a gentleman, not a lion quite, but a very clever man, of great sensibility and excessive sensitiveness, who was so afraid of becoming a bore, that he could never sit still a quarter of an hour together, or converse with you comfortably, or finish well the best story, but evermore broke off in the middle with, "But I'm *boring* you—I must run away, or I shall be a bore"—In vain to assure him he was not a bore; and rash to assert, as we did, that he could never be a bore; for it ended in his be-

coming that which he most feared to be. Another example of the justness of the philosophical poet's observation,

"How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays."

There are a few rare exceptions to all that has been said of the caprices or *weaknesses* of lions. The greatest of lions, known or unknown, the most agreeable as well as the noblest of creatures is quite free from these infirmities. He neither affects to shew himself, nor lies sullen in his den. I have somewhere seen his picture sketched; I should guess by himself, at some moment when the lion turned painter.

"I pique myself on being one of the best-conditioned animals that ever was shewn since the time of him who was in vain defied by the knight of the woful figure: for I get up at the first touch of the pole, rouse myself, shake my mane, lick my chops, turn round, lie down, and go to sleep again."

It was bad policy in me to let the words "*go to sleep*" sound upon the reader's ear, for I have not yet quite done: I have one other class of bores, and though last not least; were I to adopt that enigmatical style, which made the fortune of the oracle of Apollo, I might add,—and though least, greatest. But this the oracular sublime has now gone to the gypsies and the conjurers, and I must write plain English if I can.

I am come to the class of the *infant bore; the infant-reciting bore;* seemingly insignificant, but exceeding tiresome, also exceeding dangerous, as I shall shew. In due season it turns into infinite varieties of *the dramatic,—reading, writing,* and *acting;* the

musical, singing, and instrumental; and that great pest of conversation, the *everlasting-quotation-loving bore.*

Including all these orders and varieties, and computing the morn and evening of their day, I doubt whether any other class has it altogether more in their power to annoy us at home and abroad. The old of this class, and those of mature age, we meet wherever we go; in the forum, the temple, the senate, the theatre, the drawing-room, the boudoir, the closet. The young infest our homes, pursue us to our very hearths; our household deities are in league with them; by our wives are they abetted, and trained to be our daily tormentors.

Petty tormentors, weak agents though they be, yet they have power to distract us at our business, disturb us in our pleasures, interrupt all our conversation, destroy all our domestic comfort; and beyond, far beyond all this, they become public nuisances, widely destructive to our literature. Their mode of training will explain the nature of the danger.

The infant-reciting bore is trained much after the manner of the learned pig. Before the quadruped are placed, on certain bits of dirty greasy cards, the letters of the alphabet, or short nonsensical phrases interrogatory, with their answers; such as, "Who is the greatest rogue in company?"—"Which lady or gentleman in company will be married first?" By the alternate use of blows, and bribes of such food as please the pigs, the animal is brought to obey certain signs from his master, and at his bidding to select any letter or phrase required, from among those set before him,—goes to his lessons,—seems to read atten-

tively, and to understand; then, by a motion of his snout, or a well-timed grunt, designates the right phrase, and answers the expectations of his master and the company. The infant-reciter is in similar manner trained by alternate blows and bribes, (almonds and raisins, and bumpers of sweet wine most frequently), sometimes the latter to intoxication; but no matter, he is carried off to bed, and there is an end of that. But mark the difference between him and the pig—Instead of the greasy letters and old cards which are used for the learned pig, before the little human animal are cast the finest morsels from our first authors, selections from our poets, didactic, pathetic, and sublime—every creature's best sacrificed!

These are to be slowly but surely deprived of spirit, sense, and life, by the deadly deadening power of iteration. Not only are they deprived of life, but mangled by the infant bore—not only mangled, but polluted—left in such a state that no creature of any delicacy, taste, or feeling, can bear them afterwards.—And are immortal works, or works which fond man thought and called immortal, thus to perish? Thus are they doomed to destruction by a Lilliputian race of Vandals!

The curse of Minerva be on the heads of those who train, who incite them to such sacrilegious mischief! The mischief spreads every day wide and more wide. Till of late years there had appeared bounds to its progress. Nature seemed to have provided against the devastations of the *infant reciter*. Formerly it seemed that only those whom she had blessed or cursed with a wonderful memory could be worth the trouble of training, or by the successful performance of the feats

desired, to pay the labour of instruction. But there has arisen in the land men who set at naught the decrees of nature, who level her distinctions, who undertake to make artificial memories, not only equal but superior to the best natural memory, and who at the shortest notice undertake to supply the brainless with brains. By certain technical helps, long passages, whole poems, may now be learned *by heart*, as they call it, without any aid, effort, or cognizance of the understanding; and retained and recited under the same circumstances, by any irrational as well and better than by any rational being,—if to recite well mean to repeat without missing a single syllable. How far our literature may in future suffer from these blighting swarms, will best be conceived by a glance at what they have already withered and blasted of the favourite productions of our most popular poets, Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, Pope, Dryden, Shakspeare, Milton.

Pope's man of Ross was doomed to suffer first:

"Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross."

Oh dreaded words!—who is there that does not wish the honest muse should rise no more to sing of that good man or any of his works? Goldsmith's, yet more amiable, came next, and shared the same fate. We heard of him till we could not bear to hear of him more. He grew past all endurance. He and the long-remembered beggar we now wish forgotten for ever. To the soldier, shouldering his crutch, and shewing how fields were won, who now will give an *obolus* of praise?

"My name is Norval—on the Grampian hills,"

was a beginning once sure of commanding applause; but who will listen now to his hundred-times told tale?

As to learning any longer of the bee to build, or of the little nautilus to sail, we give it up.

"To be, or not to be!—There is the question!"—a question which we used to consider with reverence; but who can now bear to hear the trite query propounded?

Then, Alexander's Feast—the little harpies have been at that too, and it is defiled. Poor Collins' Ode to the Passions, on and off the stage, torn to very tatters.

"The Seven Ages of Man"—and, "All the World's a Stage, and all the men and women in it,"—gone to destruction!

Poor Jacques and the fallow-deer may go weep,—who cares for them now?

"The quality of mercy" *is* strained, and is no longer twice blest.

We turn with disgust from "Angels and ministers of grace." Adam's morning hymn has lost the freshness of its charm. The bores have got into paradise, scaled heaven itself! and defied all the powers of Milton's hell. Such Belials and Molochs as we have heard!

It is absolutely shocking to perceive how immortal genius is in the power of mortal stupidity; how the sublime and beautiful can be deprived of its power over our feelings, by mere dint of parrot-like repetition.

Johnson, a champion of no mean force, stood forward in his day, and did what his single arm could do to drive the little bores from the country churchyard.

"Could not the pretty dears repeat it together?" had, however, but a momentary effect. Though he knocked down the pair that attempted to stand before him, they got up again, or, one down, another came on. To this hour they are at it.

What can be done against a race of beings not capable of being touched or moved even by ridicule? What can we hope when the infant bore and his trainers have stood against the incomparable humour of "*Thinks I to myself?*"

In time—and as certainly as the grub turns in due season into the winged plague who buzzes and fly-blows—the little reciting bore turns into *the dramatic* or *theatric*, acting, reading, or recitative—*the musical*, singing, or instrumental—and, finally, into the old, everlasting-quotation-loving bore—Greek, Latin, and English.

The musical, who both say and sing, are dreadfully powerful and overpowering.—The more capable of great execution the worse.—Not all Lord Byron's unrivalled celebrity, not all Walter Scott's unequalled genius, have been able to preserve them from their destructive influence. Parodies and *travesties* have been called sacrifices to envy—ostracisms which the best must undergo as a penance for being the best. Those who *travesty* without intending it, are of all others most dangerous; because, being truly without malice, their operation is unsuspected, and ridicule acts and attaches itself to the subject without mercy, or one saving sigh of pity. See how it has been with the most beautiful of modern lyric poetry, and with the most enchanting national melodies!—Poetry and

music united have not been able to save from the degrading power of the musical bore.

How often, standing beside the harp and the pianoforte, self-immolating, must the modern Anacreon have offered up praise, such as the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,

"Dear harp of my country!"

How it has suffered in unskilful, worse than unskilful—conceited, and affected hands!—and "Love's young dream,"—and "All those endearing young charms,"—now old and common, stale and vulgar!—and "Oh breathe not his name;"—conceive it sung by a young lady fresh from—

"I love somebody, somebody, somebody."

For author, poet, musician, gentleman, can any torture be devised from which a man would shrink more? There is, however, but one Anacreon of the age, and few persons, perhaps, of sensibility and sympathy so delicate as to feel this agony of shame and indignation. Besides, there is some possible escape, some refuge from the danger. By declining parties where musical bores are engaged, by avoiding private theatricals, or reading parties, where we are likely to meet them, we may keep tolerably clear of several of the plagues I have described. But there is another description whom it is impossible to escape, he so infests society; I mean the everlasting-quotation-loving bore, —English, Latin, and Greek. This animal, like the lion-hunter, feeds on scraps, but, still more undistinguishing of taste, he—

"On husks of learning dotes,
And thinks he grows immortal while he quotes."

He is the infant-reciting bore, in second childishness.

We wish in vain that it were in mere oblivion. But, unluckily, he remembers every thing you have heard a thousand times and more. Sometimes he gets into parliament, and tries his Latin and Greek there; but is usually coughed down; of which there have been right honourable examples, which have happily deterred others from boring Europe with their school-boy learning.

From the ladies' tea-tables, the Greek-and-Latin-quoting bores were driven away long ago by the Guardian and the Spectator, and seldom now translate for country gentlewomen. But the mere English quotation-dealer, a mortal tiresome creature! still prevails, and figures still in certain circles of old blues, who are civil enough still to admire that wonderful memory of his which has a quotation ready for every thing you can say? He was certainly born with a jingle of rhyme in his ears, and the sound proves an echo to the sense of whatever is uttered in his presence. He usually prefaces or ends his quotations with,—"As the poet happily says;"—or, "As nature's sweetest wood-lark wild justly remarks;"—or, "As the immortal Milton has it."

There are females as well as males of this class, all nauseated by persons of genius. After a certain age found incurable; but if taken up young, others might be cured where there is no radical deficiency of taste, but only a superabundance of memory preponderating over judgment, and a precocity of the wit. A youth under these circumstances might perchance be cured by Dr Pangloss.

But there is a certain simplicity, joined to enthusiasm for excellence, which, in early youth, distin-

guishes real genius. One new in the ways of literature, unacquainted with the practices of bores, infant or adult, may chance to light upon hackneyed quotations, and, novice-like, conceive that these are quite fresh beauties of his own discovery, and that may do honour to his taste. To prevent the confusion and disgrace consequent upon such mistakes, and for the general advantage of literature, in reclaiming, if possible, what has gone to the bores, it might be of service to point out publicly such quotations as are now too common to be admitted within the pale of good taste.

In the last age, Lord Chesterfield set the mark of the beast, as he called it, on certain vulgarisms in pronunciation, which he succeeded in banishing from good company. I wish we could set the mark of the bore upon all which has been contaminated by his touch,—all those tainted beauties which no person of taste would prize. This would note them for the avoidance of all;—they must be hung up, viewless, for half a century at least, to bleach out their stains.

I invite every true friend of literature and of good conversation, *blues* and *antis*, to contribute their assistance in furnishing out a list of quotations to be proscribed. Could I but accomplish this object, I should feel that I had not written in vain. To make a good beginning, I will give half a dozen of the most notorious:—

"The light fantastic toe," has figured so long in the newspapers, that an editor of taste would hardly admit it now in his columns in any report of a fashionable ball or *fete champetre.*

"Pity is akin to love,"—sunk to utter contempt; along with,—"Grace is in all her steps;" with,—

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;"—"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;"—no longer safe on a boating party, nor on any select party of pleasure.

The *bourgeois gentilhomme* has talked prose, without knowing it, till we are quite tired of him.

"No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*,"—gone to the valets themselves.

"*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire*,"—in great danger of the same fate. For my own share, I am conscious of having quoted it at least a dozen times,—it is so tempting!—But so much the worse,—wit is often its own worst enemy.

Some anatomists, it is said, have, during the operation of dissection, caught from the subject the disease. I feel myself in danger at this moment, and will, as fast as possible, get beyond the reach of infection or contagion.

A secret horror thrills through my veins. Often have I remarked, that persons who undergo certain transformations are unconscious of the commencement and progress in themselves, though quick-sighted when their enemies, friends, or neighbours, are beginning to turn into bores. Husband and wife,—no creatures sooner!—perceive each other's metamorphosis,—not Baucis and Philemon more surely. Seldom, like them, before the transformation be complete, are we in time to say the last adieu.

I feel that I am—I fear that I have long been

A BORE.

MAXIMS.*

FROM GOETHE.

ONE must whip the curd if the cream won't come.

It is a melancholy thing to observe how often a remarkable man goes through life in a constant state of struggle with himself, his circumstances, and his time, without ever being so fortunate as to hit upon the (nevertheless simple) something by which all these might be reconciled.

It is vastly an easier matter to sympathize with the brain that is full of prodigious errors, than with one that is contented with half-truths.

There is no hair so little that it casts no shade.

The dust never rises so fiercely as when it is just about to be crushed into total quiescence by a tempest.

It is no easy matter for one man to understand

* These maxims are taken (but not, except in a few instances, literally translated) from the venerable Goethe's work, entitled "Ueber Kunst und Altherthum," (On Art and Antiquity,) vol. 3d.—1821.

another, even if he bring the best disposition with him: What is to be expected if he bring but the smallest prejudice?

Men would know each other much better if they were not so fond of eternal comparisons.

Life is like a market or a fair. The question is, not whether the wares be good, but whether there be any better at the next stall.

There may be water without frogs, but no frogs without water.

He who knows no foreign tongue cannot know his own.

The true poet of *Metamorphoses* is not Ovid, but Dante. It is he who shews the *real* metamorphoses produced in our nature by *gain* and *loss*, *success* and *failure*.

Every man has something in his nature which, were he to reveal it, would make us hate him.

He who studies his body too much becomes sick: he who does the same by his mind becomes mad.

The French words were not made from written, but from spoken, Latin words.

The painting and tattooing of the body are na-

tural symptoms,—the savage hankering after the brute.

What you do not understand you cannot possess.

Nothing is so common-place, but it shall, if graphically represented, assume a humorous appearance.

Fortune was made the symbol of sovereign majesty in the lower empire,—and not till then.

There is no man so miserable, but that he can express vividly what he feels strongly.

If you take two sticks, one blue, one red, and dip them close to each other in the water, they will equally appear broken. A child knows this, and yet men are influenced by *paragraphs!*

Man would not be by so much the noblest creature on the earth, if he were not too noble for abiding there.

Discoveries are mostly recoveries. Tycho Brahe has immortalized himself by saying about comets exactly what Seneca had said rather before him.

There are some minds which we must leave to their idiotism.

It is a strange puddle that will not look bright when the sun shines on it.

Man's self-love is a strange contradiction. Who can guide him to his good?—who may not influence him to his evil?

He that looks forward sees one way,—he that looks backward, many.

The Hindoos of the desert disapprove of a fish-diet.

One man throws out a thought, another throws down a card. They may both be beaten, and yet each may have given the victor his hint.

When an old man of any intellectual habits attempts to run down science, one may be sure that he has, at a former period, expected too much either from science or from himself.

I with difficulty believe the necklace to be very valuable, of which only one or two pearls are allowed to be visible; or that genius to be very great which shews itself in two or three specimens.

We have no rainbows now-a-days that will stay a quarter of an hour to be looked at.

Faith is the only bank upon which one may draw with the greatest boldness when his calamities are at the height.

It is an old saying, that "self-praise stinks."—In regard to the breath of calumny, the Public nose appears to be less delicate.

He who does not think too much of himself is *a great deal* more than he believes.

Poets often compare life to the sea; and the truth is, that, however bright the surface may be, they are both of them, wherever analysis is used, *salt water*.

Man's life is a journey, and the domestic charities are the only true *anti-attrition*.

LEAVES.

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

The coward was born a slave.

Pleasure is like the delicate flower, whose odour, if you inhale too much of it, loses all its charm.

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it do not, you will be able to do without it.

We cannot choose our own parts in the drama of life; but we may all, if we please, perform them well.

Live to learn, and learn to live.

Honour is like steel. Breathe, and it is stained.

Life is the best of all schools. But we must pay the fees.

The heart of man is like his watch: no repose until it ceases to beat.

Prosperity may give gentleness to the heart. Out of adversity only does the soul come nobler and greater.

" Il n'y a pour l'homme que trois evenements ; naitre, vivre, et mourir. Il ne se sent pas naitre, il souffre a mourir, et il oublie de vivre."

ON THE RISE AND DECLINE OF NATIONS.

Of the questions that arise in the consideration of human society, one of the most interesting is that which regards the rise and decline of nations. What are the causes of their greatness and of their decay? This question has not a historical interest merely, but it touches every nation, as it involves their own future fortunes.

Every nation that has yet made itself great or famous on the globe has exhibited one story. It has risen up from rude beginnings,—it has discovered great vigour and force of mind,—has raised itself by that power to pre-eminence, but has been unable to sustain the spirit by which it rose, and sooner or slower it has sunk from its renown. Some have found their glory in conquest and dominion, some in proud civilization, some in powerful commerce, gathering wealth from the shores of the world,—some in the noblest arts to which the human spirit has given birth; but, whatever their distinction has been, or by whatever course they have reached it, they have never stood at the height they had gained, but, as if some fatal period of time rolled over them, they have seemed, when they had completed their term, to sink under the inevitable vicissitude of human affairs. Is this then, indeed, the destiny of all nations? Is the vigour

which nature supplies given but for a season? Do they wax old in their strength, and fulfil an inherent necessity in their decay and dissolution? If this is the unavoidable condition of our being, if the law of mortality hangs over the pride of nations as over individual heads, we must look with a melancholy regard on the splendour which is destined to wane,—on the greatness which bears the decree of its fate written on its forehead; but we shall feel, that to attempt by any wisdom or virtue of ours to resist the inevitable course, is to oppose human power to irresistible fate. One would wish to try every means of escaping this disconsolate conviction.

In the history of those nations which have risen up, and flourished, and decayed, we are able to trace something of the causes both of their grandeur and decline. We are able to observe in what manner the changes of their spirit have discovered themselves in their fortunes, and to recognise some of the influences to which their spirit has owed its vigour, and those yet more distinctly which, when the age of its declension drew on, have touched it with decay. From the consideration of these, we may attempt to form a conjecture whether the same term threatens all greatness, or there may be any means within the breast of nations themselves for averting that final revolution.

The history of the advance of nations describes a period of contention,—of contention with men without the state or within, or of contention with the difficulties of nature which society must subdue. In those times, it seems scarcely to depend on the choice of man whether he shall put forth the powers of his spirit: a heavy necessity lies upon him which he

must obey. If one small state is surrounded with others, rude like itself, and prone to violence, we do not ask what is the cause that makes the people warriors. They must fight, or submit to bitter servitude, and therefore numerous such tribes spread over a country are all warlike. If one of these gains mastery over the other, we can easily understand how the joy of triumph will inflame its courage, and incite it to unmeasured enterprise. Such states within themselves, if they are free, are turbulent; their laws yet unframed,—their government undefined,—in the infancy of society, they have yet to learn from their own disorders the necessity of law, and, from the struggle of different powers within their bosom, to reach a political constitution. Here, then, all minds are held awake, for there is no established security; and this is the period in which every one feels most intimately his connexion with the whole society, when he feels that he himself is insecure, because there is no public order, and that the settlement of the public tranquillity will bring repose to himself. In that period, then, there are two great objects which are present to all minds, and which closely connect their thoughts with the public interest: one is the defence against outward foes—the other the acquisition of social order within. These are objects which maintain in all minds a certain degree of agitation and anger, a temper to which high exertion is always grateful; and therefore, whatever faults and weaknesses we may find in men at such a time, we do not find them deserting their duty from inclination to timid and indolent repose. They are fearless in the ordinary habit of their

spirits, and ready to go at once into daring action on the call of every emergency.

Something, too, in the earlier periods of progress, must be considered as contributed to the common vigour of spirit, by the very hardihood of life which the simple state of yet unimproved society lays upon every one. They are still somewhat near to the state of savage man, wrestling in his unassisted strength with inclement and unbounteous Nature. The ordinary labours of human subsistence lie on higher orders of the community, as the dictator of Rome followed his own plough; and those luxuries of art which lap the body in enervating ease are yet unimagined.

There seem sufficient causes, then, in the early state of all society, for maintaining an aroused and bold spirit in a body full of manly strength.

But, in a people thus prepared, whatever causes arise to incite them to greater exertion, find powers already fitted for enterprise. If they begin a career of conquest, their soul is inflamed with their successes—all their powers break forth. Minds of greater capacity and higher daring become gigantic in achievement, and meaner spirits are kindled to a greatness for which they did not seem to be made; and the gradual rise of power by conquest is one of the chief careers of greatness which nations have run. But others have aggrandized themselves by means milder in their nature, and more beneficial to mankind. We know not what concurrence of circumstances first incited certain states to engage in commerce; but some, in the different ages of the world, have embarked with a great and enterprising spirit in this career, and have

raised up wealth and power by it. To them, too, the course in which they engaged was one which demanded courage and ability. With imperfect navigation to explore distant seas, to conduct commerce with barbarous nations, to gather together and distribute the productions of the world, required bold and enterprising ability in the nation that undertook it, and offered continual trial of personal courage; accordingly we find, that nations of great maritime commerce have, at some period of their history, been distinguished by their warlike character and power. Such was Carthage,—a state that, in the enterprises of commerce, had raised itself to a degree of courage and power that enabled it to cope with and endanger Rome. So were the Venetians distinguished for their prowess at the time their commercial eminence was highest. In a state rising by great successes, there are dazzling hopes offered to ambition of every kind; *new* successes are always occurring which fire the imagination of other adventurers to bolder enterprise. If the nation triumphs in war, all her ardent youth are eager to signalize themselves in further conquest. If her ships return home with distant wealth, a spirit as strong seizes the hearts of those whose season of adventure is yet to come, and they burn to guide a prow of their own to some undiscovered shore. While a nation goes onward, all the power of her spirit is poured into the career of success. From the mixture of excited individual passion with the growing national renown and greatness, there arises a species of what must be called enthusiasm, when the cause deserves it,—a *national* passion for the prosecution of such objects,—which seizes upon and exalts indivi-

dual minds, blending indistinguishably the zeal of their own interest with that ardour of national feeling. Reputation, personal advancement, and distinction, lie all in the career of public passion. This is easily conceived in a military state; it is easily imagined what sympathy and love in the people to their young warrior hailed his prowess, and what a splendour of glory, in his own eyes, was poured over his exploits by the concurrence of the martial spirit of the country with his own. Something of the same kind, though inferior both in kind and degree, takes place with those other successes now spoken of. The love of wealth is not avowed by a nation like the love of conquest, nor has the acquisition a natural glory to the eyes of men like the acquisition of national dominion; yet, even wealth, when a whole nation pursues it with peril and enterprising toil, acquires a dignity which does not naturally belong to it, and the contagious ardour of that less honourable ambition spreads a lustre over the actions of those who engage themselves to its hazardous undertakings. Witness that thirst of a sordid gain which fired the adventurers of Europe in the great age of maritime discovery, which kindled a sort of madness among the different nations, and sent warriors of noble birth and fame to discoveries and conquests, of which the object was neither dominion nor renown, but possession of the native regions of gold.

Wherever, then, a nation goes onward with great impulse, and with a sweep of power, in any such career, the spirits of her people act with a force not derived from their own individual contemplation of their own purposes, but imparted by that general

kindling of passion; nor is it of any moment to this result what the nature of that career may be. We have spoken of it in war, and in the progress of wealth. If we were to speak of a nation beginning to advance in the invention and improvement of the higher arts, the same language might be repeated. The causes, whatever they are, which determine the rise of such arts are common to the whole people; the disposition,—the zeal,—is general; but those minds which feel in themselves endowment of power are kindled beyond the others, in part by their own genius, embracing the objects that are adapted to it, and in part by the contagion of the common ardour. But, in the commencement, the progress is slow and uncertain; that is not the time when the common ardour is awakened, but as soon as some successes are obtained; when one sculptor and another has shaped forms of statelier greatness from the stone; when the walls of one temple and then of another glow with colours of more speaking portraiture, then the feeling of the nation awakes. Fresh genius succeeds, and other works have their birth. The passion of the nation kindles: praise, honour, are poured out. The artist feels his triumph in the sympathy of the people. But other spirits are still aroused. They see what has been done: in their kindling conception they divine what lies beyond, still greater, to be achieved; and with the full force of their active power, they devote themselves to accomplish that which their genius suggests, and which passionate admiration will reward. To the mind of genius the art in which it labours has of itself a sacred charm. The ideal shapes which he strives to embody have their own power

over his soul. But it must not be thought that this transport of the mind itself, high and pure as it is, has that power to urge the mind to its highest strain of power, which the applauding sympathy of a people has, and their requiring expectation. The feeling of his work, kindling in a thousand breasts, is glory: a glory which invests his art with new splendour to his eyes; which exalts and inflames his genius to a pitch it knew not of before, and which calls upon him for exertion, with a power, which his spirit, at the height of execution, obeys. Such, in those nations, who have brought these arts to extraordinary perfection, must we imagine to have been the mutual action on each other of the mind of the nation and its artists. Such would be the effect of successes on the general spirit; and such the effect of the feeling thus excited in those, on whom it depended to make further progress.

So in the studies of the schools, which, fallen as they now are, were at one time the triumph of the mind of Europe. They arose when the new nations of Christendom began to turn their vigorous, but uncultured spirits, to the discipline of letters. We do not now ask what were the results of their strenuous toil, but what was the spirit in which it was pursued? The different schools turning themselves to the same studies,—men of studious disposition in the different countries applying themselves at the same time to these pursuits, there arose that eager rivalry which takes place when many run together in some newly-opened path. One after another rose higher in the fame of disputation,—one rose above another in the repute of profound learning; but the zeal with which

they devoted themselves to this new philosophy was not simply according to the disposition of their own mind to intellectual study, but there was a strong enthusiasm spread through those countries, conferring glory on the successful pursuit. So that those who once engaged themselves to that part of learning were involved in a passion not their own; and the faculties of their minds were called to a degree of exertion which their own simple zeal could not have supplied. So much of the mind of Europe as was engaged in these studies was kept in the highest state of excited power. This, too, was a career to be run. They began in ignorance, half the students, and half the inventors of their science; one succeeded another; one rose upon another. They imagined new doctrines. Systems were invented and exploded. Some real progress was made, and much imaginary. But the object of those engaged was not merely the fame of disputation. They believed themselves discoverers. They desired great objects, knowledge and truth; and believed that these provinces lay before them for conquest, and that they were making continual advances. We are apt to remember only their vain disputes, and to forget the passion with which they devoted themselves to their investigation, the great intellectual powers which were thus exercised, and the general spirit which was excited by their debated systems. Truly considered, those schools were the schools of the intellect of Europe; and the later power in which that intellect showed itself was trained there. Here then was another career of the same kind; but with this difference, that the power which here arose has not yet fallen.

We have now spoken of different courses of power and greatness. The two last which have been mentioned, the peculiar labours of intellect in the middle ages, and the growth of the fine arts in different nations, have accompanied a national progress, but can scarcely be said to have constituted that progress; but the growth of dominion—the growth of wealth—has been itself the actual progress of the national greatness. Let us now return back on those first spoken of. Dominion and wealth raise up great power in nations; and thence they decline. The energy of conquest goes on, as if all the world must fall under its resistless march: yet a time comes when that power stops of itself. Commerce goes on with continual advance, filling the state with wealth; but at length it is found that the ardent and creative spirit is gone; and the greatness of the country stops. What is it that has brought the termination? Conquest and the growth of dominion bring wealth into a state, that corrupts the spirits and enervates the frame. It is no wonder then that conquest should cease. It has at last destroyed itself. It has consumed the strength from which it sprung. And the same result seems to attend the acquisition of wealth in whatever way acquired. When it arises to a great height, it becomes the matter of enjoyment rather than desire. Enjoyment chokes desire. That public spirit of enterprise must decay. There may be the same natural incentive to numbers to whom wealth is still but in prospect. But that great national spirit, which combined enterprise and the ambition of wealth, and the ambition of name and distinction, is past, and cannot be revived. Thus, then, as soon as that mea-

sure of wealth is accumulated which suspends the ardour of desire, there is a reason, in the nature of things, why that country should advance no farther. But why should it decline? The very wealth that is introduced is a sufficient cause. As long as ardent enterprise proceeds, that effect is not felt; because the strength and courage of all minds are still aroused, and painful duties are undergone. But stop enterprise, and let the indulgence of wealth follow, and the decay of the spirit of the nation follows in its own course.

But why should the arts decline when they have attained their perfection? They have arisen in the same course by the ardour of enterprise, while there is still continual progress to incite the spirit of genius and the public zeal. But when high perfection is attained, it would seem that, according to the course of human affairs, the vigour of the art will then stop. There may be a progress yet possible; but it is no longer so apparent. There is no longer rapid success. Therefore the powerful spirit of progress is arrested, and the fires of ambitious genius slacken in his bosom.

But if this is a reason why the arts should cease to advance, it explains why they should be stationary, but gives no reason why they should decline. Two reasons may be suggested why they should decline: one, that where they have attained to a consummate height, the genius of the people takes some different direction, and the practice of art falls into inferior and imitative hands, who, being unequal to the great mastery of art, endeavour to adorn it with incompetent invention, and thus deteriorate it. The

other, that the power of mind and genius in the people have reached their height, and begin themselves from national circumstances to decay, and that the arts participate in the common decline; which appears, in fact, to have been the general history of that decline.

The first reason does not appear to be adequate; for, if the mind of the nation retained its dignity and power, the models of great art should preserve art itself from decay: they should nourish in all a just sentiment of excellence; and artists who followed even with less genius might yet retain the simplicity and truth of taste. But if the mind itself of the nation has passed over its meridian height, and begun its descent, then, indeed, it must bear art of every kind along with it; and no greatness standing before the eyes of men will preserve the capacity and sense of greatness in their spirits, if those spirits are already tainted in their own power.

Thus, with regard to some of the greatest appearances of the rise and decline of nations, a reason has been given, explaining why, having attained their height, they should begin to fall.

But let us consider some other cases, which are less singular: the case of civilization advancing in an ordinary progress, without any peculiar circumstances of great national excitement, by causes internal merely, flowing in the natural course of things, such as has been the course of many of the nations of Europe.

Let us ask what have been the causes which have determined them to advance from barbarism to refinement? The incitement of their spirit, by the prospect of a good to be attained, congenial to their na-

ture. They frame laws, because they feel the necessity of social order; but as they advance their code step by step, they do in that alone attain one great portion of civilization. They invent the arts of necessity, for necessity goads; but these arts, advanced step by step, lead them to luxury in the establishment of their ordinary life; and this, too, is a portion of their civilization. But, in the mean time, they cultivate intellect with studious pursuits: they adorn their imagination with arts of its own invention: they polish and refine their manners, and breathe over the intercourse of social life a graceful tenderness and delicacy, which it knew not before. What is it that leads them on in such improvement? Their own mind merely. They attain by degrees, and as it gradually opens before them, a state more congenial to their own nature. Their own spirit leads them. They seek knowledge by the natural appetency of intellect. This is its food. But every step they gain in knowledge shows them only what lies yet further before them; and the same tendency of intellect, incited by what it has already gained, urges them still more impetuously onward. Imagination does, by its own nature, delight in beauty and power. In whatever manner the arts are first suggested to it, in which these are capable of being expressed, the first rude delight it feels is the incitement that carries it onward. It feels its own nature; and once touched, it pours forth more beauty and more power on those arts which are its own; so that it contains within itself the principle of its own progress. What it beholds, that is excellent and beautiful, delights it not merely, but awakens in it the profounder feeling of capacity within itself, of higher

excellence and purer beauty, so that it is impelled to unfold more and more of its inexhaustible powers; and goes onward, self-impelled.

Nor does the courtesy of manners advance in any other way. Rude and impetuous at first, they feel restraint as a necessity. But no sooner is it practised as a necessity, than they feel its becoming fitness. They soften their manners more and more, because they have been touched with the pleasure of a respectful and courteous demeanour. They feel the pleasure of the intercourse of society; and they feel that pleasure heightened by the benignity of manners. There is a spirit in their nature to which such courtesies are congenial. They have followed that spirit, step by step, farther and farther improving upon what they have felt and known. Thus, then, we find but one account to give of the progress of society; namely, that in all the improvement men make, they are but unfolding their nature. They possessed their faculties at first folded up. They have improved them merely by following the bent of nature. They have followed pleasure, and desire awakened by pleasure. Nature tends to perfection: the mind is uneasy with its unused powers. That is not the state in which they are to remain. They must advance. The state in which they are capable of finding satisfaction is that in which they are unfolded and perfected; and towards that state they are continually impelled, by the pleasure of progressive improvement, to advance.

Thus, then, the principle of improvement is in our nature; let it be once touched with the consciousness of excited powers, and it will spontaneously proceed.

By the power of this strong principle, this urgent tendency to more and better than has yet been attained, this self-unfolding of the human mind, a whole nation moves on together in its career of improvement. And through slow centuries it may advance, conquering its difficult way through many impediments. It may reach at last the height of powerful, splendid, and beautiful civilization. Will it then be able to maintain itself at that height? It might seem that it should. For if it has advanced by the very pleasure of the good it attained, it might seem that it should be retained at its height, by experience of the same pleasure. If the intellect rejoices in knowledge, then a nation possessing knowledge should never decline from it. If we love arts because it is the nature of imagination to delight in beauty, then imagination which brought them forth should preserve them. If the culture of society is grateful to the nature of the human spirit, then, having reached that culture, it should never relapse from it into a state of like barbarism.

To know whether there is any validity in such conclusions as these, we must inquire whether there are any *conditions* which must go along with this improvement to make it practicable? Now, though it is undoubted that such progressive unfolding of the powers and capacities of the mind is perfectly suited to its nature, so that the very force of nature will carry it forward, yet there is undoubtedly a condition which is necessary to be maintained, in order to allow nature thus to exert herself. This condition is, that the temper of the mind should be that of pride and joy. If the spirit is damped by sorrow and fear, if it

labours under depression, however nature may call on it to unfold its powers, it will not hear the call. It will sit cowering over its grief, and gathered up into itself. But let pride swell the bosom, and joy flow through the veins, and whatever capacities of power or pleasure are in the mind it will bring them forth. It will then feel its own faculties, and rejoice in them. It will expand its whole being in the gladdening sunshine. This we feel in ourselves at every moment; and what we feel of ourselves in moments, is equally true of a whole nation, advancing in its mighty course of improvement, through ages. It is necessary, therefore, that the temper of mind of the people should be that of undepressed courage and vigour; and as long as this temper is maintained, the very consciousness of progress will fill the mind with that pride of joy which awakens its sensibility to its own nature, and produces in it the desire and capacity of farther progress. Thus, then, there appears something like a consistency in the account of that whole great course of improvement; for it takes place during the period while the nation is, by its political circumstances, yet disturbed and unsettled, kept in a state of excitation and vigour; and the rude strength that nature gave has never been softened away. Here, then, we may conceive a powerful race going on in their slow progress of political improvement, forming their laws, moulding through much agitation their internal constitution, and gallantly defending themselves from aggression of their foes. In the mean time, we may understand, that, supposing some slight notice of improvement to have been given them, in order that they might feel what their nature desired, they will

go forward in various improvements, developing many beautiful and powerful faculties: advancing and exalting their state of life, and the character of their mind. For their bold and vigorous spirit is open to be affected with whatever will exalt and adorn them. It is open to generous and aspiring conceptions of itself. It is disposed to scorn its own degradation, and to leap eagerly forward to its own glory. Thus, among such a people, there may be indefinite improvement; nor will there be any attainment of stern intellectual effort, which their pride will not urge them to achieve; nor will there be any beauty of human life, or of delightful art, which the gladness and tenderness of their uncorrupted and happy nature will not enable them to embrace with vivid gratification.

Such, then, are the conditions under which this inherent tendency of the human mind, to unfold itself in various and powerful improvement, may be exerted. It is necessary that the temper of spirit in the whole nation should be that of exultation and conscious power. And this is indeed the temper which accompanies the advancement of nations. For they strongly feel their progress. They look forward with heightening expectation. They feel that they rise above the ages they have left behind; and that there is a bright progress before them, which they have triumphantly to run. Nor is more necessary to the production of this hopeful spirit of national feeling, than that the mind itself should be sustained in vigour, by those circumstances, whatever they may be, on which the courage and magnanimity of a people, and the robustness of their spirit, are upheld.

But if this be a just delineation of the progress of a nation, and if causes may thus be assigned which account for it, not as the product of extraordinary circumstances, but as the result of a necessary tendency in the human mind, what light, it may now be asked, does this reasoning throw on the question we wished to consider; namely, whether, having attained this high state of various advancement, there is any possibility that a nation may retain it, against those causes of decay, which the old experience of the world seems to show to be involved with the very course of human affairs?

The first question that suggests itself is, whether it is possible for a people to remain stationary in knowledge, in art, in manners? Having reached a great height in all, so that little room for progress lies before them, may they maintain that height, and not decline, though they have no longer the ardent spirit of progress to animate their exertion? Knowledge is grateful and elevating to the individual mind as a possession, though there be no ambitious spirit of discovery in the age to bear it forwards in indefatigable research. Whatever beautiful works imagination has thrown forth, whether they be treasured up in the silence of letters, or speak in living forms, or adorn the cities of the people and the land,—if there is a feeling of delight, admiration, and love, in the human soul, to which they naturally address themselves, there is no need, it would seem, that the mind should fall away from that which it possesses, because there is no longer incitement before it to new and greater creations. The mind has formed a world of wealth to itself. Has it no power to enjoy it? Does it live only in the

accumulation of treasures, and has it no capacity of, or delight as noble, in their possession? In the character of the human faculties, in the nature of the individual mind, we may say confidently, that there is nothing to incapacitate it for this calm, happy, and unambitious possession of the riches of intellect and imagination which other ages have brought forth: the mind does not naturally lapse from them, it rather moulds itself upon them, and derives from them the unfolding of its own character and its deepest delight. On this point we are authorised to speak, from our own experience, among whom the works of ages, long since buried in the dust, and tongues no longer spoken among men, are still cherished with reverence and delight; and much of our intellectual cultivation, not of ourselves merely, but of all Europe, is derived from them. Turn, in like manner, to any other of the subjects of this progress of the human race: the arts which minister to the ordinary enjoyment and necessities of life, the laws which the meditation and the experience of ages have matured, and still there is no inherent reason why the mind which has acquired should forego them: the use is understood and felt, and the same disposition which made it wish to acquire, will make it wish to retain.

There does not appear, then, to be in the nature of the acquisitions themselves, which are made by the human mind in this progress, any thing necessarily perishable. There is nothing towards which distaste should grow by the possession. But all that is gained has that inherent value to the human being, that adaptation to his faculties, or to his condition, which must make him feel his wealth in the possession, and

desire to preserve it. There is not then in the subjects themselves, or in their natural relation to the human mind, any cause to be found, as it appears, for that decline which is lamented, and which there appears to have been no means of preventing. We must ask then, whether there be any cause external to these subjects themselves, which may explain that decline?

During the whole progress of civilization, there is one great requisite, it has been observed, to its advancement, which is to be found in causes not contained in that progress itself, a national vigour and dignity of mind, not derived from its civilization, but independent of it, and itself the source from which that power of improvement proceeds. Now, this character of mind, which was the external cause necessary to the progress, is also the external cause necessary to the preservation of the acquisitions that have been made. And this for two reasons,—one, inherent to the subject; namely, that without this high cast and character of spirit, the mind loses its capacity of high enjoyment, and becomes indifferent to those great possessions which the mind of other ages has bequeathed to it: it becomes degenerate from the spirit that produced them; and therefore incapable of them: the other, that without this dignity and power of character, the whole political condition of the people will be changed, and their arts, their learning, and their manners, will be overwhelmed in revolution that will shake down their polities themselves, and bury their cities in the dust.

This, then, is the shape that the question assumes. It is not one that relates to any thing in the nature of the acquisitions which the mind has made; but it

regards the whole character of the human mind, and the whole condition of the human being. During the early periods of society, during his whole progress, his mind has been kept lofty and strong, by the great duties he has had to perform, by the severe struggles he has had to maintain. When he has attained security and power, when those struggles are past, and those duties performed, can he then maintain, amidst the enervating influences with which he is surrounded, his high and powerful spirit, or must this necessarily desert him, and give up his civilization to decline, and his power itself to be overthrown? In his progress, necessity pressing upon him, maintained his virtue. Now that the pressure of necessity is removed, and his virtue is given into his own keeping, is it forfeited by being committed to his own care?

This is to ask a question with respect to nations which it would seem a degradation to our nature to ask concerning individual man. Of him we presume, that the energies and the virtues are not the offspring of necessity alone. Necessity does, indeed, at first force them forth in every mind; but produced and formed, if the same external constraint were necessary to preserve them, we must then almost say, that man was not a subject for moral discipline, or for moral inquiry. Does he, as soon as the necessity for strenuous exertion, for forbearing frugality, for patient perseverance, is overcome, necessarily sink into indolence, luxury, and self-neglect? Or has he a power of consideration and self-command, which will enable him, by his own will, to practise the virtue which was once imposed upon him by the urgency of a force foreign to his own mind? The question is the same

for individual man and for human society. If we are framed such beings, that we have no power over ourselves, that we can bring forth the virtues which lie in our nature only when a strong inducement lies upon us from without, when the spirits of others control, and the very force of circumstances impel us into action; if we wait only the moment when we can do without our strength, to cast it aside; then, indeed, we are not capable of any stationary continuance at the height of excellence once acquired. But if man is rational and self-governing; if the faculties of which we boast, the capacities of moral power which we ascribe to ourselves, the feeling of our own dignity, pride in our attainments, and honour for the nature we bear, are not an illusion; if these be a strength which we possess, in which we can act, and on which we may rely, they are strength, not to the single mind alone, but to social man; and he may by virtue, by self-respect, and by high appreciation of the privileges and blessings he enjoys, maintain, unforfeited, the highest condition he can reach. The question then reduces itself ultimately to this: Is it the doom of our nature, that man, left in charge of his own virtue, must despair?—a question which no one will choose to answer for himself in the affirmative. If it would be dishonouring to the individual to confess that he is unfit to be trusted with himself, and that every excellence which he possesses and conceives in his own mind, he holds at the mere mercy of circumstances, then the same confession is as dishonouring to a nation. It is regarding our nature with a timid despondency, which every one feels himself called upon, in his own re-

spect, to banish from his breast. The same despondency in a people must be as unworthy, and as proudly rejected.

One conclusion we derive, with certainty, from all such speculations, that it is the mind of a nation, self-sustained in strength and pride, that can alone preserve the high condition it has attained from decay. The circumstances which are provided in the infancy and the youth of nations, to arouse their spirit of power, and by which alone, uninstructed as they are, and unacquainted with themselves, it could be aroused, are withdrawn: and man, with all his unfolded faculties, mature in his intellectual and moral strength, master of a world within and without, which he has won and adorned, in full intelligence of his wealth, and of the means of preserving it, is left, by the strength, the dignity, the virtue of his mind, to maintain the condition he enjoys. Is this a subject of satisfaction or sorrow? If he is a being, unworthy by his degenerate will, of the high nature he bears,—if he loves the lowest pleasures of his being, when his hand is already laid upon the highest,—if he will wrap himself in ease and slumber, rather than lift up his spirit to high, noble, and grateful, yet voluntary exertion, then, indeed, he has reason to bewail that the order of nature was appointed to bring a time in which the severe necessities of earlier ages would be withdrawn, and the permanence of his state intrusted to his wisdom and his virtue. But if he has the capacity of loving and embracing that excellence which he has the power of conceiving and feeling, then he need not fear that there is any thing in the decay of long ages, any principle of necessary vicissitude in human affairs, which

will carry the state of happiness and power he has reached to inevitable subversion.

It is to be remembered, however, that this high state, which leaves the mind to its own dignity and virtue alone, has never yet been attained. Every state that has yet been known of nations is far below it. We have yet burthens enough to bear, and difficulties enough to struggle with. Highly advanced as Europe now is in civilization, it is certain she has not yet reached its repose. In the tranquillity of the former part of the century that has flowed over, it might have been believed that she had; and apprehensions might then have been entertained, that the ease of peace and of unviolated order might be stealing over the spirits of men, and robbing them of the vigour in which social order and prosperity must ultimately rest. But we have since learned, that that age of the tranquillity of the world has not yet arrived. We have since learned, that there are great struggles for nations, as well as for individuals, dangers and duties which lie upon great kingdoms, in which every individual may feel keenly and deeply his own participation. If we have not yet been sufficiently trained to understand and to prize the endowments of the mind that have been given us, the acquisitions that have been transmitted, or that we ourselves have made; if we are not yet prepared by the spontaneous energy, and the self-sustaining dignity of our minds, to take charge of preserving the condition we already enjoy, we have seen that there are causes of the utmost force which may still act to arouse the ardour and to call forth the strenuous exertion of our spirits. We have known a period of agitation, not of repose;

and great and heavy as the calamities have been which that period has brought forth to many nations, it is probable that the results of that time, at least, may hereafter be regarded in Europe as beneficial, by the awakening of vigour, and by calling into full exercise the exertion of all those powers and passions which strengthened the earlier ages of society, and which experience has shown us must also be the support of old kingdoms and of states, that have been not shook, but consolidated, by time.

OLD FREEZELAND PROVERBS.

It may amuse some of our readers (particularly our Scotch ones,) to see a few of the Proverbs of Freezeland in their native attire, and accompanied, *firstly*, with a perfectly literal translation into Dutch; *secondly*, with a tolerably literal one into English or Scotch. The close kindred of these people will be more strikingly illustrated by these *thoughts* and these *words*, than by any long-winded dissertation. Many of the Sayings, however, will be new to the reader, and some of these not the least amusing.

[We take them from a very learned work, entitled, "Taalkundige aanmerkungen op jenige Oud-Friesche Spreekwoorden, door Mr Jacob Henrik Hoeufft. Breda 1815."]

I.

F. *Aad jold, aad hae, aad brae,*
Stiet een wol ti stae.
D. *Ould jeld, oud hooi, oud brood,*
Staat jemand wel te stade.
That is:—Old gold, old hay, old bread,
Stands one in good stead.

II.

F. *Aade honnen is quae bilyin* to leeren.*

* *Bilyin*—we have the root in our *bellow*.

D. *Oude honden is kwaad bassen te leeren.**
i. e. It is hard to make the old dog bark.

III.

F. *Aade foxen binnen quæ to fæn.*
D. *Oude vossen zijn kwaad te fangen.*†
i. e. Old foxes are ill to take.

IV.

F. *Aade wagners heere jern het klappen fin de swype.*
D. *Oude wagenaars hooren gaarne het klappen van de zweepe.*
i. e. Old coachmen (waggoners) hear with yearning the crack of the whip.

V.

F. *Alman's frioun is alman's gick.*
D. *Allemans vriend is allemans gek.*
i. e. Allmen's friend is allmen's joke.

VI.

F. *Bræd by die licht,*
Tzys by de wicht.
D. *Brood bij de ligt,*
Kaas bij de wigt.
i. e. Bread that's light—
But cheese of weight.

VII.

F. *Better yne fuwyle*‡ *sang,*

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* *Te leeren*—to learn.
† *Te fangen*—to seize—we have *fang*, n. s.
‡ *Fuwyle* and *vogel* are both of the same origin with our *fowl*.

Dan yne herren klangh.

D. *Beter in de vogelgang*
Dan in der heeren klang.

i. e. Better bird's song
Than lordly throng.

VIII.

F. *Better ien blyn hynst* as ien leegh helter.*

D. *Beter een blind paard, dan een leeg halter.*

i. e. Better is a blind horse than an empty halter.

IX.

F. *De onbesorghde byt*
Mecket de hals wyt.

D. *De onbezorghde beet*
Maakt den hals wit.

i. e. 'Tis the sorrowless bite
Makes the halse† white.

X.

F. *Deer erste compt, deer erste maelt.*

D. *Die eerst kompt, die eerst maalt.*

i. e. Our own, "First come, first served;"
Or, more literally,
"Who first comes, he first *gets his meal.*"

XI.

F. *Deer de nuwt wol yte‡ motze krecke.*

D. *Die de noot wil eeten, moetze kraaken.*

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* *Hynst*, horse. The Saxon invader, Hengist, had his name from this root.

† *Halse* is Scotch for *neck.*

‡ *Wol yte: wil eeten:* anglice *will eat.*

i. e. Whoso likes the nut well
Must crack the shell.

XII.

F. *Dir de herren ryden, stuwt de molde.*
Daer de bedlers donsje, stuwe de lape.
D. *Daar de heeren rijden stuife de wolde.**
Daar de bedelaars dansen stuiven de lappen.
i. e. Where gentles ride, dust flies.
Where beggars dance, rags rise.

XIII.

F. *Eyn hird is goud wird.*
D. *Eigen haard is goud waard.*
i. e. (Scotice) Ane's ain hearth is goud's worth.

XIV.

F. *Een stien kan allinne nin mool mœlje.*
D. *Ein steen kan alleen geen meel maalen.*
i. e. The mill-stone alone, meal makes none.

XV.

F. *Fier fin haws, heyn by sin schœ.*
D. *Ver van huis, dicht† by zijn schade.*
i. e. Far from home, is near to harm.

XVI.

F. *Folle wynen‡ dwœ de hase dæd.*

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* Stuift and stuwt are both from the same root with *stour*, the Scotch for "*flying* dust." *Staub* is the German. *Molde* is dust. We have *moulds* in the Scotch for *clods*. *Bedelaar* and *Bedler* are of the same family with *bede*, old English for a *prayer* or petition, and *bedesman*: *lappen*, and *lape*, again, are of kin to *flap* and *lappets*.

† *Dicht*, close. The same word with our *thick*.

‡ *Wynen*. Hounds are so called in this dialect from their *wind*.

D. *Veele honden doen den haas den dood.*

i. e. (Scotice.) Many hounds do the hare to its *dead.* (death.)

XVII.

F. *Folle wirden* follen nin seck.*

D. *Veele woorden* vullen geen sak.*

i. e. (Scotice.) Meikle crack fills nae sack.

XVIII.

F. *Grette aersen behove wyde brocken.*

D. *Groote aarsen hebben wijde broeken van noode.*†

i. e. Dutchmen must have wide breeches.

XIX.

F. *Hat d'aade sjonge, pypje de jonge.*

D. *Wat de ouden zingen, piepen de jongen.*

i. e. What the old ones sing, the young ones pipe; or our own, " As the old cock crows, the young cock learns."

XX.

F. *Hy behoeft folle mool, der elk man de muwle stopje schile.*

D. *He heeft veel meels van noode, die ieder een den mond stoppen zal.*

i. e. (Scotice.) He behoves to have meal enou,
That sal stop ilka man's mou.'

XXI.

F. *Hoe quaer schalk,*‡ *hoe better lock.*

D. *Hoe kwaader schalk, hoe better geluk.*

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* *Veele woorden, i. e.* many words.

† *Van noode, i. e.* of *need.*

‡ Schalk, *i. e.* servant, whence sene*schall*, mare*schall*, &c.

i. e. literally, The worse service, the better luck; or, The fewer to stare, the better the fare.

XXII.

F. *Hoe eeler baem* hoe boeghsaemer† twiegh.*

D. *Hoe edeler‡ boom hoe buigzamer tak.*

i. e. The nobler the tree, the softer the twig; or, as the Germans say, very beautifully I think,

"The higher the head, the humbler the heart."

XXIII.

F. *Jonge foeggelen habbe waeke nebben.*

D. *Jonge vogels hebben weeke nebben.*

i. e. Young fowls have weak nibs.

XXIV.

F. *Jonge lioe, domme lioe; aade lioe, kaade lioe.*

D. *Jonge lui, domme lui; oude lui, koude lui.*

i. e. Young folk, silly folk; old folk, cold folk.

Some, however, read *liewe* (*i. e.* love), in place of *lioe* (*i. e.* people), which would give us,—

"Calf love, half love; old love, cold love."

XXV.

F. *Ilck mot met sin ponge to ried gaen.*

D. *Elk moet met zijn beurs|| to raad gaan.*

i. e. Ilka (*Scotice* for *every*) man must have his purse when he takes to the road.

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* *Boom* and *bœm*, *i. e.* tree. We have preserved from this root beam and boom.

† *Boegsæm*, humble, obedient; that may be *bowed*.

‡ Edel, noble. Edgar *Athel*ing.

|| *Beurs*, purse, burse, bursary, &c.

Or our own,—
" 'Tis money makes the mare to go."

XXVI.

F. *Kaerge wyven gae faack* to kaemer.*
D. *Kaarige wijven gaan vaak te kamer.*
i. e. Careful wives go often to the chamber.

XXVII.

F. *Krœckjende weijen doerge allerlangst.*
D. *Kraakende wagens duuren† allerlangst*
i. e. Creaking waggons are long in passing.

XXVIII.

F. *Langh festjen is nin brae sperjen.*
D. *Lang vasten is geen brood spaaren.*
i. e. Long fasting is no bread sparing.

XXIX.

F. *Lioewe liou jontme folle nammen.*
D. *Lieve lui geeft men veele naamen.*
i. e. Loving folk give each other many names.

XXX.

F. *Lytse potten rinnen gaau over.*
D. *Kleine potten loopen gaaw over.*
E. Little pots soon run over.

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* *Faak* and *vaak*, a great deal: the Scotch have *feck*, substantive noun.

† Duuren, to go *through* (the very word.) Hence also our *door*.

XXXI.

F. *Lyts to let, folle to let.*

D. *Een wenig te laat, veel te laat.*

E. A little too late, a deal too late.

XXXII.

F. *Maegre lowsen byten hirst.*

D. *Magere luizen bijten het hardst.*

i. e. Starved (*meagre*) lice bite the hardest.

XXXIII.

F. *Mey lege hannen ist quae haucken faen.*

D. *Met liege handen is het kwaad havicken fangen.*

i. e. in the words of Chaucer,—

" With emptie hands men may no haukes lure."

XXXIV.

F. *Neste boer sibste* frioun, as't kael yne groppe leyt.*

D. *Naaste buur naaste bloedvriend† als het kalf in de groeve‡ ligt.*

i. e. The nearest boor is the nearest kinsman when the calf lies in the ditch.

XXXV.

F. *Onwillege breyden is kwae dansen te leeren.*

D. *Onwillege bruiden is kwaad dounsjen te leren.*

i. e. It is hard to make the unwilling bride dance.

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* *Sibste.* Sib is kindred (adj.) in Scotch.

† The Dutchman turns the *friend* of the Friezelander into *blood friend.* In Scotch one of the meanings of *friend* is still *blood relation.*

‡ *Groeve.* We have this root in *grave* and in *groove.*

XXXVI.

F. *Quae hennen dœr de aigen uit ligen in thuws te yten gaen.*

D. *Kwaade hennen, die de cijeren uit leggen en te huis te eeten gaan.*

i. e. Hardly will the hen, whose eggs lie out, go into the house to eat.

XXXVII.

F. *Rop nin hey, ierstu ourkomd biste.*

D. *Roept geen hei, eer gij overgekomen zigt.*

i. e. Make a *rupture* in no hedge until thou hast come over it.

Otherwise,—

F. *Rop nin haering aerstese int net heste.*

i. e. Cut up no herring until thou hast it in thy net.

Our own—

" Gut no swimming fishes."

XXXVIII.

F. *T'gieter naet wol to, daer de mouws ynt tresoor* dae bliout.*

D. *T'gaat niet wel toe, daar de muis in de eeten kas* dood blijft.*

i. e. It goes not well when the mouse lies dead in the beauffet.

XXXIX.

F. *Wol begonnen is hast spuwn.*

D. *Wel begonnen is haast gesponnen.*

i. e. Well begun is half spun.

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* Tresoor (from the French *tresoir*), means, as does also *eeten kas*, (eating case), the small buffet which stands in the corner of every Dutch peasant's house; the same as our Scotch *aumry*, which also is from the French *aumoire*.

MOUSTACHE.*

ARMA CANEMQUE CANO.

MONTAIGNE has given a whole essay to war-horses, and celebrated, with his usual talent, the prowess of the various steeds who have, in different ages of the world, "done the state some service," not merely by bearing their masters through the field of battle, but by exerting a pugnacious prowess separately and distinctly their own. If he had lived in our time he would not assuredly have grudged a page or two to Moustache.

Moustache was born at Falaise, in Normandy, as nearly as can be ascertained, in or about the month of September, 1799. The family being numerous, he was sent, at the age of six months, to Caen to push his own fortunes, and was received into the house of an eminent grocer, where he was treated in the kindest manner.

But, strolling about the town one day, not long after his arrival, he happened to come upon the parade of a company of grenadiers who had just received the

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* This story is taken, but not translated, from the *Anecdotes du dix-neuvieme siecle. Paris*, 1819.—The ground-work is certainly true.

route for Italy. They were brilliantly equipped,—their spirits were high,—and their drums loud. Moustache was fired on the instant with a portion of their fine enthusiasm. He cut the grocer for ever, slunk quietly out of the town, and joined the grenadiers ere they had marched an hour.

He was dirty—he was tolerably ugly—but there was an intelligence, a sparkle, a brightness about his eye that could not be overlooked. "We have not a single dog in the regiment," said the *petit tambour*, "and, at any rate, he looks as if he could forage for himself." The drum-major, having his pipe in his mouth, nodded assent; and Moustache attached himself to the band.

The recruit was soon found to be possessed of considerable tact, and even talent. He already fetched and carried to admiration. Ere three weeks were over he could not only stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, but shoulder his musket, act sentinel, and keep time in the march. He was a gay soldier, and of course lived from paw to mouth; but, long ere they reached the Alps, Moustache had contrived to cultivate a particular acquaintance with the messman of his company,—a step which he had no occasion to repent.

He endured the fatigues of Mont St Bernard with as good grace as any veteran in the army, and they were soon at no great distance from the enemy. Moustache by this time had become quite familiar with the sound not only of drums, but of musketry; and even seemed to be inspired with new ardour as he approached the scene of action.

The first occasion on which he distinguished him-

self was this:—His regiment being encamped on the heights above Alexandria, a detachment of Austrians, from the vale of Belbo, were ordered to attempt a surprise, and marched against them during the night. The weather was stormy, and the French had no notion any Austrians were so near them. Human suspicion, in short, was asleep, and the camp in danger. But Moustache was on the alert; walking his rounds, as usual, with his nose in the air, he soon detected the greasy Germans. Their knapsacks, full of sourcrout and rancid cheese, betrayed them to his sagacity. He gave the alarm, and these foul feeders turned tail immediately,—a thing Moustache never did.

Next morning it was resolved, *nem. con.* that Moustache had deserved well of his country. The Greeks would have voted him a statue; the Romans would have carried him in triumph, like the geese of the Capitol. But Moustache was hailed with a more sensible sort of gratitude. He would not have walked three yards, poor fellow, to see himself cast in plaster; and he liked much better to tread on his own toes than to be carried breast high on the finest hand-barrow that ever came out of the hands of the carpenter. The colonel put his name on the roll—it was published in a regimental order, that he should henceforth receive the ration of a grenadier *per diem*—and Moustache was "*le plus heureux des chiens.*"

He was now cropped *á la militaire*,—a collar, with the name of the regiment, was hung round his neck, and the barber had orders to comb and shave him once a-week.

From this time Moustache was certainly a different animal. In fact, he became so proud, that he could

scarcely pass any of his canine brethren without lifting his leg.

In the mean time, a skirmish occurred, in which Moustache had a new opportunity of shewing himself. It was here that he received his first wound,—it, like all the rest, was in front. He received the thrust of a bayonet in his left shoulder, and with difficulty reached the rear. The regimental surgeon dressed the wound which the Austrian steel had inflicted. Moustache suffered himself to be treated *secundum artem*, and remained in the same attitude, during several entire days, in the infirmary.

He was not yet perfectly restored when the great battle of Marengo took place. Lame as he was, he could not keep away from so grand a scene. He marched, always keeping close to the banner, which he had learned to recognise among a hundred; and, like the fifer of the great Gustavus, who whistled all through the battle of Lutzen, Moustache never gave over barking until evening closed upon the combatants of Marengo.

The sight of the bayonets was the only thing that kept him from rushing personally upon the Austrians; but his good fortune at last presented him with an occasion to do something. A certain German corporal had a large pointer with him, and this rash animal dared to shew itself in advance of the ranks. To detect him—to jump upon him—and to seize him by the throat—all this was, on the part of Moustache, only a *mouvement á la Française*. The German, being strong and bulky, despised to flinch, and a fierce struggle ensued. A musket-ball interrupted them; the German dog fell dead on the spot; and Moustache, after

a moment of bewilderment, put up his paw, and discovered that he had lost an ear. He was puzzled for a little, but soon regained the line of his regiment; and, Victory having soon after shewn herself a faithful goddess, ate his supper among his comrades with an air of satisfaction that spoke plainer than words,—"When posterity talk of Moustache, it will be said, That dog also was at Marengo."

I think it has already been observed, that Moustache owned no particular master, but considered himself as the dog of the whole regiment. In truth, he had almost an equal attachment for every one that wore the French uniform, and a sovereign contempt to boot for every thing in plain clothes. Trades-people and their wives were dirt in his eyes, and whenever he did not think himself strong enough to attack a stranger, he ran away from him.

He had a quarrel with his grenadiers, who, being in garrison, thought fit to chain Moustache to a sentry-box. He could not endure this, and took the first opportunity to escape to a body of chasseurs, who treated him with more respect.

The sun of Austerlitz found him with his chasseurs. In the heat of the action he perceived the ensign who bore the colours of his regiment surrounded by a detachment of the enemy. He flew to his rescue—barked like ten furies—did every thing he could to encourage the young officer—but all in vain. The gentleman sunk, covered with a hundred wounds; but not before, feeling himself about to fall, he had wrapt his body in the folds of the standard. At that moment the cry of victory reached his ear: he echoed it with his last breath, and his generous soul took its flight to

the abode of heroes. Three Austrians had already bit the dust under the sword of the ensign, but five or six still remained about him, resolved not to quit it until they had obtained possession of the colours he had so nobly defended. Moustache, meanwhile, had thrown himself on his dead comrade, and was on the point of being pierced with half-a-dozen bayonets when the fortune of war came to his relief. A discharge of grape-shot swept the Austrians into oblivion. Moustache missed a paw, but of that he thought nothing. The moment he perceived that he was delivered from his assailants, he took the staff of the French banner in his teeth, and endeavoured all he could to disengage it. But the poor ensign had griped it so fast in the moment of death, that it was impossible for him to get it out of his hands. The end of it was, that Moustache tore the silk from the cane, and returned to the camp limping, bleeding, and laden with this glorious trophy.

Such an action merited honours; nor were they denied. The old collar was taken from him, and General Lannes ordered a red ribbon to replace it, with a little coper-medal, on which were inscribed these words.—"Il perdit une jambe a la battaille d'Austerlitz, et sauva le drapeau de son regiment." On the reverse:—"Moustache, chien Français: qu'il soit partout respecté et cheri comme un brave." Mean time it was found necessary to amputate the shattered limb. He bore the operation without a murmur, and limped with the air of a hero.

As it was very easy to know him by his collar and medal, orders were given, that at whatever mess he should happen to present himself, he should be wel-

comed *en camarade;* and thus he continued to follow the army. Having but three paws and one ear, he could lay small claims to the name of a beauty; nevertheless, he had his little affairs of the heart. Faithful in every thing to the character of a French soldier, Moustache was volatile, and found as many new mistresses as quarters.

At the battle of Essling, he perceived a vidette of his own species; it was a poodle. Moustache rushed to the combat; but O tender surprise! the poodle was a ——. More happy than Tancred, who had not wit enough to recognise his Clorinda, Moustache in a single instant found his martial ardour subside into transports of another description. In a word, he seduced the fair enemy, who deserted with him to the French camp, where she was received with every consideration.

This attachment lasted the best part of a year. Moustache appeared before his comrades in the new capacity of a father; and the Moll Flagons of the regiment took great care of his offspring. Moustache seemed to be happy. His temper was acquiring a softer character. But one day a chasseur, mistaking his dog no doubt, hit him a chance blow with the flat side of his sabre. Moustache, piqued to the heart, deserted, abandoning at once his regiment and his family. He attached himself to some dragoons, and followed them into Spain.

He continued to be infinitely useful in these new campaigns. He was always first up and first dressed. He gave notice the moment any thing struck him as suspicious; he barked at the least noise, except during night-marches, when he received a hint that

secrecy was desirable. At the affair of the Sierra-Morena, Moustache gave a signal proof of his zeal and skill, by bringing home in safety to the camp the horse of a dragoon who had had the misfortune to be killed. How he had managed it no one could tell exactly; but he limped after him into the camp; and the moment he saw him in the hands of a soldier, turned and flew back to the field.

Moustache was killed by a cannon-ball, on the 11th of March, 1811, at the taking of Badajoz. He was buried on the scene of his last glories, collar, medal, and all. A plain stone served him for a monument; and the inscription was simply,—

"CY GIT LE BRAVE MOUSTACHE."

The French historian of Moustache adds, but, we hope, without sufficient authority, that the Spaniards afterwards broke the stone, and that the bones of the hero were burnt by order of the Inquisition.

THE PLAYER AND HIS POODLE.

NO FICTION.

From the French.

B. You never hiss a player, you say?

A. No, certainly, I do not.

B. Your reason, if you please?

A. Certainly. I was once travelling in the south of France, and happening to sojourn for a few weeks in a small dull town, went frequently as a *pis aller* to the theatre, in which a sorry enough troop of actors figured. They were strollers, or, in their own language, *couroient les provinces.*

I recognised, after a little, the face of one of the comedians on the staircase of the house where I lived, and found that he occupied a little garret above me. He had a very fine, though not fat, poodle, his only and inseparable companion. The man's face on the stairs struck me as singularly different, however, from what it was on the stage, where his parts were generally of the farcical order; and I asked my landlady if he were not ailing.

"O no, sir," said she, "poor Monsieur B——— is as well now as I ever knew him, and he has lodged in my house some three or four weeks every summer, for

at least ten years. But he is such a sensitive creature, and the young people begin to have less taste for his style of joking.

" In short, they hissed the old gentleman decidedly a few nights back. I carried up his supper to him as soon as I heard him come in; and knowing what had happened, (for I had been at the theatre myself that evening,) I wished to say something to comfort him: he smiled and bowed, but waved his hand,—and I left the room.

" I lingered for a moment at the door, however, and heard him say to old CID, (that's his dog's name, sir,) —*Tiens, mon ami, mange, tu le merites; pour moi, je ne suis pas digne de vivre.*"*

Now I never hiss, because I hate to think of a man's doing his best to please us, and then not having the heart to eat his supper.

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* " Eat, my friend, you deserve it. For me, I am not worthy to live."

THE RETURN.

FROM GOETHE

FAREWELL, dear sheiling, lone and low,
  Where dwells my dearest maid;
While homeward through these woods I go,
  No gloom is in their shade.
High rides the golden moon above
  The branches of the trees,
The birches breathe the breath of love
  On the caressing breeze.

O lovely summer moon! what coolness!
  How beautiful thou art!
What stillness here, to feel the fulness
  Of an o'erflowing heart!
Thine, thine the glory of the night,
  And proud thy step may be,—
I grudge thee not a score as bright,
  So SHE gives *one* to me.

THE JEWS OF WORMS IN THE YEAR 1348.

In the year 1348, as the crusaders were returning from the east, sore with defeat and discomfitures, the Jews were in many instances the victims on which they wreaked the vengeance of their sulky mood, and more especially in Germany, where the Jews were more numerous and more wealthy (as, with one exception, they still are) than in any other country of Christendom. Worms was then inhabited in a great proportion by Jews; and the magistrates, sensible of the advantages the city derived from their industry and riches, were exceedingly anxious to protect them as far as they could. They tried, accordingly, a variety of plans; they got a rescript from the emperor, —they got a bull from the pope,—they sent embassies to the leaders of the routed bands;—still the evil remained unchecked, when, behold, there came a device into the sapient head of one of the common-council,—a rare device,—which was no sooner schemed than executed, and no sooner executed than attended with great success.

It was as follows:—One of the magistrates had a private meeting with one of the principal rabbies of the city, and between them they concocted two ancient documents of a most interesting description. The first was an autograph letter from the chief-

priest, Caiaphas, to the Sanhedrim of Worms, (his contemporaries,) asking their advice what course ought to be followed in regard to "the false prophet of Nazareth;" the second, an official copy of the Sanhedrim's answer, the scope and tenour of which was, that "Jesus of Nazareth ought to be spared until some evil deed had been proved against him."

These letters being produced on parchment of the most venerable hue, and accompanied with translations into Latin, German, and French, authenticated by the signatures of the magistracy and clergy (who probably were let into the secret) of Worms, were received by the uncritical spirit of that age with a wonderful measure of admiration; and not only did the crusaders thenceforth spare the descendants of those all but Christian Hebrews, who wished to save the Saviour, but, for a long time afterwards, the Jews of Worms were really considered and treated, all over Germany, as of a better breed than the other Israelites; whence the proverbial saying, not yet altogether exploded,

"Wörmser Juden, fromme Juden;"
"Jew of Worms, no man harms;"

and the perhaps still more remarkable fact, that, from many old documents quoted by Mr Büsching, (from whom we borrow our story,) the established style of the proclamations of the Wörmser magistrates appears, during at least two ages, to have been "unto all our dear citizens, Jews and Christians, greeting."—"Unsere lieben Bürger Juden und Christen," &c.

The Jews of the neighbouring German towns did not witness all this without endeavouring to profit by some expedients of the same kind. The rabbies of

Ulm put forth a little book, to shew that their colony also had left Palestine long before the time of our Saviour; and a series of letters from the authorities of Jerusalem, in one of which was given a full narrative of the life and death of Jesus, evidently addressed to people who knew nothing of his history previously.

The Jews of Ratisbonne, in like manner, produced their proofs, that they were the descendants of some of the ten tribes scattered over the world at the time of the Babylonian captivity; one of their proofs being "a fragment of one of the stone tables which Moses broke at the foot of Mount Sinai." This fragment was, at a subsequent period, (1529, when the Jews were banished from that city,) taken possession of by a monastery, and laid up, (notwithstanding its suspicious history,) among its most precious relics, where it probably remains to this day. But there is no reason to believe that the Jews, either of Ulm or of Ratisbonne, profited personally by their imitation (which was, to be sure, rather too close to be well imagined) of the pious fraud of the Wormsers. We never heard of their being made an exception to any of the bitter proverbs by which the Germans have chosen to express their notion of the Jewish sojourners among them,—such as—

"Kommt der Fuchs zur haide
Und der Jude zum eide
Sind sie frei alle beide."

That is—

"Comes the fox to his cover,
The Jew to his oath,
Their peril is over,
Full free be they both," &c.

MARCO BOZZARIS.*

[The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard.
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood

* Originally published in the New Times.

On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood bought;
Come in her crowning hour; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
  Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp, and pageantry,
  The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
  And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
  The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
  Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

ON THE PRIME OBJECTS OF GOVERNMENT.

In endeavouring to conceive the *rational* foundation of government, different questions present themselves for consideration:—as, *first*, what is the object of government? *secondly*, what are its natural powers or means? *thirdly*, what are the limitations to which it is subject in seeking its object, from the nature and necessity of things?

First, then, as to what is the proper object of government? To this question we feel ourselves at liberty to give but one answer,—that it is the welfare of the community. But this leads into a farther inquiry, What are the different points which this welfare requires to be considered? What are the constituents of the welfare of a community? The first, then, is its independence. A community subject to another has ceased to be. The first condition of its existence is, that it is individual and independent. This, then, is the first object of its government, to maintain the national integrity and independence,—its self-sovereignty. Without this, all question of government is superfluous and idle; for a subject nation has to *receive* its government and not to debate it.—Here, then, is one object prior in consideration even to internal liberty, and to every other question of internal welfare,—that freedom as a nation which must be the

foundation of internal liberty and welfare. And this may lead us to understand what it is that some nations have received from their government, who seem to have received from it nothing else. They have been preserved from external tyranny; they have remained a People.

Nor let it be thought that this is little. There may be oppression, weakness, vice in a nation, as in every nation there is much of these; but, by their independence, they have love to their country,—by this they have a national spirit and character,—they have high thoughts and hopes. Few are those to whom liberty has been given; but many are the nations that have lifted their proud front in opposition to others great and powerful as themselves. Do we imagine, because they have not the liberty we have tasted, that therefore their heart does not burn with their own glory? They feel perhaps a despotic strength compelling and even galling them; still it has risen up within themselves, and the power under which they are subjected is their own. But imagine that the hosts of some mightier nation are poured over their land,—that their armies are scattered in slaughter and defeat,—and their throne levelled with the dust. Are they not now laid under a heavier servitude? Are they not sunk in lower degradation? They are placed under a power now, to which they bow in fear, not in reverence; and every act of obedience is become for them an act of humiliation. When a people is invaded, we ask not, are they free? do they love their constitution? But are they men? do they love their country? Those who fight not for their laws, will fight for their hearths and their altars. At the same time, it is not to be

imagined that these two objects are inconsistent, or that the means necessary to maintain the proud equality of a nation among other nations, are at variance with those which are to make it free within. For, what so strong defence is there to a land as the zeal of its people to guard their soil from the insulting march of a foe? And what zeal in the bosom of a people is like that which liberty has kindled? Nations yoked under the feet of a despot have sometimes poured forth their myriads to desolate or enslave other lands; but those who have defended themselves with power against aggression, have been the free. And sometimes it has been of no moment how numerous were the bands of the invader, nor how few their own. The independence of a nation is then the first object of government, which, for the most part, will be best secured by its happiness and liberty. But it is an object which may be attained even in those nations who are not so fortunate as to enjoy the blessing of freedom, and which every government that proudly, resolutely, and gallantly maintains, performs at least one great duty to its subjects, whatever others it may have neglected.

Besides the independence of a community in respect to other states, there is another great political object, derived from the same necessity of maintaining the political existence of the society,—that is, the maintenance of internal order. Now, it is true, that this order appears to be required for the sake of the happiness of the nation. But this is not the first and original ground upon which it is required. If the society is to exist as a political society, or a community at all, it follows, of course, that good order must

be maintained; for all internal violence tends to the destruction of the very being of the society. And thus there appear to be two great objects to be attained, and two duties manifestly incumbent on government, without looking any further:—The first is, the maintenance of the independence of the state; and the second, the maintenance of internal peace. These are the two first objects,—because the government that maintains these, preserves the state existing, if it does nothing else; and many of the governments of the world have done nothing else. But, whatever other duties a state may busy itself with, if it neglects these, it renders all its other diligence unavailing. These, then, are the first plain duties,—not arising from any speculation on the happiness or welfare of the nation, but dictated by an irresistible necessity. If there be any force in the common maxim, "*Salus populi suprema lex esto*," it must be understood as comprising these two objects,—external independence, and internal security.

Now these two heads include many of the principal cares of government, since they include the maintenance of the military and the civil power; and the latter includes the *legislation* for crimes.

But, further than these, it is to be inquired, (supposing these objects attained which have been undertaken by all states as inherent in the very notion of a polity, however indifferently they have been conducted,) supposing that, beyond these, a nation has so much power, that its own will is admitted into judgment upon the purposes for which it is governed, and into the regulation of its own public concerns, what then will be the primary objects of its concern? First,

then, the *securing of its liberty*, including the security of every individual, from the highest to the lowest, from personal oppression, and the security of each and all from the power which administers the state. If the first necessity is to secure to the state effectual power over every member, the next care must be to limit that power to the public uses for which it is designed, and to protect every member from its abusive force. The laws for that purpose are of two kinds: those simply judicial; and those political, which have respect to the constitution of the government.

These objects are all of indisputable necessity. There is another object, concerning which it is a matter of dispute how far it is incumbent on the state to charge itself,—that is, with respect to the instruction and morality of the nation, including their highest instruction and morality, Religion. It has hitherto been the policy of all great nations to take charge of the national religion, and, to a considerable extent, of their instruction and morals. And it would seem that such care is wise and salutary, though there have certainly been examples, as in America, where a country has been able to retain much of a national religious spirit without this support. The chief, and indeed the only evil attending a religious establishment, is that exclusive spirit which, for conscience sake, would withhold political privileges,—though here, too, that evil is guarded against, or gradually removed, by the exertions and liberality of the age.

Secondly, The *means* of government for the attainment of these objects are evidently no other than the means of the nation,—the persons and wealth of the people. For the defence of the nation, and those wars

which arise out of the necessity of maintaining its independence and honour, it needs both, and therefore it may require both in the most effectual way.

For the maintenance of liberty, the means are laws, which will watch over individual rights; and for maintaining liberty in the political constitution, a free and incorrupt spirit in the people. Since liberty in the political constitution can only be maintained by the will of some large portion of the whole society, whose interests are the same with those of the whole society, acting continually on the government, that will must be the constant source of liberty,—without it there can be none.

If the service of the state could only be performed by compelling service, it would be lawful to compel it; but it is found that it is far more effectually performed when that service is free, and only invited and recompensed.

If the means of government are no other than the wealth and the persons of the nation, there will follow certain conclusions, viz. that the prosperity of the nation is the riches of the government, and therefore that, for its own sake, the government must promote the prosperity of the nation. And hence there would be a natural incitement to every government, whether one independent of the nation, or one entirely national, to promote the public prosperity; but it would appear that, in this respect, not much is in the power of any state; that security of property, and the absence of burdensome restraints, and such conduct of the government, in all its own relations with the wealth of the people, as shall do them as little injury as possible, is all that can be desired; that the power

of prosperity is in the security and liberty of the people; that with these, it will break forth as nature will permit, the interests of each being committed to him who is best able to understand them. It is understood that such prosperity cannot be the artificial work of powerful interposition; that it must spring up by a force of life awakened in every individual mind; that this force nature has given; that it may be depressed by personal degradation; that it may be baffled by the insecurity of unequal or inefficient law; but that if these hinderances be removed, if the state have done the duty otherwise incumbent on it, in the protection of natural individual rights, it has little left to it to do for the prosperity of the country. It is a form of the same conclusion, yet more important, that while it leaves its duty in these respects undone, any other endeavour it may make for that purpose must be altogether unavailing. If then the prosperity of the nation is the wealth of the state, it will follow, that, even for its own sake, the government of a country, however independent of the will of the people, should perform its duty to the nation in the perfect protection of natural rights.

But the great care of a free state is liberty; liberty to individuals against the oppression of individuals, which is only to be effected by equal laws, equitably administered; and what is equally, if not more necessary, the protection of the freedom of the whole nation against any usurping powers in the state itself.

This protection must arise from the public will itself. It must depend in part upon the form of the constitution, which must be such as to make a way for the national will to act upon the administering

government. And this, many examples shew, may easily be provided. But that being provided, it is, in the next place, necessary that the will of the nation itself should be preserved uncorrupted and free.

This has been the origin of liberty. Not a political institution accidentally given; but a high, bold, and untainted spirit, that had pride not to submit to servitude, and understanding and virtue not to abase freedom. Such a character was found in rude ages. In refined ages it is in danger of being lost. The sense of personal dignity alone makes liberty dear: for the political consequences of its loss are matter of remote calculation, which cannot touch the single mind throughout the community. But he who honours himself, who feels personal pride in his own independence, he feels in the public freedom the charter of his own self-respect; and he revolts from any degradation of his condition, not because he foresees the consequences, but because he feels the dishonour. This is the spirit of freemen; and while this spirit is diffused throughout a country, its liberty is easily maintained: when this spirit decays and disappears, liberty has vanished with it; and it would then be vain indeed to imagine that free forms could restore it. The forms themselves must die away, when the spirit is fled.

Hence, it is easy to see how slow a work it must be, how difficult, and how full of hazard, to *give* liberty to a people. Inured to a depressed and degraded condition, they have *not* this spirit. They may be roused up to a tumultuous and momentary will to be free; they may desire deeply and earnestly to be relieved from the burdens under which they

groan, injuries and oppressions which seek them out in their homes, to haunt and vex their daily life; and they may confound that desire with the love of political freedom. But such a people are not capable of liberty; they are not capable of steadfastly entertaining the feeling of a personal honour resting upon them in the public liberty of the country; and if the constitution of liberty should be given them, there can be no security that they will preserve it, for there is nothing in their character that will answer for the continuance of their will towards the public welfare. Therefore the state of a people humbled with long oppression must be changed step by step. Their burdens must first be taken off; their natural rights restored and guarded:—that, with their personal condition thus raised, their character may rise, and they may be capable of understanding the dignity as well as the blessing of liberty, and may be prepared, by possessing its spirit, to receive its forms.

But the spirit of liberty itself is only then pure and strong, when it is blended in the bosoms of a people with virtuous manners. It is a spirit sedate and firm, though strong; not bold and impatient. The freedom of a great people is something sacred. It is calm, high, and uncorrupt: turbulent only when offended; but, in itself, more kindred to peace. How deeply then must it spring,—and how complex is the consideration of the means by which liberty may be preserved! It is every where endangered: In those who are intrusted with the power of the state, by usurpation; in those from whom the power of the state must arise, by corruption. If wealth, if poverty, shake their spirit, their political freedom is shaken

too. If it be a problem then, as, undoubtedly, among all those that can be solved in political science it is one of the most important, in what manner the spirit of liberty may be maintained in a people, the first question to be answered, as a step towards that solution, will be, In what manner may the dignity and independence of character be preserved in every rank throughout the nation? For it is plain that the failure in this temper of freedom is possible to all alike: that the possession of it is necessary in all alike. Neither riches nor rank are an exemption from dependence; and he who is himself dependent can do nothing for his country's liberty. As little does that inferior condition, to which the protection of public freedom is most important, secure in those who hold it the patriot's love of freedom. He needs liberty; but if he feels only the ease it is to bring to himself, *he* is not able, either, to be a protector of his country in this respect. Imagine any order of men in a community. Have they wealth? That is undoubtedly one means of serving their country; because it is the means of personal independence. But ask further, is it so employed? Ask with what eyes do they look upon their country, or their connexion with its public state? Have they any interest of their own to serve out of the country's means? Have they any anxious hope or expectation, of which the fulfilment depends on the part they take in their country's concerns? They then are not free. They want that self-dependence, which is the first requisite to any useful exertion for the public liberty: they may still have some love to their country: they may serve her in another cause; but not in this. Or is it some order low in

station? The question that regards them will be still the same. Are they independent?—both in condition and in spirit? If a man is tied by his necessities, he has no liberty of action:—if he can be tempted by gain, he has no liberty of will. In either case, he is not one of those from whose co-operation the cause of freedom has much to hope.

Let us consider, especially, the lower orders of a community, and see what character in them is necessary, that they may be able to render their support to the free greatness of their country's polity. Labour lies hard upon them: but with labour, patience, temperance, frugality, they may make their lot, though hard, secure and tranquil: he who possesses these virtues of his condition, may feel that his welfare rests with himself, and may be free from fear. He may feel pride in himself, and satisfaction and joy in the welfare of those whom his toil sustains. He then is in a frame of mind that is capable of feeling beyond himself. He may feel a just regard and a sympathy for the welfare of all those who share his own condition. Even if he looks no higher, he has a public spirit; and he has a right to say that he loves the liberty of the people; for he feels the worth of liberty; and his voice, whatever its force may be in the country, will swell that just strength of free opinion which must be felt continually in every state that is to continue free. But take from him that character,—and let either miserable poverty, or vice more fatal than poverty, bow down or corrupt his spirit, he may still have a right to be heard as to the grievances which he himself suffers; for every one may ask for redress; but it is plain there can be no security as to the pur-

pose for which his voice will speak, in whatever way it may be authorised to mix in the tide of public sentiment. If he has vitiated the morals of his domestic life,—if, in the chief concerns to which he is bound, he is profligate,—if, under passions of his own, he neglects those to whom his first and strongest regard is due, no good can come from him: he can be faithful to no duty: he cannot feel for the happiness of his own order who feels not for the happiness of his own house: he can have no feeling for that dignity which liberty gives, and oppression takes away, who has already forfeited within his own soul all self-estimation. Not from him then can flow one sound of that solemn voice, which rises up at all times from the bosom of a people virtuous and free, rejoicing in their happiness, but rolling a sound like thunder when that happiness is invaded by injustice.

The voice of the people throughout the nation is required then to bear witness to their welfare, or to protest against injury. Can it be doubted, if every thing shall be done which may raise their condition and their minds, and make them just and temperate judges of their own happiness? If dignity of mind is required to the freeman, do we talk of liberty as the blessing and the privilege of our country, and can we doubt, at the same time, whether we shall leave their minds humbled in ignorance, or shall endeavour to raise them by instruction? If this country is great, as great indeed she is,—if she has just reason to boast of the freedom that has for ages rested upon her soil, and nourished the heart of all her children, she will not be withheld by any unworthy mistrust, from imparting to them all knowledge that can cheer or raise

their spirit. She will not desire, as a despotic king may feel that his power rests upon the servitude of his people, to repose her security on their intellectual bondage. The prejudice and dishonourable fear, which have heretofore opposed the education of the people, are already dissipated. Indeed, the history of the world speaks too strongly on this subject to be mistaken. Nations have been long held in darkness, but it is impossible to withhold knowledge from them altogether; and the gleams of light which have broken in upon them have served to disturb and blind them. Men, whose minds are kept back from instruction, if they can snatch some glimmerings of knowledge, prize it beyond measure, and put an irrational and dangerous confidence in every new suggestion with which it is accompanied. They seem to have passed from darkness into light; and alike incensed at those to whom they seem to have owed their former depression, and, fondly trusting that in their present illumination they can be no longer deceived, they become agitated and disordered, and go forward impetuously in the new career that seems opening before them. All ancient institutions seem a part of the dark bondage under which they have groaned; all restraints which men acknowledge appear to be links of that chain of prejudice and superstition which the policy of rulers and their own folly have laid upon them: they break forth in madness, and stamp down the authority of states, and rend asunder the bands of morality, and deface the majesty of religion, in the joy and pride of fancied emancipation.

Woe to the state whose people has wrested to itself knowledge which she had withheld from them! Woe

to the people, who, unhappy and degraded in their ignorance, yet more unhappy in the frenzy of their imperfect knowledge, have leaped forth to avenge their own cause on those by whom they have been injured, and whose vengeance falls trebly on their own head!

The infancy of nations is dark, but the light that falls on their later age is the privilege of the whole. It cannot be withheld from them. The human mind, obedient to its implanted and invincible desires, urges on in the acquisition of knowledge. A wise and just government will gratify this irresistible desire: it will grant to the people a right which the course of nature does not suffer to be withheld from them; and, in thus willingly and forwardly conferring on them the privilege which they have become capable of enjoying, it will provide that very stability to itself which despotism would in vain seek to find in the sullen and cheerless degradation of a nation's ignorance. But enlightened governments have nothing to fear from the spread of knowledge, but every thing to hope. While of rulers less wise it may be said, in the noble language of Lucretius,

> Ergo regibus occisis, subversa jacebat
> Pristina majestas soliorum et sceptra superba,
> Et capitis summi preclarum insigne cruentum
> Sub pedibus vulgi magnum lugebat honorem.

These maxims then we may consider as undoubted: that liberty can only be maintained by a strong and steadfast will towards liberty throughout the nation; and that that will can only subsist where there is coextensive virtue. Hence it is, that wealth has been held so dangerous to political freedom, because its

natural tendency is to corrupt the moral spirit of the whole community. But we have no reason to believe that such a result is inevitable. The changes that take place in a nation are usually slow. They give time for observing the course they take; they give warning of that which they threaten; and a nation may have leisure to discern and self-love sufficient to resist its danger.

But there can be no doubt that the national influence of riches is such as has been often described and lamented: and that only the highest character and strongest determination will preserve the public spirit, the patriotism of a people, whose virtue has been invaded by prosperity. As far as such questions regard ourselves, it would be to little purpose to seek to flatter our imagination by disguising truth; least of all would it avail or become us, to imagine that any means can possibly preserve a nation's liberty, but that lofty spirit of which it is the natural offspring.

With respect to the means by which that will of the nation may have power to be felt in the conduct of the state, these seem to be two: the first, the constitutional form of government being such as to give an appointed place and authority to this will, as in those republics in which popular assemblies have had deliberation, as in Rome, where the tribunes, elected by the people, had constitutional power; as in those countries which have possessed representative assemblies, which, being appointed by the people, form a constituent part of the government. The second means by which the sentiment of the nation influences the government, is directly by popular opinion, not

merely as it speaks by some constitutional organ, but as it diffuses itself in report, and merely by being known has authority.

In states where the people are much oppressed, and have no other means of giving weight to their feelings, popular opinion often declares itself in tumult: and not always without success. This was the case among the early Romans, where the people appear to have had no influence proportioned to their importance, and whose grievances and distresses more than once brought on tumults, which ended in the acquisition of privileges, and of constitutional power. Among the Turks, where the people are heavily trampled upon, a popular disturbance at Constantinople is sometimes appeased with the head of a favourite. In the last instance, however, no permanent advantage is gained from the momentary success; and the event only serves to shew that a people cannot be disregarded with impunity: but the lesson is taught to those who do not profit by it. The freer a nation is in its customary forms of government, the greater force has public opinion, and with the less violence.

If it is of importance to the public welfare, that the uniform strong opinion of the nation should have force in the regulation of its own interests, it is equally important that the mere impulse of passion should not be confounded with this deep sentiment. Opinions unmatured, and sudden emotions, will arise up in a nation's mind as in that of an individual, and take strong possession of it for a little while; a temper of feeling and judgment that is to be resisted and not yielded to, and which *is* resisted by those permanent authori-

ties of the state which are independent of the popular will. But *that* is the opinion of the nation, which is formed gradually and slowly, and deeply diffuses itself; which arises out of and is consistent with their whole character; which is the result of long thought and long feeling upon their own chief interests, and has sprung up undictated in their mind. It is easy at all times, when there is any thing of unusual excitement among a people, for turbulent and ambitious demagogues to inculcate doctrines of their own upon multitudes, and to raise up a loud and popular clamour in favour of their tenets. But such suggested opinions, though they may gain momentary favour, are not to be regarded as coming from any authority. The wisdom that lies in the spirit of a great people is obscured at such a time. The sense of the nation cannot be taken in that troubled season. That season must be suffered to pass away, and calm deliberate thought allowed to succeed. The opinions which time deepens, and does not efface from their mind, must be regarded as their own; and may then claim the authority that is due to the sentiment of the people. To know what the voice of the people is, we must know what it has been. To know it wisely and well is one of the great ends of the study of history; and a wise government has as often deserved and received the blessing of a country for having sternly shut its ears to what it knew was *not the voice of the people*, as for having solemnly obeyed it on other great occasions when they felt indeed, *vox populi, vox Dei.*

It is perhaps in this manner, still more than in direct forms, that the popular sentiment controls the administration of national affairs. A vigorous adminis-

tration will feel themselves bound to resist violent and momentary clamour: and the more so, the more violent it may be. But it can scarcely happen that any great object is steadfastly and generally desired by a free nation for a continuance of time, but the mere force of opinion will at last attain it.

In default of better means of procuring liberty, something is effected towards it by the very divisions of a state, which, without any just purpose of the general good, serve at least as a control upon those who are acting against it.

Those parties which in a free nation spring up, and which contend with some view to the good of the country, and in some respect with purposes of their own,—are rendering service to the state by their very contention, while their opposition to one another does not disturb the good order of the state. No doubt, in a great country, there are many interests opposed to one another. The defence of these interests, by those who have no further object, tends to the general good; for it is for the general good that all these several interests should be supported and vindicated. Besides, in a nation where intellect bears great sway, this debate of interests enlightens the public understanding. Men are called upon to know and to understand the questions upon which the common welfare depends, that the state may act upon such conviction. But this knowledge would never be acquired, the mind of the nation would never exert itself to investigate and master these questions, if it were not aroused by this animated strife,—if something of a foreign zeal and interest were not infused into the discussion by the warmth of those feelings

which accompany the opposition of parties to one another. There is no need for fear, then, though there is need for vigilance and resistance, when opinions are asserted that will not be recognised—when measures are proposed and urged that are not to be acted on. These are the very means that are to call up the power of the public mind into deliberation. We cannot be strong in indolent security—we must be strong in thought and understanding; that is the only security to a nation which teems with thought, and which intelligence therefore will guide aright or amiss. If we reason freely and boldly, and meet error with the strength of argument, we have no reason for apprehension. We only make danger when we imagine that Truth, Justice, and Reason, have cause to fear to trust themselves in the lists of debate. They have no cause to do so; for their armour is strong, and their weapons, if wielded boldly, can both ward off evil, and return it tenfold against the most formidable aggressor.

Thirdly, What are the impediments that arise to perfectly fulfilling the purposes of government?

The ignorance, passions, and self-interest, of mankind, in the first place. Since government can be nothing, in its most perfect theory, but men acting for their common welfare, it is plain that, under the most perfect constitution of government, whatever that may be, ignorance, passion, and self-interest, must disturb their counsels more or less from this end. The theory of government is framed without regard to the character of those by whom it is to be carried into effect. We reason theoretically to discover what would be the best political form for a

people instructed, moral, public-spirited; and perhaps we may succeed in imagining such a form of government: but, in whatever nation we attempt to apply it, we find something wanting to this character. So far, then, the theory is inapplicable, and all we can do is to consider such a form as that which is ultimately to be attained, and, in the mean time, partially to adopt it, and to endeavour to draw the character of the people nearer and nearer to that supposed state which is suited to the hypothesis.

A further impediment still is to be found in the institutions actually existing, which make it impossible to carry into effect many theories which are absolutely good. All that is practicable is to introduce alterations in that which is, or gradually to introduce new principles. The error is, that men compare that which is with an imaginary, not with an attainable scheme of government; and the difference between that which is and that which is conceived appears to be immense. But it must be considered that, whatever is to be established, must, after all, be conducted with human error, and the comparison ought to be between that which is and that which is likely to take its place.

Old-established forms carry with them a certain protection to liberty; for they are impediments to the free sway of power. They have grown, for the most part, under some natural and national feeling, and therefore it is likely they carry some good with them; but, if they did not, it is some protection rendered, that they are obstacles in the way of arbitrary movements. Thus, an old monarchy, which is not restrained by any power in the constitution, is restrained

by old laws and customs, and does not exercise free and absolute will.

It is not to be imagined that, under any stable form of government, the experience of long time is altogether lost. That experience finds its place in those orders of men in whom these ancient institutions are preserved; they are the depositaries of old opinion; and, though opinion which is gathered and cherished from ancient time must become at last unsuited to the changing condition of human affairs, it is not on that account to be held as without authority, or treated without deference. It has a matured and prudent, if not an active, wisdom; and the very opposition, which, by its mere weight, it offers to the fervour of change, is salutary to the nation. Those who would carry into effect the alterations of ancient law which the altered condition of a country requires, discern the necessity of the change, but frequently do not discern the inconveniences and injuries which, as change merely, it will occasion. It is not expected that they should view the great, complicated, and profound interests of a nation thus comprehensively; they fix their mind on the change required, and are advocates in behalf of that cause; they perform their duty to the commonwealth, when they appear thus as advocates insisting with warmth and zeal on the points they are anxious to carry. This is their business. They have to establish the conviction of this new necessity in the minds of others, and they cannot too fervently embrace the opinion they have to inculcate. But it is no less necessary that a resistance should somewhere be provided to the impetuosity of their zeal; and this is found not merely in the calm good

sense of those who weigh dispassionately both sides of a disputed question, but also, and far more effectually, in that weight of opinion which remains unbroken from former times, which is above all things preserved and guarded by ancient institution, and which must be slowly and gradually vanquished to give way even for the most necessary innovation.

In reasoning upon the theory of politics, we necessarily have sometimes before our eyes a government in which the public will and the public good are of supreme weight, and at others one in which a power independent of that will is in force. When we speak of the public will as being of supreme weight in the government, we mean, of course, not the will of any portion of the community, but the combined and balanced will of the whole, as nearly as it can be ascertained, and as well as it can be combined. That national judgment of the national welfare is the highest public law to which it is possible to have recourse; it is doubtful only because it may be swayed by passion; but, to balance momentary passion, there is the weight of old institution and law, which have this great value among others, that they embody the collective opinion of more than one age; they are therefore free from passion, and fittest to control the ebullitions of unmatured opinion. Now, in speaking of such a nation, which is governed by its own united will, we conceive the highest political state which it is possible to attain; and to such a nation, if it existed, nothing could be wanting, but that its character and intelligence should be raised as high as possible. Here only the subordinate questions of politics would come to be debated; but, in the greater part of governments,

the power actually ruling must be conceived of as in many respects independent of this will. In all such states there is defect not merely in the character of a people, but in the very aim and scope of the political establishment. In this case it is plain that changes are required—that another purpose of governing must be admitted, namely, *that of the utmost public welfare.* It must be there considered as a question, in what manner a constitution may be improved, and it must be understood that, however slowly it may take place, there is a change to be held continually in view, towards which at all times progress shall be making. To such nations the whole scheme of political institution is thrown open to discussion; but, in speculative inquiries, we reason without regard to one form of institution or another. We consider actual governments as offering *illustration* merely of theoretical principles; and, in any discussions we pursue, we inquire absolutely what is the basis of power, what the condition of liberty, how a state is made free, how it is made secure. The theory is at all times ideal, and relating to the supposition of what might be attained, if all impediments were removed. It is not supposed that the theory can in any instance be applied directly to the situation of any individual state, but it is presumed that the principles established in theory must enlighten the practical study of the actual condition and improvement of every nation.

DANTE AND MILTON.

THE mind of Dante was not formed for the muses only; it took share in the passions of the agitated times to which he belonged. His native republic was shaken by civil dissensions, and he, ardent and eager in political feeling as in his own art, a zealous and faithful citizen, suffered in the troubles of the state from the revenges of faction, and lived the life of a man engaged in the angry contests of the state, not in study. With fortunes confiscated, and long condemned to the exile in which he died, he looked to that Florence, from which he was estranged by persecuting hate, with the passionate feelings of an outcast son; and this temper, which should seem to have no part in the solemn incantations of the poet who sung of heaven, and purgatory, and hell, blends itself with the inspiration of his austere and lofty genius. He seems to have forsaken earth by the subject of his poem; but his terrestrial loves and hates accompany him whithersoever he aspires or descends, and that earth which he had left re-appears alike in Paradise and in the abysses of eternal punishment. It could not have been thought that one of the greatest works of poetical genius should be stamped throughout with the personal and perishing affections of a private man; in which the subject, the most vast and illimit-

able with which the powers of the human mind can contend, should be swallowed up in the expression of transitory and local passions. Yet, by the extraordinary combination of powers in one mind, we find that the poetical ability which could produce a language almost out of darkness;—an imagination which could travel secure and unfaltering in the utmost heights and depths that can be opened to human thought;—a strong dark faith in the dreams of early superstition;—an intellect severe, sagacious, and searching;—and political and personal animosities, the most passionate, bitter, and unrelenting; and, on the other hand, affections the most warm, and gentle, and tender, may be all combined in one mind and in one work; imparting to it a character which nothing resembles, and which is at once august by its subject, and by the power of genius it displays, and fearful by the strong pictures of human passion and crime which he only could have drawn, who, with the same mind, could feed on the fears and wonders of imagination, and mix as an actor and sufferer in the stern and bitter realities of life.

The illustrious Poet of our own country, who has embraced in one poem the same vast subject, though with events which make it still vaster,—combining together the fall of celestial spirits, the creation of the world, and the entire destiny of mankind,—shows how like passions may be divided, and similar (in some respects) elements of the mind held in separation. For he too took part in the political passions and troubles of his country; he too suffered, and the fierce animosities of personal life held strong possession of that mind, which, when following its genius, passed out from this world, and left the clouds and

griefs of this " dim spot," to open up to itself and to us a world of feelings and beings remote in the greatest degree from all personal and transitory thoughts.

The character of Milton may therefore be placed in comparison with that of Dante, both in respect of their resemblance and dissimilarity. They are alike in their high and even stern intellectual power; in solemnity of imagination; in their subject, not only in itself, but as taking its origin in both from the religious cast of their whole mind; in patriotism and love of liberty; in moral zeal; in the influence of speculative opinion upon personal character and conduct; since both acted upon principles, and were actuated by desires framed in the height of their souls, in meditative feeling and impassioned thought. They are, perhaps, unlike in this, that the personal affections of Dante were far more ardent than those of Milton; so that his genius itself was subject to them; but of Milton, perhaps, it were more truly said, that his affections were subject to his genius. Hence, in that respect in which we are best able to compare them, the great Work of each, we find, with many marks of affinity of mind, this decisive opposition of character, that the work of Dante is over-run with personal feelings, and that of Milton is almost entirely pure from them. The result is, that the one is regarded as a production strange and anomalous, in which, though the extraordinary power of genius displayed by the author abashes and silences all censure, yet we feel that, in order to admire, we are obliged to forego all our ordinary principles of judgment; and that we look on the work in part only as a poem, and in part as the exhibition of a singular individual character, and as

the historical record of the temper and even facts of the times. But that of Milton is the model of all that is great and awful in his art; a poem entirely sublime, into which we enter only to feel the utmost dilatation of all our faculties and powers; and are transported out of the narrowness and bonds of ordinary existence into worlds of pure power, glory, and beauty. In reading the poem of Dante there is often, almost always, a painful sense of the oppression which our strong human passions lay upon the great powers of our souls. In reading that of Milton, there is felt a sudden exemption from that bondage, an enlargement of the paths of the spirit, a wafting, a flight into the regions of its uncontrolled liberty and power. The poem of Milton bears its rank among the other mightiest works of human genius; it contends with them on their own principles, and it excels them in the greatness on which their own claims are founded; and has illustrated in the highest degree the laws by which the human mind proceeds in its highest efforts.

Even the history of their lives may be thought to owe its diversity of character to the same cause which has made their poems thus unlike. That ungoverned zeal of affection hurried Dante into personal quarrels, exasperating against himself the animosities of faction, and its virulent persecutions; while the loftier and more regulated genius of Milton, attaching itself, *in the main*, to a great public cause rather than to persons, though it joined to the rise and fall of that cause the advancement and declension of his private fortunes, yet left him free from the danger of that bitter and deadly rancour which is provoked by those who mix personal feuds with public hostility.

NAPOLEON.

Among minds of that high order which, by their native greatness of power, whatever other condemnation may rest upon them, acquire a natural, and, it must be said, a just ascendency in human affairs, we find an example of the various combination of seemingly adverse endowments in one of which we ourselves have witnessed both the glory and the fall. He, who, but a few years ago, was master of a power before which Europe trembled, and who, by his own remarkable character, and by the singular influence which his genius and the state of the times concurred to give him over the affairs of the world, will always be one of the most conspicuous names in its history,—has perplexed the judgments of men by the seeming inconsistencies of his character. To ambition of the most gigantic grasp, he united a quality of mind which seems quite at variance with it,—an anxious and even petty solicitude for the mere opinions of men. They are inconsistent, for they arise and are fostered in modes directly opposite. Ambition is nourished by that feeling out of which it grows, the consciousness of personal power. That consciousness, turning the mind to rest upon itself, should seem naturally to induce an indifference to the mere opinion of others; and in the consistent greatness of superior minds, we have often occasion to observe that such is

the process of nature. But in this instance it was otherwise; and that might before which mankind were awed and astonished, trembled in its turn before the breath of their opinion: A phenomenon singular, but not inexplicable, when we reflect, that the consciousness of powers of one order still leaves the mind open to that suspicion of its own accomplishment in other respects, which is the natural source of anxiety for the favourable judgment of others,—the mind seeking in their testimony that assurance of its sufficiency which it finds not in itself, and dreading, in their censure, the confirmation of its own unfavourable self-judgment. It is true, that such an anxiety in a mind of superior power, however it may be explicable in nature, always appears to us unpardonable, as a littleness disparaging to that greatness of character which otherwise we are willing to allow; and our imagination, which always loves and desires to rest in the contemplation of greatness, is offended with the degrading fault, which throws it down from its pride of place, and compels the mind, reduced to the soberness of truth, to relinquish its hasty belief of an ideal grandeur in its object, and to acknowledge in him, who seemed already a hero, the weak humanity of our common nature.

An apparent inconsistency, still more striking than this union of ambition with what must be called vanity, was the combination of the love of glory with the indifference even for the scorn of men. For if we were to read one part of the story of Napoleon, we should say that he was to be ranked among those, who, that they might leave a name sounding through the earth, have been reckless of the waste of human blood and of human happiness, and have set whatever else was

offered to their own enjoyment, as a slight stake on the throw. Yet in those moments of critical emergency, on which the opinion of men turns in judging the claims that are made to their admiration of personal greatness, when the question comes, how much the candidate for glory is willing to offer up for it, in those great trials of personal greatness, it must be said that Napoleon disappointed their expectation. For the common expectation of men,—not merely of those who judge with an exalted and romantic enthusiasm of great actions, but of mankind at large, looking on with raised and ennobled feelings, no doubt, on the transaction of great events,—this general expectation appears to require, that those who have advanced themselves on the world as candidates for its highest applause, and who have once preferred their claim to such admiration and such renown, should entertain so jealous a regard for the dignity of their own reputation, as to be ready at every moment to sacrifice to it every other consideration; and the man of this order seems to forfeit his entire title to their regard, if it appears that there is something which he prizes more dearly than his fame. When he therefore, who had led the armies of Europe to his battles, had left them blasted and strewn over the plains of the unconquerable North, and fled in solitary safety from the wreck he had made, he seemed to incur at once the full forfeiture of his renown. When in the latest struggle, to which, raising up his fallen fortunes, he had reanimated the nation which acknowledged his sway, he was once more, and for the last time, unfortunate, and again saw the heroic armament which fought *his* battle for empire and fame, shattered and dissolved,—when, from that last strife, he again

fled and lived,—Napoleon flung from him with his own hand, the opinions of the world, which he had bought with the dedication of his life, with fearlessness of crime, and with human desolation. Had he fallen with those who fell,—had he made it apparent that he could not survive the grandeur he had reared,—had he shewn that he felt of himself as mankind felt of him, he would have satisfied the claims of their opinion. And though the sorrows of thousands of thousands of hearts,—though the execration of wrongs, unredressed and irreparable, must have gathered over the star of his fame, it would have looked, from the sky, fearful, though dimmed in its brightness.

Such a desertion of cherished and dear-bought glory, appears to us an inconsistency of character; for, what was now the sudden value of that life which had been proffered innumerable times to death for the acquisition of that uncertain fame, which was now unalterably secure, if life only had been given to ensure it? Or what was there to be obtained by living, of more value, than that which was to be lost by it?

That last conspicuous act of a mind of many passions seems to shew, that what had appeared to be its strongest was not its strongest desire; namely, the wonder and admiration of mankind: Or, at least, if it was so, it was in a different form from that in which the passion has been commonly known. The heroic love of glory includes a lofty and generous sympathy with the spirits of those who yield their admiration, and the prospect of separation from that sympathy appears like the prospect of extinction. But, in this instance, it seems as if that astonishment, wonder, and fearful reverence, had been grateful only while they could be constantly enjoyed,—as if he who held them

could be gratified only while he lived to know them, —and, as if, therefore, death was a yet more entire separation from his fame than an inglorious life. To those who aspire to fame, the prospect of a name which shall fill futurity is the most precious part of their celebrity,—such fame seems to them a life on which the grave cannot close. In the character of which we are speaking this seems reversed, and that greatness seems alone of price, which, living, he can know and enjoy. This, if true, appears to be the result of a habitual and paramount selfishness, which deliberately subjects and subdues every thing to itself. For, in the true love of glory there is an entire sacrifice of self to an object which has become external to the mind. But *here* glory, however capacious, serves merely as the perishable food on which self feeds and lives. When he first outlived his glory, it might be said, that Napoleon was a gamester who lived still for the political power which he might yet retain or renew. When he last fled from it, and had seen his whole might hopelessly shattered, it would seem he must have had no other object than to prolong that life to which alone the consciousness of the greatness he had held, and the wonders he had acted, was given.

These inconsistencies may be explained in part, by considering how the same mind at different times is under the dominion of different passions, and in part by remembering the deception we fall under when we conceive of but as one feeling, that which in different minds bears the same name, because its general aspect is the same, though it may be compounded of very different elements.

ANTIPATHIES.

An abuse has crept in upon the employment of the word Antipathy. It is frequently used in common speech, and also in written discourse, to denote a settled and unconquerable aversion. But, in philosophical language, this is rather that hate which is the result of antipathy. Strictly it does not mean hate,—not the feelings of one man set against the person of another,—but that, in two natures, there is an opposition of feeling. With respect to the same object they feel oppositely. According to this view, it is exactly the reverse or antithesis to sympathy. Sympathy is the union or consent of feeling upon any point, or towards any object. Antipathy is the division, dissent, discord of feeling on any point; or, to speak still more absolutely, of affection under given circumstances; as sympathy is unity of affection under given circumstances. Sympathy and Antipathy may be correctly applied, in physiology, to natures which have not intelligence. Lord Bacon says, "Tangible bodies have an antipathy with air; and any liquid body that is more dense, they will draw, condense, and in effect incorporate." "No contraries hold more antipathy than I and such a knave," is a philosophic line in Shakspeare.

There can be no doubt that this must be the philosophical way of considering an antipathy. Such

is its essential and elemental being. The hate from antipathy, and the love from sympathy, must both be considered, therefore, as secondary and as corresponding feelings. With respect to sympathy, and the love arising from it, the distinction remains perfectly obvious and acknowledged by us: but, in antipathy and hate, there is a confusion to our common apprehension; because, the original, simple diversity of feeling, or of susceptibility, or of nature, is swallowed up, as it were, to our observation in the immediately resulting hostility.

Now, without being very anxious about words, it is clear that, in philosophy, there are two things carefully to be distinguished, and which actually do mark the more important cases of antipathy;—these are, the original dissimilarity of feeling, and the resulting aversion. Without, therefore, pretending to give any universal description of antipathies, under which all must fall, it cannot be doubted, that this is a proper description of some notable ones, and those of most moral significance,—that between two natures of like species, as two human minds, there is apprehended to be, in some points, an unlikeness, and that from this unlikeness there results, in certain cases, mutual hate.

Here it is proper to remark, that, in order that this effect may take place, it is necessary that there be, in some respects, a congruity, that is, a sympathy, in order that the unlikeness may produce much pain. For example, reptiles and other creatures that are hideous to us, are things that have our life, and yet with strange and, to us, shocking dissemblances; so that we are at once drawn to them forcibly, and at the same time driven back from them.

But, on the other hand, it is a curious observation, that this mixture of likeness and unlikeness often produces the highest degree of love,—as between man and woman,—as between the grey-headed and the child,—between the courageous and the timid,—between the melancholy and the gay,—and many other contrasts, which have been taken notice of as even a law of affection.

Now, in explanation of this difference of effect produced by apparently the same cause, it may be remarked, that in the latter case, where contrast is a law of love, there is a sympathy in that which is deeply essential, and there is diversity in that which is more apparent, being superficial and of less moment; and it is very conceivable that this should become a powerful cause of love. But dyspathy, if we may use the word, in essentials, with sympathy in what is slight and superficial, does not produce love; or, if it do, a love that is very soon exhausted.

But, farther, in giving any account of dispositions of one person towards another, it is absolutely necessary to take in many other feelings than merely that arising from the perception of certain contrasts. Very often there is a feeling of beauty. An old man in a child sees his own spirit of life beautiful in form; and he feels his own spirit of life quickened and rekindled. The first is the sense of beauty blending with the feeling of life; and the second is a proper sympathy; for it is his own feeling, heightened by the same feeling existing in a much higher state of activity in others. Besides, there are, as it is needless to mention, many other moral feelings.

Now, any thing whatever that heightens in us a

natural feeling that is grateful, must be the object of our love. Whatever violently oppresses or destroys in us such a feeling, or excites the feeling of any painful consciousness lodged within us, is hateful. So the chambers of death, vaults, receptacles of corruption, gulfs of annihilation, are hateful. They not merely damp the joy of life, but, what is altogether distinct, they startle up in us fearful and odious consciousnesses, suspicions, anticipations, which are lodged in our nature, inextinguishable there; sometimes springing up of themselves, sometimes drowned, and sometimes roused up in this way by the presentation of something darkly or more plainly allied to such hideous thoughts. In such cases, too, there is something almost like tying the living to the dead. There is a sympathy with that which is in us, dragging down into horrible communion and participation with that which we see; and thus making us feel, by the dyspathy of that which is living in us, in utter opposition to this in which we are immersed, the struggles of a man who feels that he is suffocating in some noisome atmosphere, and gasps for the air which his life requires, and which he can nowhere find. In like manner a reptile lives; but in his life there is included something that is in deadly opposition to ours,—cold, colourless, and poisonous.

Antipathies, if the subject were to be pursued at full, might be considered under two divisions, individual and national,—or perhaps rather individual, and of communities or societies; for, within a state, bodies of men have hatreds of this sort as strong perhaps as national,—such as religious and political antipathies.

With regard to the first class, it may be remarked,

that one of the chief causes of antipathy, or recoiling of one nature from another, is when one individual holds, or is supposed to hold, some essential belief that militates against an important law of nature. This feeling is raised suddenly high by any *act* that militates againts any such law. Such is the general hatred towards a murderer, which shews its violence by the retaliation it prompts. But a belief so militating would produce a fixed and durable hatred: for, in many instances, it might attest a deeper depravity, or at least a more essential and radical alienation from our nature, than a heinous act. The simple conception of antipathy, is from the comparison of individual nature with individual nature; but when we conceive of any thing offending against an essential law of our general nature, we then aid our own particular feelings by our sympathy with *all* mankind, and by theirs with us; and it is the feeling thus immeasurably augmented and strengthened that we oppose to the hostile feeling or act, and therefore the antipathy puts on a much stronger character, and looks to us even like a great and immutable law of our nature. The ancient character of punishment belongs, in part, to the feelings of antipathy. The criminal was separated and blotted out from the community by their hatred. They saw in him only that feeling in which he had perpetrated his crime. They felt in themselves only that vast mass of their feelings by which they existed in separation from his crime. Thus there was antipathy and hate of the whole community against one individual, and he perished. He was stoned by their hands,—he was sentenced by their acclamations. A murderer, a parricide, a blasphemer,

a sacrilegious offender, or a national traitor,—against these was pronounced an anathema by nature's voice. Hence, too, by the gradual confusion which selfishness introduces into the moral judgments of men, the bloody zeal of the law against theft and robbery, far beyond the crime.

Secondly, As any thing that contains in it the declaration of a nature utterly unlike our own causes antipathy, therefore the good hate the bad naturally; and this is corrected only by a very high religion. When so corrected by the spirit of Christianity, the feeling partakes strongly of sorrow, hope, or despair; and accordingly, in its most decisive character, is still pitiful and full of mercy. The true Christian hatred is not bitter even towards him who cursed his Saviour on the cross. The wicked hate the good, except in those cases where the wicked feel that they have violated their own nature, and that the good have only maintained a nature common to them both.

Thirdly, We hate the simple absence of feelings which we ourselves have strongly,—those who are without compassion,—those who are without filial affection. To love them is impossible; for we constantly feel that there is about their whole being a fatal want. If they *seem* what they *are,* we are repelled by the cold-blooded and shameless avowal of a deficiency which all our delighted heart tells us would be felt as a degradation and a misery to ourselves; and we desire that they had been hypocrites enough to veil or disguise it from us. If, on the other hand, they simulate a feeling which they have not, the discovery of their simulation startles us with an unexpected and unsuspected nakedness of soul; and, in

addition to the shock which we sustain in that perception, is to be added the scorn, contempt, and loathing, of an impotent and fruitless effort to deceive. We feel, at the same time, that while we think thus of them, they cannot but think with an angry or contemptuous affection of us; and our feeling what they want, is regarded by them as absurd perhaps, or foolish, or extravagant; and we thus entertain towards them both a feeling like that of a personal insult to ourselves individually, and of a slight and scorn of what we know to be the best and most amiable emotions of that human nature to which we belong.

Fourthly, Strong dislikes arise from manners, peculiar exhibitions of moral deformities, meannesses. Whatever such persons do or enjoy, we look at with disgust or doubt,—with antipathy,—*i. e.* extending to their nature at large, as tainted throughout, the antipathy we have conceived against one part of it; and, looking therefore with aversion or suspicion on all that proceeds from it, believing the taint would be found there too, if we could detect it; or simply hating it because we hate their persons. This, perhaps, is one of the later laws of antipathy. Manners are hated in the individual as direct indications of his mind. They are hated, between classes of men, as symbols,—that is, as insignia of the class. Moral deformities reach deepest into our nature of all; and all meannesses shew the unlikeness of nature in qualities which we cherish and are most fond of. We know that nothing in ourselves is remembered with such antipathy by ourselves as meannesses; and therefore, when we observe them in others, we not only hate them as hateful in those others, but,

perhaps, as obliging us to feel a sort of painful equality with those whom we despise, when their conduct or character recalls to us that which we would fain hide from ourselves, and of which the recurring consciousness oppresses us with a degradation which we have undergone, but from which our nature revolts. Great national hatreds are when there is unity of manners throughout a nation. Then, whatever great common feeling they have, (the form of life being the same to all,) is made strong in a universal and evident sympathy. Moreover, the feelings and the manners in which they are involved are inseparable from the idea of the nation. But, when the manners within a nation are mixed and various, as in advancing civilization, then there is no direct universality binding the nation together; and, besides, any feelings and manners that are seen there, are still separable from the idea of the nation. Hence, that nation can no longer so love itself, and no longer so hate those in which it perceives antipathy, or unlikeness of a nature to itself, because it perceives it uncertainly and indefinitely.

Fifthly, Language heightens national antipathy in an extraordinary degree. In the *first* place, it is a most decisive exterior sign of the separation of one community from another. It is a line of demarcation between the two, concerning which there can be no hesitation. It is unequivocal and indisputable. As common language is a perpetual sign of the social confederacy, so divided language is a perpetual sign of the social separation. Accordingly, by a common rule, whatever real animosity there is gathers upon the sign. *Secondly,* The division of language, in as much

as it cuts off absolutely that communication which is vital to man, produces a repulsion and estrangement of one from the other; and, therefore, whatever disposition there may be between the two parties to receive causes of alienation, as, for instance, to imagine unlikenesses and antipathies of one to the other, this actual repulsive separation favours manifestly and heightens such a belief. *Thirdly,* To minds rude and strong in passion and imagination, this separating difference of language is a positive index of alien natures. Our own spirit is so deeply blended with the language which has breathed on us and around us from our dawn of life, that to speak our language, is at once to be in unison and sympathy with us. We argue from it directly the participation in a common nature. To hear a speech that is unintelligible to us, from those who have no sense for the comprehension of ours, is, by parity of reason, to be divided in very being. It is to have other homes, other lands, other climes, other usages, other loves, other sports, other songs, other traditions, other gods, another childhood, another manhood, other obsequies. It is total division, reaching throughout existence, and including the very inscription on our tombs. It is to have a spirit of which all the feelings, thoughts, imagery, recollections, joys, sorrows, are different and incommunicable from one to another. This is the true old national division, which was known when the state of each people was individual to it and clearly unfolded. Conceive, if you can, in the utmost stretch of your imagination, what must have been the antipathy between the Moors and the Spaniards, or now between the Turks and the Greeks. Or imagine a Greek bride carried off by a Scandina-

vian sea-robber to his Norwegian rocks. We feel ourselves this idea of a common language, whenever our imagination is most highly touched, as in poets, towards Shakspeare and Milton. We feel it in those two fine lines of Cowper, speaking of men's proud sympathy with each other, when Englishmen reflect, "that Chatham's language was their mother tongue," and "Wolfe's great name compatriot with their own." Now-a-days, perhaps, in our patriotism, we feel this charm more diffusively; but in older national policy, it was undoubtedly a strong principle. In more than one massacre, the extermination has been conducted upon the pronunciation of a word. One may imagine, that something of language-hatred mixed in the choice of a test. But we need not pursue this subject farther; for we all know that hate, bitterness, wrath, cruelty, revenge, can all be fostered and inflamed when the heart of a people has congregated them all round some fatal and pernicious word.

Sixthly, All antipathies in which the senses are concerned are extremely strong; indeed all feelings whatever, in which the senses are brought into immediate action, are powerful. This depends, in a great degree, on the very strong feeling which the soul has of its own physical life. That makes the sight of diseases, and death and its effects, hideous. Those senses are most blended with this living feeling, which are least intellectual,—taste and smell. All these things are nauseous, and appear noxious to the body and to the living nature. In order truly to understand the mind, it is at all times necessary to understand how much it exists in its bodily sensibility. Insignificant as this class of antipathies may at first appear, yet they are numerous,

and of frequent recurrence; and are more widely diffused over society than might be imagined, especially if that society be very artificial, or what is called extremely polished and refined. All minds of false delicacy, or fastidious breeding, are more or less enslaved to them. And, perhaps, there is no feeling more powerful in its way than the antipathy of a high-bred, delicate, and fashionable woman, to a fat, lazy, vulgar, offensive person of her own sex, whose whole voice, appearance, demeanour, are so entirely unlike her own. The description given by Hotspur of the popinjay who disturbed him after battle, "perfumed like a milliner," comprehends, along with many other causes of antipathy, that now alluded to. Hotspur says,—I was "so pestered with a popinjay," "he made me mad to see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet, and talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman." The rough warrior's senses were offended; and "hence he did deny his prisoners."

Seventhly, The most inveterate of all antipathies, and those which have inspired the fiercest hate, and led to the most terrific acts, are those engendered by a difference in religion. In very few words may be given the essence of such antipathies. There are two very strong feelings in religious antipathy. The mind whose belief, though perhaps bigoted, is sincere, is persuaded and convinced that there is only one way of salvation. Now, when such a mind is aware that a disbelief of its own religious creed, thus held to be necessary to its eternal salvation, exists in the minds of others, there may be produced a momentary distrust within itself of that faith. The utter disbelief of it by a mind, or minds, in many

respects like itself, suggests a most powerful and distressing possibility, that its religion may be untrue. And in that perturbation of soul, if it be so strong as to deserve that name, or in the angry risings of a spirit whose repose has been, at least, interrupted, what way is there so direct and satisfactory, and even easy, as to put down doubts by the extermination of doubters? But, *secondly*, Believing its own to be right, all those who hold an opposite creed are considered as enemies of the souls of men; and, therefore, to be destroyed as evil beings in league with the dark foe of humanity. These are the two great instigating feelings in religious hatred and persecution. They will become stronger or weaker according to circumstances, such as the possession of power, the degree of danger to be suspected, and the character of their adversaries. For with respect to religious as well as political parties, it is to be remembered that the antipathy is heightened by the sympathy with our whole party; and here that particular effect of sympathy is to be recollected, that it raises every feeling to a disproportionate height, and not only so actually heightens it, but makes it, in its utmost extravagance, appear to us reasonable and natural. This acts twice. For both the feeling in which we dissent from our adversaries is thus made stronger and more authoritative to us, and therefore appears to us as a fitter ground of hatred, but also the sentiment of aversion thus arising, being partaken and acknowledged by our whole party, becomes inflamed to the highest pitch of animosity. Besides, it is to be remembered, that in both religious and political parties, there arise many accessory causes of hatred, both from acts of hostility

which have already taken place upon both sides, and from the wide and deep interests that are at stake. In such antipathies, too, the imagination is not idle. It gathers round the symbols of the hated faith a crowd of fell and fierce, or contemptuous and scornful associations. All that is held most sacred and holy by the devout believer in one creed, is become a theme for contumely to those in another; till at last the very walls of the place of worship, the dress of the minister of religion, and the forms, whatever they may be, in which he seeks to approximate his spirit to his God, kindle derision and scornful hate.

Eighthly, The intense *feeling of self,* whether too strong, or justifiably strong, appears to be the root from which all antipathies spring. A nature opposed to our nature seems at war with us. We are constrained by some principle to seek alliances and hostilities throughout the universe,—to love that which is with us,—to hate that which is divided from us. That which is in sympathy with us begets a grateful feeling of self, if it were only thus,—the feelings we look upon raise up their own likeness in ourselves; but if those precise feelings were already there, were already our own, and known as such, then, in raising up their own likeness they reproduce our own former feelings,—feelings involved with the idea of self, and which excite the idea and consciousness of self under a very agreeable form, that is, in both a genial and a flattering form. On the other hand, non-sympathy chills and represses; quells the feeling of self; and is thence painful.

And here a somewhat curious question naturally enough presents itself. Why does the discovery of

contrariety to our own nature in another, when that contrariety does not interfere by act with our own following out of our nature, produce hatred? Does it depend, in some singular way, on the laws of sympathy? Are we constrained, on seeing wickedness in another, for a moment, and in a slight degree, to sympathize with him? and is the repugnance between the feeling so produced, and our native feelings, the cause of our horror? Or is it that all our feelings, seeking to enlarge themselves, and to augment their own enjoyment by sympathy, that is, by finding a sympathy with themselves in others' hearts, when, instead of that sympathy, they find an adverse nature, pain arises from the disappointment and from the sudden repelling within the heart? All these suggestions involve truth. Besides, it is grateful to us to have our feelings sympathized with, in part, because they are thereby approved and confirmed. May not the pain, on the other hand, arise in part from that apprehension formerly spoken of; that our feelings are questioned, disallowed, and shaken by the appearance of a nature in which they are non-existent? Is there not produced a momentary horrible distrust, as if they might be unreal and visionary altogether? There is something, most undoubtedly, of this, with respect to dissent on articles of religious belief. It is seen in the recoil and reaction which follows, when in the fierce vengeance which the mind is urged to take upon mere dissent of feeling and opinion, it seems to seek in the violence of power which it exerts, and in the extinction of that which is against it, to re-establish its own feelings in their former security and strength. The mixing of our sympathies and antipathies with

abstract beliefs, is a somewhat singular process. Sometimes the belief of one point is at once the denotement of an entire faith with which deep passions are necessarily interwoven. Thus, a single dogma divides sects otherwise united; and in such cases, it is rather a sign than a cause of division. Now, in the same way, any political tenet may, for the moment, become the ground of quarrel, and appear as the ground of hatred between two parties otherwise hostile. That tenet is then rather a war-cry than a matter of discordant belief; though it may look like a speculative ground of inimical passion. But be this as it may, it cannot be doubted that there is enmity founded in speculative belief. These enmities seem to be explained either when strong feelings actually and necessarily attach to the belief; or when a man feels that in his speculative opinions he himself is attacked, identifying himself with his belief. This is partly vanity and pride; but partly, too, perhaps, a deep consciousness proceeding from the predominance of intellect in our nature, from which it follows, that our opinions are ourselves. For example, hear two men arguing upon politics. They resent each other's opinions as personal aggressions and affronts. Yet these are factitious and adopted opinions, which have no natural inherence in themselves, but to which they have wedded their understandings. Their understanding, therefore, seems questioned and disparaged when their opinion is controverted. They are offended from pride. They are pained also from a feeling of inability. They are surprised that it is possible for a man to speak connected sentences against the clear truth of their belief; and that the power of truth within themselves does not suddenly abash and silence

him. There is a want of that fulness of intellectual power which they would be glad to feel. Would it be different, if their belief were inherent in their nature, and a product of their own minds? That would not make the offence greater; because the clearness of conviction would be more untroubled. Perhaps those points are most powerfully contended for, of which there is not external evidence; and which it is yet felt would be the plucking away of key-stones and corner-stones: that the whole cause is at stake in them, and the means of defence uncertain or inadequate. Now, this disposition of the man to identify himself with his abstract belief shews the innate conviction we have of our deep and entire dependence on reason. But a man, who feels that his intellectual beliefs hold together in some way he does not understand, as when they are adopted, and not children of his own, will be much more easily frightened, than he who feels that his beliefs have their foundation in his moral nature; and, therefore, that they do not hang upon one another; and that if one were disproved, it would only shew that *that* one had not been sufficiently examined, and would leave all the others just where they were, unimpaired and unshaken.

Finally, Antipathies are strong in those buried in the present. All extended views of human life are in some degree generalized and philosophical; and philosophical intellect takes off hatred, by shewing the causes out of which that which is evil arises. In the highest degree, it makes crimes appear the misfortune of the criminal. Besides, it weakens them, by disconnecting the fact hated from the entire person. Ima-

gination and untutored feeling blend together the whole individual, and extend one ground of hatred throughout him. Philosophy, and every thing tending to it, cuts off and limits the hatred to the precise ground of hate; not morally, but directly, by shewing to intellect the exact limits. Farther, those buried in the present have lower views, those looking far before and after have higher views, of *themselves*. To those immersed in the present, the feeling that is upon them at the moment has a disproportioned apparent magnitude to their whole being. They are not able to perceive that they possess actually a great capacity of enjoyment, or suffering, or existence, beyond this immediate sensation; and, therefore, be it of pleasure or pain, love or aversion, it occupies them more entirely, and has a far more determining power upon their actions, than if, lifted above the present, they saw themselves in the past and the future, and could, by that deeper and higher understanding of their own constitution, diminish to themselves the force of this joy, or this pain, over their will.

TO DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLÜCK.

I.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth my mother's breast.

II.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity.
These clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,—
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

III.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day,
Life's tedious nothing o'er,
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

IV.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains;—
One fixed eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene.

V.

I cannot doff all human fear,—
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away.

GLASGOW REVISITED.

BY AN OLD INDIAN.

At last, my dear ——, I address you from our native soil. We made the Clyde on the 15th, and I have now spent three days in this city, where chiefly I was educated, —and where I had once many, and have still some, friends.

My health is, I think, completely re-established. Indeed I never was better in my life than during the greater part of this voyage. I had not been three weeks at sea ere I began to have some difficulty in believing that I ever had been so very ill as (notwithstanding) I certainly must have been when we parted. *Inter alia*, I have got a totally new suit of skin on my face in the course of my voyage, and I flatter myself that *it* is by no means a very yellow one—though I confess some of my old acquaintances here have not hesitated to hint something to that effect: but home-bred people, Major, will always have their prejudices.

And how do you feel in breathing once more this native air of yours? What impression does the whole affair make upon your senses? Hills, vales, rivers, towns, population—how do they strike your fancy after twenty years' absence? I know the questions you would put to me quite as well as if I had you at

my elbow. I think it would take a treatise to answer you *already;* what will it be, then, by and bye? However, I know India too well to have begun writing upon any thing less than a folio sheet; so you shall have as much, perhaps, as you care for.

This town, like every thing else, appears very diminutive on first view; but I had been prepared for something of this by what I had read of other people's experience, and already much of the impression wears off. I perceive, indeed, that small as it may seem to oriental eyes, and, above all, after the city of palaces, Glasgow has in reality increased very considerably, both as to extent and as to splendour of building, since my day. The streets and squares that have been added during my absence are exceedingly airy and handsome, and cannot but convey large ideas of the commercial enterprise that has been going on, and the prosperity that has attended it. I confess, however, that the alterations made in the ancient part of the town are little to my taste. I miss a great proportion of those queer lofty old tenements, that gave to what are still the principal steets their most peculiar air and character. There used, for example, to be gaps every here and there, in the main line of building, behind which one saw retired houses, the *insulæ* of the mercantile aristocracy of the former time, with small garden-courts, and occasionally a few fine stately trees in front of them.

These are all gone, or concealed behind immense new piles of half a dozen stories in height, daubed over with *sign-boards* from the cellar to the garret. An old church projected considerably into the chief street —it is taken down, but the tower has been spared.

Enormous windows, however, have been opened in its grey sides, and these are filled with a grand display of "Ladies' Boots and Shoes." Another remarkable feature was a most austere and grim-looking jail of, I suppose, three hundred years standing, with turrets and battlements, and innumerable little black grated windows. This also has fallen; but they have set up in its stead a something of the same size, very new, very white, but equipped with turrets and battlements, and intended, no doubt, to be as like the old building as might be becoming in the architecture of a more enlightened age. It, too, is shop from buttress to pinnacle, and all over in a blaze with apothecaries' green bottles, expanded silks, perfumery apparatus, —gilded lambs, grapes, lions—and a galaxy of insurance-tickets. What a contrast between these smug busy faces, continually glancing about, and the pale sallow visages that one used to catch a dim glimpse of now and then between the rusty bars of the old den of misery! I know not, after all, whether I regret *this* change. It was often a horrible thought to me, I well remember, that some poor fettered wretch, who knew he must be hanged within a week or two, might be coiled up within sight and hearing of all the glitter and bustle of that gay and crowded resort.

There is a very odd mixture of feelings in the recognizing of old friends with new faces—and this it has been sufficiently my luck to experience within these three days. Thin airy striplings, transformed into broad, bulky, solid-looking citizens—the light bloom of careless sixteen replaced by the settled flush of luxurious six-and-thirty—the mingled air of habitual care and habitual comfort, in place of that buoyant levity of

eye speaking utter recklesness alike as to the mind and the body. I have come home ten years too late. *Twenty* years can improve no one that begins with a greater stock than *five*—and I suspect, after all, that twenty years of ledgers and rum-punch are at least as dangerous to manly beauty as a similar course of campaigning and claret, to say nothing of vertical suns and horizontal *hookahs*. I, for one, would rather carry this lemon-coloured face about with me than have squeezed their lemons. It is evident that I am considered as a sad wreck here—No matter. Give me a wrinkle any day of the year rather than a pimple, say I.

Truly I find sad havoc among my "old familiar faces." A new race of men appears to occupy the streets;—the "crown of the causeway" boasts no longer the stately tenants, whose forms my imagination had blended inextricably with its proud elevation. Where is the voluminously decorous periwig, topped with the umbrageous cocked hat, that announced the approaching doctor of divinity, and, *dictu citius*, hushed into a whisper the noisiest cackle of the gayest circle of loungers? Where the authoritative step of that genuine generation of provosts, any one of whom would have deemed it a scarcely less heinous indignity to appear on this Trongate *in cuerpo*, than out of black velvet? Where, oh where, the pointed cane, the ruffled wrist-band, the "long-resounding march and energy divine" of Captain Paton? Where are ye, ye "ANCIENTS," proud and worthy of the name? Where are

"Lieutenant-colonel Corbet and his rifle-men,
That took up the sword when they laid down the pen?"

Where is the other hero of the same indigenous muse,

> " Brave Colonel Geddes, on his black horse,—
> Not forgetting the gallant Major Corse?"

Where is the almost solitary coach, and the day-daring white nightcap of that hoary, hospitable, generous Amphytrion, who could not dine unless his table were filled; and drove, day after day, all the year round, to " the coffee-room," to bring home exactly as many hungry friends (how could such a man have enemies?) as he had unoccupied covers? Where is now the ample cloak,—never was Roman toga nor Greek pallium more august in fold and sweep,—of that great septuagenarian Æsculapius, who strode here perpetually, before the eyes of all men, a living type of wealth, health, vigour, and dignity,—the visible possessor, in his own person, of some charm potent over all cares, maladies, and even, as it seemed, length of days? All gone! alas! every one. I cannot discover a single single-breasted coat—a single white wig—scarcely a single *queue,* in all the place. Even powder itself has been discarded—and a man in knee-breeches and lambs' wool stockings is a *rara avis.* Bailies themselves wrap their nether bulks in Cossacks; nay, I have seen a D.D. in Wellingtons!

> " It is not, nor it cannot come to, good——"

Of course, one of the first things I did after coming to this town, was to go and take a look of the university, where I spent many really delightful days; and many that, though rather dull in passing, have long since come to be very pleasing in the retrospect. Here also I found sad changes of all sorts. The inner

court, where I have so often paced, has lost its primitive Gothic air altogether; for, though three sides stand *in statu quo*, the fourth has been replaced by a new building of a totally different style of architecture, sufficiently tall and massive to make the antique remains adjoining appear mean as well as mutilated, and exhibiting certainly no very redeeming beauties in itself. To me—this work has broken much of the old charm—the "*severi religio loci*" hardly lingers where it reigned. I must confess, however, that some amends are made by the beautiful museum which now graces the garden behind. This building had barely risen above the surface of the ground when I left Scotland. I remember the people were busy about its foundation that gloomy morning when the news of Trafalgar was received by us all, men and boys, with more of sadness, I think, at least of a solemn and awful feeling, than of joy and triumph. I shall never forget the face with which the celebrated John Young, professor of Greek, came out bareheaded, with the newspaper in his hand, to read the Gazette to the whole crowd of *Togati*.

He too is no more,—he has been dead these several years. I knew that very well—and yet, I know not how, it seemed to me, as I passed beneath the old black archway, that John Young's figure must still be part and parcel of "the college." I could not help looking up to his accustomed window,—a pretty young lady was watering some flowers in it. A name I had never heard of was on the door.

They have no picture of Mr Young—which I much wonder at. I think, if I were a limner, I could paint him myself,—so intensely accurate and alive to this hour is my recollection of him. And yet, what painter, un-

less he were allowed at least half-a-dozen pieces of canvass, could ever have given any thing like an adequate notion of that extraordinary physiognomy? The sharp, shrewd, knowing, inquisitive, hair-splitting look of his countenance, in one of its moods, was the most egregious of all possible contrasts to the high, melancholy, earnest enthusiasm of it in another; and between these there was a world of shadings, each deserving of being fixed by the hand of a master. I would have given something, nevertheless, for the merest daub that had preserved any thing like a shadow of his features, together with (what nobody could have failed to hit) the most picturesque profusion of grey hairs,—the brisk-looking little pigtail,—the enormous striped waistcoat,—and those never-failing Hessian boots, of which we knew the shuffle and clank two quadrangles off.

Young sleeps with his fathers,—and close beside him sleeps his old friend, rival, and fellow-labourer, Richardson. We (boys) respected them both, loved them both, and of course gave them both nicknames. With us the one was always *Cocky*, the other *Billy*,—that is a sort of tax which all pædagogical authority must pay; nay, perhaps I might go farther. Napoleon was always *the Corporal*, and Wellington *Hooknose*, or, at best *old Douro*, among his soldiery. These two professors were the very antipodes of each other—almost in every thing. Young was short, squat, and awkward in person,—slovenly, very slovenly, in attire,—hurried in gesture and walk,—and, in manner, vivacious to the last degree, and *brusque*. He had a great deal of the shrewdness and craft of the man of the world,—and had many by no means scholastic tastes and accomplishments about him—particularly mu-

sic, in which he was a perfect enthusiast; but he never could speak three syllables without betraying the habits of uninterrupted dissertation and unquestioned authority. How could it be otherwise? he had been a professor, and nothing but a professor, almost from his boyhood. Mr Richardson, on the other hand, had travelled in his youth;—he had even been secretary to an ambassador,—at least such is my impression,—and had, moreover, the reputation (I dare say most absurdly unfounded) of having been, in his day, a *gay* character in more senses of the word than one. He was a poet too, and had acquired a name in the world of *belles lettres* by some contributions to the Mirror and Lounger, and some really admirable essays on Shakspeare's characters,—(that on Hamlet, by the way, still keeps its place). Lastly, Mr Richardson had an elegant little estate and residence on the shores of Loch Lomond, and played the country-gentleman one-half of his year. Thus, he would have taken it much amiss to be considered any thing like a mere professor of Glasgow college; and, to do him justice, though he was a most excellent professor, he was widely distinguished from most of his class by the style of his general appearance, manners, and, I believe indeed, habits of all sorts. He was a bachelor, and a dandy, in his way, of the first water. I can suppose Gray the poet to have had something of the same air, though Richardson was neither so slim nor so diminutive in his person. When dressed, he wore grand black satin breeches and buckles, and sea-green or snuff-coloured silk stockings with gorgeously-wrought clocks. He had a delicate rosy complexion, as I remember him,—a truly gentleman-like expression of face, though somewhat prim, no doubt,—a

beautifully-curled white wig, with a noble toupee in front,—and a ponderous queue behind,—the same sort of *chevelure*, in short, that one sees in the prints of Frederick of Prussia. Nothing could surpass the bland courtesy, and, to us lads, condescension of his address. He used to invite us occasionally to his suppers, and then he was completely the courtier in manner, setting us all perfectly at our ease, and taking part in *our* conversation (for he took care it should be *ours*) with the utmost frankness and hilarity. If old people and great people only knew how easily they can make young people and small people happy!

Richardson was a high Tory—Young, I think, a keen Whig; but as to politics, I neither knew nor cared more about them, in those days, than about Sanscrit or Pehlavi.

I knew only one more of the professors,—Mr Jardine,—and he, I was glad to find, still flourishes in good health and a green old age, though retired from the more active part of his duties. He walked past me as I was lounging about the place yesterday, and I saw wonderfully little change in him; for I take it your professor of sixty looks quite as old to a boy, as your professor of eighty can ever do to a man. The venerable old gentleman gave me one of his usual benign glances, but evidently recognised nothing in my person; and, being very doubtful whether he would have recollected my name any more, had I introduced myself, I made him a profound bow and said nothing. Long may he continue to enjoy the recollections of his exemplary and most useful career! I believe few teachers ever did so much for the intellect of so many.

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF AROS.

FROM THE GAELIC.

MACLEOD of Dunvegan,
There's a curse lies upon thee,
For the slaughter of Lauchlan,
Little honour it won thee.

Little honour it won thee,
For smooth was thy greeting;
Thou wert bid to the feast,
In the hall was your meeting.

In the hall was your meeting,
But thou stain'd'st it with slaughter;
When there's blood on the hearth,
Who can wash it with water?

Who can wash it with water,
Though it flow as in furrows,
Or bring joy to the children
Of desolate Aros?

Upon desolate Aros
There is wailing and weeping,
For the chief of her nobles
In the dark chamber sleeping.

In the dark chamber sleeping
  Lies our curly-tress'd warrior,
In the day of the battle
  Our bulwark and barrier.

Our bulwark, our barrier!
  Oh! the mother that bore thee,
How she wept in her anguish
  When the turf was laid o'er thee!

When the turf was laid o'er thee,
  With the nurse that had rear'd thee,
Wept the maiden that loved,
  And the race that revered thee.

The race that revered thee,
  On the heath and the billow,
Saw thy chamber of silence,
  And the dust of thy pillow!

SERENADE.

FROM GOETHE.

From thy white pillow, gentle Maid,
O lend me half thy dreaming ear;
'Tis the old air—the air so oft I've play'd:
Sleep, Clara, sleep!—dream on, yet dimly hear.

'Tis the old air so oft I've play'd,
That pleases best thy waking ear;
Yon bright stars hear it now, and bless my Maid:
Sleep, Clara, sleep!—dream on, yet dimly hear.

Yon sister angels bless my Maid;
They watch her from their dark-blue sphere;
For her they sanctify the midnight shade:
Sleep, Clara, sleep!—dream on, yet dimly hear.

They sanctify this midnight shade;
They make my spirit calm and clear;
High holy thoughts thy lover's breast pervade:
Sleep, Clara, sleep!—dream on, yet dimly hear.

High holy thoughts my breast pervade,
Mine eye drops many a solemn tear;
Sure half thy soul is with me, dreaming Maid:
Sleep, Clara!—all is good when thou art near.

POETRY AND PROSE.

POETRY is distinct from prose composition in its purpose and character.

The general purpose of poetry has been to give an ideal representation of that which we know; to shew, as imagination may conceive them, the same objects which are known in their reality to experience. And if we look to the principal works of poetry which we possess, of those nations who have much cultivated the art, we shall find that this description will generally comprehend them. For the matter of such poems is the events of human life, the history of nations, men's passions, characters, their individual story, and beyond human life, the whole face of external nature, and all her hidden powers: and again beyond nature, whatever is conceived by us of immaterial existence. In fewer words, all existence, which, when contemplated by intellect, becomes the matter of our knowledge,—or of our belief, which is presumed knowledge,—when contemplated by imagination, may become the matter of poetry.

The matter of poetry, then, as it subsists in nature, and the matter of knowledge, are the same: it is in the mode of conceiving that there is the distinction.

In the most cultivated literature of various coun-

tries we have no difficulty in recognising this distinction; but as we go higher into the early poetry of nations, we seem to lose it; for we find the matter of their poetry to be at times, and to a great extent, identical with the matter of their knowledge and belief: their poetry containing often a faithful record of their life and of their knowledge. But this is because in such early states of human life there is not the same division of intellect from imagination which takes place in its progress, imagination being much more prevalent over real life, and blending itself with the action of life and the observation of experience, so that, to the men themselves, the conceptions of imagination and their best knowledge were indeed the same; the reality of life was moulded to imagination: —and so far the mere transcript of their knowledge was at once poetry.

When we enter into the more particular examination of the poetry of cultivated ages, we shall find that here too the distinction is not universal: that there is a limited small portion even of their poetical composition which may be said to belong to real life: such poetry as was breathed by strong individual passion. And the explanation is the same. For, under the force of strong passion, imagination enters into our ordinary life, colouring, transforming its objects, and making our believed knowledge consonant to imagination: that is, the ready matter of poetry.

But further still, it is to be observed, that although, when we set experience and imagination in opposition to one another, we always suppose in imagination an illusion, yet there are occasions also in all human life,

when the conceptions of imagination are not illusory: there are objects of our thought and even sense, which are only justly understood, or conceived of by us, when imagination in its highest degree blends with intellect:—in such cases our real knowledge and our conception of imagination are coincident; and if our conceptions are put into language, they are poetry without departing from reality.

But these exceptions, it will easily be seen, are not at variance with the principle, that the purpose of poetry is to give an ideal representation of the matter of our knowledge; for in all these cases our knowledge itself is already ideal. Just as in Nature we sometimes see great and beautiful forms, which, as they exist, are ideal, and which the sculptor or painter in imitating would not dare to change. They are, indeed, important evidence of the fact, that the matter of poetry among all nations has been the world of existence, as it is beheld by imagination.

Agreeably to this, it will be found, that, when in the progress of refinement, imagination becomes separated from real life, and is carried over in a great measure into the department of art, and is conceived of, among those in whom cultivation is the highest, as a faculty for artificial delight,—not as a power of the natural life,—that, even then the poetry which imagination, in art, produces, does not possess its substance in pure invention. But imagination looks back to reality; and from those earlier simpler times, when it was not divided from truth, it takes its chief and favourite matter, imitating for art the vanished realities of a more powerful nature; and thus the tradi-

tions of a credulous and wondering age are received as historical in poetry, and their superstitions are preserved as a poetical faith.

Poetry, then, is language given to the conceptions of imagination. Of the constitution of this language a few words may be added; but revert for a short time to what has now been said of the illusions of imagination allowed in poetry.

It appears, then, that what we require, and all men have required in poetry, is, that imagination should be satisfied. If it can be satisfied with realities, that is sufficient. If not, illusions are required. In all conditions of society, *both* kinds of poetry are known. In the earliest times, there is less occasion for the illusions of poetry, because there is much more of imaginative reality. But even there the world of reality, enlarged as it is with ideal beliefs, does not satisfy the boundless imagination. And accordingly, in all times, even the earliest, that singular disposition of mind, which we observe among cultivated men, has accompanied poetry, namely, the willingness and the ability to be deceived for a while by illusions, which are known as such, but which are admitted for the time as truth. Poetry has always been among men in the midst of the life which they govern by experience, the exemption of the mind for a time from its knowledge, and the authorising, during that short while, the illusory belief of imagination. And all poetry may be divided into those two kinds,—one where, as the proper language of men, it has been used in the proper ministries of human life; and the other where, as a delightful art, it has been sought to withdraw men for a while from the power of reality,

being used at times when they were at liberty so to withdraw themselves, illusion being authorised for its hour to speak as truth in the ears of men, to whom at all other times it is the most important object to govern their minds by reality.

The language of poetry has been suited to its matter. It is properly song. Originally it was language, accompanied by the music of an instrument, and imitating that harmony, the music of the voice itself. It had therefore a measure falling in with the music. The measure remains, recalling and expressing the original song; but as song itself has been removed, the more studied harmony of language has taken its place.

The words,—the composition of the discourse,—have been almost from the beginning removed from the language of ordinary life. In part, because the very transport of the mind, given up to imagination, suggested a different and a loftier, a prouder language than that of men's intercourse; and in part, because the art of the poet, pursuing this suggestion, would expressly seek to widen this division, as soon as it was even indistinctly perceived that there was in poetry a separation of the mind from the reality of life; any thing of an authorised dominion of illusion; that the language itself, bursting as it were the bonds of habitual association, might make way for the liberty of imagination; that the very strain of discourse, as well as its measure and its accompanying melody, might announce to the hearer the hour of illusion, and claim the privileges of the song.

The measure and the lofty strain have remained

together. A language, distinct in all its structure from the language of men's discourse, has been from the earliest to the latest times of art the language of poetry; and the purpose and effect of that language has been, throughout the same, to release the mind from the chains of the common associations of life, and leave it open and free to the access of poetry.

The language, then, has held due correspondence with the matter of poetry. It has been an ideal language; and if, in the unskilfulness or license of art, the endeavour to idealize the language has been carried to excess, and systems of language extremely artificial have been framed, even this has been indulged to poetry. The poet has been left master of his language; the minds of his hearers have not revolted; they have made effort over themselves to accompany him, and bent themselves to the pleasure it was his purpose to prepare for them.

To shew in what way such a language could be derived and constructed from the real language of men, so as to be separated from it, and yet not to lose hold of the natural sympathy which accompanies it, might be a difficult task; but it is enough at present to refer to the fact.

Hitherto we have spoken of poetry in gross, if we may say so: as, in the scheme of social life, a part of its recognised pleasures. And a little recollection of history will suffice to shew, how important and honoured a part of the pleasures of a nation it has been. Remember the tragedies of Greece, which, in their performance, were national solemnities: the minstrels of different ages, who make a part of national manners. In the early and middle ages of society, the whole

social frame has such structure, the pursuits and pleasures of men are so allotted in custom and institution, that any pleasure to which the genius of a people is bent takes its marked and recognised place in their system of life. And we see poetry placed as an object of common regard to high and low; and holding its office of ministering to them all a common delight.

As civilization multiplies the separations of men, and brings them wider asunder, rending the texture of their common life, this sympathy in avocations and pleasures is taken away, and recognised customs disappear.—Poetry remains; but its character is changed. It breaks into different kinds. It remains to the people; and it remains to the classes of highest cultivation. But to these it becomes a new art—moulding to them its character and purposes,—though retaining its original essential spirit.

In speaking of poetry as an art, in general it is of this new and cultivated poetry, in the literature of highly-cultivated nations, that we speak.

From the beginning, the purpose of poetry was to seize the mind of the hearer with a sort of transport: and by violence to open the mind to conceptions not its own, to possess it by sympathy, and by force of that sympathy to dilate and exalt it with a rapture of unwonted emotions and greater thoughts. The music and the song which bound the senses in delight aided this purpose; and the occasions themselves were generally those which gave up the heart to the joy of its own sensation. But the music, the song, and the dance, are gone: the occasion of stated solemnity or glee has passed away: the throng that hung around,

kindling each other's sympathy, have disappeared; and the poet of a lettered people writes to the lettered student. Still the purpose is the same, to hold the mind spell-bound in the transport of its own strong conceptions; but the methods of poetry are different: her extraneous aids have left her; and she must now bring forth to the utmost the intrinsic resources of her art.

In its highest advancement of art, poetry therefore takes more unity; being separated from the life of the people, it is made in a manner more self-dependent; it must bring its own essential interest as an art to the highest state to compensate the interest that deserts it. The productions of poetry must become perfect works of perfect art, otherwise they fail to effect their object, and are valueless.

In the first place, we may say generally of the system of such an art, that it rests itself solely upon the illusion of imagination. This is its essential principle; but the first essential requisite to this illusion is unity. Inconsistency will not destroy truth, but it will destroy illusion. To produce unity the principle of illusion must be studied.

In the next place, poetry is now much more intellectual; it has to deal with much more cultivated and more jealous intellect, and to bind it in the chains of illusion. It speaks no longer to an impassioned, but to an intellectual imagination. It must spin, like the enchantress, invisible threads,—weave a more subtle work.

The highest powers of art, and the most perfect illustration of its laws, ought therefore to be found in the poetry of civilized ages.

Through all ages alike the purpose of the poet is to transport the mind of his hearer with his own conceptions,—to fill, dilate, exalt, possess it,—to pour his spirit into their bosoms. He knows he has their willing sympathy; he dares to trust himself to his spirit, to pour out his conceptions. He yields himself to the transport of his own conceptions, and wishes no power but what is in them. If he can give them voice, they will master the spirits of his hearer. It is not he that speaks, but a power that speaks through him, and he is but the organ of inspiration. If he can but infuse into language the rapture that trembles through his frame,—if he can but shape the picture of thought to its own gigantic dimensions,—his work is done. And this may be stated, as far as the intention of the poet in his language is concerned, to be his great law,—to depicture his conceptions to the very life in his words. And from this purpose, in part, arises the peculiar character of the language of poetry.

It is not to be supposed that the poet of the most cultivated people is a mere artist, who, in the consciousness of his perfect skill, superior to the transport he kindles in others, frames his skilful song by the mere mastery of his art; but, fine as his art may be, and studious his skill, he is still borne away by his own transport, and as his words prompt themselves to his lips, he receives them with delight. He does not foresee them; his conceptions and his words rise up together upon his mind, and the art which we admire is often unconscious of itself while it frames its works. But that exquisite and subtle skill is grafted into it, lives in it, and, inspired itself, ministers in delight to the inspirations of thought.

The language exquisitely framed, yet flows naturally, following thought.

Certainly the most exquisite adaptation possible of language to express perfectly the delicate motions of the mind, is to be found in the poetry of highest cultivation; and if it had no other purpose, this purpose infusing itself through its whole structure, even into the minutest parts, would give it such laws and rights of its own as must effectually separate it from the laws of men's ordinary language, and, even in their highest purposes of discourse, would separate the proper language of poetry from the language of prose.

For what is men's purpose in that discourse to which we give the name of prose?

Such discourse is used by men in society to transact the purposes of their life,—of that life which they govern by knowledge and experience. The spirit, then, which speaks, is not liberated from knowledge, but under strictest subjection to it. It speaks not by imagination, but by experience. The eloquence of such discourse is not merely delight and transport breathed from one mind to another; but one man stands up in the assembly of his people to persuade them to his own purposes; he sees them agitated with unruly passions, and he rises up to awe, to control, to bind them down;—or, perhaps, he would inflame their minds;—he has purposes of great daring, and he would rouse up their spirit to bear them into execution. But shall he dare to give himself up to the language of his heart? and, when he calls on the council of the nation to resolve with his will, shall he plead to them only by the transports of his passion? He has the authority of his own character and person

to maintain; he has their judgment to hold in bondage, when the flame of their passion has died away; he calls on men, met in grave deliberation on their own welfare, to use their power, at utmost peril, in obedience to his mind. Will they be moved, or will he dare to move them, by the mere fervour of his own imagination? They govern their actions by their understanding, and it is to their reason he must speak; it is by argument he must sway their minds, and, if there be passions that he can touch, and imagination that he can exalt, he must veil passion and imagination under the disguise of reason.

And thus it appears that, in all those occasions of natural eloquence in which the eloquence of the ordinary language of men was formed, there are laws derived from circumstances belonging to the social life of men, to the occasion, the purpose, the person of the hearer, of the speaker, and, above all, to that spirit of reality under which they are met together. He is speaking by intellect, and not by imagination, and that is the first great distinction lying in the matter of the composition; but, more than that, he is not endeavouring, which, speaking to intellect he might do, to depicture in the most perfect expression the conceptions and workings of his own mind, but these he would often hide, these he will shew only in very secondary degree, under subordination to many considerations, local, personal, and of the purpose of his discourse.

This, then, gives the distinctive characters of the composition of poetry and prose composition as affecting language. One is free, the other under restraint. In one, the highest law is the poet's mind, which is

to subject every thing to it; in the other, the highest law is in the minds of others to which the speaker's mind is subjected. And, expressly as to language, the purpose of the poet is to frame his words to the most vivid and full representation of his conceptions. The speaker must not dare to do so, or he would forfeit his personal estimation with those to whom he speaks: he cannot do so; for, in truth, he bears in his own mind a purpose which is to himself of far greater importance, and which powerfully diverts him from such study of the workings of his own imagination.

The result shews it, that, in reading poetry, the mind feels the fulness of its dilated power; in reading the eloquence of prose, it feels itself subjected to the time and necessity.

SONG OF THE GIPSY KING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

'Tis I am the Gipsy King,
And where is the king like me?
No trouble my dignities bring;
No other is half so free.
In my kingdom there is but one table,
All my subjects partake in my cheer;
We would all have Champaigne were we able;
As it is, we have plenty of beer;
And 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

II.

A king, and a true one, am I:
No courtiers nor ministers here;
I see every thing with my own eye,
And hear every thing with my own ear.
No conspiracies I apprehend,
Among brothers and equals I rule;
We all help both to gain and to spend,
And get drunk when the treasury's full;
And 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

III.

I confess that I am but a man,
My failings who pleases may know;
I am fond of my girl and my cann,
And jolly companions a-rowe.
My subjects are kind to me,
They don't grudge me the largest glass,
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
At this moment, the prettiest lass;
For 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

IV.

Ne'er a king do I envy, nor keyser,
That sits on a golden throne,
And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,—
Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
To sit all the night through in a crown,
I've a notion mine ears 'twould freeze;
But I pull my old nightcap down,
And tipple and smoke at my ease;
For 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMBSTONE IN THE CHURCHYARD AT HOCHHEIM.*

THIS grave holds Caspar Schink, who came to dine
And taste the noblest vintage of the Rhine.
Three nights he sat, and thirty bottles drank,
Then lifeless by the board of Bacchus sank.
One only comfort have we in the case,—
The trump will raise him in the proper place.

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* Hochheim is a village where one of the best species of Rhenish is produced, and from the name of which our generic *Hock* is derived.

THE EPITAPH OF DE RANZAU.

[The Mareschale Compte de Ranzau was a Swede, who accompanied Oxenstiern to Paris, and was taken into the French service by Louis XIII. He died of hydrophobia in 1650. He had been in innumerable battles,—had lost an eye and two limbs,—and his body was found to be entirely covered with scars.]

" Du corps du grand Ranzau il n'y a qu'une des parts ;
L'autre moitié resta dans les plaines de Mars.
Il dispersa partout ses membres et sa gloire ;
Tout abattu qu'il fut il demeura vainqueur ;
Son sang fut en cent lieux le prix de sa victoire,
Et Mars ne lui laissa d'entier que le cœur."

Stop, passenger ! this stone below
Lies half the body of Ranzau.
The other moiety's scatter'd far
And wide o'er many a field of war ;
For to no land the hero came
On which he shed not blood and fame.
Mangled or maim'd each meaner part,—
One thing remained entire,—his heart.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

I.

" Omnia, qui dixit, mea mecum porto, videtur
Uxorem sapiens non habuisse Bias."

I bear my all about me, said·
Wise Bias. Was Wise Bias wed?

II.

Ad Claram.

" Dant oculi mortem, dant, Clara, tua oscula vitam ;
Sic sæpe ut vivam, sic volo sæpe mori."

Your eyes bring death, your kisses life.—O give
Thus, Clara, oft to die, thus oft to live.

III.

" Sylvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit unquam.
Mortuus at gratis quod legis ista dolet."

Here rests old Mammon,—hard his fate is,
That folks sholud read his tombstone—gratis.

IV.

" Membrifragus Bacchus cum Membrifragâ Cytherea
Progeniunt gnatam, Membrifragam Podagram."

Aliter.

" Nascitur ex Venere et Baccho, solventibus artus,
Filia quæ solvit Membra, Podagra, virûm."

Quoth Bacchus *to my Lady* Venus,
We've got a thriving child between us ;
Our feats were pretty well, no doubt,
But 'faith, my dear, we yield to Gout.

V.

" Hic sum,post vitam miseramque inopemque sepultus.
Nomen ne quæras, Lector—Di te male perdant!"

I loathe this grave—yet life was worse.
You ask my name, sir ?—Take my curse !

VI.

Three times old Isaac had gone down,
When Fortune brought a generous clown,

Who, fearless of the furious tide,
Plunged in, and snatched him to the side,
And, dripping, to the distant door,
A shuddering, shivering burden bore.
His well-chafed limbs, with flannels spread,
Were soon deposited in bed.
Then turned old Isaac's grateful wife
To the preserver of his life;
Her hands a brimming glass supplied—
"No—not *that* bottle!" Isaac groaned—and died.

VII.

"Eripuit vitam sibi fur; vis noscere causam?
Tortoris nummos maluit esse suos."

JAIL-CHAPLAIN.

Cut his own throat? my blood you freeze!

KETCH.

Confound the scrub!—He grudged our *fees.*

VIII.

"Ne rideas solus—nam risus solius oris
Pravus vel stultus reputabitur omnibus horis."

Which lends thy cheek this solitary smile—
A brain of folly—or a breast of bile?

The Essence of Opera.*

Imogene et Almanzor,

Sujet de cet Opera.

Un jeune Prince Americain
Adore une jeune Princesse ;
Cet Amant, qui perit au milieu de la piece,
Par le secours d'un Dieu ressuscite â la fin.

Prologue.

UN MUSICIEN.

Peuples entrez ; que l'on s'avance.
(*Aux chanteurs*)
Vous, tâchez de prendre le temps.
(*Aux danseurs*)
Vous, le jarret tendu, partez bien en cadence.
Celebrons le bonheur des fidèles amans !

---

* Nobody ever claimed this once celebrated, but long since forgotten, *jeu d'esprit.*

Acte I.

IMOGENE.

Cher Prince, on nous unit !

ALMANZOR.

J'en suis ravi, Princesse !

LES DEUX.

Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre alégresse !

Le CHŒUR.

Chantons, dansons, montrons notre alégresse !

Acte II.

IMOGENE.

Amour !

(*Tumulte de guerre. Le Prince paraît, poursuivi par ses Ennemis. Combat. La Princesse s'evanouit. Le Prince est tué.*)

Cher Prince !

ALMANZOR.

Helas !

IMOGENE.

Quoi !

ALMANZOR.

J'expire.

IMOGENE.

O Malheur !
Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre douleur !

LE CHŒUR.

Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur !

Acte III.

(*PALLAS dans un nuage. A Almanzor.*)

Pallas te rend le jour !

IMOGENE.

Ah ! quel moment !

ALMANZOR.

Ou suis-je ?

LES TROIS.

Peuples, chantez, dansez, célébrez ce prodige !

LE CHŒUR.

Chantons, dansons, célébrons ce prodige !

SONG FROM THE NORMAN-FRENCH.

In a late number of the Quarterly Review, there is a paper which contains much curious information as to the ancient state of the law in England—and, above all, the very ancient standing of the complaints as to "the law's delay."

In treating of certain abuses which obtained, to a very crying extent, in the time of King Edward the First, the reviewer introduces an old Anglo-Norman ballad of the period, strikingly illustrative of the popular feeling of the period. He ought to have given a translation of it also; for it is not every reader, even of the Quarterly Review, that can be expected to comprehend that exploded dialect. However, as he has not done this, we see no good reason why another should not.

We accordingly now reprint the original, and subjoin thereto a version as literal as may be, and in the same metre,—the good old ballad-metre, which was once well-pleasing in the ears alike of French and English.

The Quarterly Reviewer thus introduces the ditty:

"Some remedies (for these evils in the administration of provincial justice) were afforded by the Eyre,

when the judges made their circuits through the land, and inquired into and punished all wrongs and oppressions; and various extraordinary commissions to the same effect were issued from time to time. The most celebrated of these were the commissions of Trail-baston, which, according to Lord Coke, were so called 'because they proceeded as speedily as one might draw or trail a staffe.' But, in spite of these, we collect, from a ballad of that day, (no weak evidence in such a matter), that much evil remained unredressed, and that juries still lay under heavy imputations of corruption. We think our readers will agree with us, that it is very beautiful and picturesque, though written with almost a homely simplicity; and it is at all events valuable as speaking popular sentiments and feelings."

BALLAD.

'Qaraunte souz prenent pur ma raunsoun;
E le Viscounte vint souz, a son guerdoun,
Qu'il ne me mette en profounde prisoun:
Ore agardez Seigneurs, est ce resoun?

'Pur ce me tendroi al vert bois, soutz le jolyf umbray,
La n'y a fauceté, ne nulle male lay;
En le bois de Bel-regard ou vole le jay,
E chaunte russinole touz jours santz delay.

'Mes le male doseyne, dount Dieu n'eit ja pieté,
Parmi lur fauce bouches me ount endité,
De male robberies e autre mavesté,
Qi je n'ose entre mes amis estre recepté.

' J'ai servi my sire le Roy, en pees e en guere,
En Flaundres, en Escoce, en Gascoyne sa terre ;
Mes ore ne me sai je point chevisaunce fere,
Tot mon temps ay mis en veyn, pur tiel home plere.

' Si ses *maveis jurours* ne se vueillent amender,
Qe je pus a mon pais chevalcher e aller,
Si je les pus ateindre, la teste lur froi voler,
De touz lur menaces ne dorroi un dener.

' Vous qy estes endite je lou venez a moy
Al vert bois de Bel-regard, la n'y a nul ploy,
Forsque beste savage e jolyf umbroy
Car trop est dotouse la commune loy.

' Si je soi compagnoun, e sache de archerye,
Mon veisyn irra disaunt,—cesti est de compaignie,
De aler bercer a bois, e fere autre folye.
Que ore vueille vivre come pork merra sa vye.

' Si je sache plus de ley, qe ne sevent eux,
Yl dirrount,—cesti conspyratour comence de estre faus.
E le Heyre n'aprocheroy de dix lywes ou deus ;
De tous veysinages hony-scient ceux !

' Je prie tote bone gent qe pur moi vueillent prier
Qu je pus a mon pais aler e chyvaucher,
Unqe ne fu homicide, certes a moun voler,
Ne male robberes pur gent damager.

' C'est rym fust fet al bois desouz un lorer,
La chaunte merle, e russinole, e eyre l'esperver.
Escrit estoit en parchemyn pur mout remembrer,
E gitte en haut chemyn qe um le dust trover.'

TRANSLATION.

'Tis forty pennies that they ask, a ransom fine for me;
And twenty more, 'tis but a score, for my lord sheriff's fee:
Else of his deepest dungeon the darkness I must dree;
Is this of justice, masters?—Behold my case and see.

For this I'll to the greenwood,—to the pleasant shade away;
There evil none of law doth wonne, nor harmful perjury.
I'll to the wood, the pleasant wood, where freely flies the jay;
And, without fail, the nightingale is chaunting of her lay.

But for that cursed *dozen*, God shew them small pitie;
Among their lying voices they have indicted me,
Of wicked robberies and other felonie,
That I dare no more, as heretofore, among my friends to be.

In peace and war my service my Lord the King hath ta'en,
In Flanders and in Scotland, and Gascoyne his domain;
But now I'll never, well I wiss, be mounted man again,
To pleasure such a man as this I've spent much time in vain.

But if these cursed *jurors* do not amend them so,
That I to my own country may freely ride and go,

The head that I can come at shall jump when I've my
blow,
Their menacings, and all such things, them to the
winds I throw.

All ye who are indicted, I pray you come to me,
To the green wood, the pleasant wood, where's neither
suit nor plea;
But only the wild creatures, and many a spreading tree;
For there's little in the common law but doubt and
misery.

If meeting a companion, I shew my archery,
My neighbour will be saying, " he's of some com-
pany—
He goes to cage him in the wood, and worke his old
foléye;
For men will hunt me like the boar, and life's no life
for me.

If I should seem more cunning about the law than
they,
" Ha! ha! some old conspirator, well train'd in tricks,"
they'll say;
O whereso'er doth ride the Eyre, I must keep well
away:—
Such neighbourhood I hold not good, shame fall on
such I pray.

I pray you all, good people, to say for me a prayer;
That I in peace may once again to my own land repair:
I never was a homicide, not with my will I swear,
Nor robber, Christian folk to spoil, that on their way
did fare.

This rhyme was made within the wood, beneath a
broad bay-tree;
There singeth merle and nightingale, and falcon soar-
eth free.
I wrote the skin, because within was much sore
memory,
And here I fling it by the wood, that found my rhyme
may be.

THE HISTORY OF ALISCHAR AND SMARAGDINE.

[The following is one of the tales of The Thousand and one Nights lately recovered in Egypt by M. von Hanmer, and translated by Professor Zinserling into the German language. No English version of the stories thus regained has as yet been published; but a friend of ours is at present occupied in preparing one for the press, and has kindly permitted us to print a specimen of his labours.

"The classical reader," says Von Hanmer, "will perhaps be surprised with meeting the word *Nepenthe* in the translation of an oriental tale. He will be still more so when he learns that that is the very word in the original. *Bendsh* is one name of the well-known soporiferous plant, the *Hyoscyamus*, and the plural of this in Coptic is *Nibendsch*. Recollecting that Helen brought her *Nepenthe* from Egypt, and finding that the *Bendsch* is still in high credit as an opiate in that very country, can we doubt that we have at last found the true etymon of a word which has ever puzzled the commentators of Homer, and indeed all the Greek lexicographers?—It remains for some future inquirer to discover, probably from some similar source, what the root *Moly* was."]

THERE lived once on a time, in the province of Khorassan, a rich merchant, to whom, in his sixtieth year, a son was born, and he called his name Alischar. Fifteen years afterwards the father died, but not without giving his son, in the hour of death, many excellent advices and moral instructions as to his conduct through life. Alischar buried his father,

and not long afterwards his mother also, and began to exercise diligently the trade which his parents had bequeathed to him. In this way a whole year was spent, without the least departure from the wise course of behaviour which his father had prescribed for him in his last moments. But unfortunately, ere many weeks more were gone, he fell into the company of certain vicious women, who seduced him into a life of such luxury and extravagance, that in a short time the money the old man had left him was entirely spent. Proceeding in the same follies, he by and bye was obliged to part with the shop itself,—the household furniture followed,—and, in a word, Alischar was left without anything he could call his own, except the bare roof over his head, and the clothes upon his back.

Having nothing wherewithal to still the cravings of hunger, the youth might now be seen daily roaming about the streets, idle and listless. One day in this sad condition he was loitering about in the great square of the city, when his attention was attracted by a crowd of people, who seemed to be gathered around one who sold some merchandise by auction. He drew near, and, mixing among the assemblage, saw that the business was the selling of a beautiful young slave, who stood in the midst with a form of the most fascinating elegance, cheeks that outshone the rose, and beauty more dazzling than the reflection of the full moon in a fountain of dissolved pearls. Scarcely had he looked upon her ere burning love seized him and mastered him; he knew not what to do or to say, but remained like a stone in the midst of the crowd, gazing. The by-standers, who were ignorant that Alischar had so soon dissipated

his patrimony, never doubted that he had come in order to be a bidder for the beautiful slave. The crier moved his situation so as to stand right opposite to him, with the girl in his hand, and began to call out the usual words more loudly than before,—" Ye rich merchants, ye honourable wholesale dealers, gentlemen all of worth and condition, what say ye for this brunette slave, who is the mistress of the moon of heaven, whose name is called Smaragdine, and whose fame is purer than the pearl in the depths of the Red Sea? Say your bidding, great and small."

At first five hundred and twenty-five ducats were offered, but immediately there came forward an old man, by name Beschadeddin, shapeless in his form and shuffling in his gait,—the aversion of every eye that rested on him. This old man came forward across the market-place, and offered without hesitation a thousand ducats. The crier cast his eyes around, but the former bidders remained silent, and then asked the master of the slave if he was satisfied with this offer. "I am," said the merchant, "but upon condition that the girl herself is so also; for I have sworn to her, that she shall be sold to no one for whose service she does not herself feel an inclination." Upon this the crier turned to the girl, and asked her what she had to say to the matter. She cast her bright eyes upon the hateful old man, and replied,—" Know ye not the verse of the old poet, how he says—

" I swear to thee by Him who made man out of nothing,
Grey hairs were never formed to give me delight;
Sooner would I twist my fingers amidst the dead leaves
That are about to fall from the tree, when the wind of winter
is blowing?"

"You are right," said the auctioneer, laughing, (and the master of the slave re-echoed his laugh and his answer); "let us see whether we cannot light upon a younger bidder." With that there drew near a man whose years were not few, but he had dyed his beard and moved trippingly. He also offered a thousand ducats; but at that moment Smaragdine began to recite as from the book of some poet, for the verses were in truth her own:—

"Say to him that dyes his beard, that I love not the false.
Deception is in him that conceals the works of God and Time.
He that disguises his countenance, how shall one put faith in his words?"

A third now came forward, but unfortunately he was one-eyed. The slave regarded him, and quoted, or seemed to quote, without hesitation—

"Avoid the one-eyed lover, maiden;
How shall he be thy safe guardian, fair woman?
Will he love thee better than the apple of his eye?'

"Look round you," said the crier; "is there none here that pleases you better;" and with this he pointed to a short stout man, whose beard was of unusual dimensions.

"Fie!" said the slave, "this is he whom the poet had in his eye when he sung—

"Providence has given my adorer too great an allowance of beard.
This bush resembles the night of winter,—long, black, and cold."

"Choose for yourself, girl," said the auctioneer

laughing more heartily than before; "I pray you, look round upon all the circle of the by-standers." The slave cast her eyes slowly around the company, and at last rested them upon Alischar, whose appearance had charmed her from the first moment.—"Mr crier," said she, "I will belong to no one but this handsome young man. It is of him that the poet was thinking when he wrote those verses:—

"Sorrow and pain fly from the loveliness of his countenance,
And pierce the hearts of the maidens every one.
Why are they not veiled deeply over the eyes?
Why court they destruction in gazing upon his beauty?

The water of his lip is more intoxicating than the juice of the vine;
The breath of his lip is like the odour of myrrh and camphor.
The watchmen of Paradise have driven him forth, lest he should seduce the Houris.
Men slander him; but the moon rises in heaven, and who will then believe that there is darkness?"

When she ceased from her recitation, her master drew near to Alischar, and said,—"Friend, you see what a wonder of beauty, education, and eloquence this slave is; and, if you got such a treasure for a thousand ducats, be assured you were a most fortunate man. I swear to you, that she can read the Koran in seven different methods,—that she excels equally in seven different styles of penmanship,—that she embroiders to admiration in silk, in silver, and in gold,—and that you will soon get your money out of her, if it were but by the sale of her works in the market-place." The crier also put in his word. "O sir," quoth he to Alischar, "it is obvious that Providence has an especial kindness for you: she is a pearl and a jewel. You are about to be the happiest of men."

Alischar could not help smiling when he heard all this. "How!" said he to himself, "last night I went supperless to bed, and yet these people all fancy I am in a condition to pay a thousand ducats for a dark-eyed slave!" He shook his head, for he would fain escape the pain of saying openly, that he was too poor to think of such a purchase.

"Quick," said the beautiful slave,—"let me speak to the young man myself; I must talk to him a little in private, for I am determined that he, and he only, shall buy me." The crier took her by the hand, and, leading her to Alischar, retired a few paces to allow them opportunity of conversation.

"Darling of my heart!" whispered she to the youth, "will you not buy me?" Alischar shook his head sorrowfully. "Aha!" said she, "I have it: perhaps you think I am too dear. Will you give nine hundred ducats for me?"—"No."—"eight hundred?"—"No."—"seven hundred?"—"No, no."—And in this way she came down to one hundred ducats, receiving always the same melancholy monosyllable in reply. "I have not an hundred ducats in the world," said Alischar; and a deep sigh came from his breast. "Perhaps you could give ninety?—eighty?—seventy?" At last he could not help himself, and whispered in her ear.—"Angel of light!" said he, "I have neither gold nor silver; not to talk of ducats, I have not a penny in the world: you must find another purchaser."—"Do what I bid you," answers she; "take hold of my hand, and kiss me on the side of the cheek, for that is the signal of the bargain being completed."

Alischar, scarcely conscious of his proceedings,

obeyed the girl. The instant afterwards she drew a purse from her bosom, and said,—"Take that, my love; you will find a thousand ducats in it; pay nine hundred to my master for me, and lead your new slave home with all speed."

When they came to the house, there was neither bed, sofa, table, nor dish in it. The slave instantly sent Alischar to the market to get a few necessary moveables and provisions. He did what she bade him. Smaragdine forthwith put the house in the nicest order, and set about dressing a little supper with the most exquisite skill. In short, they made themselves exceedingly happy until morning.

Smaragdine had no sooner risen than she set herself busily to work in embroidering a carpet. She represented on it all sorts of quadrupeds so skilfully, that one expected to see them move; and birds, so that it was a wonder one did not hear them singing. In the whole of this work she occupied only eight days; and when these were over, she sent her man to the market to sell the carpet, cautioning him, however, with great strictness to avoid falling into any adventure that might terminate in their separation. Alischar followed scrupulously the instructions of his mistress, and in this manner, supported by Smaragdine's needlework, they spent a whole year of undisturbed felicity.

One day, as Alischar was going to market with one of Smaragdine's coverlets, as usual, to sell, he happened to meet with a certain Christian who at once offered him sixty ducats for it. He had a secret disinclination to have any dealings with a Christian, and asked first sixty-five, and then seventy ducats; and so up at last to a hundred. The man, to his aston-

ishment, said,—"Well, there is your money;"—and not having the face to play the extortioner further, Alischar pursed the gold, and returned homewards. He was close to the door of his house ere he observed that the Christian had been following him, and was just behind him. "I see you are now at home," said the infidel, "and I beg you will have the kindness to give me a cup of water, for I have been broiling in the streets all day, and am ready to expire with thirst." Alischar, who could never have forgiven himself for refusing so trivial a civility, went immediately into the house for a jug of water. "Where have you been lingering so long to-day?" said Smaragdine; "I know not how or why, but a certain painful anticipation of some misfortune has been hanging over my mind ever since you went out. It rejoices my very heart to see you come home sound and well again; but what is it you want with the water-jug?"—"Only to refresh a person who seems about to die of thirst," answered Alischar; "but I shall be back again in a moment, my dear Smaragdine."

With this, he ran down stairs, and was surprised to find the Christian, whom he had left without on the street, seated within the porch. "Dog of a sinner!" says he, "what do you here?"—"Pardon me, good sir," replies the Christian; "I was so wearied, that my legs refused to support me any longer; and it was a matter of mere necessity that I should sit down somewhere." Alischar gave him a cup of water, and waited to see him arise and take his departure; but, behold, nothing was less in the man's mind. "Out with you," at last cries Alischar;—"out this moment, I say."—"Blessed," says the Christian, "be they that

refuse not a drink of water to him who standeth a-thirst before the door, and who grudge not a bit of bread to him that is a-hungered. Now my thirst is quenched, but my hunger is even greater than that was. Give me a bit of bread and a couple of onions, and more I do not trouble you with."—"Pack off," says Alischar; "there is nothing in the house."—"With your leave, sir," says the other, producing his purse, "here are an hundred ducats; have the kindness to seek some bread and onions here in your neighbourhood, and I shall feel myself eternally obliged by your condescension."—"The man is mad," thinks Alischar to himself; "but that is no reason why I should suffer an hundred ducats to go a-begging for quarters."—"Haste, sir, haste in God's name!" continues the Christian; "I am near to death, so great is my hunger, and no one knows what sort of a misery that is until he has experienced it himself. If it be but a crust, a crumb, a morsel of dry meal even; but something I must have, else I want strength to move myself from this seat."—"Wait a moment then," says Alischar; and with that he went out, taking care to lock the door behind him. He soon returned with roast-meat, pastry, honey, a water-melon, and some bread, upon a tray. "My God!" cries the Christian, when he saw him returning so, "this is too much. Ten men might dine on this, and here am I alone before it all, unless you would do me the honour to sit down with me."—"Eat alone," said Alischar harshly. —"But, sir," he answers, "do you not recollect the saying of the wise man of old,—'He that eateth not with his guest, of a surety he is a bastard?'" Alischar, who had an aversion for private reasons to any

jokes about his birth, hesitated for a moment more, and began to eat with the Christian. By and bye the guest takes the water-melon, and divides it very neatly into two parts, contriving, by dexterous management of the knife, to besmear the one of these with a strong tincture of *nepenthe* of Crete and opium, enough to have put an elephant to sleep.

" For the pity of God," says the Christian, reaching the medicated half towards Alischar, " accept this beautiful slice of melon at the hands of your servant.' Alischar could not be so rude as to refuse this: he ate the fruit, and in a moment the fatal effects of it were apparent; for he sunk into utter oblivion, losing all his senses at once.

The Christian rises softly the moment he perceives this, locks the door, and, putting the key of the house in his pocket, runs with all speed to inform his brother of the success of his treachery. This was the old Beschadeddin, our acquaintance, who, though he pretended to be a Mussulman, had always remained a Christian at heart. It was he who had excited his brother to all this knavery, in order that he himself might, if possible, gain possession of Smaragdine. He now took his people with him, provided himself with gold, mounted his mule, and repaired directly to Alischar's habitation. His slaves seized Smaragdine by force, threatening her with instant death if she dared to utter a single cry, and so conveyed her in safety to the house of their master. " Ah, you wretch!' says the old reprobate, " have I got you at last into my hands? By Jesus and the Virgin Mary, I swear to you, that if you do not determine yourself to be baptized, I will make minced meat of you forthwith.'

" Hack me and hew me into a thousand shreds, if such be your pleasure," answers she, " but know, wretch of wretches, that a Moslime I am, and a Moslime I will die. God chastises those he best loves with difficulties and dangers, and upon him alone I set all my trust." Upon this the wretched ancient gave orders to his female slaves to prick Smaragdine's flesh with pins, and then to tie her up in the corner of the kitchen; but on no account to give her a morsel to eat. But even this last blow had no effect on Smaragdine, who merely exclaimed as she had been doing before,—" God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

When poor Alischar, on his part, awoke from his sleep, and found himself alone in his bed, fear unutterable came into his mind, and he began to cry out for his Smaragdine like one possessed. But his cries were as useless as his searches,—he could find his love nowhere, and concluded that the vile Christian had deceived him for the sake of abstracting her. At first he sat in a corner shedding hot tears, hour after hour, by himself; but, perceiving that his tears were of no avail, he tore his garments, took a stone in each hand, and walked through the town, beating his breast alternately with these stones, and crying out all the time, in a loud voice of distress,—" O, Smaragdine! Smaragdine!"

The children collected about him, and first one and then another of them entreated him to tell his story. He did so, and whoever heard it pitied him. After he had, in this way, gone through the whole of the town, he happened to see an old woman of his acquaintance sitting at her door, and saluted her respectfully. The

old lady, being knowing in such matters, perceived at once the symptoms of a desolate lover, and asked him the reason of his distress. He told her all, and she said to him,—" I am very much grieved for your case, my son, but take courage; I certainly think my assistance will be of much advantage to you. Go hence immediately, buy one of the bread-baskets in which the hawkers carry their loaves about, and put a few articles of female attire in it. I undertake to go about with the wares, and I flatter myself you will ere long hear some tidings of your Smaragdine." Alischar was out of himself with joy even at this small glimpse of hope: he covered the hand of the old dame with tears and kisses, and forthwith fetched her what she had asked for. She made herself ready without delay to commence her operations, and, in the course of her wanderings, came, after no long space of time, to the very house of Beschadeddin.

She happened to enter at a moment when the female slaves of the house were misusing poor Smaragdine;—" And what," says she, " has the poor child done to you, that you should treat her so roughly?"—" In truth," they answered, " we do what we do against our own inclination, but we must obey our master's orders."—" Not when he is from home, surely," says the old woman again; " do have a little pity. Oblige me so far as to unbind this unfortunate, and refresh her a little with some food." The slave-girls, whose hearts were by no means destitute of sensibility, loosed her bands, and left her for a moment alone with the old woman. She made good use of the happy occasion, told her in whose name she had come, and said, that if she would take care to be at

the window exactly at midnight, Alischar would be there at that moment, when she might easily drop upon his shoulders and regain her freedom.

With this she hies away to Alischar, to make him acquainted with her success. She assured him that Beschadeddin being from home, the slaves had promised to leave Smaragdine unbound for that one night, and he needed not many words to make him undertake the adventure.

He was at the appointed spot the moment darkness closed, determined to stand there, and wait patiently for the time when his love should appear. But, alas! his sorrow had cost him many slumberless nights, and now that he thought himself secure of his happiness again, long-absent sleep came, and overpowered him suddenly where he stood on the street.

It happened that, just about this time, a thief was passing down the same street. Perceiving that Alischar was fast asleep, this fellow eased him of his turban, and, setting that on his head, was about to proceed on his way. Smaragdine, at this moment standing in the window, saw the gleam of her lover's turban, and, never doubting that it was worn by Alischar himself, opened the lattice, and said to the thief, in an audible whisper,—"Come, come, love, I am ready to come down."—"Here is a fine adventure," quoth the thief to himself; "let us make the best of it." With this he places himself below Smaragdine's window, received her on his shoulders, and darted off with her like lightning. "O," says she to him, "you are so strong yet, you trot as nimbly as if you were a horse under me; and the good old woman had persuaded me that grief had weakened

you so, that you could scarcely drag your own limbs along." The gentleman, on his part, made no answer to these observations, and Smaragdine at last began to feel his face, which being very rough, and half covered with hair, her error was apparent; and she began to cry out with all her might,—"Who art thou? who art thou?"

"Silence," answered the thief; "I am Hirvan the Kurd, and I belong to the band of Ahmed-ed-deyf. We are forty of us, all jolly brothers of the trade, and a happy life shall you lead with us." Smaragdine perceived into what horrors her error had plunged her: she committed her soul to God, and her body to the prophet, and allowed Hirvan to proceed with her in silence.

He conveyed her straight to a cavern without the city, which was the hiding-place of the band. At that moment there was no one in it but the mother of the captain, who had been left to arrange the plunder of the preceding night, and, in particular, the wardrobe of a young cavalier whom they had murdered, and whose horse and portmanteau were observed just within the entrance of the cavern. The young robber handed over Smaragdine to the old lady's protection, and went out again in quest of more adventures; and no sooner were they alone than the old one began to praise Smaragdine's beauty, and to felicitate her upon the prospect of being bride to her own son, the captain, whose manifold accomplishments she most vigorously extolled. Smaragdine, after a little while, began to dry her tears, and by degrees affected to be quite comforted. She even went so far as

to say, that she regretted one thing more than all the rest, and this was, that she could not take a bath, and be ready to give the captain a reception more worthy of his rank and character. "Ah, the bath! the bath!" cries the old woman, "you are quite in the right; there is no comfort in this world like the bath; but it is a luxury I never enjoy, for I have nobody about me to rub me."—"Here am I," says Smaragdine; "allow me to attend on you the first, and then you will do the like good office to me." The bargain was soon struck. The bath was got into order, and the old woman, the first time for many years, entered it. Smaragdine kept the water very hot, and rubbed and scrubbed the old dame, so that she was quite in transports, and at length fell fast asleep under the pleasing influence.

While she slept, Smaragdine took possession of the clothes and arms of the murdered cavalier, mounted his horse, and galloped from the cavern, without having the least notion whither.

When morning broke, she found herself in an uncultivated country, destitute of any marks of human habitation. She eat some roots and fruits, allowed her horse to graze under the trees, and so proceeded all the day.

On the eleventh morning she descried, in the valley before her, a noble and beautifully situated town; and behold, as she drew nearer to the gates, there came from thence a multitude of horsemen, who surrounded her upon the highway, threw themselves on the the ground before the hoofs of her horse, kissed her garment, and hailed her as the sultan sent to them

by the especial care of Heaven. Each man clapt his hands, and exclaimed, *Allah jausur es Sultaun!** that is to say, God give victory to the sultan: King of the world,—blessed be thy coming!

What may all this mean, thinks the bewildered girl to herself. She asked the question aloud, and the lord high chamberlain hastened to answer it. "Know, sire," said he, "that when the sovereign of this city dies without children, all the inhabitants are, according to the constitution, assembled together in the great street, there ready to come out and salute as their prince the first traveller who happens to emerge from the wilderness; and in this manner it is impossible for us not to acknowledge the finger of Providence, who gives the crown to the person he judges most fit to wear it. Heaven be praised for having sent us, on this occasion, a king such as you seem to be; for had it been never such a ragamuffin, or even scoundrel, it must have been equally our duty to welcome him as our lord."—"Believe not," answered Smaragdine, recollecting herself; "believe not that in me you hail any low-born prince. No, my lords, I am the son of a noble house, who happened to take into my head the fancy of riding through the world in quest of adventures; and here, as you perceive, gentlemen, here is one that appears to be by no means of a despicable description to begin with."

Without delay Smaragdine held her triumphant

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* This is a cry which still survives in Egypt,—the very cry with which the inhabitants of that country welcomed successively, in 1800—1, the generals of the French, the Turkish, and the English armies.

entry into the city, opened the treasury-chambers of the dead king, and distributed a large proportion of the gold that was found there to propitiate the good-will of the inhabitants; above all, of the army. In this way all hearts were won, and every class of the people remained full of affection and devotion to the sovereign authority. The sultan alone was unhappy. Her thoughts rested far off upon her Alischar. In the haram she constrained herself so far as to appear well pleased with the songs, dances, and banquets prepared for her; but, instead of smiling, when night approached, upon the beautiful creatures, who rivalled each other in endeavours to charm, she retired to a solitary chamber, and spent the silent hours in fasting and praying and melancholy reflection. The ladies of the haram lamented the serious turn of the new king.

After a full twelvemonths had been passed in this manner, without any tidings of the lost Alischar, she assembled, on the feast of the new-year, the viziers and lords of the chamber, and gave command that a vast amphitheatre should be erected in the centre of the city. In the midst a lofty dome was placed, below which seats were arranged for the nobles of the realm. Here, when all was finished, Smaragdine entertained them with a stately feast; and her heralds made proclamation, that henceforth, on the first day of every new moon, a season naturally devoted to festivities, the sultan would give a banquet to all his subjects in the amphitheatre; on that day, under pain of death, no shop should be opened, nor merchandise cared for. On the day of the first new-moon, accordingly, the whole of the people were assembled in the

presence of their prince. Each ate, drank, and enjoyed himself as much as he could, well satisfied that in so doing he fulfilled the decree of his sovereign.

Glad at heart was Smaragdine; for she flattered herself that this assembling of the people might one day or other furnish the means of getting some intelligence concerning her dear Alischar. Just while this thought passed through her mind, behold a man rose up, and, stretching out his hand, drew to himself from some distance a dish of milk, in which rice, sugar, and cinnamon were mingled, and there arose a cry of Shame! shame! shame on the glutton, who is unsatisfied with that which the king's bounty had placed before his own seat. "The reason," said the man, "is only this, that they have placed a fricassee before me, and I eat no fricassees."—"I am convinced," cries another, "that this is some dog of a Christian, and that this happens to be one of their fast-days." Smaragdine, whom this disturbance had not escaped, gave orders forthwith that the man should be brought before her throne. The people ceased from eating and drinking, and every eye and ear were fixed upon the footstool of the sultan. "What is your name?" said Smaragdine, "and for what purpose have you come into my states?"

The wretch, who had clothed himself in a white turban, which of right belongs only to the Moslems, made answer, "My name is Ali; I am a weaver to my trade, and I have come hither in the hope to gain my bread honestly by the labour of my hands."—"Well, well," says Smaragdine, "bring quickly hither my geomantic tablet *Romla*, and the steel pen

that belongs to it, and soon shall the truth be made manifest." With that she began, apparently, her calculation, cast her eyes upwards, and, after a pause of some moments, said, "Dog, thou liest! Thou art a Christian, and thou hast come hither with some wicked intention. Confess the truth, or thy head flees from thy shoulders upon the spot!"

"Pardon! pardon!" cried the Christian, altogether astonished; for he never doubted that the secret virtue of the Romla had detected him—"Pardon, great king! It is true I am a Christian." Smaragdine gave orders that he should instantly be hung alive, his carcass thrown into the court of offal, and his head fixed before the gate of the palace. The people witnessed the execution, and applauded equally the astrological skill and the stern justice of their sovereign.

On the first day of the second month the same festival was repeated. It was again proclaimed, that every one should eat, drink, and rejoice; but that none should on any account touch any thing but what happened to be set before himself. The nobles assembled; the troops stood in order of parade; the people had taken their places in the amphitheatre. The king was on his throne, and surveyed the scene around with attentive eyes. At this moment a foreigner came all hastily and dusty from his journey to the door of the amphitheatre, and his loud inquiries, as to the meaning of the splendid scene before him, were heard distinctly even where the king sat. An old woman, near the entrance, explained to him the meaning of the feast, but forgot to inform him of the regulations as to meddling with dishes at a distance

from one's own place. The man took his place, and shortly afterwards stretched out his hand to seize something a little way off. "Hold!" cried at once a thousand voices: "hold, or you will be hanged." The man, who had no very pure conscience to sustain his nerves, took it for granted his fate was sealed; and, without a moment's delay, began leaping over the benches, in the hopes to make his escape. The king nodded: he was arrested, and placed before the throne. "Who art thou?" said Smaragdine, "and wherefore hast thou come into our states?" "My name," answered he, "is Osman. I am by profession a gardener, and have come hither to seek for certain rare trees and flowers." "Holla, there!" cries the king: "bring hither quickly my tablet Romla and the steel pen, and speedily will the truth see the day-light."

With this, Smaragdine began to study the tablet attentively: she kept her eyes for some moments fixed upon the sky, and then said,—"Hateful churl, thou liest. Thy name is Hirvan the Kurd, and by profession thou art a thief. Confess the truth, wretch, or thy head shall be off in an instant of time."

The man's colour changed; his tongue refused its office; at length he confessed the truth. The king ordered him to be hung immediately, his carcass and head to be treated as had been done with those of the Christian: the people returned with quickened appetites to their dinner, and admired more than ever the wisdom and rectitude of their prince.

The first day of the third moon brought with it the usual proclamation, the usual feast, and the usual consequences. A stranger appears, who, not knowing

the law of the festival, transgresses it grossly, is accused, and finally conducted into the immediate presence of Smaragdine, who puts to him the usual questions. "My name," replies the stranger, "is Resim, and I am a poor dervish." "Bring my Romla tablet and my steel pen," cries the king. They do as they are bid: Smaragdine casts her eyes upwards, preserves for a moment the accustomed silence, and exclaims,— "Thou liest, dog, thy name is Beschadeddin; outwardly thou art a Moslem, but in heart a Christian unbeliever: confess the verity, or thou diest."

It was no one but Beschadeddin. Like the robber, he had, after the loss of the beautiful slave, set out upon his travels in the hope of finding her again, and his ill fortune had conducted him to the same city. Full of dismay, he was constrained to confess the truth, and his head figured forthwith beside those of his brother-adventurers. The feast proceeded with redoubled jollity, and louder than ever were the sagacity and justice of the Sultan extolled. Smaragdine alone took no part in the general merriment. Tears burst from her eyes as she thought of her Alischar; "and, O my God!" said she, "thou that didst restore to thy servant Jacob his lost Joseph, give to my arms once more the darling of my heart, Alischar. Hear my prayer, thou Almighty, thou that causest joy and sorrow to alternate in the breasts of thy children, as thou dost light and darkness to cover the face of thy earth."

This prayer she had just been repeating on the first morning of the fourth moon, as the people were congregated together for the usual festival. Scarcely had she ended it, when there appeared, at one of the doors

of the amphitheatre, a young man, beautiful as the day, but having the lustre of his complexion dimmed by the cloud of long afflictions. It was Alischar, and Smaragdine had nigh swooned away with the joy of beholding him.

After he awoke in the street without his turban, and learnt from the old woman what had happened, and that his dear Smaragdine had indeed vanished, though not in his company, his spirit was yielded up as a prey to the bitterest anguish. A sore illness fell upon him, and for a whole year he had lain helpless, nursed carefully by the good old woman. But as soon as he began to recover a little strength, he set out a-wandering through the world, if, perchance, he might yet once again find out and possess his love. It happened that he came on the morning of this feast-day to the city where she was king; and, being unacquainted with the regulations of the amphitheatre, he fell into a mistake similar to that which had already proved fatal to so many travellers. He was, like them, accused and summoned to the prince's foot-stool. He knelt down reverently, and kissed the dust before her; and being asked what was his name and his business, made answer, without hesitation, "My name is Alischar, and I am come hither, wandering over the whole earth, in quest of the fountain of my life, my dear Smaragdine, whom I have lost." The king sent for the tablet Romla and the steel pen. "You have said the truth," says the king; "and I perceive that Heaven designs ere long to restore to you your lost love." With this she commanded them to lead Alischar to the bath, to clothe him in a robe of ho-

nour, and treat him in her palace with all respect and consideration.

Smaragdine could scarcely wait until night came, so great was her impatience. When it was dark, she commanded that Alischar should be brought to her, and invited him to partake of the royal supper. The young man, who was naturally modest, was confounded with this condescension, but constrained himself, and acquitted himself as well as he could. It appeared that his behaviour gave no displeasure to the king; for, supper being ended, the chief of the black eunuchs came into the apartment, and Alischar heard him receive his sovereign's orders to place one of the fairest of the female-slaves in the palace in the sleeping-chamber of the stranger. Alischar knew not what to say. He stammered, and made many excuses; but it seemed as if no one conceived these could be any thing but words of course; for almost immediately the king rose, and Alischar was conducted with great ceremony to the chamber from which he had come. The slave who attended upon him extinguished the lamps after he was in bed, and the perplexed young man found himself in total darkness.

Presently a whisper was heard close to his pillow, and, ere he could make any answer, his visitant took her place beside him. A small delicate hand found out his, and pressed it with gentle force; soft sighs reached his ear, and the atmosphere around him seemed to have been enriched with all the fragrance of Yemen. "No," said Alischar, pushing her from him, —"No, no.—I am the husband of my Smaragdine,

and all the houris of paradise could not tempt my faith to waver."

But when Smaragdine perceived the extent of his fidelity, she was out of herself with joy: she burst out into loud laughter, such as could proceed from no lips but hers, and made herself known to the enraptured Alischar. "I perceive," said he, "that I was on the point of a grievous error. He is ever right who complies with the orders of the sovereign. I swear obedience and homage to him by my hair and my eyes." *

Next morning the king called together the nobles of the city, and requested them to choose some one to act as viceroy for a season, announcing the necessity of undertaking a journey to his own country in company with the stranger.

They immediately complied with this request, and escorted the prince from their gates with all the splendour of royal attendance. But Smaragdine had no intention ever to reclaim their homage;—she had found her Alischar, and preferred a life of love and peace in her native place, to an unnatural disguise, and the troublesome magnificence of sovereign estate.

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* By my hair and my eyes—*semaan wa tataan ala ras wal ain*, —still a common form of plighting homage in the East.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.*

AIR,—"*Black Joke.*"

LET us sing of the heroes that march'd from yon town
To keep liberty up, to put Radicals down,
With their long spurs and sabres so bright.
Their majestic manœuvres in cross-road and lane—
Their walk on the hill, and their trot on the plain—
The butts that were shed, and the beeves that were slain—
Stamp'd immortal renown on the western campaign,
And the long spurs and sabres so bright.

Through *Auld Reekie* thy note, Preparation! was heard,
The hallooing of *Horne,* and the bellow of *Baird,*
For their long spurs and sabres so bright.
At their magical call, what a muster began!
What a figging of horse! what a rigging of man!
Lawyers flung by the fee-book to furbish their pops,
And mettlesome merchants strode fierce from their shops,
With their long spurs and sabres so bright.

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* This song is, we believe, one of the many standard and approved daily ditties of the Edinburgh Yeomanry Cavalry's mess. It was written by one of themselves, in jocular commemoration of a march to Lanarkskire and Ayrshire, when these districts were in a disturbed condition in the spring of 1820.

Twas at *Bathgate* this war might be said to commence,
To the tune, as was fitting, of " D—n the expense !
By our long swords and sabres so bright."—
As the Waterloo cheesemongers batter'd the French,
So these nurslings of luxury, stretch'd on a bench,
In a pitiful pot-house durst patiently snore,
Or boldly bivouack'd round a bowl on the floor,
All in long spurs and sabres so bright.

Yet ere long they were destined still higher to soar,
In endurance heroic, on *Slammanan* moor,
In their long spurs and sabres so bright.
On that scene of devotion there twinkled no star:—
The occasional flash of a lighted segar
Scarce sufficed to distinguish a fir from a foe,
Or the wet *Mandarin* from a turnip scare-crow,
Spite of long spurs and sabre so bright.

Neither pot-house, nor pent-house, nor pea-shed was here,
Nor the heart-stirring *clunk* of one cork of small-beer,
To greet long spurs and sabres so bright;
Yet, all sleepless and fagg'd, when to *Airdrie* they came,
Colonel *Smith* canters in with a visage of flame;
" There's a thousand hot colliers," quoth he, " I've just seen
Reviewed by old Soult on a farmer's back green:
Go it, long spurs and sabres so bright."

There was mounting in haste beside *Airdrie's* canal;
Every pistol was cock'd—*some* were loaded with ball—
Besides long spurs and sabres so bright.
Over ditches and dikes, and through marshes and mire,
They gallop—you need not be told they perspire;

Sure the fault was not theirs, if they nothing espied
But a gay penny-wedding upon the hill-side,
With its crack'd fiddles and favours so white.

"Hey for *Glasgow*, that hot-bed of wealth and of war,
There at least you'll not baulk us," quoth every hussar,
With his long spurs and sabre so bright.
"Call inactive, an please you, these traitor poltroons,
But accord the just meed to unwearied dragoons;"
Mars approved of their vigour at dinner and lunch,
And the *Broomielaw* Naiads pour'd oceans of punch
O'er the long spurs and sabres so bright.

In the dead of the night, with twelve-pounders behind,
To surprise strong *Kilmarnock*, more swift than the wind,
Rode the long spurs and sabres so bright.
Their investing that city of ill-disposed men,
Might have honoured a Condé, a Saxe, a Turenne;
But their march had been beat by the Kilwinning Fly,
And the cursed cowl-knitters escaped—being shy
Of their long spurs and sabres so bright.

When *one* greasy disciple of Carlile and Hone
Had surrender'd his shuttle, *Te Deum* was blown
By young *Napier*, who flourish'd his bugle so bright.
Next they *Straven* blockaded:—if weavers were fled,
At least whisky and gingerbread staid in their stead;
So the holsters were cramm'd, and the leaguer was raised,
And the old women, lighting their cutty-pipes, gazed
After long spurs and sabres so bright.

Bellona thus bearded—Minerva struck dumb,
To *Auld Reekie* once more the Invincibles come,
With their long spurs and sabres so bright.
O, what grateful caresses, from matron and maid,
Must reward their exertions in storm and blockade;
Trophies bloody and blood-less are equally sweet,
And ladies must yield them like Rads, when they meet
With the long spur and the sabre so bright.

BROWN ON BEAUTY.

In the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, the article "Beauty," by Mr Jeffrey, is distinguished by the elegance of its diction and its metaphysical acumen. We now lay before our readers a view of Dr Brown's theory on that subject, which will throw great light on the doctrines advocated in that admirable essay. We have endeavoured to condense into one paper the substance of several lectures to be found in his great work on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

When we speak of the emotion which Beauty excites, we speak necessarily of an emotion that is pleasing; for it is only in the case of pleasing emotions, that all writers concur in using the name, and only in such cases that the name is used, even by the vulgar in their common phraseology. It is one of the strong forms of that joyous delight which is an elementary feeling of our nature. Though we use the general name of Beauty in cases in which there is a great variety of the objects that excite it, and a very considerable variety also in the emotion itself which is thus excited,—the emotion to which we give the name, in all its varieties, is uniformly pleasing. This then is one essential circumstance of the emotion of Beauty, or, to speak more accurate-

ly, of the tribe of different though kindred emotions, which, from their analogy, we comprehend under that general name.

Another circumstance which distinguishes the emotion of Beauty, in all its varieties, from many other emotions that are pleasing in themselves, is, that, by a sort of reflex transfer to the object which excited it, we identify or combine our agreeable feelings with our very conception of the object, whether present or absent from us. Whatever is delightful, at the moment in which we gaze or listen with delight, seems to us to be contained in the beautiful object, as the charms which were contained in that fabulous cestus described by Homer, that existed when none beheld them, and were the same whether the cestus itself was worn by Venus or by Juno.

The fact of this transference of our emotion of Beauty to the object exciting it, may be illustrated by our corresponding transference to external forms of the colours which exist only as feelings of our own mind. This external investment of external things with the feelings of our own minds in the case of vision, constitutes a union so close that it is impossible even for our philosophy to break the union while the sensation continues. We know well, when we open our eyes, that whatever affects our eyes is within the small compass of their orbit; and yet we cannot look, for a single moment, without spreading what we thus usually feel over miles of landscape. Every individual, in every moment of vision, goes through a process of spiritualizing matter, or of diffusing over matter his own sensations.

It is true, indeed, that when questioned, precisely

as in the case of simple vision, whether we think that the emotion of Beauty is a state or affection of matter, we should have no hesitation in affirming instantly that it is a state of the mind, and is absolutely incapable of existing in any substance that is purely material. All this we should say with confidence, as we say with confidence that colour is an affection of the mind, and only an affection of the mind. Yet still, as in the case of colour, the temporary diffusion of our own feelings over the external objects would take place as before. The Beauty, as truly felt and reasoned upon, would be in our mind; the Beauty, as considered by us at the time of the feeling, would be a delight that seemed to float over the object without,—the object which we, therefore, term beautiful, as we term other objects red or green—not the mere unknown causes of the feelings which we term redness, or greenness, or beauty,—but objects that are red, or green, or beautiful. The diffusion may be temporary, indeed, and depend on the actual presence of the object; but still the temporary diffusion does take place, and while the object is before us, it is as little possible for us not to regard it as permanently Beautiful, though no eye were ever to behold it, as it could be for us to regard its colour as fading the very moment in which we close our eye.

Beauty then is a pleasing emotion, and a delight which we feel as if diffussed over the object which excites it.

To those who have been in the habit of considering the mental phenomena in general, and in particular the phenomena commonly ascribed to association, this diffusion of feeling and combination of it

with our notion of the cause of the feeling, will seem only an instance of a very general law of our mental constitution. It is, indeed, only an instance of that general tendency to condensation of feelings, which gives the principal value to every object familar and beloved. The friend whom we have long loved is, at each single moment, what he has been to us in many successive years. Without recalling to us the particular events of those years, he recalls to us their delights; or rather, the very notion which we form of him contains in itself this diffused pleasure, like some ethereal and immortal spirit of the past.

This condensation of regard produces an affection of almost moral sympathy, in cases where there can be no feeling of it, and therefore no possibility of return. For inanimate objects long familiar to us we have a regard similar in some degree to that which we feel for a friend. A little attention to this process, by which an object of trifling value becomes representative of feelings that are inestimable, will throw much light on that similar process by which, in the case of Beauty, objects become representative, by a sort of spiritual reflexion of the pleasure which they excite.

The reason of this friendship for inanimate objects seems to be, that with such objects there may be really combined a great part of that which forms the complex conception of our friend; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that there should be a considerable similarity of the feelings excited. The remembrance of a long series of agreeable emotions may be mingled with inanimate scenes as well as with persons; and, if by the reflection of those past emotions it produces tender-

ness in the one case, it surely is not surprising that the same cause should produce a feeling of tenderness in the other; and, that as the chief source of the affection is thus in circumstances that are common to both, we should feel something very like regard for every long familiar object while it exists, and of grief when it exists no more.

The same effect, in heightening friendship, which is produced by long intimacy, is produced in a great degree, by any single feeling of very vivid interest, such as that of peril shared together. The strong emotion of the moment of enterprise, the joy of the escape, and, in many cases, the glory which attended it, being blended and reflected from each individual, as from another self. The common peril, the common escape, the common glory, would be conceived as one, and, in consequence of this unity, as often as the thought of the glorious action recurred, each would be to the others as it were another self. Now, in such a case, the same feeling extends itself, if not equally, at least in a very high degree, to inanimate things; and there can be no question, that the sword which has been worn only as an ornament, and the sword which has been often wielded in battle, and in battle the most perilous, will be viewed by their possessors with very different regard. The weapon is itself a real component part of the glorious actions which it represents; and we transfuse, as it were, into the mere lifeless steel, a consciousness and reciprocity of our vivid feelings, exactly as, in the case of Beauty, we animate the external object with our own delight, without knowing that we have done so.

The grief which we feel for the loss of an object

insignificant in itself, and deriving all its value from associations formed with it, presents in another form that transfusion of the feeling from the mind, and concentration of it in the object, which constitute our lively pictures of Beauty, when it is regarded not as the unknown cause of our delightful feeling, but as that embodied feeling itself. " A man," says Dr Smith, " grows fond of a snuff-box, of a pen-knife, of a staff, which he has long made use of, and conceives something of a real love and affection for them. If he breaks or loses them, he is vexed out of all proportion to the value of the damage." When such an object is lost, and we think of it as lost, we do not conceive it as that simple object of perception which it was originally, when it first affected our senses—in which case the loss of it could not be very seriously regarded by us—but we conceive it as that complex whole which it has become—the image or representative of many delightful feelings. When we receive the portrait of a friend, it is vain for reason to tell us that we have received only a flat surface of a little paint. When we lose a walking-stick, the gift of a friend, it is equally vain for reason to tell us that we have suffered only a loss which we can repair for a few shillings at a toy-shop. The object is absolutely the same, however frequently it may have met our eyes; it is only a relative value which it can have acquired, a value consisting in our own feelings merely, which we must therefore have condensed in it, or attached to it in some way or other.

After these illustrations from phenomena, that, if not absolutely of the same class, are at least very closely analogous, since they imply a sort of charm

exercised by, or as treasured in external things, and a charm which consists merely in the reflected feelings of our own mind, it does not appear too bold an affirmation to say, that the agreeable emotions which certain objects excite in us are capable of being, in our conception, combined with the very notion of the objects themselves, and that we term such objects Beautiful, by combining, in our notion of them, the delight which we feel, as we term them green, blue, crimson, by combining with them our feeling of colour.

Whatever excites the emotion may be felt as of itself combined with the emotion which it excites; and hence form, colour, sounds, all that is ingenious in art or amiable in morals, may be Beautiful.

It is of external objects indeed, and particularly of objects of light, that we think most frequently, when we speak or hear of Beauty; but this does not arise from any exclusive peculiarity of the feeling excited by these objects, as if the term were only metaphorically applied to others, but because external objects are continually around us, so as more frequently to excite the emotion of Beauty; and in a great measure, too, because the human form, itself an object of vision, is representative to us of the presence of all which we love—of those with whom our life is connected, and from whom its happiness has been derived, or from whom we hope to derive it. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when we think of Beauty, we should think of that by which the emotion of Beauty is most usually excited.

That we are susceptible of a similar delightful emotion from works of intellect, is sufficiently shewn by

the fine arts, which are all founded on this lofty susceptibility. How many theorems are there to which a mathematician applies the term Beautiful, as readily as it is applied to the design or colouring of a picture, or to the words or air of a song! In general physics, in like manner, we speak of the Beauty of an experiment or a theory. The delightful emotion, in these intellectual forms of Beauty, is indeed far less lively than when it results from external things. But when we thus apply the term Beautiful to the works of faculties in which Beauty is scarcely even a secondary consideration, we use no metaphor. We employ the term, because, from the analogy of the delight in the different cases, it is the only term which can express our meaning. We do truly feel, on the contemplation of such intellectual works, a delightful emotion—as we feel a delightful emotion, very similar, however inferior it may be in intensity of pleasure, when we look on the charms of nature, or the imitative creations of art. As we conceive the very charm which we feel to be diffused and stored in those Beautiful forms on which we gaze, so does the charm which we feel seem for a moment to flow over the severest works of intellect, in the conceptions which are embodied to us. Even reason itself, austere as it may seem, is thus only a part of Beauty's universal empire, that extends over mind and over matter with equal sway.

In all cases of moral Beauty, as in that to which our senses more immediately give rise, we conceive the delight which we feel to be centered in the moral object; and the very diffusion of the delight seems to connect us more closely with that which we admire—

producing what is not a mere sympathy, but something more intimate, that union of mind with mind, in reflected and mingled feeling, which, notwithstanding all the absurd mysticism that has been written concerning it, has, in the manner described, at least in part, a foundation on nature.

But though in all these great provinces of Beauty, the material, the intellectual, and the moral, an object which we feel to be Beautiful, be merely an object with which, in our conception or continued perception, if it be an object of sense,—or, in our mere conception, if it be an object of another kind, we have combined, by a sort of mental diffusion, the delight which it has excited in us: Why, it may be said, do certain objects, and certain objects alone, produce this effect?

If the same effect were uniformly produced by the same objects, it might seem as absurd to inquire how certain objects are Beautiful and others not so, as to inquire how it happens that sugar is not bitter nor wormwood sweet,—the blossom of the rose not green, nor the common herbage of our meadows red. But the question assumes a very different appearance, when we consider the diversity of the emotions excited by the same object, and when we consider the very powerful influence of accidental association on our emotions of this kind. In such circumstances, we may be fairly allowed to doubt, at least, whether objects, primarily and absolutely, have a power of producing this emotion, or whether it may not wholly depend on those contingent circumstances which we find, and must allow, to be capable of modifying it to a very great degree.

That certain circumstances do truly modify our emotions of Beauty, there can be no doubt; and even that they produce the feeling, when there is every reason to believe that, but for such circumstances, no emotion of the kind would have been excited. The influence of what is called fashion, in giving a temporary Beauty to various forms, is a most striking proof of the flexibility of our emotion; and it is a fact too obvious to require illustration by example. In civilized as well as in savage life, we feel how completely the ornamental and the ridiculous, in all the adventitious embellishments of fashion, differ only as the eyes which behold them are different. The most polished European may soon, in this respect, become a Cherokee, and, in his nice absurdities of decoration, be himself the very thing at which he would have laughed before.

It seems as if, in order to produce the delightful emotion of Beauty, nothing more were necessary for us than to say, Let this be beautiful. The power of enchantment is almost verified in the singular transformations which are thus produced; and, in many of these, fashion is employed in the very way in which magic has been commonly fabled to be employed,—in making monsters who are as little conscious of their degradation, while the voluntary metamorphosis lasts, as the hideous but unknowing victims of the enchanter's art.

The influence of fashion, on the mere trappings of dress, or furniture, or equipage, is the more valuable as an illustration, from the rapidity of its changes, and the universality of the emotion which it excites, that render it absolutely impossible for the most sceptical

to doubt its power. In cases of the influence of particular associations on individual minds, it might have been doubted whether the peculiarity ascribed to association might not rather have arisen from constitutional diversity. In the changes of universal fashion, however, there can be no doubt as to the nature of the sway that has been exercised, since every one will readily allow in another that change of which he is conscious in himself.

Even though what is termed fashion, the modifier or creator of general feeling, had not been, it is scarcely possible that we should not have discovered the influence of circumstances on our individual emotions. Even in the mere scenery of nature, which, in its most majestic features,—its mountains, its rivers, its cataracts,—seems, by its permanence, to mock the power of man, how differently do the same objects affect us in consequence of the mere antecedents of former feelings and former events!

That our emotion of Beauty, which arises from works of art, is susceptible of modification by accidental circumstances, is equally evident. There are tastes in composition, of which we are able to fix the period almost with the same accuracy as we fix the dates of any of those great events which fill our tables of chronology. What is green or scarlet to the eyes of the infant, is green or scarlet to the same eyes in boyhood, in youth, in mature manhood, in old age; but the work of art, which gives delight to the boy, may excite no emotion but that of contempt or disgust in the man. Even in the judgment of our maturer years, when our discernment of Beauty has been quickened by frequent exercise, how many circum-

stances are there that modify our general susceptibility of the emotions of this class! Our youth, our age, our prevailing or temporary passions,—the peculiar admiration which we may feel for some favourite author, who has become a favourite, perhaps, from circumstances that had little relation to his general merit,—may all concur, with other circumstances as contingent, in giving diversity to sentiments which otherwise might have been the same.

If the emotion of Beauty, which we receive from external things, and works of intellectual art, be thus under the control of our passions and remembrances, the pleasure of moral Beauty is also, in some measure, under the same control. The great principles of moral distinction are indeed too deeply fixed in our breast, by our Divine Author, to allow approbation and pleasure to be attached to the contemplation of pure malignity, or withheld from pure benevolence. When evil is admired therefore, it is in consequence of some disproportionate admiration attached to some real or supposed accompanying good; but still it is in the power of circumstances to produce the disproportionate admiration, and consequently to modify, in a great degree, the resulting emotion of Beauty.

With all these striking facts before us, it seems impossible to contend for any Beauty that is absolutely fixed and invariable. Whatever our primary original feelings may have been, they must, by the influence of such modifying circumstances, that are operating from the moment of our birth, be altogether diversified before we are able to speculate concerning them; and perhaps even in the infant, before any visible signs of his emotions can be distinctly discovered.

Since, then, we cannot decide with confidence, either affirmatively or negatively, in such circumstances, all which remains, in sound philosophy, is a comparison of mere probabilities. Do these lead us to suppose, that originally all objects are equally capable of receiving the primary influences of arbitrary or contingent circumstances, which alone determine them to be Beautiful? Or, do they not rather indicate original tendencies in the mind, in consequence of which it more readily receives the impressions of Beauty from certain objects than from others, however susceptible of modification these original tendencies may be, so as afterwards to be raised or overcome by the more powerful influence of occasional causes?

If, then, in our estimate of mere probabilities, we attend to the signs which the infant exhibits, almost as soon as objects can be supposed to be known to him, it is scarcely possible not to suspect, at least, that some emotions of this kind are felt by him. The brilliant colours, in all their variety of gaudiness, which delight the child and the savage, may not indeed be the same which give most gratification to our refined sensibility; but still they do give to the child, as they give to the savage, a certain gratification, and a gratification which we should perhaps still continue to feel, if our love of mere gaudy colouring were not overcome by the delight which, in after life, we receive from other causes inconsistent with this simple pleasure. What child is there that, in a toy-shop, does not prefer the gaudiest toy, if all other circumstances of attraction are the same? Or rather, to what child are not this very glare and glitter the chief circumstances of attraction? And in what island of savages

have our circumnavigators found the barbarian to differ in this respect from the child?

It is in vain to say that, in this case, the pleasure which the gaudy patches of colour afford, is not an emotion of any sort, but a mere pleasure of sense; for, of the direct sensual pleasure of the different rays of light, we are capable of judging as well as the child. If we were to judge by these primary sensitive feelings alone, it certainly would not be on the most brilliant colours that our eyes would love to rest, with that intentness of vision to which the subsequent emotion of Beauty leads, by the delight which it superadds, before the tawdry has been distinguished from finer species of Beauty.

In vision, as far back as we can trace the emotion of Beauty, some original emotion of this kind does seem to be felt in colours, and varied arrangements of colours; and, if from vision we pass to our sensations of sound, we perceive both the influence of original tendencies, and of the modifying power of contingent circumstances. In different nations we find different sorts of music to prevail; in the variety of these national melodies, therefore, we recognize the power of circumstances in diversifying the original feelings. But to this diversifying power there are limits; for, however different the peculiar spirit of the national melodies may be, we find that, in all nations, certain successions of sounds alone are regarded as pleasing, —those which admit of certain mathematical proportions in their times of vibration. It is not every series of sounds, then, that is capable of exciting the emotion of Beauty, but only certain series, however varied these may be. The universality of this law of Beauty,

in one of our senses, in which delight is felt from mere arrangements or successions of sounds, is a ground of presumption, at least, that all beauty is not wholly contingent, and affords analogies, which, not as proofs, indeed, but simply as analogies, may fairly be extended to the other senses.

Even that fine species of Beauty, which is to be found in the expression of character, in animated forms, at least if we admit that species of silent language, which has been called the language of natural signs, does not seem to be in all its varieties absolutely dependent on the mental associations of the being who beholds it. A smiling countenance, for example, appears, if we may judge from the language of his own little features, to be agreeable to the infant, and a frowning countenance to be disagreeable to him, as soon as he is capable of observing the different lineaments or motions which are developed in the smile or frown. Many cases there are in which it is absolutely impossible to deny instincts, and cases, too, in which the immediate effect of the instinct, as much as in the supposed case of Beauty, is the production of emotion of some sort, or at least of the visible signs of emotion. In some of the lowest of the animals which we have domesticated, in the cry of the hen for example, the first time that a bird of prey is seen hovering at a distance, that cry, of which the force is so instantly and so fully comprehended by the little tremblers that cower beneath her wing, who does not perceive, in this immediate emotion of terror, an interpretation of natural signs as instinctive as the language of affection that is instinctively used?

Of a still finer species of emotion, perhaps, than

even that which arises from looks or features of the living countenance, may be counted the pleasure which is felt from the contemplation of moral Beauty; and yet if we trace back this feeling through a series of years, in the progress of individual emotion, though we may find many variations of it, it is far from certain that we shall find it more lively in manhood than in the early years of the unreflecting boy.

The observations now made on different species of Beauty, are not urged by Dr Brown as of evidence sufficient to prove, positively, that we have feelings of Beauty which may be said to be original or independent of accidental associations of every sort; but since the inquiry, as was stated at the outset, has not for its object what may be affirmed with certainty, but merely what may be regarded as more or less probable, even these remarks may, perhaps, have been sufficient to shew the greater probability to be on the side of that opinion which supposes that all objects are not originally to the mind the same in Beauty or deformity, or to speak more accurately, that all objects are not originally equally capable of exciting either of these emotions; but, on the contrary, that although accidental circumstances may produce one or other of these emotions, when, but for the mere accidents, neither of these would have been produced,—or may variously modify or even reverse, in some cases, the original tendencies,—there yet are in the mind some original tendencies, independent of all association,—tendencies to feel the emotion of Beauty on the contemplation of certain objects, and the emotion opposite to that of Beauty, on the contemplation of certain other objects.

It is not a Sense of Beauty which is here contended

for,—a sense which, like our other senses, must force upon the mind constantly, or almost constantly, a particular feeling, when a particular object is present. The feeling of beauty is not a sensation but an emotion,—a feeling subsequent to the perception or conception of the object termed Beautiful, and which, like other emotions, may or may not follow the particular perception or conception, according to the circumstances in which those primary feelings, to which it is only secondary, may have arisen.

It is in vain, therefore, to contend, that objects, which previously impressed us with no feeling of their Beauty, may become Beautiful to us in consequence of associations, that is to say, in consequence of former pleasing or unpleasing feelings peculiar to ourselves. Our love, our hate, our wonder, are at least as much dependant on the nature of our past feelings, as our delight in what seems to us Beautiful. Why, then, should this one emotion be expected to differ from our other emotions, which are confessedly capable of being awakened or suspended, in different circumstances, although the mere object of contemplation be the same? No one surely, whatever his opinion may be as to the original indifference of objects that now seem Beautiful, will maintain, that all objects, painful and pleasing, are equally capable, originally, of exciting the emotion of desire. Yet no one will deny, that it is in the power of general fashion, or of various accidental circumstances, to render objects desirable, or, in other words, capable of exciting, when contemplated, the emotion of desire, that otherwise would have been not indifferent merely, but, perhaps, positively disliked; and to make objects cease to be de-

sirable, which would have been highly prized by us, but for the factitious circumstances of society, or accidents that may have operated on ourselves with peculiar influence. There is a mode in our very wishes, as there is a mode in the external habiliments which we wear; and in their different objects, the passions of different ages and countries are, at least, as various as the works of taste to which they give their admiration.

That the feeling of Beauty which so readily arises when the mind is passive, and capable, therefore, of long trains of reverie, should not arise when the mind is busied with other objects of contemplation, is no proof, as has been supposed, that trains of associate images are essential to the production of the emotion, but is, what might be very naturally expected, though no such trains were at all concerned. For the feeling of Beauty is not a sensation, but an emotion. A certain perception must previously exist; and though the perception may have a tendency to induce that different state of mind which constitutes the emotion, it has a tendency also, by suggestion, to induce many other states of mind, and in certain circumstances, when there are any strong desires in the mind, may induce those other states which may be more accordant with the permanent existing desires, more readily than the emotion which has no peculiar accordance with them.

It is precisely the same in this case, too, with our other emotions, as with that of Beauty. When we are intent on a train of study, how many objects occur to the mind which, in other circumstances, would be followed by other emotions,—by various desires, for

example; but which are not followed by their own specific desires, merely in consequence of our greater interest in the subject, the relations of which we are studying.

Nor is this peculiar to our emotions only, it extends in some degree even to our very sensations. In two individuals who walk along the same meadow, the one after suffering some very recent and severe affliction, and the other with a light heart, and an almost vacant mind, how very different in number and intensity are the mere sensations that arise at every step; yet we surely do not deny to him who scarcely knows there are flowers around him, an original susceptibility of being affected by the fragrance of that very violet, the faint odour of which is now wafted to him in vain.

But the great argument which is urged by the deniers of any original Beauty is this,—When we consider the changes of every kind, with respect to all, or, at least, nearly all, the varieties of this order of emotions, not merely in different nations, or different ages of the world, but even in the same individual, in the few years that constitute his life, and in many important respects, perhaps, in a few weeks or months,—can we suppose, they say, that amid these incessant changes, of which it is difficult for us to detect the source, there should be any Beauty that deserves the honourable distinction of being independent and original?

In what respect does this formidable argument differ from that equally formidable argument which might be urged against the distinction of truth and falsehood? those distinctions which it is impossible for the very sceptic, who professes to deny them, not

to admit in his own internal conviction, and the validity of which, the deniers of any original Beauty would be far from denying, or even wishing to weaken. If our tastes fluctuate, do not our opinions of every sort vary in like manner; and is not the objection in the one case, then, as powerful as in the other; or if powerless in one, must it not be equally powerless in both? If we compare the wisdom of the mature well-educated man with the ignorance of his boyhood, and the proud, but irregular and fluctuating acquirements of his more advanced youth; and if, notwithstanding all these changes, when perhaps not a single opinion ultimately remains the same, we yet cannot fail to believe, that truth is something more than a mere arbitrary feeling, the result of accidental circumstances; that there is in short an original tendency in the mind to assent to certain propositions rather than to certain other propositions opposite to these,—we surely are not entitled to infer from the changes in the emotion of Beauty, which are not more striking, that all in the mental susceptibility of it is arbitrary and accidental.

In the case of those theories, which would refer all Beauty in the forms and colours, or other qualities of material things, to the suggestion of mental qualities and the succession of associate trains of this class in accordance with these, there is one circumstance which may have led to the illusion. By the mere laws of suggestion, though no other laws were concerned, and though Beauty, as a primary direct emotion, were the exclusive invariable result of certain perceptions in all mankind alike, as immediate as the perceptions themselves, still analogous objects would

unquestionably suggest analogous objects; and where the suggestions were rapid, and the pleasing emotion of Beauty continued to co-exist with various suggestions, it might not be very obvious, when we endeavoured to review the whole series of feelings, to which set of feelings the priority should be assigned; and whether the emotion which perhaps led to the suggestions of the analogous objects, by the mere influence of this common delightful feeling, might not be itself rather the result of them. The pleasures which preceded the suggestion of an agreeable object, and still continued after that object was suggested, might thus seem to be the effect of the suggestion of the agreeable object itself. When, therefore, in our endeavour to explain the Beauty of any corporeal form, we dwell on it with that mere passive gaze of pleasure which its beauty excites, a variety of analogous objects may be suggested during the delightful contemplation; and among these, since the different mental affections, intellectual and moral, which we feel in ourselves, or observe in others, must present to us the most interesting of all analogies, it is not wonderful that some analogous mental qualities should very readily arise in our minds, as any other analogous object is suggested in any other train. The pleasure attached to the contemplation of the mental quality, will, of course, blend with the pleasure previously felt from the material object; and may be conceived to be itself the chief constituent of that primary pleasure, since the subsequence is too rapid to be distinguishable on reflection.

It is worthy of remark, too, that there is a pleasure in such a case, from the mere perception of the analogy

of the co-existing objects of thought; a pleasure that constitutes the whole charm of the metaphorical language of the poet and rhetorician; which gives therefore an additional delight to the mental suggestion, when the kindred image is suggested; and, consequently, leads us the more to ascribe to *it* the whole delight which we feel.

But it is manifest, that although, when we consider any forms or colours, simple or combined, the analogy of some mental affection may be suggested; and although, when the analogous feeling is suggested, the pleasure of the Beauty may be greatly increased, this is no proof that the material objects themselves are not pleasing, independent of the suggestion, though not, perhaps, to an equal degree.

Though probabilities, therefore, are on the side of some original tendencies to feelings of this class, yet these feelings are not to be considered as forming the most important of the class, or even as bearing any high proportion in number or intensity to the multitude of delightful feelings of the same order, that beam for ever, like a sort of radiant atmosphere within, on the cultivated mind, becoming thus in their ever-increasing round, one of the happiest rewards of years of study, that were too delightful in themselves to need to be rewarded.

Though all objects, then, might not have been originally indifferent, the objects of our livelier emotions at present are certainly those which speak to us of moral analogies and lasting remembrances. It is, therefore, an interesting inquiry, "How do these associations operate in giving birth to the emotions, or in aiding them with such powerful accessions of

delight? Is it, as is commonly supposed, by the suggestion of a number of images related to the object, that transfer to it, as it were, the emotion which originally belonged to themselves?" This opinion, though supported and illustrated by genius of a very high order, namely, that of Mr Alison, Dr Brown does not think warranted by the phenomena.

Mr Alison's view of the origin of the emotion of Beauty may be given in a few sentences, as illustrated with great felicity of language and illustration in his Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. It is the nature of one object, either perceived or conceived, to suggest, by the common laws that regulate our trains of thought at all times, some other object or feeling, that has to it some one of many relations; and this again may suggest others related to it in like manner. Each suggestion, during a long train of thought, may be the suggestion of some delightful object, and thus, indirectly, of the delightful emotions which such objects were of themselves capable of inducing; and though the amount of gratification additional in each separate suggestion may be slight, the gratification afforded by a long series of such images, all delightful in themselves, and all harmonizing with the object immediately before us, may be very considerable; so considerable, as to be sufficient not to favour merely, but absolutely to constitute that emotion to which we give the name of Beauty.

Mr Alison considers the continued suggestion of trains of harmonizing images as essential to the emotion, which consists, according to him, not more in the kindred associate feelings themselves that are recalled to the mind, than in the peculiar delight at-

tending, what he calls, the exercise of the imagination, in recalling them; that is to say, the delight which he supposes to attend the mere suggestion of image after image in associate and harmonizing trains of thought. This opinion of Mr Alison's, as to the delight of the mere exercise of the imagination, seems to be founded on the belief of a sort of voluntary exertion of the mind in such trains; whereas all that truly takes place in them, according to Dr Brown, is the operation of the common laws of suggestion, that may be pleasing or painful in their influence, precisely as the separate feelings that rise by suggestion are themselves pleasing or painful. The exercise of imagination, in such a case, is nothing more than these separate states themselves. When we gaze on a Beautiful object, we do not call up the analogous images that may arise, but they arise of themselves uncalled; and if the images were of an opposite kind, the process would itself be painful.

Indeed, if the supposed exercise of imagination were in itself, as an exercise of the mind, necessarily pleasing, this exercise, Mr Alison should have remembered, is not confined to objects that are beautiful, but is common to those with the objects that excite emotions opposite to those of Beauty, in which, therefore, it would not be very easy for him to account for its different effect; since, according to his theory, the same species of exercise of imagination is involved in this. Likewise, it is very evident, that if necessarily pleasing, it should tend not to increase, but to lessen the disagreeable feelings, and to convert ugliness itself into a minor sort of Beauty.

But the great difficulty which Mr Alison's theory has to overcome, is the suddenness of the emotion of

Beauty. To him who reflects on the circumstances that have attended the emotion in cases in which it has been most strongly felt, does it appear on this view, that a series of images succeeding images have passed through his mind? These are cases, surely, in which the feeling of Beauty is immediately consequent on the very perception of the Beautiful form; so immediately consequent, that it would be difficult to convince the greater number of those who have not been accustomed to reflect on such subjects, that there is any subsequence whatever, and that the delightful emotion is not itself the very glance which gives that happy feeling in instant sequence to the soul.

Indeed, the more intense the feeling of Beauty may be, the less is the tendency of the mind to pass from the delightful form that fills the heart as it fills the eye, to images of distant analogy. This transition takes place chiefly where the emotion is of a slight kind; and that which, according to Mr Alison's theory, is said to constitute Beauty, has thus an inverse, and not a direct proportion to that very Beauty which it is said to constitute.

It is at least certain, that in the language of every poet, and of every impassioned describer of those impassioned feelings, the total suspension of all our faculties, but of that which is fixed on the contemplation of the dazzling object itself, is stated as an essential character of the excess of this emotion. There is uniformly described a sort of rapturous stupefaction, which overwhelms every other thought and feeling; and though this, in its full extent, may be true only of those excessive emotions which belong rather to poetry than to sober life, even in sober life there is

assuredly an approach to it; and we may safely, therefore, venture to assert, that the Beauty which scarcely allows the mind to wander for a moment from itself, is not less than the Beauty which allows its happy admirer to rove over the thousand kind and gentle qualities which it expresses, or to wander, still more widely, over a thousand analogies in other objects.

We do not find, then, that there is, at least that there is necessarily, any wide combination, or rapid succession, of trains of those associate images or feelings which Mr Alison terms ideas of emotion; and yet we have seen reason to believe, that the chief part of Beauty is truly derived from that mental process which has been termed association, the suggestion of some feeling or feelings, not involved in the primary perception, nor necessarily flowing from it. In what manner, then, does the suggestion act?

It is not a number of images, then, which necessarily arise in the mind, though these may arise, and, when they arise, may increase the pleasure that was felt before. What is suggested in the instant feeling of loveliness, must itself be an instant feeling of delight; and the source of such instant feeling of delight is to be found in the common laws of suggestion. The perception of an object has originally co-existed with a certain pleasure,—a pleasure which may perhaps have frequently recurred together with the perception, and which thus forms with it, in the mind, one complex feeling, that is instantly recalled by the mere perception of the object in its subsequent recurrences. With this complex state, so recalled, other accidental pleasures may afterwards exist in like

manner, and form a more complex delight; but a delight which is still, when felt, one momentary state of mind, and, as one state of mind, capable of being instantly recalled by the perception of the object, as much as the livelier delight in the earlier stage. The embellishing influence of association may thus be progressive in various stages, because new accessions of pleasure are continually rendering more complex the delight that is afterwards to be suggested; but that which is suggested in the later stages, though the result of a progress, is itself, in each subsequent perception of the object which it embellishes, immediate. We spread the charm over the object with the same rapidity with which we spread over it the colours which it causes to beam on us.

Such is the great cause of all the embellishments of Beauty, when association operates, by the direct suggestion of an amount of delight associated with the particular object. But, though our estimate of the degrees of Beauty, if wholly dependent on association peculiar to the object, might seem scarcely capable of any precision, we yet form our estimate with a precision and uniformity which almost resemble the exactness of our measurements of qualities, that do not depend on any arbitrary and capricious principle. There must therefore be in the mind some scale, in whatever way it may be acquired, by which we correct, in part at least, these accidental irregularities. This intellectual scale is the result of the comparisons which a cultivated mind is continually making, or of those general notions of resemblance which rise to us when there has been no intentional comparison of object with object. We observe not merely what gives de-

light to ourselves, but what gives delight also to the greater number of the cultivated minds around us; and what might be capricious in one mind, is thus tempered by the result of more general associations in many. As we form various notions of brightness from many varieties of light,—various notions of magnitude from many forms and proportions,—various notions of pleasure from many agreeable feelings,—so do we form, from the contemplation of many objects that have excited certain pleasing emotions in ourselves and others, various notions of Beauty, which, in their various degrees, are suggested by the new objects that are similar to those which originally induced them; and many comparisons, in various circumstances, thus gradually rectifying what might have seemed capricious if the comparisons had been fewer, we learn at last to attach certain notions of Beauty to certain objects, with a precision which otherwise we should have been incapable of attaining.

In this way the mind becomes rich in the many varieties of the general feeling of Beauty,—a feeling that was the result of many particular images and emotions in ourselves, and of much observation of the similar impressions of others; but which is itself one state of mind, and capable, as one state of mind, of being suggested in constant sequence. From the multitude of former pleasing objects that have interested us, we have formed, in consequence of their felt resemblance, a general notion of Beauty or excellence; or rather, we have formed progressively various general notions of various species and degrees of Beauty and excellence; and these general notions are readily suggested by the objects which agree with

them,—precisely in the same way as our other general notions,—such, for example, as those expressed by the words, flower, bird, quadruped, when once formed in the mind, are afterwards readily suggested by any new object that seems referable to the species or genus.

But, finally, it is not enough, however, when we gaze on a Beautiful object, that certain conceptions of former delight should be suggested; for these rise equally, on innumerable occasions, in our trains of thought, with little liveliness of present joy. The distinguishing liveliness of the emotion of Beauty, as it lies before us, if it depend upon association, seems to be absolutely inexplicable; but for a process which, when the images of a train are connected, not with some former conception only, but with a real object of perception, invests with illusive present existence the whole kindred images of the harmonizing group, of which a part, and an important part, is truly recognized as existing. The countenance on which we gaze, recalls to us some complex feeling of Beauty that was previously formed; but, while it recalls it, it exists permanently before us; and embodying, as it were, this complex visionary delight in the object of our continued perception, we give a reality, that is in the object only, to the shadowy whole, of which the perception of the object and the associate feelings of suggestion are harmonizing parts; and the images of tenderness and joy, which, as mere conceptions, unembodied in any real object, might have passed through the mind, in its trains of reverie, with little pleasure, thus fixed, as it were, and living before us in the external loveliness, affect us with a delight that is more

than mere imagination, because the object of it seems to be as truly existing without as any other permanent object of our senses,—a delight that may have resulted from many former pleasures, but is itself one concentrated joy.

What is truly most important to the emotion of Beauty, is this very part of the process, which theorists have yet neglected. It is not the mere suggestion of certain conceptions, general or particular; for these often form part of our trains of thought, without any very lively feeling as their consequence. It is the fixing and embodying of them in a real object before us, that gives to the whole one general impression of reality. The delight of which we think, when images of the past arise, is very different from the delight which seems to be embodied in objects, and to meet our very gaze—as the terror of the superstitious, when they think of a spectre in twilight, is very different from that which they feel when their terror is incorporated in some standing form that gleams instinctively on their eyes. But, for a process of this kind, it is not possible to conjecture how the effect of Beauty, as seen, should be so very different from the effect produced by a long meditation on all those noble and gracious characters of virtue and intelligence, the mere expression, that is to say, the mere suggestion, of which is stated to be all which constitutes it.

From this inquiry it appears that Beauty is not any thing that exists in objects independently of the mind which perceives them, and permanent, therefore, as the object in which it is falsely supposed to exist. It is an emotion of the mind, varying, therefore, like all our other emotions, with the varying tendencies of

the mind, in different circumstances. We have not to inquire into the nature of any fixed essence which can be called the Beautiful, but into the nature of transient feelings, excited by objects which may agree in no respect, but as they excite emotions in some degree similar. What we term the emotion of Beauty is not one feeling of our mind, but many feelings that have a certain similarity; as greenness, redness, blueness, are all designated by the general name colour. There is not one Beauty more than there is one colour or one form. But there are various beauties—that is to say, various pleasing emotions, that have a certain resemblance, in consequence of which we class them together. The Beautiful exists no more in objects, than species or genera exist in individuals.

ANTIQUITY.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting in antiquity, independent of the interest that particular antiquities may derive from their own beauty, or even from historical association. It is Nature's factor, and represents the opposite poles of mutability and eternity.

A Roman encampment, though it be now but a green mound, and was formerly the seat of mutiny, and, in fact, little better than a den of thieves, is more poetical than a modern barrack, though tenanted by brave Britons, the veterans of Egypt, or the medalists of Waterloo. What more prosaic than a halfpenny of the last coinage? You can in no ways put a sentiment into it, unless you give it to a child to buy sugar-plums, or to a beggar, in defiance of the vagrant laws and the mendicity society. But let the grim visages and execrated names of Caligula or Nero be deciphered through the verdant veil of venerable verdigris, and the As-Denarius or Teruncius, (the classic simile for worthlessness,) becomes precious as Queen Anne's farthings, or the crooked sixpence that heretofore served for lovers' tokens. The spirit of ages invests them like a glory-cloud.

Time is a mighty leveller; yea, oftentimes makes that most precious which originally was vilest. A manuscript of Bavius, preserved from the cinders of

Herculaneum, or a copy of Zoilus, traced beneath the legend of some Grecian monk, would be prized by collectors far above Virgil or Aristotle. Numismatologists are far more indefatigable in pursuit of Othos than of Trajans or Antonines.

What are the Pyramids? Huge piles of brick or stone, with square bases and triangular sides, reared by slaves for tyrants to moulder in,—standing evidences of heartless pride and heart-withering debasement,—ponderous burdens heaped on mother earth to defraud her of her due.

Such were they when they were new. It would have gone against one's conscience to have visited them. But it is quite otherwise now. They no longer belong to Cheops or Sesostris, Pharaohs or Ptolemies, Mamelukes or Turks, but to the imagination of mankind. It were worth a pilgrimage to see them, could seeing add any thing to their power. But they are so simple both in form and association, so easily, so clearly presentable to the mind's eye, that it is doubtful whether much would be gained by viewing them with the bodily organs, beyond the satisfaction of saying and thinking that one had seen them. It were nothing to measure their bases, or take their altitude,—somewhat tedious to pore over the Hieroglyphics,—not very much, except for a savant, to rummage the interior. But to conceive them, or, after all, it would be better to see them, standing on the same earth which has entombed so many thousand generations, pointing to the self-same sky which heard the cry of the oppressed when they were building; to sink, as in a dream, "through the dark backward and abysm of time;" to fancy them as bearing,

uncrushed, the waters of a deluge (for the tradition that they were erected by the Israelites in bondage is not confirmed by Scripture;) this is indeed sublime. There would be nothing sublime in covering the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields (said to be equal in square contents to the base of the great pyramid) with a fac simile. It would be a piece of lumbering inutility. Parliament, with all its omnipotence, could not endow it with a grant of centuries. It might be voted the tomb of kings, but not the sepulchre of ages.

The Pyramids are particularly happy in their locality. Under our changeful atmosphere, among fields and trees, the ever-varying, self-renewing operations of nature, they would be in too sharp contrast. In a free land of thriving industry they would be out of keeping,—they would occupy too much ground,—or stand a chance of being pulled down for the value of the materials. But they harmonize admirably with a dewless heaven, a sandy waste, a people that have been. They seem like a remnant of a world that has perished,—things which the huge Titans, "while yet there was no fear of Jove," might have built in wantonness, as boys pile up stones on mountain-heads. There is a sublimity in their uselessness. They should have been made when the earth bore all things spontaneously, before vitality had received its name.

The Egyptians, of all nations, seem to have built and planned with the most exclusive regard to permanence. They designed to make antiquities. A dim bewildered instinct, a yearning after immortality, was the *primum mobile* of all their undertakings. They preferred an unconscious existence, in the form of hideous mummies, to utter dissolution; they feared

that the bodiless spirit might lose its personal identity; and expected, or wished, after the expiration of the great cycle, to find all that they had left exactly as they left it,—the same bodies,—the same buildings,—the same obelisks, pointing at the same stars. Strange faith!—that the soul, after all varieties of untried being, would return to animate a mummy.

The Greeks built for beauty,—the Romans for magnificence,—the Orientals for barbaric splendour, (the Chinese, indeed, for fantastic finery,)—the Gothic nations for the sublimity of religious effect, or martial strength;—a Dutchman builds to please himself,—a sensible Englishman for convenience,—others of that nation, to shew their wealth or their taste. But the Egyptian built in defiance of time, or rather propitiated that ruthless power, by erecting him altars whereon to inscribe his victories over all beside.

The Grecian temples and statues are only antique from the accident of being ruined or mutilated. Had we (and who will say that we never shall have?) artists capable of reproducing them, they would belong as much to the present age as to that of Pericles. The principles of grace upon which they are founded are no more Grecian than British. The Greeks, it is true, had the merit of discovering them; but any one may adopt them who can; they are never out of place, never out of date. But a Gothic cathedral is antique though entire; dilapidation is not needful to give it age. Should a modern architect succeed in rivalling the hallowed structures of our forefathers, (an event by no means probable,) still his workmanship would savour of the times of yore, of other men than we, other manners than ours. We should feel the

new stone and stucco-work, the freshness of youth upon the new wonder, somewhat painfully; and, in a fanciful mood, might marvel in what cavern of the earth it had been hidden so many centuries,—by what mechanism it had been raised. It is seldom safe to imitate antiquities. An antiquity that is not ancient is a contradiction. It reminds us of something that it is not. The charm is gone. It is like the tragedy of Hamlet with the character of Hamlet omitted. In great works, it is well to keep close to the eternal,—to that which is never modern, and never can be antique. But it is impossible to exclude the spirit of our own age; and, therefore, to mimic that of another can only produce incongruity.

The same observations apply to books and paintings as to sculpture and architecture. Shakspeare and Homer are of all writers the least antique; Raphael and Titian far less so than Albert Durer. Pierce Ploughman is embronzed with more years than Horace. Hesiod among the Greeks, Ennius among the Latins, have the most of this venerable incrustation.

As there are some things which never become antique, by virtue of their permanent and catholic excellence, so others are excluded from that character by their worthlessness. The full-bottomed periwig, and the hooped petticoat, are out of fashion; and, should they be treasured in museums, or recorded in pictures, till Plato's great year is completed, they will only be out of fashion still. Some people assert, that there is no antiquity like that of nature; but this is not true. Nature, indeed, has her antiquities; but they are not the sun, the moon, the stars, nor the ever-

flowing ocean, nor the eternal hills. These are all exempt from time; they never were new; and they are no older now than when angels sang hallelujahs at their creation. Nature has her antiquities; for she has some productions which she has ceased to produce; but for her streams and her mountains, her fields and her flowers, I hope they never will be antiquated. An aged tree, especially if shivered by wind or lightning, is certainly a thing of other times. A rock rifted by earthquake,—a fragment fallen at some far-distant or forgotten period from a mountain-side,—a deep fissure seemingly rent by some power greater than any which nature is now exerting,—may fitly be called natural antiquities. So are the mammoth's bones. They tell tales of the planet's vigorous youth; they belong to an order of things different from the present.

But there is nothing in nature, however green and fresh, or perpetually reproduced, which may not be rendered antique by poetry and superstition. Is not the very ground of Palestine and Egypt hoary? Are not the Nile and Jordan ages upon ages elder than Little Muddy River, or Great, Big, Dry River, or Philosophy, Philanthropy, and Wisdom Rivers, which unite to form Jefferson River? (It is a burning shame that those Yankees should be permitted to nickname God's glorious creatures after this fashion.) The Jesuits have done something for the Orellana; but even Mississippi (notwithstanding Mr Law and his scheme) is yet in its minority. By the way, bubbles and stock-jobbing have nothing antique about them.

Something of this hallowed character invests every plant and animal to which a superstition has attached.

The fancies of old poets; love-charms and magic incantations; the dreams of alchymy and astrology; the rites of obsolete religions; the strange fictions and unutterable compounds of the old medicine; the dark tales of philtres and secret poisons; more than all, fireside tradition,—have given to many an herb, and bird, and creeping thing, a stamp and odour of auld langsyne. Gems always remind me of the enchanted rings and amulets of romances,—of Gyges and the Barmecides, and those marvellous crystals in whose transparent water necromancers beheld "the face of things that is to be." The pansy is still sacred to Oberon and Titania,—the mistleto is not of our generation,—the mandrake is a fearful ghost of departed days,—the toad is the most ancient of reptiles, and the raven is "a secular bird of ages." But this imputation of antiquity belongs not to every flower that has been sung in past ages. If they were celebrated merely for beauty or fragrance, or even for such fanciful associations as might occur to any poet at any time, it does not make them antique. The rose and the lily have been time immemorial the poets' themes; yet they are not antiquities: their loveliness has no more relation to one age than another.

The Catholic religion is an antiquity; and this makes it, with all its imperfections, a gentlemanly mode of faith. It respects other antiquities. The Puritans, on the other hand, who, not to speak it profanely, were not gentlemen, had an odd perverse antipathy to every thing that reminded them of times when they were not. They would not have spared a Madonna of Raphael. They would have made lime of the Apollo Belvidere, and plastered a conventicle with the Venus de Medicis.

A smack of the antique is an excellent ingredient in gentility. A gentleman, to be the *beau ideal* of his order, should live in an old house, (if haunted, so much the better,) well stocked with old books and old wine, and well hung with family-portraits and choice pieces of the old masters. He should keep all his father's old servants, (provided they did not turn modern philosophers,) and an old nurse, replete with legendary lore. His old horses, when past labour, should roam at large in his park; and his superannuated dogs should be allowed to dose out their old age in the sun, or on the hearth-rug. If an old man, his dress should be forty fashions out of date at least. At any rate, his face should have something of the cavalier cut,—a likeness to the family of Vandykes; and his manners, without being absolutely antiquated, should shew somewhat of an inherited courtesy. In all, he should display a consciousness, that he is to represent something historical, something that is not of to-day or yesterday,—a power derived from times of yore.

How venerable is the escutcheon of an ancient family! How richly it glows in the window of their parish-church! the stained light that gleams through it is reflected from distant centuries. How awful are its griffins and wiverns! How mysterious the terms of heraldry, gules, azure, or—dexter and sinister!—Apply the same to the newly purchased coat of a new gentleman, and they are rank jargon, and the coat itself an unmeaning daub.

Yet antiquity is not always genteel. The Jewish nation is the greatest antiquity upon earth. It is a remnant of a dispensation that has past away. The law and the prophets are their family-history. Their

rites and customs, their food, their daily life, are derived from times long anterior to all records but their own. But, alas! it is not good for nations to be antiquities. They cannot but fall to ruin; and a human ruin is not a ruined temple.

The Gypsies, as a relic of the old Nomadic life, may be regarded with somewhat similar, but less melancholy feelings. We know not that they were ever better than they are, though certainly the tide of society is daily leaving them farther behind. In the list of retrograde nations we may mention the Abyssinians. All their laws, customs, and forms, declare that they must once have been a civilized people. At present they seem to be barbarians, with a few antique traditions of civilization,—like Indians, armed with the weapons and clothed in the garments of some murdered European crew.

An antiquity, in short, to conclude instead of beginning with a definition, is not that which is merely old, but that which has outlived its time,—which belongs to another state of society, another age of man or nature, than that in which it is contemplated. It must not be of the essence of universal nature, for she is ever renewing; nor of pure reason, for that is eternal. Neither must it be a mere whim, an arbitrary fancy or fashion, having no ground in either; but it must be a mode, an emanation of nature,—a form which she has assumed and laid aside.

PINS.

How many occasions of instruction do we daily omit, or pervert to the worst purposes! How seldom are we aware, that every atom of the universe is a text, and every article of our household an homily! Few out of the immense female population of these realms but in some way are beholden to pins; and yet how few, how very few, derive any advantage from them, beyond a temporary concinnity of garments, the support of an apron, or the adhesion of a neckkerchief: they stick them in at morning, and pull them out at night, daily, for years, without enlargement of intellect, or melioration of morals.

Yet there is not a pin in a tailor's arm, not one that contributes to the annual groat of a miser, but might teach the wise of the world a lesson.

Let us divide it into matter and form, and we shall perceive that it is the form alone that constitutes it a pin. Time was when it slumbered in the chaos of brazen wire, amid the multitude of concentric circles, cycles, and epicycles. Time was, too, when that wire was molten in the furnace,—when the solid brass became as water, and rushed from its ore with a glowing rapidity. When this took place we know not; what strange mutations the metals may have undergone we cannot conjecture. It may have shone on the

breast of Achilles, or ejected the spirit of Hector. Who knows but it may have partaken of the sacredness of Solomon's lavers, or have gleamed destruction in the mirror of Archimedes?

From form, then, is derived disgrace or dignity; of which the poor passive matter is but the involuntary recipient; yet forms are all fleeting, changeable creatures of time and circumstance, will and fancy: there is nothing that abides but a brute inert mass, and even that has no existence at any time, but in the form which then it bears.

Just like this pin is man. Once he was, while yet he was not, even in the earth, from whence the fiery spirit which pervades all nature, and contains in itself the forms and living principles of all things, summoned him to life and consciousness. How various his subsequent fates!—how high his exaltation!—how sacred his offices!—how brilliant his genius!—how terrible his valour! yet still the poor human animal is the same clod of earth, or the same mass of bullion, that is sown by the seeds that float in the atmosphere of circumstance, and stamped by the dies of education and example.

See him in the decline, in the super-civilization of social life. He is sunk to a pin. His sole solidity is brazen impudence. His outside mercurial glitter, a counterfeit polish, as deleterious as it is attractive; composed of changeable fashions, that glide away like quicksilver, and, like quicksilver, are excellent to denote the changes of the season.

Consider the head of a pin. Does it not resemble those royal personages which the English have been in the habit of importing from foreign parts to govern

them? For, observe, it is no part of the pin, but superinduced upon it,—a mere exotic,—a naturalized alien; or, like the noses of Taliacotius, adopted to supply natural or contingent deficiencies. It is a common remark upon a person of moderate intellects, that he has a head, and so has a pin; but I believe it is to our national rather than our individual heads that this is meant to be applied; for what similarity can there exist between the silliest head that grows between a pair of shoulders and an adventitious nob, owing its elevation wholly to the caprice or convenience of a pin-maker? But if the public head be intended, the analogy is strong enough for a commentator on the Apocalypse. A foreign prince, by the wisdom of a British parliament, became united to the headless trunk of the nation; becomes part of us by force of time and adhesion; yea the very part from which the rest derive honour and usefulness.

But if the head be thus dignified, shall the point want respect, without which the head were no head, and the shaft of no value, though, in relation to these noble members, it is but as the tail? Is it not the operative artificer, the pioneer to clear the way, the herald to announce, the warrior to subdue opposition? How aptly does this little javelin typify the frame of human society! What the head of a pin would be without its point, and the point without the head,—that were the labourer without the ruler, or the ruler without the labourer.

There is one more resemblance I would fain suppress, did not truth call for its statement. That pin may long glitter in the orderly rank of the paper, or repose in the soft security of the cushion; it may fix

itself on the bosom of beauty, or support the cumbrous honours of her train; but an end is predestined to its glories, and Abasement the minor shall seize the possession from Pride the trustee. It shall one day be broken, lost, trampled under foot, and forgotten; its slender length, which now is as straight as the arrow of Cupid, shall be as crooked as his bow; and it shall share the fate of decrepid demireps and exploded patriots.

Remember, ye statesmen, and learn from the pin: while it was upright as the councils of ————, it remained in office and preferment; and was not laid aside till it became ruinous as the politics of Machiavel.

LOVE-POETRY.

Love is certainly a poetical subject. All poets, who deserve the name, are, or have been, lovers; and a considerable portion of lovers wish to be poets. How comes it then, that, of the innumerable amatory effusions which comprise more than half the minor literature of the world, so few are even tolerable? If the lover would but express his real feelings in plain language, with such figures, and such only, as the passion spontaneously suggested, surely we should have sense at least, if not poetry. But a notion long prevailed, that poetry must be something different from sense; and that love must be irrational, because it is sometimes indiscreet. Love is a divinity, therefore it must talk as unintelligibly as the Pythian prophetess,—he is a child, therefore it is proper he should whine and babble; or, to speak less like a Pagan, it is too genteel an emotion to call any thing by its proper name. Love-poets seem to have borrowed, from the amorous Italians, a fashion of paying their addresses in masquerade. The fair lady is changed into a nymph, a siren, a goddess, a shepherdess, or a queen. She lives upon air, like the camelion; or on dew, like the grasshopper. Like the bird of Paradise, she disdains to touch the earth. She is not to be courted, but worshipped. She is not composed of flesh and blood,

but of roses, and lilies, and snow. In short, she is altogether overwhelmed and mystified with the multitude of her own perfections. The adorer is Damon or Strephon,—a shepherd, or a pilgrim, or a knight-errant; and his passion is a dart, a flame, a wound, a Cupid, a religion,—any thing but itself.

We are afraid that the weary iteration of these extravagant common-place conundrums arises from a source very different from passionate admiration. Authors are but too apt to have a mean opinion of the female intellect. Ladies' men, of the school of Will Honeycomb, rarely appreciate woman as they should do; and recluse students, conscious of their own deficiency in the graces which are supposed indispensable to gain the favour of the fair, endeavour to despise the sex which overawes them. Another source of this silly sameness of love-verses is the notion, that a lover must compose as well as dress in the height of the fashion. Hence the endless repetition of stock-phrases and similes,—the impertinent witticism,—the wilful exclusion of plain sense and plain English,—the scented, powdered, fringed, and furbelowed coxcombry of quality love-poets.

The drawing-room style is, however, well nigh obsolete. We hear little of the Damons and Strephons, with their Phillis and Amaryllis, for all the world like the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses that used to adorn our mantle-pieces, before geology and mineralogy became fashionable for ladies. Diana and Minerva, and Hebe and Aurora, and the rest of those folks, are left to slumber peacefully in Tooke's Pantheon; though a certain class of poets have bestowed

the names of those divinities on a whimsical set of beings of their own invention.

We should not, however, censure the introduction of the Grecian deities in Greek and Roman poetry. Not only were they objects of popular belief, but distinct and glorious forms, familiar as household things to every eye and memory. Sculpture and painting had given them a real being,—their names immediately suggested a fair or sublime image,—a delightful recollection of the wonders of art, sanctified by something of a religious feeling, that inspired them with immortal life, and invested them with imaginary beauty. Even the classic allusions of our own early writers may be defended, but on different ground. Mythologic names were not then unavoidably associated with school-boys' tasks, and court or cockney poetry. They were flowers fresh from the gardens of Italy and Greece, perfumed with recollection of the olden time. They did not indeed suggest distinct images to ordinary readers; but what, perhaps, was better, they gave a momentum to the imagination in a certain direction,—they excited an indefinite expansion—a yearning after the ideal—a longing for beauty beyond what is seen by the eye, or circumscribed by form and colour,—a passionate uncertainty.

A PREFACE THAT MAY SERVE FOR ALL MODERN WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

If to be original it were necessary to be new, originality is at an end. Not only all the sense in the world is preoccupied, but all the nonsense likewise. There is not a simile, however devoid of similitude,—a paradox, however outrageous,—a pun, how execrable soever, but may be found in works that were extant long before the oldest man living was thought of. All the originality that a modern work can possibly attain is the originality of a quilted counterpane, in which old shreds and remnants assume a novel appearance from ingenious juxtaposition. I dare say, by the bye, this comparison has been made use of before in some book which I never read.

It would be impossible, even for an opium-eater, to conceive a superstition which has not been the sober belief of some tribe or other; nor could the genius of absurdity, personified in the shape of a fancy dress-maker or dandy tailor, invent an absolutely new fashion.

Even if originality were possible, it would not be desirable; for it must of necessity be false. There was a time, perhaps, when golden lands and fortunate islands were hidden in the vast ocean; but now nothing remains to be discovered but the sandy deserts

of central Africa, and the inaccessible ice-rocks of the north pole. No doubt, it would be original to discover a north-west passage; but what would it be good for?—Just nothing.

What incident, short of physical impossibility, could a novel or romance writer devise, which might not be found, not only in former novels and romances, but in the annals of real life?

But is it necessary for a thought to be new in order to be original?—Is every honest man a plagiary, because a few honest men have existed in every generation since the pupilage of old father Adam?—or, Am I a plagiary in my love of venison, because old Quin declared—

> "If the Devil in Styx should in fishing delight,
> Let him bait but with venison, by —— I would bite?"

In truth, every sentiment that proceeds from the heart,—every thought that emanates from the individual mind,—or is suggested by personal observation, is original, though, in all probability, it has been thought and felt a thousand times before. The people who are generally called originals are, for the most part, those who have the least claim to the title. They are, in nine instances out of ten, deplorably affected; and affectation is the antipodes of originality. Hypocrites are never original; and affectation is the hypocrisy of manners, as hypocrisy is the affectation of morals. Those who try to be original never succeed. The completest originals in the world are your plain matter-of-fact, every-day folks, that never utter a word but what they mean. There are few synonimes in any language; but there is in the Eng-

lish a perfect synonime to the word *original:* it is—the scarcely less-abused word—natural. Many men and many writers call themselves natural, because they affect a nature different from their own. A fashion prevailed some time ago of imitating the old ballads, and talking of their delightful simplicity. True, they are delightfully simple, and so is a child of two years old; but what should we think of a man of forty, who set up for simplicity by lisping and babbling like his youngest daughter?

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt," says St Augustine, or somebody else. So might every modern author say,—but it would be a sad loss to the world at large.

Never was there an age which strained so hard after originality as the present,—yet it is not an original age. It is indeed somewhat original, to discover that Pope and Dryden were no poets; and so it would be to demonstrate that the moon is made of green cheese. But, as for radicalism, and mechanics' institutes, and modern methodism, and modern infidelity, they are all *failures.* The two latter are as old as fanaticism and heartless presumption; and the former were known in Rome under the tyranny of the tribunes, and in the Netherlands, when Ghent and Brussels were what Leeds and Manchester are now.

What is called the universality of education has a tendency to drive all poetry and originality out of the world. Formerly women and mechanics were the best company to be found. Every thing they said was original—the product of their own thoughts and feelings. Now they are crammed with just enough knowledge to display the magnitude of their

ignorance. Whatever they say is something out of a book. Now, I hate to hear people talk out of books. I can read myself.

This is an age of books—and books, with all their merits, do not promote originality. The ideas we get from them are seldom our own. It requires as much genius to appropriate an idea as to conceive one. We now seek in books for knowledge; but there is little knowledge to be gained, except from life and observation. A man would not be very vigorous, if, instead of eating and drinking, he took a fancy to support himself by injecting ready-made chyle into his vessels.

We are anxious to provide weapons, but we neglect the hand that is to wield them. We kill the goose for the sake of her golden eggs.

Knowledge is power when in the possession of a powerful mind; for with such, truths old as the creation are original: but it is no compliment to a man to be called a walking encyclopædia. Memory is at best an operative—and woe be to the state where the operatives take the lead!

Heaven forefend that I should speak this in contempt of the humble, useful members of society! On the other hand, I have ever maintained, that "those who think" should assume no superiority over "those that toil." All I say is, that their vocations are different.

This is a levelling age. Perhaps it is well it should be so; but such is the fact. The dress of the old court could only be worn gracefully by a courtier—a dandy shopman, with a sword tripping him up at every step, would have been detected at first sight.

Tarnished gold-lace, or an out-of-date periwig, would instantly expose an unqualified pretender to quality. No lady's maid, or milliner, could have walked well in a hoop—nor could the ceremonious gallantry, the courteous hauteur of the old court, be successfully imitated by exoterics. A gentleman, or a lady, can now distinguish him or herself by nothing but plain dress, plain sense, and originality. Bon ton, just now, is decidedly vulgar; so are vice and absurdity.

Originality is generally agreeable. The only disagreeable original that I know is an original bad heart. Any thing, not positively vicious, that belongs to the individual, is good. Even ugliness is sometimes lovely. I have known very plain women, whom I should be sorry to see handsomer. No one, that is acquainted with a stammering humourist, or a lisping lady, (if her lisping be original), would wish to have them cured.

Why is nature lovely? Because she is always original. Distilled perfumes are sweeter to the voluptuous sense than natural odours; the painted cheek presents the eye with as fine a red as modesty's native blush; roses have been made by art which, at the distance of a yard, might be mistaken for nature's own:—but no one loves them; we only admire the ingenuity of the maker; and love and admiration, though near akin, are not on intimate terms. What we know well we either love or hate—what we know not we either admire or laugh at.

Let no man, therefore, that has a heart and can think,—that loves nature in his soul, and knows the meaning of the word *truth*, despair of being original, or envy his forefathers their thoughts, which may be

his as well as theirs, if he is capable of thinking them.

There are some current tricks to produce an appearance of originality, which, to speak civilly, are rather shallow. Blasphemy is by no means original, (I wish it were). Sedition is very common-place. The device of interlining obscenity with sentimentality is quite stale. It is not a good penance for drunkenness to endite drunken jokes when half sober. It were well if our wits of this class would recollect, that they are not the first fools that ever existed. A more innocent artifice has been adopted by more respectable writers, who aim at originality by versifying books of travels,—who think that the moon is renovated by a Turkish name, and that the rose acquires a fresh perfume when it is called *gul*. Doubtless a new imagery may be obtained by fixing the *venue* of a poem in America or India; but imagery is of little value in poetry, except as an exponent of thought or feeling. A passage which requires a note to render it intelligible, is always more serviceable to book-makers than book-readers. Poets of the exotic school should remember, that Hong merchants and West India captains seldom read poetry.

A book may be perfectly original, and yet not contain a thought, simile, pun, or allusion, that is new. Who cannot distinguish a man, or a book, that is talking by rote?

There is, in all such talkers, and all such books, an air of studied facility that instantly betrays them What is called a fluent man, who talks "like a prent book," in whose discourse are no verbless nominative cases, and no nominative-caseless verbs, is, depend

upon it, always a shallow man. Of course, I speak of those to whom the faculty of easy speaking is natural. The deepest intellects may acquire it by practice. There is ever an analogy between the state of literature and the state of society. There was an age, perhaps, when the wide earth, and he that first entered on the fair plain, or took upon himself to clear the woodland of its waste fertility, might call the spot he occupied his own. That age is past; yet every man, who has the means, may make a plot of earth his own. So is it in the world of imagination. No doubt there has been a time when the moon and the blue sky, and the rose and the lily, and the dove and the nightingale, were new in verse: there must have been a poet who first introduced them. Yet the moon shines still, the sky has not ceased to be blue; the rose and the lily are fair and sweet as ever; the dove is just as loving and gentle as when she brought the olive leaf to the sole human family; and the nightingale sings as sweetly to us as to that sweet-witted Persian who first called the rose her paramour. And do we, in these later days, merely inherit our love for these things, so fair and lovely? Thanks to the great men of old; we love them for their sakes; but we love them for their own too. Our affection is hereditary; but it is original also.

We know not whether Pythagoras was the first or only man that ever conceived the famous forty-seventh proposition; yet who would deny to his rapturous εὑρηκα the joy and triumph of originality?

There is one thing which, I trust, has been repeated from generation to generation, which is, neverthe-

less, a complete original, without which all originality is worse than good for nothing—an everflowing fountain of noble thoughts and kind emotions, which are its own, and none can take from it—a thing which must ever be original, for no art can copy it, and God alone can bestow it—a good heart.

MEDALS, OR OBVERSES AND REVERSES.

In like manner as our Janus possesses two faces, so does almost every thing else in the world present two aspects under which it may be viewed,—the one brilliant and attractive, the other gloomy and terrifying. *Ogni medaglio ha il suo reverso,* says the Italian proverb,—every medal has its reverse,—a remark that applies to both men and things; for what character is so illustrious as not to have its shadowed side? What so totally dark as not to exhibit a few light spots? or what so perfect as to be productive of no abuse?—so evil as to be mitigated by no concomitant alleviation? Let us therefore examine a few of our *medals* on both sides. To do so may afford us some amusement, and perhaps a little instruction too.

Gold.—How many virtues does this metal possess!—how many comforts and gratifications does it procure!—how many defects does it not conceal!—It endues even the weakest mortal with the strength of a hundred hands; provides for him the luxuries of every clime; secures for him on all sides homage and admiration. What though nature, like a malignant stepmother, has denied him her most ordinary gifts? this gift of fortune amply avenges him for her neglect, and he sees himself the object of universal regard and envy. Could gold secure but mere sensual

indulgence—pamper only the body—the philosopher might scorn it; but it obtains also for its possessor the attention of the wise, the smiles of the beautiful. It is the key that opens to him the gates of the proud and the great,—the magic talisman that transports him wherever he wishes, and becomes whatever he wills;—it enables man to succour misfortune, to relieve distress, and to be to his fellow-creatures a benevolent genius. No wonder, then, that mortals adore in their hearts a metal of such admirable potency, and superior in its effects to all the enchantments and charms that romance has fabled.

Let us, however, cast a glance at the *reverse*. Alas! how numerous are the crimes to which gold has given birth! It has bribed the betrayer of his country; it has hired the sword of the assassin; it has paid woman the price of her infamy and shame; it has sometimes even warped the scales of justice, and has purchased for guilt the title of virtue. What is there so precious that mortals will not sacrifice it to this idol? Liberty, independence, honour, affection, health of body and peace of mind, love of country and love of kindred, are all offered up to it by turns. Sleepless nights, days of unceasing toil, are submitted to for the sake of gold; it is the ready pander of vice, the insidious foe to virtue.

War.—When we gaze upon the *obverse*, we perceive only the pomp and sublimity which the poet and historian have conferred upon this pursuit. We admire the generous enthusiasm of combatants, the pageant of the tented field; we hear only the spirit-stirring trumpet, the clang of arms, and the shouts of victory. Hurried away by enthusiasm, we

involuntarily bow before the chariot of the conqueror, and join in the general acclamation. The successful warrior is seen standing like a demi-god, crowned by immortality and glory.

But what a frightful contrast does the other side of the medal offer to us!—There the victor seems a destroying angel sent to exterminate his fellow-creatures, spreading desolation and misery, and carrying servitude and oppression wherever he directs his course, while ten thousand nameless horrors follow in his train.

GLORY, Fame, Immortality;—these are the words inscribed on our third medal; and our bosoms thrill with pride when we contemplate the generous and noble actions which they have inspired: they recall to us the names of those who have generously devoted their lives and their talents to the service of the human race,—who have laboured for the weal of remote posterity. Yes; well do such characters deserve that their memories should be honoured with every testimony of regard that gratitude can bestow. Mankind are only just when they thus bestow on their benefactors the attributes of more than human power, and repeat their names from age to age. Surely to this medal there can be no reverse; yet let us turn it, and we shall perceive that infamy, too, possesses its immortality, and that with an almost incredible fatuity men have agreed to bestow admiration on actions that merit only abhorrence or contempt; thus casting a false splendour over successful crime. The name of a Nero is as secure from oblivion as that of a Titus; an Achilles or an Alexander more known and honoured than a Howard or a Sharp.

Impartially examine the characters of those on whom the world has bestowed the epithets of illustrious and great, and how few among them will you discover either estimable or amiable! Nay, we shall too often detect in this number those who, while they arrogantly aspired to be deemed superior to the rest of their species, exhibited more than human weaknesses, with vices truly diabolical. As used by the generality of mankind, glory and infamy, celebrity and disgrace, are but too frequently synonimous.

It would be more tedious, perhaps, than instructive, were we to examine all our medals in detail, and scrutinize them one by one. We will now, therefore, content ourselves with a more cursory glance at some of the others, which we shall take up at random; and here we have one on whose obverse is a figure of Hymen, with the motto—"Conjugal Felicity;" and surely we could not have pitched upon a happier omen for a new-year's wish. And does this also, like the rest, some fair reader may perhaps inquire, possess a fatal reverse?—it cannot be. Perhaps, then, we had better not turn it; but incredulity and curiosity prevail, and we read with grief and astonishment—Indifference, Contempt, Disgust, and—Doctors' Commons.

This medal, which shews on one side the Golden Age, represented by a group of nymphs and youths, crowned with flowers, and dancing beneath the shade of a spreading tree, exhibits on the other a parcel of naked savages leaping and grinning—to say nothing of other circumstances that do not tell greatly to the advantage of unsophisticated nature, or display it exactly in the same colours as poetry does. Let us

turn this other, on which is inscribed—" The Good old Times," and " The Wisdom of our Ancestors," and we shall perceive the curfew bell,—ordeal by fire and water,—a preux chevalier, in person and manners not much unlike a modern butcher, and unable to write his own name,—superstition, monkery, priest-craft, and witchcraft,—Torquemada and the Inquisition,—Queen Mary and her Smithfield faggots,—the female Nero, Catherine de Medici,—Rodrigo Borgia, with the style of Vicegerent of Christ and Successor of St Peter,—the pious Defender of the Faith, our Second Charles, with his Mahometan seraglio,—and sundry other ever-to-be-regretted blessings and characteristics of by-gone times. Then hie thee to yon old grand-dame, who is so pathetically descanting on the wickedness of the present age, and bid her use it as a comment on modern degeneracy.

Of this medal one side bears for its motto—" The god-like Healing Art," while the other shews Dr Eady and a death-head. Here is law, " the perfection of reason," and in theory most excellent; but for the *practice* of it we must turn to the *reverse.* This medal of rural innocence and happiness, so delightfully pourtrayed by poets, who, like other portrait-painters, possess the talent of keeping down all the deformities of their originals, or converting them into actual beauties,—has a *per contra* of *game-laws* and poachers,—the interior of a rustic alehouse,—two or three village-attorneys,—a cottage filled with dirty ragged brats, ycleped by the courtesy of pastoral writers and dealers in *namby pamby,* " rosy-cheeked cherubs;" with many other sundries far more pleasing and edifying in verse than in matter-of-fact prose.

Here we perceive English liberty *backed* by an English watchman; there English morality, by the details and police-reports of an English newspaper; and there again national industry and the prosperity of our manufactures, by swarms of artisans' children, condemned to unremitted toil within the pestilential and demoralizing atmosphere of a crowded factory,—a place to be paralleled only by the horrors of a slave-ship.

Every medal, in short, that we can take up in our whole collection, however fair the type and impress it bears on one side, presents some disagreeable contrast, some antithetical and accompanying evil, on the other. Yet wisdom, like the prudent JANUS, will look steadfastly on both, that it may, as far as human prudence can do, erase that which is bad, while it improves that which is good. It is folly only that looks without farther examination on merely the fairest side of things, and then exclaims that nothing can be better, or that nothing has been worse, than it now is. With regard, too, to the characters of men, adulation dwells only on the fair side, detraction on the reverse; but discrimination and impartiality will examine both, and be deceived by neither.

THE BEASTS *VERSUS* MAN:

A FABLE.

THE brutes assembled to complain
Of man, their tyrant, proud and vain;
And all agreed they should petition,
Without delay, imperial Jove,
The haughty creature to remove
From power abused to meet condition.
"What!" cried the Fox, "because sometimes
I taste a chick, or pluck a goose,
Am I for ever, in vile rhymes,
To be the subject of abuse?
Because I sometimes down my gullet
Contrive to slide a tender pullet,
Shall therefore every two-legg'd knave
Be termed a crafty fox?—
The bare idea reason shocks.
When do we prey on the community
By lotteries, bubbles, schemes, or gaming;
Or, rogueries on parchment framing,
Plunder each other with impunity?"

The Hog as speaker now advanced,
And at the assembly as he glanced,
"My friends," he cried, "ye know me well;
My goodly nature ye can tell;

Say then, shall I be termed a glutton,
Because I relish what I eat,
Nor wish my stomach e'er to cheat?—
The accusation is most pleasant.
But say; do I or kill my mutton,
Or chase the hare, or wound the deer,
Or shoot at partridge, or at pheasant,
My board to load with varied cheer?
Man against us vile slanders forging,
With most malignant personality,
Taxes us hogs with love of gorging.—
In him 'tis merely hospitality,—
Good-living, *gastronomy*, taste.
Have we those greasy, graceless books,
Composed by learned doctor-cooks,—
By scribes, who teach men how to tickle
Their palates with both sauce and pickle,
Of which they form a library, rich in their
Dame Glasse, Dame Rundell, Doctor Kitchener;
And, with most strange, unhallowed bookery,
Teach the black, deadly art of cookery?
Yet men do this,—and, ay, much worse,—
Without remorse they kill us swine,
Then preach up temperance while they dine."

He said, and, of the Long-eared Race,
One now stepped forth to take his place.
" Some great offence, as it appears,
To man is given by my ears;
But, let him hold his witless railing,
Sure length of ears is no great failing;
And, if the case we fairly scan,
The difference chief, 'twixt us and man,

Is length of ears and length of tongue."
Loud was the applause around that rung,
At the retort, so shrewd, so keen,
With which Sir Balaam vented thus his spleen.

The Monkey next, with mien undaunted,
And, conscious of his graceful air,—
What else caused all around to stare?—
First his own parts and talents vaunted.
Not that he wished to descant on
Merits to all the world well known;
"But," said he, "envious man's so blind
To all perfection not his own,
No gracefulness in me to find
He's able: then,—'tis quite a sin,—
He calls my smile an ugly grin.
What strange! what odious self-conceit
Is that with which Man is replete;
For, 'tis from me he takes his graces
And airs; although, 'tis true, the case is,
By awkward, gross caricaturing,
He makes the copy past enduring.
Nor is the difference so great,
Save that my legs are somewhat bandy,
Between a monkey and a dandy.
I dance too,—is it overweening
To say't? with equal skill and meaning;—
At least, you'll grant me, sirs, as decently
As that strange skipping which I recently
Beheld at that queer opera place:—
And then to hear their monstrous pother,
How the fools compliment each other

In such a quaint and fulsome style,
On that most vile
  Unnatural quality which they term grace!"

Now 'gan the Peacock to complain,—
He said, not even his gorgeous train
Could save him from the petty malice
Of Man, nor from his carping sallies.
  His voice was termed a horrid squall;
" Yet, in mankind's pert, coxcomb race,
Are many in far worser case,
  On whom the censure well might fall;
Though of their looks and airs so vain,
They have my voice without my train."

" What," said the Serpent, " is my fang,
  Or what the poisonous tooth of adder,
To that severer, keener pang
  Slander inflicts? In sooth 'tis sadder—
The venom men upon their kind outshed,—
The living wounding,—sparing not the dead."

The Tiger then:—" Men call me cruel,
Yet when did I e'er fight a duel,
Appoint the spot and hour most coolly,
The forms of etiquette observing duly?
So nicely is the work adjusted
By them; and yet, if they are trusted,
They are so meek, and mild, and good,
They never shed each other's blood,—
Except, indeed, upon compulsion
  Of interest, honour;—that's the story

That sets the world in a convulsion:
  Then cutting throats is termed glory.
Slaughter's with them an art—a trade;
  He murders nobly upon system;
He reasons ere he draws his blade;—
  Such arguments! who can resist 'em?
Where we kill one, he slays a million.
Read the gazettes, from those of Ilion
Downwards to that of Waterloo,
Then judge if what I say be true.
If, too, we seize some two-legged sinner,
We've this excuse,—'tis for our dinner.
  In men 'tis pride,—'tis lust of power,
Or else his zeal for true religion,
That goads him on to deeds most Stygian;
Since,—and mark here the great disparity
'Twixt us and him:—he, out of charity,
Murders whole myriads;—in us 'twere barbarity:
For never does he want pretences
For acting as if out his senses."

'Twere long to tell each charge preferr'd
By fishes, reptile, beast, and bird,
  Of every species, every clime,
  Or whatsoever rank and station;
But all, with one consent, agreed,
In vice alone Man did exceed;
  For every folly, every crime,
To him were known:—
Each other creature had his own
Peculiar failing to himself assigned,
While Man possessed them all combined.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

IMITATED FROM THE DUTCH OF BOXMANN.

Know ye a breath of such fell power
As the tornado's whirlwind rage,
What time the demons of the tempest scour
Through the dark air, and in fierce fight engage?
Yes; there's a more resistless breath,
Scattering fury, vengeance, death;
Like spring's soft, balmy gales it blows,
And joy and life around bestows
To all on earth, but most to man;
Yet when proud tyrants would it check,
Or would repress it by their haughty beck,
It bursts in vengeance o'er the ravaged land,
With a fierce might that nought may e'er withstand.

Know ye a flood so wild and dread,
As Orinoco's whelming wave,
That oft around hath desolation spread,
And made its banks a people's grave?
Yes; there's a pure refreshing stream
That flows through fairy flower-strew'd meads,
'Mid which its silvery waters mildly gleam;
But should tyrannic force
Oppose its course,
With all-resistless havock then it spreads,

That knows no check, obeys no sway,
And temples, altars, nations, sweeps away;
O'erwhelms and sinks the tyrant's pride,
And mocks his utmost skill to guide.

Know ye a flame of such destructive might
As that which Ætna's jaws out-throw,
Engender'd in the realms of deepest night,
And threatening heaven with its lurid glow?
Yes; there is a fiercer flame
Which nought can quench—no power can tame;
Mildly radiant, brightly beaming,
With a lambent soft light gleaming
It warms, and renovates, and cheers;
Yet let some felon-hand essay
Madly to quench the heaven-kindled spark,
Bursting, blazing, flaming, stark,
It brings destruction, death, dismay;—
'Tis Freedom's breath, and flood, and flame,
And ever-hallow'd be its soul-inspiring name!

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE MANSE.

It was seven o'clock, on a cold December evening, when the Reverend Mr Shaveall found the privacy of his Saturday night's preparatory lucubrations broken in upon, by the sudden call of an unexpected, though, for sundry reasons, and these not light, a scarcely unwelcome visitor—had he timed himself a little better. It was barbarous and ignorant; but barbarity is a thing too common now-a-days to be much wondered at; and ignorance is a crime happily within the pale of forgiveness. In both conclusions, the mind of Mr Shaveall acquiesced, as, in a hurried manner, he arranged the appearance of his outer man, unfortunately, at the moment, in rather a state of deshabille.

"Bless my heart," said the reverend gentleman, seizing the intruder's hand within both of his own, "I hardly knew you. Dear me, is it you, Mr John? I really did not anticipate this honour. So you have returned, have you? We have been a long time, Mr John, many lustra, without you. How many years—ay, years, is it since you were last in this part of the country? I don't think now—let me see—that I have looked upon you since you passed this way, seven years ago, on your journey to Oxford. What a difference upon you since that time! then so little and

chubby, now so tall and handsome! 'Like Pelion to a wart.' There is not more difference between Bacchus and the Belvidere Apollo, (hem). Time has completely metamorphosed you, Mr John; and in every way for the better."

"Why," said Mr John Oliphant, who had listened to the pastor's rhapsody with a good-natured smile on his face, and some little tickling of amusement, "the time is sufficient to have made a Dennis O'Brien of me, although I had been as minikin-like as Sir Geoffrey Hudson. It may not have done this; but it has made a man of a stripling of sixteen, which, if I opine rightly, I happened to be at that precise period. I must return your compliments, and assure you, that I never saw you before looking better, Mr Shaveall, only a little rounder and rosier, ay?" added Mr John, facetiously, glancing first down on the nether person of the minister, and then to his full-blossomed cheeks.

"No,—no,—Mr John; hard study and anxiety for my flock will keep me down as long as I live. I can scarcely believe your remark in this particular altogether sincere," said the reverend gentleman, looking serious; then adding, after a pause, "You have travelled, I believe, within this year or two, after finishing your studies—your classical studies I mean. As to your studies of 'the manners living as they rise,' they can be but commencing yet: these are studies of perhaps equal importance, and scarcely less difficult. You know what the ethical Pope says,

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

"Oh, ay," replied Mr John; "I have travelled, and to what purpose is a problem. Bruce, you know,

sought the fountain of the Nile, the '*fluvius septem-fluus*' of the poets; Park wandered by the African Niger, dogging it in its wanderings, and determined to know its proceedings, like a catchpole with his eye on a pickpocket; while John Legh, M. P. chose to gaze, with admiration and damp feet, on the cataracts of Egypt. None of these things have I seen, nor intend '*Deo Volente.*' Master John Oliphant preferred France and Italy for his money;—and he has got quit of some of it, without farther extending his researches. As he has a lighter pocket, pray Heaven he may have obtained a solider head.'

"Ha!—ha!—ha!—Mr John, you are a tolerable wit—you are a bit of a wag, Mr John; very humorous, upon my word. Swift and Rabelais are not entirely dead while we have you among us, Mr John. Knowledge of the world sharpens the intellects and enlarges the comprehension; or, as Ovid says,

'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

The Hull people, in commemorating the services on his tombstone that the great Andrew Marvell had rendered them, proclaimed to the world, that 'his mind was improved by education, study, and travel.'—The same, without flattery, may be said of you, Mr John. The French, sir, must, by all accounts, be a lawless, godless, regardless, turbulent set of people; as fickle as mercury and as talkative as parrots. Commend me to the old proverb, 'Deep waters make the least noise.' Louis must be sorely put to it by them. As for the Italians, Mr John, I dare say you would lose none of your respect for the ancient Romans, in your observations on their modern descendants. They say that the inns are full of ver-

min—is such the case? That Neapolitan revolution was a terrible flash in the pan."

"Why, sir, as Goldsmith's Mrs Rigmarole says, 'times on the whole are very much alike.' The French, with their scraping, bowing, politesse, affectation, petit-maitreism, philosophie, and trumpery, have their good among them as well as we have ourselves; and it would be more telling us that we were as careful of correcting our own faults, as forward in laughing at the foibles of our neighbours. 'Two blacks' (as quoting proverbs seems the rage) 'never can make a white.' The Italians, though loose as the sands, and indolent as the Palus Meotis, can scarcely be called barbarians, when they have 'improvisatores, sculptoresque, pictores.' If a man were a Hottentot, the very breathing of their atmosphere, the very aspect of their country, should polish his rough corners, and teach him civilization. You have heard of Canova?"

"For all that I know about Canova, they may be barbarous enough;

'Bello gerentes, prælio gaudentes Teutones;

but you will allow, that they have not the national spirit, the justice, the generosity, the devotedness, the nobility—I had almost said the Christianity of soul, which characterized the ancient Romans, when they had their Cicero in the senate and Cæsar in the field."

While the last of these words were dropping from his Nestorian lips, a slight tap was heard at the parlour door; and an old serving-woman entered, carrying a paper in her hand, with which she proceeded to

her master's chair. "Here is a paper, sir, that a poor woman gave me at the door; she begs, sir, that you will be so good as look at it. I dinna ken the woman, sir; I never saw her between the e'en afore, to my knowledge, sir; but, aiblins, you'll see from the paper the drift of her message. She seems a traveller, I think, sir."

"Very well, Jenny; you may go away. I shall let you know all the outs and ins of the matter in two minutes."

It was evident, unless we judge uncharitably, that, had the Minister been "by himself alone," the petition would have been returned unexamined; but a slight constraint on his own feelings had induced him to retain it, whatever issue might follow. With a demi-frown on his countenance, he opened it, remarking to his visitor, "Some petition for charity, now, I could swear. One is teased out of his senses by these beggarly creatures; 'earth's refuse, and its scum.' No spark of honest pride about them, Mr John; all dunghill knaves, that never forget their origin. Sloth, profligacy, and idleness, keep them in a pretty pickle."

After adjusting his silver spectacles to his nose, he proceeded to skim over the contents in a kind of short-hand style of reading, accompanied with a low monotonous murmur of the voice, as if a stray society of bees had taken up shop in his throat: then, with a see-saw of his head, he folded it up, saying to Mr Oliphant, "Just as I told you; a fine long-winded harangue, a very pathetic story of being burnt out; husband defunct; four starving children, the oldest but nine; can neither work nor want; together with

a long *et cetera* of charity-traps, capitally baited. She is no common hand I'll warrant ye, nor new to the trade. It is quite a profession now-a-days, Mr John, quite a profession, sir. Have you ever read Colquhoun on the Police of the Metropolis? a work of research, a capital work, sir. It 'calls up spirits from the vasty deep;' ragamuffins from every coal-cellar. This female Peripatetic does not belong to this parish, so we have nothing to say to her. I am often ashamed to lay my poor's-roll before the general meetings of heritors. Every parish has enough, and more than enough, to do in the management of its own paupers. The heritors, I am sure, Mr John, have no need to reflect on me, as I take every opportunity of screwing up the poor's-rates as tightly as possible. Please touch the bell, and let us send the vagrant and her talisman on their onward travels; though, were I to act right, and strictly up to the letter of the law, I should send for the constable, and commit her. But my principles, Mr John, my principles, extend to the utmost latitude of Christian charity and forbearance. Feeling is too often allowed to triumph over the dictates of reason. Yet, happy it is for us all 'when even our failings lean to virtue's side.'— 'Faith, hope, and charity,' says St Paul, 'these three, but the greatest of these is charity.' Touch the bell again, sir, if you please. I dare say Jenny is deaf. She'll be confabulating with this ne'er-do-well, I'll warrant."

As Jenny entered the room, Mr Oliphant, rising from his seat, took the paper from the clergyman's hand, and proceeded half way towards her. He slipped a half-crown into her palm along with it, and

said, in a firm voice, "Give that to the poor woman, and tell her to go about her business, as we have no more to say to her. Tell her, at the same time, that she does not belong to this parish."

When the door was again shut, the Minister, looking over to Mr John, and twirling his thumbs, said, after a hem, "What, sir, is your opinion of the present situation of pauperism? What do you attribute as the causes of its rapid progress? Do you think it owing to gradual deterioration of morals, or to be accounted for on the score of increasing population? Dr Chalmers has been long labouring away at the subject, but I can't say I comprehend him. From his anxiety to be over-perspicuous, I constantly lose his drift. Malthus is perfectly correct, when he argues for the extinction of public begging. No man can walk ten yards from his house without putting his hand in his pocket; or, at least, and that is almost the same thing, being solicited to do so. No man can sit half an hour at home without an announcement of one or more of these door-visitors saluting his ears. For my own part, I am clear for abolishing all legal provision for the poor *quam primum*. Year after year we are getting deeper in. Let us look to England, and tremble for our future fate. Let our motto be, 'Every man for himself, and Heaven for us all.' That's my version of the business."

"That would be a rapid cure for a long-protracted disease, and might be severe 'even to the cutting asunder of the joints and marrow.' I am afraid such a radical remedy might produce rather violent effects. You say this parish is very much burdened with poor?"

"Burdened! Mr John, why they are a plague of Egyptian locusts, that wholly eat us up. One does not know what to make of them. I wish we could get one half of them shipped off for Van Diemen's Land, that region of milk and honey. It is quite unfair of travellers to publish unfavourable accounts of what they may have seen. Let every one judge with his own eyes: had they met in with a snug resting-place, we should have heard nothing of the matter. These fellows know how to eat the bread of luxury in privacy and silence. We have plenty of cry of emigration among the lower orders, but little performance; as the old Scots proverb remarks roughly, but truly,

'Muckle cry, and little woo,
As the deil said when he clipped the sow.'

The misery and misfortune is, that three-fourths of them are beggars of their own making. People talk of improvement and improvement, of education and education;—the deuce take it, I dare say people will be driven wrong in the head altogether. These are prominent signs of the times, and need no astrological interference for their interpretation;—a barber's son talks French, and affects genteel society;—an oyster-wench aims at delicacy of feeling, and is mightily in love with the last new tragedy;—Cinderellas lose their slippers at routs below stairs;—and the very sweep,—a person of unsullied honour,—would call you out for saying, that you scarcely think him a finished gentleman. We have long had only one of these sooty gentry in our neighbourhood; but within these few months he has met with a formidable rival

in a brother of the black brush, who has pitched his tent in his teeth, and rides from lane to lane, with a spur on his left heel, mounted on a prime jack-ass, saddled *a-la-mode,* and sweeps a whole stack by contract. Now pray, Mr John, when are all these things to stop?—'Put a beggar on horseback, and he must ride to the devil,' without tightening rein. One-half of our young men, and eke of our young women, have expectations much above what this poor world can supply. Like Pistol,

'They talk of Africa, and golden joys.'

Of course they are disappointed,—think of running mad,—and are committed, as the last of their speculations, to the Lunatic Asylum, where their relations enjoy the inexpressible pleasure of paying a handsome board for them during the remainder of their enviable career. The other half, far seen in Cocker's Arithmetic and Leslie's Geometry, commence business in high style, and on scientific principles,—speculate with a most stoical certainty of success,—become bankrupt,—receive, for a few months, the benefit of jail air and exercise,—and wind up the tragi-comedy in a *cessio.* Years pass on; blunder succeeds blunder in an indefinite series, until the parish, the broad-shouldered parish, is forced into its parental provision:

'Sic transit gloria mundi!'"

"That is a dreary view of matters," said Mr John, somewhat tickled with the Minister's volubility and knock-him-down straight-forwardness; "what now shall become of Mr Brougham and the Education

Committee,—Dr Bell and his method,—Joseph Lancaster and his system?—But I am fond to hope, sir, that the extension of education has faults and enormities laid to its charge of which it is quite innocent. A strong light may dazzle the optics of the weak; but no one would thence infer, that we should put out our candles in order to see more distinctly. A bilious nabob may be caught in a shower during a pleasure-walk, and acquire thence a sneezing, and a pain in his right side; but should the whole country petition and pray for drought, that the wells may be filled with dust and thirsty frogs, the crops burned up, and the community stewed? Of a surety, no;—let the ophthalmatic weakling and the red-livered nabob look to themselves. Man lives in the world, and not in an hospital, and the interests of the unit must not be sacrificed to those of a fraction. In no country has education taken such a general circuit as with ourselves at home here in Scotland; and contradict me who can, when I say, that nowhere on the globe is there a greater diffusion of civil, moral, and religious liberty. If a man wishes that freedom of action which is not license,—that principle of honour and honesty which indicates uprightness of heart, and an unrestrained latitude in exercising his religious belief, what could he ask more than is to be found in

'This Scotland, and this now?'

All communities contain, indeed all society necessarily implies, a mixture of good and ill. The general moral standard may be higher or lower, and in that the difference of its aspect must consist. We 'are of the earth earthly,' full of faults, foibles, and frailties,

and must bear with such in those around us. If we are in search of a Utopia, or an Arcadia, we must look for it in some other sphere. Pray, sir, what other ——?—but stay, I am getting rhetorical, and wading rather beyond my depths. You take the dark side of the question like your professional brother, Mr Crabbe. The Great Unknown has christened that gentleman the British Juvenal, and worthily so. At all events, you have authority on your side,—poetical authority, Mr Shaveall. Do you recollect any saying of Waller's to Charles the Second?"

"No," said the reverend gentleman, scratching the side of his head, as if to remove a cobweb from his pericranium; "I can scarcely say that I do;—my memory is at fault."

"Well then it was this,—that 'poets succeed best in fiction.'"

At this individual moment the Minister, pricking up his ears, as if some sound alarmed him, started to his feet, exclaiming,—"Hollo! Mr John, here comes the mail. There—I know by the sound, that it is just turning the corner of the bridge;—they always blow in coming to that spot. Allow me to assist you on with your great-coat. Come, come, put on your upper Benjamin;—you will need all your happings in this cold night. The thermometer is at thirty-four,—only two above the freezing-point. Best respects to your excellent and worthy brother;—I hope he has not forgot the old story of the parish of Fatlands; but perhaps, Mr John, you are not acquainted with those things;—but, you know, a friend at court is always worth so much. The old incumbent—put in another button, sir—is surely ensured at a high premium at

some of the offices. These folks never die; it is enough for their enjoyment, when all others are gone, to keep expectants 'sick with hope deferred.' Compliments to all inquiring friends in your quarter. I hope to be able doing myself the pleasure of spending a few days with your amiable family, at Oliphant Park, this spring."

"We shall all be very happy to see you," answered Mr John. "Good bye; I hear the mail has stopped. By jingo it is off; good bye," repeated he, hurriedly shaking hands.

"Run—run," cried the reverend gentleman after him; "take care, and don't lose the coach;—your most obedient."

After this winding up of the conference, the Minister lingered, listening in suspense, which was removed by the sudden stopping, and the as sudden procedure of the coach.—"Well," thought he to himself, "we have parted, thank Heaven, once more. He seems well initiated, poor young lad; I could have wished to dazzle him a little; but I have come on not so far amiss notwithstanding. Let him but report correctly to his brother, and I am not afraid of the consequences. For all his opposition, the debate on the poor's-rates must be decided in my favour. Heritors know best about these matters."—Then turning in, with a smile on his face, he could not help half-muttering aloud,—"What a Scylla and Charybdis I have escaped!—I expected a billet of a week at least; but, thank Heaven, he is off like a shot, bag and baggage, and I wish him a good journey."

No sooner did he again find himself in his parlour,

than he rang his bell a little briskly, and old Jenny stood, like an attendant spirit, at his elbow.—" There, take this," said he to his worthy domestic, throwing off his coat; " I don't think I shall have any more visitors this evening. Take care and fold it neatly. Mind now, Jenny, it needs no brushing. You are constantly for brushing, Jenny, but you never think how brushing wears away the pile, my woman; and bring me my old coat, docked in the tails,—that's my kind of jacket, ye ken; likewise my carpet-slippers," he added, throwing off his shoes; " they're dampish a wee, Jenny; but dinna be drying them too near the fire;—that makes them all crine in."

Worthy Jenny, having received her orders and monitions, departed, and in a twinkling returned with the slippers in her hand. The Minister, now seated, was in the act of unbuttoning the knees of his black breeches, and folding the flaps upward. As Jenny approached him, he continued his hortatory monitions as follows:—" You may put out one of the candles, Jenny;—it's extravagant to see two burning; but, before you put it by in the closet, see that the save-all be properly put on, as that avoids both a bad smell and the risk of fire."—Jenny did as ordered.—" Now bring me my writing-desk;—my spectacles you will find on the chimney-piece, in my bed-room. Jenny, my woman, you have put too many coals in the grate;—the room is as hot as a baker's oven; which, let alone being bad for the constitution, and ready to bring on colds, is the height of extravagance. Though you pay the coal-carter with your own hands, Jenny, I dare say you have forgot at what a ransom coals are bought this winter;—sixpence the hundred

weight, besides carriage. The next time Jamie Tamson brings a load, screw him down to fifteen-pence for driving them;—the bit body's getting rich wi' his extortion. Od, woman! I would think a person come to your time of life should begin to consider a little mair. Dinna tak it all off though, Jenny;—leave me a bit of spunk. Ye're nae chicken now, lass."

"Deed no, sir," answered the damsel, with the chastened familiarity of an old domestic; "I daur to say that baith you and I hae seen our best."

"Hout, woman, that's bad heartening;—we're hardly come to that yet, it is to be hoped. Run away, woman, and bring me the desk;—this is Saturday evening, and I'm no just sae weel prepared for the morn as I would like to be."

In the course of five seconds, Jenny had placed the desk, and snuffed the candle;—then, looking round the room to see that all was snug, made her exit in respectful silence, leaving her master to his meditations.

No sooner was the Minister left to himself, than, calling in his scattered thoughts, he set about his task of sermon-composing, or, with his leave, of sermon-collating, as the honest man, *sub rosa* be it said, reckoned the using of other people's thoughts no larceny, and accordingly troubled his pericranium as little as possible with search after original combinations.

Brown's Dictionary of the Bible lay, a ready friend, open at his elbow;—as yet the Rev. Mr Warner's *fac-simile* manuscript-discourses were not; and, turning over the leaves with one hand, while, with the other, he held the pen of a ready writer, the learned

Mr Shaveall muttered to himself aloud,—"Let me see now, where was I at?—Shinar—Babel—Israelites,—oh ay, here it is;" and he went on, altering, copying, and humming, quite audibly, as follows:—

——— "When the tower had been worked at for twenty-two years, and the plain of Shinar clothed with inhabitants,—all architectural disciples,—one family,—that of Shem,—is recorded, however, to have kept aloof, and taken no part in the presumptuous undertaking;—typical, no doubt, my brethren, of the chosen in after-ages, who, when the world was buried in sin and darkness, were to keep their paths unwavering, and be guardians and bucklers to the true faith. The Hebrews, it will be recollected, had two words,—*Magen* and *Tzinnah;* but what was the difference between them, my brethren?—Indeed it is very difficult to determine. The *Tzinnah,* however, made by Solomon consisted of 600 shekels of silver, whereas the *Maginnoth* consisted but of 300.—Kings, x. 16. Chronicles ix. 15.—Perhaps they only differed in size, my beloved brethren. Time will not permit me to enter into a minute detail of the matter, nor to describe the manner in which the shields were made; suffice it to say, that, in the spiritual sense, the thousand bucklers, connected with the neck of the church, are the perfections, promises, truths, and providences of God, exhibited in Scripture, improved by ministers for the defence of truth, and applied by faith for the defence of the soul.—Sol. Song iv. 4."

Here, stopping a moment to blow a blast on his nasal protuberance, and replenish its yawning cavity with a finger and thumb full of rappee, we regret to have to state, that, for a few seconds, the worthy Mi-

nister's thoughts flew from the Tower of Babel to the parish patronized by Mr John's brother,—famous alike for the quantity and the quality of its grain,—comfortable in its manse,—and snug in its stipend; but, as duty bid, he dismissed the unwelcome intruders from his breast, and pursued his path of theological illumination.

"Bucklers, my friends, have been frequently alluded to in Scripture, and were used on the field of battle to shield the bearer from the thrust of the enemy's spear, and to enable him to cut and come again. They were not only of different weights, my brethren, but of various shapes and sizes; square, round, triangular, oval, and rhomboidal; flat, convex, and concave. Various emblems and devices were depicted thereon,—swords, spears, torches, helmets, flowers, and figures, by which sometimes the bearers could be known as well as by their various names. When bucklers were first worn———"

He had just proceeded thus far, when, to his mortification, the door-bell again rang; and a cold sweat broke upon his brow as the idea of the possibility of Mr John's return flashed upon him; but this consternation, though not altogether banished, was somewhat alleviated, as he heard the tones of a female voice responding to that of Jenny. The words immediately became more audible:—"Step in, mem, step in," said the polite domestic; "disturb him! na, na, he will be very glad to see you; that I can tak' upon me to answer for. Tak' care o' the stap, mem,—this way,—just follow me if ye please, mem."

The Minister had scarcely time to arrange his table

and toilet, when, the door opening, appeared Mrs Fairlie, ushered in by Jenny.

Before entering on this scene, I shall, with the reader's leave, preface it with a slight notice of this lady's appearance.

Were I to say that she was very young, or very old, I might subject myself to the suspicion of French politesse on the one hand, or bearish sulkiness on the other: suffice it then, that she was a woman in the summer of health and life,—of no particular age, or, in other words, of a certain age. Leanness her heart detested, and to avoid it she took every possible care; the consequence of which was, that she inclined to *en-bon-point*. Her features, though not perfectly regular, were much above par, and, to one willing to be pleased, as handsome as need be. A gruff fellow would have said, she was well enough; a calm observer, that she was a good-looking woman; a lover, that she was a nonpareil of beauty. Her eyes were black,—so was her hair, and the ribbons on her bonnet, which were bought at somewhere of a shilling a yard, to match with her complexion and the costume of her widowhood. Her nose was Grecian, with a slight intermixture of the composite order, about "the keystone of the arch." Her mouth was little, round, and rosy, showing thereby more distinctly the whiteness of her teeth, and the sweet, pretty dimple on her chin when she smiled. But why waste words on a subject already discussed by a much wiser man, in much less compass. She was, to use the expression,—I beg his pardon,—the definition of Solomon, "black, but comely."

The richer parts of her dress,—that is to say, the under parts,—we leave to the mantua-makers: suffice it to note, that over all was thrown a dark-brown pelisse, richly furred, which suited her shapes to a nicety; and, together with a large crimson India shawl, thrown negligently over her shoulders, served to preserve the buxom widow from the December cold. If you looked down at the pattern of her shoe, you could not help at the same time observing the smallness of the foot it covered; and, better still, "one of the prettiest ankles in the world."

Now to our conference.—"Bless my heart, is it you, Mrs Fairlie?" said the Minister, heartily extending his hand to the curtsying and smiling widow, who apologized, in the set terms, about intrusion, disturbing, unseasonable, &c. &c.

"Let me hear no more of that," said he, handing her to a chair by the fire; "I am sorry that my hearth is in such a decayed state on this cold night; but we bachelor folk, Mrs Fairlie, are often sorely left to ourselves; and, when I'm absorbed in my studies, I mind naething; and auld Jenny forgets that an unplenished chimney soon gives over lowing. I am extremely happy to see you now, and at all times. I hope you are keeping your health in this raw weather? But I needna ask that; you're just blooming like a June rose; I never saw you looking better," added the benevolent clergyman, with a broad, good-humoured smile. "Come a little nearer my bad fire, for the night's chilly, Mrs Fairlie; you become your widowhood extremely well, eh?"

"Ay, ye're saying what ye dinna think, I fear, Mr Shaveall; but your intention, I know, is good.

Folk, ye ken, must put up wi' the evils of life. It is our duty to submit:—As the paraphrase says,—

"Man born to trouble is,
As sparks do upwards fly."

"Spoken like a Christian, mem. It certainly is the case; and I am truly glad, not only as a man, but as a minister, to find you in this resigned and cheerful state of mind (*coughing*). How long may it be now since we lost your excellent and respectable husband? Honest man, his death was a public grief to the parish. It will be, let me see——"

"Oh, dinna mention his name. The words aye bring tears into my een," wiping her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief; "I'll never see his like again."

"Say not that," responded the Minister briskly,—"say not that,—ye're forgetting yourself now. That's no like you at all. Hout, tout, mem, that's no fair—no like yoursel, Mrs Fairlie. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out o' it. That's paying the living but a puir compliment, especially him who,—report says,—is anxious to have the honour of being his successor. Is not that true?"

"Now, Mr Shaveall," answered she, playfully patting him on the arm,—"that's very hard,—that's owre severe. Woman's the weaker vessel, as Scripture says, and you should spare us,—you shouldna deal us out such hard measure. But, to be plain wi' ye, Mr Shaveall, that's just the errand that I came to you about; I ask a thousand pardons for the trouble and the liberty, let alone the unseasonable hour; but I was afraid of making my call in daylight, as it might have set idle tongues a-speaking, and been a world's

wonder, for four-and-twenty hours, to those people who mind every other folks' business but their own."

"It's no just the twelvemonth since my auld neighbour departed this life for a better;—I canna think o' him yet without greeting;—a lang and painful illness was his, Mr Shaveall, as ye well know; yet, when he was at his warst, he never forgot the affection he had borne to me, night and day, for ten long years; and one time,—he had just had a severe fit of coughing,—he took my hand in his affectionately as he leant back on the pillow,—'Fanny,' said he, 'I'm gaun away to leave ye; Fanny, my dear, ye'll be mourning lang and deeply for me, I weil ken that; but sorrow not like them who have no hope, and make no rash vows in your despair. It is not good for man to be alone; no, nor woman either; so, if you have any regard for me, I entreat you not to scorn any offer which may make you comfortable; for, depend upon it, that it is a desolate thing to be a lonely widow in a wide and wicked world.'

"Of course I thought at the time, and indeed said, that 'never another should call me his;' but, as time passed on, I have often felt the difficulties he so kindly mentioned, and have resolved to act as he instructed on his death-bed. Often has it been remarked, Mr Shaveall, that dying folk speak truth, if they never have done so in their lifetime afore; and, to cut a long matter short, sir," added she, looking down, and pinching the trimming of her pelisse, "I have come to the resolution of not rejecting the proposals which I have just received, though I have not just yet given in my answer; and I thought it a proper and becoming step to ask your advice in the matter, as it is ill

stopping the loose tongues of an evil world. So, thought I to myself, if I take Mr Shaveall's opinion, I canna be wrang, whatever is said (here the Minister bowed); so I resolved in myself just to ca' upon you, and lay down before you the circumstances of the case. It's not that but I have plenty to keep me in lying money, let alane touching the rents of either house or land; ye ken, being ane of my trustees, the whole of that matter; but ye ken also, that a single woman cannot do every thing, and it's a cauldrife hame that has but ane to keep it warm, servants excepted, wha are just naebody, as it's not fitting to descend to familiars wi' them,—that destroys all respect,—and Mr Scrimpit, the wine-merchant, is a very excellent man, from all that I ever heard said, and well likit by every body; so, as I said before, I rather incline to give him a hearing. I may be wrang; but what wad you recommend me to, sir?"

"Indeed, Mrs Fairlie," replied the Minister, looking very serious, and stroking his chin, (an omen of evil promise to the fair widow as to a response, according to her hopes, from this visit to the oracle,) "it is a business of the first importance, and should not be rashly, hurriedly, or unadvisedly set about; though, I own candidly, that all that you have said is not only correct, but very much to the purpose. You are a sensible woman, Mrs Fairlie;" (as he spoke this, he drew his chair a foot nearer her; and, taking hold of her ungloved hand, gave it an affectionate squeeze;) "but we ought to go about an affair of this kind with every possible degree of care, caution, and circumspection. We should weigh the matter well, Mrs Fairlie, and seriously consider all its ins and outs. I

hope, therefore, whatever I may say, that you will consider me only speaking to you as a sincere friend, and take all in good part. I know, mem, we are all too apt to believe what we wish, and that the truth sometimes gives offence; but I trust you will consider that I have a sincere and heartfelt interest in your welfare. For my own part, I never saw any thing in Mr Scrimpit but a decent, honest man; yet I must be candid in telling you, that there are twa ways o' thinking on that score, and that some folks hold to another version of the story. It would be cruel and unchristian-like to believe all reports, but I should not be acting the part of your friend were I to hide any thing I know, or may have heard, that can throw light on the subject. Jenny, the lass there, that sometimes brings me in a picking of news, heard, from Mr Barm, the porter-dealer, some lang-winded story, which she fairly bamboozled in the telling; but I could gather from it, that some of his bills have not been honoured at the banks, and that other money-matters look blue. But ye know, Mrs Fairlie, that sic haverils are poor authority; yet I hide not that, from a better quarter, which shall be nameless, I heard some small talk of a sequestration being threatened; now, ane and ane, ye ken, mak' twa; and sic rumours dinna commonly rise without some foundation. I must be plain in telling you likewise, that auld Jacob, the bethrel, was mostly knocked down, or rather ower, wi' him the other night, in coming out to the dark frae a public-house; but Jacob, puir body, likes a drappie too, and maybe he had been tasting himsel,—there's nae saying. But, my dear Mrs

Fairlie, did you never hear any of these things whispered yourself,—speak out, my dear, now?"

"I must say," returned the widow, with amazing composure, considering the circumstances, "that I never have, and am sorry to be told of them by one that I am sure is a friend to me."

"Oh! my dear Mrs Fairlie; recollect now, my dear, that I do not give these things on my own authority. They may be correct—they may be erroneous—I know not which. I hope they are mere malicious rumours; I only tell you of them as in duty bound—as reports which have come unacceptably to my ears; but, as I before said, these things have aye a foundation."

"Well, sir, I understand so:—Dear me, I should never have expected such things of him; but, as the auld sang says,

"Men were deceivers ever."

What's done canna be mended; but, thanks to my prudence, matters have gone no farther than they ought, notwithstanding all his fleeching and flattery. Well, well, as I was saying before, 'a contented mind's a hidden treasure,'—there's nae help for these things. Our lot is not aye of our ain making.—You, who have always been a bachelor, Mr Shaveall, must have a queer notion of us folks, that, like fools, are aye yattering about matrimony. Come, now, and confess—did you never make any proposals of that kind yourself, now," said the widow, looking archly, and with a cunning smile—cunning as a serpent in a brake,—"tell the truth, now?"

"To be plain," answered the Minister, relaxing his brows, and looking a little jocose, "I never had a thought of that kind with regard to any body, but twice in my life; once with regard to a bit beauty of a lassie, when I was sixteen—a kind of calf-love, ye ken; and once with regard to ———;—but, no—no —I'm just joking you."

"Out wi't, now, Mr Shaveall; I've told you a' my secrets, and I'm sure it would not be telling me to let any body into your's."

——— "But yourself, then, Mrs Fairlie, my bonny doo," continued the gallant Minister, taking the widow by the soft snow-white hand, and raising it to his lips.

"Oh! Mr Shaveall, you are just making a fool of me!" said the blushing damsel.

"Never was more serious in my life, my dear creature,—upon my word and honour,—I am quite serious—believe me, I am."

"Well, well, I really did not expect this.—I can scarcely believe myself; but I'm no a glaiket lassie, to gang about the bush, and think shame to speak out what my heart prompts me to. You have been plain wi' me, and deserve the like candour on my part. I'll no deny, Mr Shaveall, that mony and mony a time I've lookit wi' pride on you i' the pupit; let alane speaking of a spark besides of something o' a softer kind."

"Spoken like a woman," returned the reverend gentleman, taking her hand within both of his. "There is no reason to be coy. What is the use of thought, I say—what is the use of thought, if we daur na

speak it out? I daur say, you winna say me nay, my darling doo!"

"Indeed, and indeed, Mr Shaveall, if it be decreed by Providence that you and I are to be one flesh, all that we can say is, 'What maun be, maun be.' Ye're weil aware that there are ordinances in these things, my dear—Mr Shaveall, I mean?"

"Ye never spoke a truer word in your life, my chicken; that's a matter beyond all dubiety. With this kiss," said he, throwing his arms affectionately around her comely neck, "with this kiss we mutually seal the bargain. Three are canny," added he, giving two into that;—then, smoothing down his chin in a serious manner, he winded up the scene with characteristic propriety, by saying, "as meet is, let us conclude this important business by a short prayer and thanksgiving.—Let us pray!"

DANIEL CATHIE, TOBACCONIST.

DANIEL CATHIE was a reputable dealer in snuff, tobacco, and candles, in a considerable market-town in Scotland. His shop had, externally, something neat and enticing about it. In the centre of one window glowed a transparency of a ferocious-looking Celt, bonnetted, plaided, and kilted, with his unsheathed claymore in one hand, and his ram's-horn mull in the other; intended, no doubt, to emblem to the spectator, that from thence he recruited his animal spirits, drawing courage from the titillation of every pinch. Around him were tastefully distributed jars of different dimensions, bearing each the appropriate title of the various compounds within, from Maccuba and Lundyfoot, down to Beggar's Brown and Irish Blackguard. In the other, one half was allotted to tobacco-pipes of all dimensions, tastefully arranged, so as to form a variety of figures, such as crosses, triangles, and squares; decorated, at intervals, with rolls of twist, serpentinings of pigtail, and monticuli of shag. The upper half displayed candles, distributed with equal exhibition of taste, from the prime four in the pound down to the halfpenny dip; some of a snowy whiteness, and others of an aged and delicate yellow tinge; enticing to the eyes of experienced housewives and spectacled cognoscenti. Over the door

rode a swarthy son of Congo, with broad nostrils, and eyes whose whites were fearfully dilated,—astride on a tobacco hogshead,—his woolly head bound with a coronal of feathers,—a quiver peeping over his shoulder, and a pipe in his cheeks, blown up for the eternity of his wooden existence, in the puffy ecstacy of inhalation.

Daniel himself, the autocrat of this domicile, was a little squat fellow, five feet and upwards, of a rosy complexion, with broad shoulders, and no inconsiderable rotundity of paunch. His eye was quick and sparkling, with something of an archness in its twinkle, as if he loved a joke occasionally, yet could wink at any one who presumed too far in tampering with his shrewdness. His forehead was bald, as well as no small portion of either temple; and the black curls, which projected above his ears, gave to his face the appearance of more than its actual breadth, which was scantily relieved by a light-blue spotted handkerchief, loosely tied around a rather apoplectic neck.

His dress was commonly a bottle-green jacket, single-breasted, and square in the tails; a striped cotton waistcoat; velveteen breeches, and light-blue ridge-and-furrow worsted stockings. A watch-chain, of a broad steel pattern, hung glittering before him, at which depended a small gold seal, a white almond-shaped shell, and a perforated Queen Anne's sixpence. Over all this lower display, suppose that you fasten a clean, glossy linen apron, and you have his entire portrait and appearance.

From very small beginnings, he had risen, by careful industry, to a respectable place in society, and was now the landlord of the property he had for many

years only rented. Daniel was a man of the world, and considered, perhaps not wrongly, that, in society, wealth stamped value upon worth, which otherwise was often little better than useless bullion; and that the voice of virtue, unless sustained by its able assistance, was little better than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

All men have a ruling passion; some more, and others less praiseworthy. Daniel's was that of adding guinea to guinea. For this end he was up early and lay down late; toiled all day "in the eye of Phœbus," (his shop was on the sunny side of the street,) and was, at all times, to be found at the head of his concerns. This was Daniel's way of getting rich; and it was not the least sure one: others might sound as well in theory, but this answered to his satisfaction in practice.

Daniel had inherited nothing from his parents. His mother was widowed while he was yet in the fourth year of his age; and she had endeavoured, by a thousand honest shifts, to feed, clothe, and give him a tolerable education. At the age of fourteen he entered into the great arena of the world, as apprentice to a tallow-chandler; and passed five long years beside the melting-tub and the dipping-frame, to his own improvement, and his master's satisfaction, who always prophesied that his industry would make him something. Talents, in any degree, he never could be said strictly to have exhibited; but he had early shown, what are of surer service to temporal advancement, industry, sobriety, and a patient temper. From his small allowance of board-wages, something, even then, was contrived to be laid aside. "A pin a day's

a groat a-year," Daniel considered a wholesome maxim. He was at length promoted to the degree of journeyman, and weekly spared from back and stomach to the increase of his treasury.

He now consulted with his old mother on his plans in life; and the result of their deliberations was the taking a small, cheap shop, and the appearance of Daniel Cathie, as tobacconist and tallow-chandler, on his own footing.

Matters prospered, and he got on by slow, but steady paces. Business began to extend its circle around him, and his customers became more respectable and genteel. Old Mysie saw the prosperity of her son before she died. She had continued his housekeeper from the time of his commencing business; and he had always behaved towards her with the utmost filial respect. He parted from her, therefore, with sincere regret; but it was the will of Heaven, and he repined not at its decrees.

In a short time Daniel opened accounts with his banker. His establishment became more extensive; and, after the lapse of a few, not unimproved, years, he took his place in the first rank of the merchants of a populous burgh.

Daniel now had discoveries made to him of many relatives, among people, who, before, had never thought of counting kin with him. This staggered him a little at first; but, as he held these matters lightly, he used jocularly to observe,—"Yes, yes, we are all descended from Adam."

His lengthening purse, and respectable character, pointed him out as a fit candidate for city honours, and the town-council pitched upon him as an eligible

person to grace their board. Thus was a new field opened for him. His reasoning powers were publicly called into play; and he had, what he had never before been accustomed to, luxurious eating and drinking, and both without being obliged to put his hand into his breeches-pocket. Daniel was a happy man:—

> No dolphin ever was so gay
> Upon the tropic sea.

He now cogitated with his own mighty mind on the propriety of entering upon the matrimonial estate, and of paying his worship to the blind god. With the precision of a man of business, he took down in his note-book a list of the ladies who, he thought, might be fit candidates for the honour he intended them, the merits of the multitude being settled, in his mind, in exact accordance to the supposed extent of their treasures. Let not the reader mistake the term. By treasure he neither meant worth nor beauty, but the article which can be paid down in bullion or bank-notes, possessing the magic properties of adding field to field, and tenement to tenement.

One after another, the pen was drawn through their names, as occasion offered of scrutinizing their claims more clearly, or as lack-success obliged him, until the candidates were reduced to a couple, Miss Jenny Drybones, a tall spinster, lean and ill-looking, somewhat beyond her grand climacteric; and Mrs Martha Bouncer, a brisk widow, fat, fair, and a few years on the better side of forty.

Miss Jenny, from her remote youth upwards, had been housekeeper to her brother, a retired wine-merchant, who departed this life six years before, without

occasioning any very general lamentation; having been a man of exceeding strict habits of business, according to the jargon of his friends; that is to say, in plain English, a keen, dull, plodding, avaricious old knave. But he was rich, that was one felicity; therefore he had friends. It is a great pity that such people ever die, as their worth, or, in other words, their wealth, cannot gain currency in the other world; but die he did in spite of twenty thousand pounds and the doctor, who was not called in till death had a firm gripe of the old miser's windpipe, through which respiration came scant and slow, almost like the vacant yawns of a broken bellows.

Expectant friends were staggered, as by a thunderstroke, when the read will, too legal for their satisfaction, left Miss Jenny in sure and undivided possession of goods and chattels all and sundry.

For the regular period she mourned with laudable zeal, displaying black feathers, quilled ruffles, crape veils, and starched weepers, in great and unwonted prodigality, which no one objected to, or cavilled about, solely because no one had any business to do so.

It was evident, that her views of life from that era assumed a new aspect, and the polar winter of her features exhibited something like an appearance of incipient thaw; but the downy chin, wrinkled brow, and pinched nose, were still, alas! too visible. Accordingly, it is more than probable, that, instead of renewing her youth like the eagles, she had only made a bold and laudable attempt of *refacciamento*, in thus lighting up her features with a more frequent and general succession of smiles.

No one can deny, that, in as far as regards exter-

nals, Miss Jenny mourned most lugubriously and well, not stinting the usually allotted number of calendar months. These passed away, and so did black drapery; garments brightening by progressive but rapid strides. Ere the twelve months expired, Miss Jenny flaunted about in colours as gaudy as those of "the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings," the counterpart of the bird of paradise, the rival of the rainbow. Hath the reader ever witnessed Mathews' representation of the old maid, who, with her dogs, banboxes, and parrot-cage, would force herself into "the Diligence?" If so, Miss Jenny's apparition hath blessed his mortal sight, and farther words were wasted on the subject.

Judge not altogether from appearances. Miss Jenny was not to be shoved out of the way altogether, like an old shoe. She had a town-house of two stories, furnished, if not according to ton, yet tastefully; with an establishment of a female servant, (cook and chambermaid,) and a message-boy, a smart young actor of all work, who cleaned the shoes, worked in the garden, sweetened the cow-house, and, as occasion required, mounted his Sunday *et ceteras*, with a blue jacket faced with yellow, to stand behind a chair at dinner; or trudge after his mistress to church with her Bible beneath his arm, carefully screened from sun and shower in the circumvolutions of a white pocket-handkerchief. She had also a country-house, three miles distant, on the banks of a pleasant stream, surrounded by lawns and groves, and commanding an extensive view of the ocean. This she rented; for why? because her ubiquity extended no farther than the being able to inhabit one tenement at a time.

Widow Martha Bouncer was a lady of a different stamp. Her features still glowed in the freshness of youthful beauty, though the symmetry of her person was a little destroyed by a tendency to corpulency. She dressed well; and there was a liveliness and activity about her motions, together with an archness in her smile, which captivated the affections of the tobacconist, rather more than was compatible with his known and undisguised hankering after the so-called good things of this life, the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Mrs Bouncer was the widow of a captain in a marching regiment; consequently she had seen a good deal of the world, and had a budget of adventures ever open for the admiration of the listening customer. Sometimes it might even be objected, that her tongue went a little too glibly; but she had a pretty face and a musical voice, and seldom failed in being attended to.

The captain did not, as his profession might lead us to inquire, decamp to the other world, after having swallowed a bullet, and dropped the death-dealing blade from his blood-besmeared hand on the field of battle, but quietly in his bed, with three pair of excellent blankets over him, not reckoning a curiously-quilted counterpane. Long anticipation lessens the shock of fate; consequently the grief of this widow was not of that violent and overwhelming kind which a more sharply-winded-up catastrophe is apt to occasion; but, having noticed the slow, but gradual approaches of the grim tyrant, in the symptoms of swelled ankles, shrivelled features, troublesome cough, and excessive debility, the event came upon her as an evil long foreseen; and the sorrow occasioned by the

exit of the captain was sustained with becoming fortitude.

Having been fully as free of his sacrifices to Bacchus as to the brother of Bellona, the captain left his mate in circumstances not the most flourishing; but she was enabled to keep up appearances, and to preserve herself from the gulf of debt, by an annuity bequeathed to her by her father, and by the liberality of the widows' fund.

Time passed on at its usual careless jog-trot; and animal spirits being a gift of nature, like all strong natural impulses, asserted their legitimate sway. Mrs Martha began to smile and simper as formerly. Folks remarked, that black suited her complexion; and Daniel Cathie could not help giving breath to the gallant remark, as he was discharging her last year's account, that he never before had seen her looking half so well.

On this hint the lady wrought. Daniel was a greasy lubberly civilian to be sure, and could not escort her about with powdered collar, laced beaver, and glittering epaulettes; but he was a substantial fellow, not amiss as to looks, and with regard to circumstances, possessing every thing to render a wife comfortable and snug. Elysian happiness, Mrs Martha was too experienced a stager to expect on this side of the valley of death. Moreover, she had been tossed about sufficiently in the world, and was heartily tired of a wandering life. The height of her wise ambition, therefore, reached no higher than a quiet settlement, and a comfortable domicile. She knew that the hour of trial was come, and sedulously set herself to work, directing against Daniel the whole

artillery of her charms. She passed before his door every morning in her walk; and sometimes stood with her pretty face directed to the shop-window, as if narrowly examining some article in it. She ogled him as he sat in church; looking as if she felt happy at seeing him seated with the bailies; and Daniel was never met abroad, but the lady drew off her silken glove, and yielded a milk-white delicate hand to the tobacconist, who took a peculiar pleasure in shaking it cordially. A subsequent rencontre in a stage-coach, where they enjoyed a delightful tête-a-tête together for some miles (*procul, ô procul esto profani,*) told with a still deeper effect; and every thing seemed in a fair way of being amicably adjusted.

Miss Jenny, undismayed by these not unmarked symptoms of ripening intimacy, determined to pursue her own line of amatory politics, and set her whole enginery of attack in readiness for operation. She had always considered the shop at the cross as the surest path for her to the temple of Bona Fortuna. Thence driven, she was lost in hopeless mazes, and knew not where to turn.

She flaunted about, and flashed her finery in the optical observers of Daniel, as if to say this is a specimen,—*ex uno disce omnes*,—thousands lie under this sample. Hope and fear swayed her heart by turns, though the former passion was uppermost; yet she saw a snake, in the form of Mrs Bouncer, lurking in her way; and she took every lawful means, or such as an inamorata considers such, to scotch it.

Well might Daniel be surprised at the quantity of candles made use of in Miss Jenny's establishment. It puzzled his utmost calculation; for though the

whole house had been illuminated from top to bottom, and fours to the pound had been lighted at both ends, no such quantity could be consumed. But there she was, week after week, with her young vassal with the yellow neck behind her, swinging a large wicker-basket over his arm, in which were deposited, layer above layer, the various produce of Miss Jenny's marketing.

On Daniel, on these occasions, she showered her complaisance with the liberality of March rains; inquiring anxiously after his health; cautioning him to wear flannel, and beware of the rheumatics; telling him her private news, and admiring the elegance of his articles, while all the time her shrivelled features "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," which only quadrupled the "fold upon fold innumerable" of her wrinkles, and displayed gums innocent of teeth, generosity not being able to elevate three rusty stumps to that honour and dignity.

There was a strong conflict in Daniel's mind, and the poor man was completely "bamboozled." Ought he to let nature have her sway for once, take to his arms the blushing and beautiful widow, and trust to the success of his efforts for future aggrandisement? or must strong habit still domineer over him, and Miss Jenny's hook, baited with five thousand pounds, draw him to the shores of wedlock, "a willing captive?" Must he leave behind him sons and daughters with small portions, and "the world before them, where to choose;" or none,—and his name die away among the things of the past, while cousins ten times removed, alike in blood and regard, riot on his substance? The question was complicated, and different interrogatories put to the oracle of his mind afforded

different responses. The affair was one, in every respect, so nicely balanced, that " he wist not what to do." Fortune long hung equal in the balance, and might have done so much longer, had not an unforeseen accident made the scale of the widow precipitately to mount aloft, and kick the beam.

It was about ten o'clock on the night of a blustering November day, that a tall, red-haired, mustachioed, and rawboned personage, wrapt up in a military great-coat, alighted from the top of the Telegraph at the Salutation inn, and delivered his portmanteau into the assiduous hands of Bill the waiter. He was ushered into a comfortable room, whose flickering blazing fire mocked the cacophony of his puckered features, and induced him hastily to doff his envelopements, and draw in an arm-chair to the borders of the hearth-rug.

Having discussed a smoking and substantial supper, he asked Bill, who was in the act of supplying his rummer with hot water, if a Mrs Bouncer, an officer's widow, resided in the neighbourhood?"

" Yes," replied Bill; " I knows her well; she lives at third house round the corner, on the second floor, turning to the door on your right hand."

" She is quite well, I hope?" asked the son of Mars.

" Oh! well, God bless you, and about to take a second husband. I hear as how they are to be proclaimed next week. She is making a good bargain."

" Next week to be married!" ejaculated the gallant captain, turning up his eyes, and starting to his legs with a hurried perplexity.

" So I believe, sir," continued Bill very calmly.

" If you have come to the ceremony, you will find that it does not take place till then. Depend upon it, sir, you have mistaken the date of your invitation-card."

" Well, waiter, you may leave me," said the captain, stroking his chin in evident embarrassment ;— " but stop—who is she about to get ?"

" Oh, I thought every body knew Mr Daniel Cathie, one of the town-council, sir,—a tobacconist, and a respectable man,—likely soon to come to the provestry, sir. He is rather up in years to be sure, but he is as rich as a Jew."

" What do you say is his name ?"

" Mr Daniel Cathie, Esq., tobacconist and candle-maker near the cross. That is his name and designation,—a very respectable man, sir."

" Well, order the girl to have my bed well warmed, and to put pens, ink, and paper, into the room. In the mean time bring me the boot-jack."

The captain kept his fiery feelings in restraint before Bill, but the intelligence hit him like a cannon-shot. He retired almost immediately to his bed-chamber ; but a guest, in the adjoining room, declared in the morning, that he had never been allowed to close his eyes, from some person's alternately snoring or speaking in his sleep, as if in violent altercation with some one ; and that, whenever these sounds died away, they were only exchanged for the irregular tread of a foot measuring the apartment, seemingly in every direction.

It was nine in the morning ; and Daniel, as he was ringing a shilling on the counter, which he had just taken for value received, and half-ejaculating aloud, as he peered at it through his spectacles,—" Not a

Birmingham I hope,"—had a card put into his hand by Jonas Bunting, the Salutation shoe-black.

Having broken the seal, Daniel read to himself,—"A gentleman wishes to see Mr Cathie at the Salutation inn, on particular business, as speedily as possible.—Inquire for the gentleman in No 7, a quarter before nine, *a. m.*"

"Some of these dunning travellers!" exclaimed Daniel to himself; "they are continually pestering me for orders. If I had the lighting up of the moon I could not satisfy them all. I have a good mind not to go, for this fellow not sending his name. It is impudence with a vengeance, and a new way of requesting favours!" As he was muttering these thoughts between his teeth, he was proceeding, however, in the almost unconscious act of undoing his apron, which having flung aside, he adjusted his hair before the glass, carefully pressed his hat into shape, and drew it down on his temples with both hands; after which, with hasty steps, he evanished from behind the counter.

Arriving at the inn, he was ushered into No 7 by the officious Bill, who handed his name before him, and closed the door after him.

"This is an unpleasant business, Mr Cathie," said the swaggering captain, drawing himself up to his full length, and putting on a look of important ferocity. "It is needless to waste words on the subject; there is a brace of pistols,—both are loaded,—take one, and I take the other; choose either, sir. The room is fully eight paces," added he, striding across in a hurried manner, and clanking his iron heels on the carpet.

"It would, I think, be but civil," said Daniel, evi-

dently in considerable mental as well as bodily agitation, " to inform me what are your intentions, before forcing me to commit murder. Probably you have mistaken me for some other; if not, please let me know in what you conceive I have offended you?"

" By the powers " said Captain Thwackeray with great vehemence, " you have injured me materially, —nay, mortally,—and either your life, sir, or my own, sir, shall be sacrificed to the adjustment."

While saying this, the captain took up first the one pistol, and then the other, beating down the contents with the ramrod, and measuring with his finger the comparative depth to which each was loaded.

" A pretty story, certainly, to injure a gentleman in the tenderest part, and then to beg a recital of the particulars. Have you no regard for my feelings, sir?"

" Believe me, sir, on the word of an honest man, that, as to your meaning in this business, I am in utter darkness," said Daniel with cool firmness.

" To be plain then,—to be explicit,—to come to the point, sir,—was you not on the eve of marrying Mrs Bouncer?"

" Mrs Bouncer!" echoed the tallow-chandler, starting back, and crimsoning. Immediately, however, commanding himself, he continued:—" As to the truth of the case, that is another matter; but, were it as you represent it, I was unaware that I could be injuring any one in so doing."

" Now, sir, we have come to the point; *rem tetigisti acu;* and you speak out plainly. Take your pistol," bravadoed the captain.

" No, no,—not so fast;—perhaps we may under-

stand each other without being driven to that alternative."

"Well then, sir, abjure her this moment, and resign her to me, or one of our lives must be sacrificed."

While he was saying this, Daniel laid his hands on one of the pistols, and appeared as if examining it, which motion the captain instantly took for a signal of acquiescence, and "changed his hand, and checked his pride."—"I hope," continued he, evidently much softened, "that there shall be no need of resorting to desperate measures. In a word, the affair is this,—I have a written promise from Mrs Bouncer, that, if ever she married a second time, her hand was mine. It matters not with the legality of the measure, though the proceeding took place in the lifetime of her late husband, my friend, Captain Bouncer. It is quite an affair of honour. I assure you, sir, she has vowed to accept of none but me, Captain Thwackeray, as his successor. If you have paid your addresses to her in ignorance of this, I forgive you; if not, we stand opposed as before."

"Oh ho! if that be the way the land lies," replied Daniel, with a shrill whistle, "she is yours, captain, for me, and heartily welcome. I resign her unconditionally, as you military gentlemen phrase it. A great deal of trouble is spared by one's speaking out. If you had told me this, there would have been no reason for loading the pistols. May I now wish you a good morning. Od save us! but these are fearful weapons on the table! Good morning, sir."

"Bless your heart, no," said the Captain Thwackeray, evidently much relieved from his distressing situation; "oh no, sir,—not before we breakfast to-

gether;"—and, so saying, before Daniel had a moment's time for reply, he pulled the bell violently.

"Bill, bring in breakfast for two as expeditiously as possible.—(*Exit Bill.*)—I knew that no man of honour, such as I know or believe you to be, (your appearance bespeaks it,) would act such a selfish part as deprive me of my legal right; and I trust that this transaction shall not prevent friendly intercourse between us, if I come,—as my present intention is,—to take up my abode among you in this town."

"By no means," said Daniel; "Mrs Bouncer is yours for me; and, as to matrimonials, I am otherwise provided. There are no grounds for contention, captain."

Breakfast was discussed with admirable appetite by both. The contents of the pistols were drawn, the powder carefully returned into the flask, the two bullets into the waistcoat-pocket, and the instruments of destruction themselves deposited in a green woollen case. After cordially shaking each other by the hand, the captain saw Mr Daniel to the door, and made a very low *congé*, besides kissing his hand at parting.

The captain we leave to fight his own battles, and return to our hero, whose stoicism, notwithstanding its firmness, did not prevent him from feeling considerably on the occasion. Towards Mrs Bouncer he had not a Romeo-enthusiasm, but certainly a stronger attachment than he had ever experienced for any other of her sex. Though the case was hopeless, he did not allow himself to pine away with "a green and yellow melancholy," but reconciled himself to his fate with the more facility, as the transaction between Thwackeray and her must have taken place during

the lifetime of her late husband, which considerably lessened her in his estimation; having been educated a rigid Presbyterian, and holding in great abhorrence all such illustrations of military morality. "No, no," thought he; "my loss is more apparent than real: the woman who was capable of doing such a thing would not content herself with stopping even there. Miss Jenny Drybones is the woman for *me*,—I am the man for *her* money." And here a thousand selfish notions crowded on his heart, and confirmed him in his determination, which he set about without delay.

There was little need of delicacy in the matter; and Daniel went to work quite in a business-like style. He commenced operations on the offensive, offered Miss Jenny his arm, squeezed her hand, buttered her with love-phrases, ogled her out of countenance, and haunted her like a ghost. Refusal was in vain; and, after a faint, a feeble, and sham shew of resistance, the damsel drew down her flag of defiance, and submitted to honourable terms of capitulation.

Ten days after Miss Jenny's surrender, their names were proclaimed in church; and, as the people stared at each other in half-wonder and half-good humour, the precentor continued, after a slight pause,—"There is also a purpose of marriage between Mrs Martha Bouncer, at present residing in the parish, and Augustus Thwackeray, Esq., Captain of the Bengal Rangers;—whoever can produce any lawful objections against the same, he is requested to do so,—time and place convenient."

Every forenoon and evening between that and the marriage-day, Daniel and his intended enjoyed a de-

lightful *tête-a-tête* in the lady's garden, walking arm-in-arm, and talking, doubtless, of home-concerns, and the Elysian prospects that awaited them. The pair would have formed a fit subject for the pencil of a Hogarth,—about " to become one flesh," and so different in appearance. The lady, long-visaged and wrinkled,—stiff-backed and awkward,—long as a May-pole;—the bridegroom, jolly-faced like Bacchus, stumpy like an alder-tree, and round as a beer-barrel.

Ere Friday had beheld its meridian sunshine, two carriages drawn up at the door, and drivers with white favours and Limerick gloves, told the attentive world that Dr Redbeak had made them one flesh. Shortly after the ceremony, the happy couple drove away amid the cheering of an immense crowd of neighbours, who had planted themselves around the door, to make observations on what was going on. Another coincidence, worthy of remark, also occurred on this auspicious day. At the same hour, had the fair Widow Martha yielded up her lily-white hand to the whiskered, ferocious-looking, but gallant Captain Thwackeray; and the carriages containing the respective marriage-parties passed one another in the street at a good round pace. The postilions, with their large flaunting ribbon-knots, huzzaed in meeting, brandishing their whips in the air, as if betokening individual victory. The captain, looking out, saw Miss Jenny, in maiden-pride, sitting stately beside her chosen tobacconist; and Daniel, glancing to the left, beheld Mrs Martha blushing by the side of her mustachioed warrior. Both waved their hands in passing, and pursued their destinies.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF W. MÜLLER.*

My task is done, my song has ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo. CH. HAROLD.

SEVEN and thirty funeral shots! for whom? I fain would know.
Are they seven and thirty fields in which he met and smote the foe?
Are they seven and thirty wounds which on his breast the hero bears?
Name me the mighty dead whose loss his country's grief declares.

It speaks no wounds, no victories, that thunder's sullen roar,
Which from Missolunghi's ramparts high rolls deepening to the shore,
And which, like a dungeon's echo, summons up to life again
The heart which sorrow's tidings had benumb'd with fear and pain.

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* The author of this poem is the same Müller whose tragedy of *Guilt* has been so well translated by Mr R. P. Gillies. The elegant version, which we now venture to insert, has been much handed about in private, and is ascribed to the pen of an accomplished young nobleman of very high rank, whose name will at once occur to every English admirer of German genius.

Seven and thirty years—'tis this those number'd thunders say—
Byron, Byron! thine the years of life which Hellas weeps to-day.
Are they years that thou hast lived and pass'd?—No, those no tear shall claim,
For they live, and shall for ever, in the quenchless light of fame;
On the eagle wings of song upborne, whose never-wearied stroke
The souls of sleeping heroes e'en with their rustling woke.
No! I weep the years through which your course was fated not to run,
The years of all the glory which for Greece you fain had won.
Such years, such months, such days, to me those funeral sounds recall.
Alas! what strains, what conflicts, what wounds and what a fall!

A fall, in victory's thrilling hour, in storm'd Byzantium's town,
Thy head with freedom's wreath entwined, thy feet upon a crown!

Noble warrior, thou wert worthy of the cause so nobly fought,
In which 'twas thine to battle with the two-edged sword of thought;
With the iron tongue of song, whose clang can pierce the polar clime,
Can sound where'er the sun describes his march of light and time.

Thou hast battled with the tiger's rage the tyrant's
frantic mood,
Thou hast battled in Lernean swamps with all the
snaky brood,
Which, coiled in blind corruption's nest, so fiercely
loathes the day,
That it scatters gall and poison round whene'er it
feels a ray.
Thou hast battled that the world at large might live
on freedom's breath,
And for Greece's infant freedom like a hero courting
death.
With prescient glance thou sawest her oft upon the
mountain stand,
While vales below still groaned beneath the tyrant's
iron hand.
Thou heard'st the rustling laurels sound, approaching
victories thrill,
And battle's premature delight e'en then thy breast
could fill.
And when the fated hour drew near so long before
descried,
You shrunk not, and you quailed not; as the bride-
groom to his bride
You flew into the arms of Greece wide opened to re-
ceive.
" Is Tyrtæus then restored to me? May Hellas cease
to grieve?
Though the kings of all the earth look down in surly
wrath on me,
Though their minions mock, their priests insult, my
struggles to be free.

A Poet's warrior flag I see far streaming o'er the deep,
Around his gallant vessel's sides a thousand dolphins leap;
The waves before his keel seem proud their glittering spray to fling,
Against the mast the bard reclines, and sweeps the golden string.
Freedom sings he from the lofty deck, and Freedom we reply;
Freedom burns upon his glowing cheek, and blazes from his eye.

"Welcome, hero of the lyre! welcome, hero of the lance!
Arise, Tyrtæus, rise, and bid my warrior sons advance!"

From the vessel's side descending, light he bounded to the land,
And press'd his lips in silence to the smooth shore's yielding sand.
As mute as though alone he trod, he pass'd the shouting throng,
Which, downward to the ocean's verge, to meet him roll'd along.
Ah! I saw the dark death-angel's form upon our rampart stand,
With dank wing overshading him, e'en as he kiss'd the strand:
But the hero trembled not to see the summoner so near—
Face to face he gazed upon him—"Seek'st thou me? Behold me here!

" One fight, 'tis all I ask of thee, but one victorious fight
" For Greece's infant freedom won, and into thy long night
" I pursue, without an instant's pause, pale friend, thy solemn sign—
" I have wept and laugh'd life's drama through—without a sigh am thine."

Coward death! thou foul assassin, for his prayer thou hast not stayed,
Thou hast mutely crept behind him as he stoop'd to whet his blade;
Thou hast breathed a breath around his head with fell corruption rife,
And from his breast, with vampyre lips, hast suck'd the flame of life.

Thus is the hero fallen, without crash, without a stroke,
And faded ere his season, like a winter-blighted oak;
Or, as when the worms that crawl to life in one short sultry hour,
Have doom'd the forest monarch to the death that fits a flower.
Thus is the hero fallen ere his youth had reach'd its date,
Girt for his newly-chosen race e'en at the barrier's gate.
While his eye the course was measuring, while yet the goal was seen
To greet his ardent vision with its wreath of deathless green.

Ah! though he could not grasp it, lay it on his pallid brow.
Death, thou canst never snatch it thence. Where is thy triumph now?
Thou hast but given it sooner, and without the risk to fail,
And the laurel glows the greener, where the brow it twines is pale.

Seven and thirty funeral shots, thunder, thunder through the world,
And toss them o'er your wastes, ye waves, on all your billows hurl'd.
To the native land that rear'd him, bear the sound o'er ocean's bed—
Though she banish'd forth the living, let her still lament the dead;
All the wrongs that she has done to us, in counsel or in deed,
To wipe them from our memory for Byron was decreed.
O'er his bier the hand of friendship to his country we extend—
Land of the free, accept it, be our refuge and our friend!

THE BOHEMIAN GARDENER.

I.

WALTER MARLOFF was the only son of a worthy and pious old man, who had the reputation of being the most skilful gardener in the part of the country where he lived. Walter was an only child, the child of advanced age too, and yet, tenderly as his father loved him, the old man's affection for his plants and flowers was scarcely less passionate. When the boy was able to walk in his hand, and understand what was said, he delighted to have him by him when he was at work in the garden, and told him every day strange and marvellous stories of the wonderful works and benevolence of nature. The most secret virtues of all herbs were familiar to him, and his fame in this way was so great that even the learned physicians of the neighbouring town did not disdain to consult him as to the composition of their medicines. The old man was accustomed to say, that there was no disease for which God had not created a specific in some flower or tree, if men would but study with patience the fields and forests, and not tamper with minerals, which he considered as belonging to the nether world, and all partaking more or less in the evil qualities of the powers of darkness.

Brought up under one so good, so kind, so skilful

and so devoted to his occupation, it might have been expected that Walter should have imbibed, almost unconsciously, both the art and the passion of his parent. But, strange to say, the youth never loved his hereditary trade. He acquired, indeed, such knowledge of the practical part of it as would have pleased abundantly any ordinary master; but he never entered into the warm and gentle feelings with which Isaac regarded every thing connected with the beautiful productions of nature. The old man, one would have thought, revered and worshipped every green leaf, considering the Divinity as stamped visibly in all its power upon the minutest fibre; and often told the lad that the air of heaven was made up of nothing but the breath of sweet flowers blooming eternally. Walter, however, continued to go through his work in the same dull manner, and sometimes smiled, and sometimes fretted, at his father's enthusiastic fancies. The mother perceived this settled distaste more clearly than Isaac would permit himself to do, and at last said to him one evening, when Walter was abroad, "Our boy will never be a gardener—he despises the quiet of that patient life, and will quit it when your bones are laid in the dust. Better were it, that, if this must be so, he should go from us now, in the vigour of his youth, and learn some trade more pleasing to him; for they that learn late, never learn easily, and seldom well; and as for the labour that is without love, it cannot prosper."

Isaac passed a sleepless night, ruminating deep and long on the suggestions of his wife, the wisdom of which he could not, on serious reflection, dispute; and next morning, when they were all seated together

at the table, it being, as it happened, a holiday, the old man, with a calm voice and a heavy heart, told Walter what his mother and himself had been thinking and saying. The young man was much confused, and would at first have endeavoured to give the matter the go-by; but, being entreated with grave kindness to speak his inmost mind openly, he at last took courage, and said it was with him even as they had guessed—that he felt an inward and rooted aversion for the life of a gardener—and would fain be placed under the tuition of some skilful forester, that he might learn the use of weapons, and earn his subsistence as a hunter. On several occasions he had already made little excursions into the neighbouring mountains, and witnessed, with eagerness and delight, the bold sport of the woodmen. That vigorous and robust life had completely, he said, charmed his fancy. —"Once," he added, "the Duke's chief forester himself took notice of me, and even invited me to dine in his house after the work of the day was over, in company with all the sportsmen—but I could not accept his invitation, fearing that I should be detained late, and so give cause to uneasiness at home. But he seems a good-natured and amiable man; give me a little money in my purse, and permit me to try my fortune—first with him, or, if he cannot receive me, farther off among the hills, with some other master to whom he may direct me."

The old man sighed on hearing this, but at length gave his consent. He cautioned Walter very seriously, however, as to the necessity of his being careful of his person among these wild scenes and rough exercises; and enjoined him, above all, to have no com-

munication with any of the miners whom he might meet with in the mountainous regions; "for many," said he, "are the dark stories that we have heard of that savage and godless race. Often, indeed, do they sell themselves to fiends, who shew them plenty of hidden treasures in the depths of the earth, and enable them to enjoy a merry and jovial life for a time, but never fail in the end to seize their immortal spirits as a possession and a prey. Beware, my son, of these unhappy creatures; for it is their constant delight to inveigle others into the snares which encircle themselves. Avoid them as ye would the visible enemy himself; shrink back from their greetings; and rather endure any privations than be obliged to them for hospitality or shelter."

After promising to obey carefully these instructions, and to give early notice of whatever might befal him, Walter packed up a few clothes in a knapsack, and prepared to set out. His father gave him ten golden ducats, nine of which his mother sewed into the skirts of his waistcoat; and, with tears and many blessings, the young man parted from his affectionate parents. He reached, the same evening, the little village on the extreme verge of the plain, and next day's noon found him already within the bounds of the mountain wilderness.

II.

FATIGUED with long journeying, and the oppressive sultriness of the hour, young Walter sat down to rest and refresh himself under the shade of a grand old grove of oaks, where the herbage was kept rich and luxuriant by a small clear streamlet, more beautifully

limpid by far than any that are to be met with in less elevated parts of the country. Having eat his crust, and sipped a little of the pure element from the brook, he felt himself irresistibly affected with drowsiness, and, stretching his limbs at length upon the soft and verdant turf, was soon buried in a deep slumber.

Two or three hot hours had thus passed over his head unnoticed, and his sleep was still as profound as ever, when suddenly the silence of the secluded place was broken by the clamours of hound and horn, and, starting at once from the midst of his dreams, the youth beheld a mighty company of huntsmen gallantly mounted, dashing in full career along an open glade or avenue of the forest at no great distance from where he stood. Hastily catching up his knapsack, and grasping his long ashen staff, Walter obeyed the impulse of the moment, and rushed with impetuous steps to join, if possible, in the stormy delight for which his spirit had so long thirsted. It so happened that the dogs were for a moment at fault almost immediately after he begun to run, so that he came up with the company, which, active as he was, he otherwise could scarcely have accomplished. One of the forester's attendants recognised him, and said, with a hearty smile, " Ah, here is our young gardener from the lowland once more; what a pity it is that we have no spare horse with us. I fear you will see little of the chase; for as soon as the stag is turned out of this thicket, he is sure to make right for The Black Leap, and all the way thither it is galloping ground."

At that moment the animal bounded from the underwood, and dashed once more with headlong vio-

lence along the open alley westward. The hounds came pouring out of the cover, the horsemen shouted and spurred their willing steeds, and Walter bounded after them, aiding his steps with his pole. For a long time he kept his pace unslacked, and had the horsemen in view—and even after he could see nothing of them, the music of voices and horns guided and animated him. At last the cry waxed fainter and fainter, and was lost to his ear amidst the whispers of the branches overhead. For by this time the wind had sprung up, and the mighty trees were tossing their heads and arms about, and filling the refreshed air with their deep murmurs.

Walter had been trying for some moments to discover which of three diverging paths the hunt had taken, and, finding hoof-marks everywhere, was utterly at a loss what to do. At last he heard, or thought he heard, the echo of a distant horn, and began to run swiftly in the direction from which it seemed to come. He continued his speed for a considerable time, but was sorely disappointed in hearing no further sound of encouragement. In a word, he at last found himself standing upon the brink of a deep and awful precipice, which, it was obvious, no mortal huntsman had ever dared to descend. Thick, shaggy, impenetrable woods of black pine-trees clothed the opposite bank, and above these, immense rocks rose bare, grey, and impassably abrupt. The youth cast his eye despondingly along the ravine, and perceived that the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. A fixed and solemn red pervaded the western heaven, and one or two stars were already visible in the darkening blue above him. Nothing could be nobler than the whole scene around

—Gigantic trees, hoary crags, and mighty mountains spreading into limitless distance. Beneath his feet the gulf yawned precipitous, and, deeper than eye could distinguish, the ear caught the hoarse moaning of its torrent. There were no clouds in the heavens. The wind had died away again—all was utter stillness except the rush of that unseen stream, and the short wild cry now and then of the heron.

His bodily strength was exhausted, and night was about to close in upon him in this majestic, but not the less dreary, scene of desolation. What wonder if the poor youth found little heart to congratulate himself upon any circumstance in his situation. He leaned himself listlessly against the naked trunk of a pine, and, gazing over the wide and darkening wilderness, thought of the trim cottage he had deserted, the cheerful evening meal, and the kind looks of those whose happiness, a secret voice whispered, he had not feared to disturb—perhaps to destroy for ever. A tear rolled slowly down his cheek, and he became bewildered amidst the melancholy of his musings.

III.

He had remained for some time in this posture of body and of mind when a dog barked quite near him, and some one whistled in a lively manner. Next moment both the animal and its master appeared in view, coming directly towards him along the same path which had brought himself thither. The stranger, who was clothed in a dark-green doublet with a short gun slung around his neck, on perceiving Walter, stopped and saluted him very civilly. The youth answered courteously, but the dejection of his air was

manifest. "I think I saw you to-day already, sir," said the stranger; "but you could not long keep up with the hunt. It has been a bad day to me; for I have lost the best mare that ever I crossed; poor as I am, I would not have given her for thirty pieces—And you too, I fear you have had your share of the ill luck also. You have lost your way at least."

"Indeed have I," said Walter; "nor am I very likely to find it again, for I am but a stranger in these mountains."

"You are five miles from any habitation, but one," said the stranger. "I believe you must even be contented to lie for once beneath a very humble roof; my mother will, at least, make you welcome."

Walter hesitated for a moment. The stranger stept closer to him, and the youth thought he had never seen a more hearty, open, manly countenance.—"Come along, my friend," said he; "it is getting darker every moment, and we shall have much need of all the twilight that remains. You would not lie all night under the tree, would you?"

Walter thanked him again, but still hesitated.—"I see how it is," said the other: "you people of the plains are so ceremonious. Why, man, do you think there are any inns among these wild woodlands? Come along, come along; there is supper enough for both of us in this bag."—And with that he moved his belt so as to bring the bag in front of him, and exhibited a hare and two red-legged partridges.

Walter was ashamed to persist any farther, and consented to accompany him.—"But in what direction are we going?" says he; "for surely you do not mean to attempt a descent here."—"No, not just

here," said the other; "follow me, and we shall find a better place by and bye."—With this he struck into a narrow footpath among the trees, just by the brink of the ravine; and Walter, quickening his steps, could barely keep up with the pace of the practised woodman over ground that he could scarcely see as he trod it, so deep hung over them the shadow of the pines. Ere long his guide halted, and, pointing downwards into the glen, said,—"Now, young friend, take good heed to your steps, and catch well by the bushes as you go." He did not wait for any answer, but plunged amidst the coppice; and Walter, ashamed to shew any fear, poised his long staff, and, grasping the end of a young birch in his other hand, struck his foot firmly into the shingle, and followed.

The whole descent seemed the work of a moment, when our youth stood breathless at the bottom;—and, casting his eye upward, he could scarcely believe that human feet should have dared such a precipice. The stranger, meanwhile, shook the leaves and dust from his doublet, and, whistling as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened, proposed to push his way over the brook, by help of some large stones which its foam rendered distinguishable.—"We are close to our quarters now," quoth he; "but take care you don't slip your feet among these wet stones."—Walter carefully imitated his leader, and they soon stood in safety by each other upon the opposite side, where they found a narrow stripe of the softest turf between the water and the wood.

IV.

The stranger turned to the right, and this pleasant path soon brought them to the door of a small cabin,

within which the cheerful flame of a wood-fire brightened every thing. A deep-mouthed hound howled his welcome as their steps drew near, and was crouching at the stranger's feet the moment the door was opened. An old one-eyed woman, ugly as sin, bowed with age, and having hair as white as snow, but nimble nevertheless, and lively of aspect, was moving about the fire, busy with her gridiron and stewpan.—"Here am I, mother," cried the stranger, "and here is a brother sportsman whom I have brought home to you, for he has lost his way, and I have lost my horse."

"You are welcome,—heartily welcome, sir,"—said the old woman, setting a chair near the fire for Walter;—"but your horse, Frank,—what said you of your horse?"

"The mare broke her leg at The Black Leap," said the son, "and they compelled me to shoot her."

Walter wondered that this should be mentioned as a compulsory matter, but said nothing. The old woman cast an angry and fiery glance upon her son, and shook her head several times; but he said—"The thing is done, mother;"—and the old woman, resuming her usual manner, set herself busily to work with the supper. In a few minutes the birds were plucked, chopped in pieces, and hissing upon the gridiron; and the hare, after similar preparations, was plunged into the pan.

Walter's day's work had entitled him to a good appetite, and he did ample justice to the savoury messes which the knowing old lady soon set upon her board. A pitcher of very tolerable Rhine-wine, and the stranger's narrative of the events of the chase in which he had been engaged, beguiled very easily

another hour; and our youth, being naturally of an amiable temper, did not scruple to answer some questions that were put to him by a full and faithful account of his own history and situation. The man listened to him in silence; but the old woman, who sat spinning all the while at her wheel, cast glances of peculiar interest upon him, and ever and anon interrupted him, frequently with commendations of the spirit he had shewn in quitting the dull and prosaic profession of his forefathers, and expressions of her confidence, that the life of the forest would soon console him abundantly for all that he had left behind him. Walter's narrative, however, was not given without the revival of many doubts and fears within his own mind; and it is not to be denied, that he retired at length to his chamber in a mood which partook much more of the serious, if not of the sad, than of the cheerful.

It was a very small, but a very neat and clean, chamber into which his host and hostess guided him. They left him, and he was alone with his thoughts, one of which, by the way, was, that there had been something rather mournful in the tone of the male stranger's *good night*.

Walter, however, was very much fatigued, and truth requires us to say, that he got into bed without recollecting to say his prayers, and that, in spite of mental uneasinesses that might, under other circumstances, have kept him awake, he was soon fast locked in the arms of sleep.

V.

He had slept for perhaps two hours, when he was disturbed by something getting into his bed beside him.

He started from his pillow, and perceived that the large hound of the house had been left in his chamber. He would have made him welcome to a share of his blanket, and was preparing himself to return to his repose, but the animal insisted upon licking his hands and face, and was, in short, so affectionate as to be really troublesome. The young man, after trying a thousand experiments, determined at last to get up, open the window, and induce the dog, by some means or other, to quit his chamber. The moment the dazzling light of the moon poured into the chamber, the dog leaped from the bed, and began to paw impatiently against the casement. Walter having hastened to throw that open also, the animal sprung clear over upon the ground, and performed a variety of gambols on the turf, bounding and wheeling about as if in an ecstacy,—then stretching himself at all his length, and surveying the bright moon for a moment in silence, and then returning to his fantastic dance. This behaviour continued for some minutes, and the good-natured young man now smiled upon the playful animal, and now, like it, was lost in solemn contemplation of the extreme loveliness of the night.

He thought within himself, that he had never before seen such brilliancy of moonlight. There was not one little cloud in all the spacious expanse of the firmament. Millions of millions of stars were visible, but all their splendours were drowned in the broad effulgence of the queen of heaven. Every leaf was shining in dew, as if a shower of diamonds had been rained upon the forest ;—every crag and fissure of the rock was illuminated,—even the birds were singing as if a new day had broke ;—and yet how unlike

the steady warm glow of day was the icy splendour of the beautiful hour!

Suddenly a sweet strain of music floated to his ear. The sound resembled neither lute, nor harp, nor trumpet, but partook indescribably of the lovely softness of the first, the wailing melancholy of the second, and the spirit-commanding majesty of the last. It seemed to come from a considerable distance, and yet how distinctly did every note tell upon his ear! Wonder,—admiration,—an indefinable emotion of enthusiasm, stirred his inmost soul. He hastily threw on some part of his dress, and stood beside the hound upon the open turf. The animal frolicked for a moment about him, and then, pricking up his ears and wagging his tail, began to run in the direction from which the music seemed to be proceeding. Walter, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, lost as in the thraldom of some delicious dream, followed him with elastic steps among the windings of the green forest-walk. The dog stopped every now and then,—looked back to Walter,—and then resumed his pace; but he never once barked.

For some time Walter had been prevented by the thickness of the wood from seeing any thing of the stream, although all the way its gurgling was distinguishable in the pauses of the music. A sudden turn in the path brought him once more upon its banks, and, on the other side, right over against him, he beheld the ruins of a stately castle crowning a rocky eminence. There were no gloomy woods here, such as he had seen further up the stream, but now and then, upon the face of the grey rock, a solitary tree. The castle itself seemed to be in utter desolation,—

the sky, visible everywhere through its open windows and bushes, and dwarf trees waving on dismantled battlements; yet thence, he could no longer doubt, the music proceeded, and thither it was manifest the hound was leading him.

A superstitious awe crept over the youth—yet an irresistible fascination drew him on. The dog began to pass the stream, and he waded after it through the clear shallow water; they ascended together the eminence, and every moment the music strengthened, but without losing anything of its sweetness. They found at the top of the rock a broad terrace-walk, overgrown in a great part with bushes and creeping plants. This led Walter round to the other side of the ruin; and judge what his feelings were, when he perceived that a brilliant artificial light filled the interior of one mighty tower from the foundation to the battlement! He paused, and hesitated to proceed nearer; the dog turned and fawned upon him, and disappeared amidst the shadows.

A moment afterwards the music ceased, and he stood for a little in total silence; then suddenly there came to him, not the rich and melodious sound that he had heard before, but a soft solitary female voice singing in low, deep, trembling notes, mournfully. The words of the song were in some unknown tongue, but he could not help catching the ever-recurring burthen,—

"*Adrammelek, Azima, Nergal,*
Adrammelek, Azima, Nergal."

The young man listened on for some space, and at length, yielding to the same power which had been controlling him, he stepped lightly across the inter-

vening ground, and approached one of the windows of this tower. Imagine his surprise, when he perceived that it was glazed, and in complete order! Draw nearer still with him, and behold, within, a spacious and splendid saloon, lighted up with many lamps of massively antique structure, clothed all over in tapestry of glowing colours, mirrors, costly furniture of all sorts,—and no inhabitant!

VI.

WALTER remained as if rooted to the spot, gazing intently, and still hearing distinctly the music of the song. The voice swelled upon his ear, a door opened, and the singer entered the chamber into which he was looking, attended, moreover, by the hound that had been his guide. The lady seated herself right opposite to him; the dog crouched at her feet. Still continuing, at intervals, her sweet unintelligible strain, she touched a buckle, so as to let her raven-black gorgeous curls fall almost upon the ground, and began to comb them deliberately with a comb of ivory and gold. How surpassing her beauty! What grace and majesty in every motion! yet what a maiden-cheerfulness of innocence! She was taller than any woman Walter had ever seen, and yet the feminine gentleness of every lineament and gesture was perfect. He could have kissed the earth on which she trod; the boy's whole soul was lost in a rapture of timid breathless admiration.

He had preserved the same attitude during several minutes, when the hound rose from beside the lady's feet, and advanced towards the window with a low whining, and wagging his tail. The beautiful lady

paused in her song and in her combing, and looked upwards towards Walter from amidst the thick glossiness of her dishevelled curls. Her pale loveliness became all over suffused, at the same moment, with a deep transparent blush,—the face even to the brow,—the fair arms, and all the heaving bosom;—her bright eye rested full upon him with an indescribable expression of astonishment, confusion, and bashfulness, and yet every thing was gentle;—no emotion seemed to have power to chase away the dignity of the self-relying solitary. Walter put his hand to his lips, bowed his head as if to crave pardon for his intrusion, and, when she replied by no sign, knelt before her on the turf.

She rose at that moment, and, gathering up her flowing locks as she moved, walked slowly to the window, and motioned with passionate impatient gesture that he should rise. He obeyed. Instantly she threw open the tall casement, and, smiling through her blushes, addressed some words to him,—but what they meant he could only guess, for she still spoke in her unknown language. He answered, however, in his own. The lady shook her head playfully, and drew back a step or two. Walter was a modest youth,—and yet next moment he was within the chamber;—he was kneeling at her feet;—his lip touched her hand,—the beautiful hand trembled and thrilled, but it was not withdrawn.

Walter said little,—but there are other interpreters in the world besides words;—he gazed,—his lips murmured adoration,—supplication,—the ecstacy of worship.

For some moments this eloquent silence continued, the lady all the while standing over him, as if lost in wonder and hesitation. At last the trembling hand lifted him from the ground,—the glorious raven-curls dropped all their weight upon his shoulder. Walter dared to encircle the beautiful creature with his arms; —a kiss, a long soft balmy kiss,—and they both sank together upon the couch whereon she had at first been seated.

Walter took his plain golden ring from his finger, and placed it unresisted upon hers. She slowly drew off one from among the many rich rings that she wore, and slipped it upon the finger of the enchanted boy. His heart was overcharged with the bliss of that moment,—his rapture gushed to his lips, and he could not restrain it. Clasping her in his passionate embrace, he cried aloud,—"Now, God and all his angels bless thee, thou beauty of the world!"

Heavens! ere the words had left his lips, an icy shiver ran through all his veins,—his eyes became dim,—a faintness crept over his heart.

Walter opened his eyes,—he was alone,—he sprang up,—he gazed about him wildly,—the open heaven was above him,—the clear moonlight shewed him all around him the high and hoary walls of a roofless tower of gigantic dimensions,—the owl whooped right over him from amidst a mass of ivy.

Was it all a dream?—He smote his hand upon his brow, and something cut him. The moon's rays twinkled upon the brilliant ring;—he drew it off and flung it on the ground, but next moment picked it up again, and thrust it into his bosom.

VII.

THE young man remained for some time utterly bewildered with the strange things that had happened to him. A thousand different emotions of wonder, sorrow, regret, fear, struggled within his bosom; but at last fear predominated, and, seeing a ruinous archway open before him, he quitted the tower. The vastness of the ruins around him, their bleak desolation, and impenetrable shadows, had something oppressive about them; and his superstitious fear rose into terror. The boy fled. He plunged amidst the circling woods, and ran for a long while at his utmost speed, without thinking any thing about the direction of his flight.

Exhausted at length with running, he sat down among some pines, whose tall and leafless trunks permitted the wind to whistle refreshingly over the bare soil beneath them. Here he panted himself into coolness; but, endeavouring to recollect the course he had been taking, found himself quite unable to form the least conjecture whereabouts he was from the cottage in which he had gone to bed. The moon had by this time disappeared, and the dusky sky shewed in the extreme east the first red streaks of approaching dawn. Walter gazed from his eminence over the wide wilderness—woods, woods,—nothing but pathless woods could he see all around. He listened in vain for the voice of the stream through which he had waded. No sound reached his ear, except the cold and fitful wail of the twilight breezes.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Walter, after a time, resumed his vague and guideless journey, though not the pace at which he had commenced it. He wan-

dered on and on among the forests, and the day had been long in its full splendour ere he met with any traces of human habitation.

He was walking near the ridge of one of the wooded swells of ground, of which he had already traversed he knew not how many, when all at once a hoarse and discordant, but abundantly joyous peal of laughter burst upon his ear. A rough manly voice, chanting a well-known popular catch, was heard immediately afterwards from the same quarter, and Walter struck aside nimbly, for the sounds seemed to be very near him. The underwood was so very thick and entangled, that ere he had walked many steps, he had nearly stumbled over a crag, the upper part of which was quite concealed amidst the foliage. He paused on the brink, and, after a little search, found an opening among the branches, which gave him a full view of the persons of whom he was in quest

The ravine over which he was standing was narrow, and, right opposite to him, yawned the mouth of a very wide cavern. The ground below was bare rock, of a red hue ; immense piles of some black substance were heaped up. A low fire was kindled among these, near the mouth of the cave ; and beside this fire he saw about a dozen grim and swarthy figures, engaged in stirring huge boiling kettles, or vats, with enormous prongs ; and one of these it was that sung as he worked, most of the others joining their savage voices in his chorus.

Walter recollected his good old father's last words, as he contemplated these boisterous miners. He determined not to address them ; but curiosity detained him for a few moments. Suddenly a dog bounded

from the cave—it was the very hound that had been with him at the tower. The animal began to fawn upon one of these uncouth figures. The man turned round from his kettle, and Walter recognised, in spite of all that horrible filth and a total difference of dress could do, the gay jolly sportsman who had treated him so hospitably the preceding evening. A new feeling —a suspicion—a dark certainty flashed upon the youth's mind. He felt as if he had been actually bound in some fiendish chain, and, thanks to better aid than that of his own prudence, escaped from its clinging thraldom. He drew back into the thicket; and, as soon as the brushwood permitted him, moved rapidly away from the haunt of the forbidden race.

Right before him, in the distance, a naked peaked hill rose high above all the woods. Wearied and perplexed, the traveller determined to climb to its summit, in the hope that, having gained such an elevation, he should be enabled to form some notion of the bearings of the country, or, at least, to descry some habitation of peaceful men, among whom he might find shelter for the night, and guidance for the morrow.

VIII.

Our youth continued his march, now that he had a distinct object within view, steadily; though, as may easily be imagined, the deeper workings of his mind were often occupied with retrospection more than expectation. The total solitude amidst which he moved, the serenity of the fine August day, the elasticity of the mountain air, and the solemn wild grandeur of the forest scenery, all these conspired to keep up the

dream-like frame of mind to which the extraordinary events of the night had given rise.

He reached at length the foot of the mountain, towards which he had pointed his way, and prepared himself for a toilsome and long ascent.

But he had no occasion to exert all the resolution which he had mustered for this purpose. His sagacity informed him, that the apparently longer way is in such cases virtually the shorter, and he did not walk right up the steep, but took a winding course, gradually rising as he proceeded. In this way, ere he had advanced a third up the hill, he found himself, from his observation of the sun, to have nearly reached the opposite side of it from that at which he had started. By this time, too, he could perceive, that he had nearly got above the woods, and, making a vigorous exertion, he soon stood upon the open heath.

How unexpected was the prospect which now stretched itself, far and wide, before his eyes! He was on the verge of the wild country—a long, wide, richly-cultivated champaign lay under him;—bright fields and smoking villages, and far off, in the blue distance, the towers of a city. At first glance Walter thought he beheld once more his native region, and his heart bounded at the thoughts of home! But, on a more leisurely survey, he was satisfied that this was a wider plain than that in which his good parents dwelt; and that grand as the town near which they lived had appeared to him, that which closed the distance of the landscape before him had many distinct features, and altogether an air of superiority. Above all, a mighty dome rose in the midst of it—and the

shape of this was certainly quite a novelty to his eyes.

On one thing, however, Walter was determined, and this was, that he should not, hungry, weary, and guideless as he was, re-enter the forest. He said to himself, "Let to-morrow attend to itself—this night I enjoy peace and plenty in one of these smiling hamlets.—So, when I turn my steps homewards, I shall at least bear with me some human remembrances." In this mood Walter soon strode down the hill, and found himself separated from the cultivated plain by nothing but a broad shallow stream; in the midst of which some cattle were standing and enjoying the coolness, while the herdsmen loitered upon the beautiful herbage of the opposite bank. Walter called to one of them, and was assured that he might pass the water with perfect safety, as no part of it would reach above his knee.

It was, while in the act of making some arrangements on his dress, before wading this stream, that Walter, for the first time, observed he had no waistcoat. In his moonlight rising, he had slipt on the jacket by itself. The garment was worth little; but Walter remembered, with consternation, where his good old mother had secured his nine ducats!

He rummaged his pocket, and found that he had not a single coin about him. He had left his purse, with the change of his tenth piece, beneath his pillow, in the old woman's cottage. He thrust his hand into his bosom, and, behold, once more, the beautiful ring, but, for the presence of which, he could scarcely have believed himself to have spent last night in the possession of his senses. He slipt the ring on his finger,

and began to cross the water; but, half way, the thought struck him, that the shepherds would perceive how ill such an ornament agreed with the rest of his appearance. This made him take it off again, with the purpose of restoring it to the little pocket in the breast of his jacket; but just when he was doing this, his foot caught upon a stone—he staggered a step or two ere he quite recovered himself—and the ring was gone!

The herdsmen had their eyes on the youth, and, of course, perceived that he had lost something; for he remained in the middle of the stream, plunging his arm up to the shoulder over and over again, in the vain hope of recovering his treasure. Two or three of them began to call out to him, asking him what had happened, and one even advanced a little way into the water, as if anxious to assist him in his search. But when the poor lad, wearied with their eternal inquiries, at last answered that he had lost a ring, a beautiful diamond ring,—they all burst into loud laughter, and then condoled with him in a tone of sneering and levity, that shewed how little they were able to believe that a person of his figure could have been possessed—at least in any honest method—of a valuable jewel. To say truth, Walter's clothes, originally plain, and rustic in fashion, had been considerably the worse for his scrambling among the crags and brakes; so that it was impossible to deny that the suspicion of these persons was founded on pretty rational grounds. Their jeers, however, annoyed him extremely, and after a multitude of efforts, he at last gave up the matter as hopeless. On reaching the bank, heavy as his heart was, he endeavoured to assume an appearance

of composure, and asked the way to the nearest village in a tone that concealed, not indeed his disappointment, but his disgust.

He received a good-humoured reply—and was soon out of their sight. But, it need scarcely be added, that he was resolved to come back and renew his search at a more favourable opportunity.

IX.

After walking through pleasant lanes among the yellow harvest-fields for two hours, Walter saw, in a hollow before him, the village to which he had been directed. The bells in the church-tower were ringing a merry peal, and violins and hautboys resounded among the thick-clustering trees that encircled the hamlet-green. The youth found every thing deserted, until he reached that spot where it was sufficiently obvious some joyful celebration had congregated all the inhabitants of the place.

The most conspicuous house that looked upon the green was at once proclaimed to be an inn, by the broad Golden Lion, that gleamed to the evening sun from a huge projection of fretted iron-work over its wide and hospitable door. Around the house a great number of tables and chairs were set forth, where elderly people of both sexes were sitting with tall bottles, green glasses, and all the ensigns of jollity, before them. The musicians had their station on an elevated stage near these, and a gay crowd of young men and women, and boys and girls, were dancing in their view upon the green. The rich glow of sunset set off to great advantage the bright and gaudy dresses that flitted to and fro in the movements of

the dance. Every gesture, and every sound, spoke the heart of merriment. Never had the fine clear sky of August overcanopied a prettier scene, or a livelier assemblage. Walter stopped within the shadow of the elms, and surveyed the joyous spectacle with unsympathizing eyes.

Ere long, however, the stranger's presence was observed, and a pretty little girl ran across the green to invite him, in the name of the founder of the feast, to be a partaker in the general hilarity. The wealthy old innkeeper, she said, had that day given his eldest daughter in marriage to a respectable young farmer in the neighbourhood, and it would go to his heart if any one within the sound of the fiddles did not come and pour a glass of Markbrunner to the happiness and prosperity of the youthful pair. There was a cordiality of good humour about the message and the messenger that Walter could not resist. He followed the girl to the porch of the inn, where the jolly old host shook him by the hand as if he had been a dear friend, and, observing that he seemed to have journeyed far, commanded a dish of sausages and all suitable accompaniments to be immediately produced. Walter, who was exceedingly hungry, eat heartily in spite of all his woes, and being plied with repeated bumpers, the natural buoyancy of youthful spirits soon began to assert its rights within him. "Now, now," cried old Frederick, "you begin to look as a pretty young man should do—come, up to the dance; we must have no heavy hearts here to-night. Friend Gaspar here has robbed me of one daughter—what say you to a dance with the other? Elizabeth, my girl, come hither, and lead our visitor to the ring.—"

A lovely blonde, of seventeen or eighteen, quitted, at these words, the group among which she had been standing, and, with a modest and simple frankness, extended her beautiful little hand to our wanderer. There was a singular enchantment about her open and innocent smile, and never was the grace of maidenly decorum more completely preserved in the midst of the exultation of maiden glee. Walter yielded to the charm of the hour, and he and the fair-haired Elizabeth talked together with the freedom of old acquaintance long ere the last purple had faded from the heaven. After a short pause, the moon rose in all her splendour over the grove, and the dance was renewed beneath her beams. Merry was the dance as ever it had been; but now might many a couple be seen quitting the lively maze now and then, to wander for a few minutes among the trees. So also, and that more than once, did this pleasing stranger (for so she found him) and his soft-eyed partner.

Walter sat at supper that night between the innkeeper and his pretty daughter, and, having told all of his story *that he could tell* to the latter before, he had the less scruple about answering very frankly the friendly questions with which the former now plied him. Old Frederick heard him with attention and interest, and said when it was done, "Sleep here tonight, young man, and in the morning we shall talk this matter over."

Walter accepted the hospitality, and next day found him established in the house. The bride had been very useful, and Elizabeth could not alone attend to all that had devolved on her. Walter was to assist her in waiting on the company—and he was also to

relieve the old man of the chief management of the garden, which was really a very pretty one, though nothing to that in which Isaac Marloff now laboured alone.

X.

THE reader has probably foreseen how all this was to end. Our wanderer's affections had found a resting-place; and ere many months were gone by he was the husband of Elizabeth.

The father of his bride did not live long enough to witness the gladness that was diffused over the young household by the birth of a little girl. That gladness was at first pure and unmingled; the husband and the wife were alike intoxicated with delight. But the day of the christening came, and the hour they had both looked forward to as the very consummation of their joy, brought with it much sadness to one of them.

Walter, holding his infant in his arms before the good priest, heard the solemn words in which the sacredness of the parental duty is expressed; a sudden thought cleft his heart painfully asunder. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I was once even such an one as this fair babe now is, and such vows were offered and accepted over my unconscious brow. Wretch that I am, I have come with a happy mind to see my child received into the company of Christians, and yet, for a whole year, the kind parents that watched over my own feebleness are left as ignorant of my fate as if I had been alone in the world until I came hither."

Elizabeth remarked the gloom that had settled over her husband's brow. After they were in bed

together, she burst into tears, and, throwing her arms around him, entreated to be a partaker of his sorrow. He had been thoughtless in his felicity, but his heart had remained whole and unseared. He confessed himself to his wife, and it was she who the first took courage to say that it was his duty to start with the dawn, and return to speak comfort to his old parents.

Walter left his home accordingly; nor, until he looked back upon the village from the nearest eminence, was he fully aware how much he had left. The young mother's parting caress, and the soft smile of his sleeping child, recurred to him, and he wondered that he should ever have torn himself away.

Yet, as his journey proceeded, and especially after he had fairly entered upon the mountainous region, his thoughts assumed another character. "Soon," said he within himself, "soon shall these rocky barriers, with all their black woods, be passed, and I shall behold again the valley in which my early days were spent. I left that valley alone, poor, and uncertain as to my course of life. With what pride shall I not, sitting at my good old father's board, tell him and my mother all the story of my wanderings! How will their aged eyes overflow with tears of gladness when I describe my home, my garden, my wife, and my child! Their pride will double mine." Such reflections lent vigour to his step and stateliness to his air. He moved swiftly along the wind-swept wilderness, and whistled as he went.

Upon reaching a certain point, from whence he could see, on the one hand, the fading expanse of the low country which he had left, and onwards, on the other, far into the darkening distance of the moun-

tains, Walter paused for a moment, and surveyed alternately the two contrasted prospects. Amidst the mist of the plain he could no longer discover distinctly the spot where his home lay, but he strained his eyes in many vain endeavours to distinguish it. On turning, again, and, whenever he so turned, his eye fixed immediately upon a certain sharp outbreak from the dark ridgy outline of the hilly screen that bounded his view northwards. He stood so, until the shapes of things became more clear as the land darkened upon the brightening sky, and knew, or strongly fancied, that there was the mysterious ruin in which he had spent the most extraordinary hour of his existence. A certain indescribable mixture of curiosity and dread, and desire, and awe, crept over his mind, as he retraced the yet distant scene of those ineffaceable impressions; and, scarcely conscious of his motive, he began to move again at a pace more vigorous than he had put forth even during the most buoyant vigour of the now expiring day.

Ere long the moon arose, and the appearance which the mountain scenery assumed under the influence of her brilliancy, served more than ever to transport his mind back into the feelings of that former time. So completely was he living over again the mysterious past, that he scarcely felt it at the first moment as any thing more wonderful than the other accompaniments of his progress, that his steps should be sometimes preceded—sometimes attended—by a large hound. He knew at once that the dog was his acquaintance; but it seemed to him as if there had been no period of separation, so totally was he lost to every thing but the magical charm which hung over his spirit. He

was the same Walter Marloff who had just risen from his bed in the old hag's hut, tempted forth into the light of that same beautiful moon by the gambols and caresses of that same animal. Nearer now, and nearer, appeared the abrupt bare rock and the crowning ruin, and swiftly and more swiftly did the young man advance towards the centre of that circle of fascination which had long ere this received him.

Whether it were reality, or mere strength of possessed and possessing fancy, the distant note of music —the same nameless peerless music—fell, or seemed to fall, upon his ear. The sound seized him like the spell of a dream—if dream it was not: a deep long sigh escaped from his lips, and he began to run onwards like a deer.

XI.

SUDDENLY he came to a little open glade amidst the wood, and there, right in his path, was an aged man, bent in serious contemplation over a certain low creeping shrub. The sound of his hasty steps caused the stranger to turn round, and the moonbeam fell upon the faces of the pair,—and Walter knew his father,—and the old man, bursting into a silent flood of weeping, fell upon the neck of his son. They mingled their tears, and presently the grey-haired man composed himself to say,—" Ah! my child, I knew that I should meet thee soon when I found this plant in my way. Never did I see it but once before, and that was on the morning of the same day that first saw me a father. Alas! my boy, where hast thou lingered? Thy mother's heart has at length yielded to the pres-

sure of long grief. Thou hast no parent but one. I am come alone to seek for thee."

It was long ere Walter recovered from the shock of this sad intelligence. The old man's mild words of resignation and comfort gradually soothed him, and they sat down together under a tree, and talked in calmness of all that had happened since the day of their separation. When the young man told the story of his wife, his child, his happy home, tears, no longer of sorrow, flowed over the furrowed cheeks of the father. "Let us rise up," said he, "and begone from hence. The moon is bright, and ere the day breaks, we may be within sight of the fertile valley which contains your home."

Walter was complying with the old man's request, when the moon seemed to drop, as in a moment, from her pride of place and of beauty. Darkness gathered over the whole face of the firmament,—the dog, moaning and whining, disappeared from view,—and, instead of proceeding on the proposed journey the travellers were fain to seek out a present shelter beneath some pines; and there, stretched close to each other, they outwatched the night, conversing not without difficulty, so continuous was the howling of the wind, and the profuse pattering of the big raindrops among the leaves and ferns whereon they were couched.

But day came, and with day tranquillity. The young man opened his knapsack, and, after breakfasting on what it afforded, they walked together towards the outlet of the mountains. The sun was just descending over the village as they entered upon its green.

Walter pointed out Elizabeth, where she sat beneath the vine-clad porch, with her infant in her arms.

The old man found himself beneath the roof of his lost son: not tearless, he bent over and kissed the little one. He cast his eyes upward, and said, in a deep whisper,—"This hour I could die."

XII.

During several years old Isaac continued to partake the domestic comfort of his son's habitation, and saw the family augmented by three more lovely children. To all men's view there was not a happier fireside in the world. There certainly was not a more humble, dutiful, and affectionate wife, daughter-in-law, or mother, than the still comely, though no longer blooming, Elizabeth.

But who shall comprehend the restlessness and dissatisfaction of the heart of man?

Upon a fine summer's evening, the village-green was once more the scene of nuptial festivities. A beautiful girl had been married to a deserving youth, who had just retired with honour from the service of his prince; and the whole neighbourhood, young and old, were assembled to rejoice in the happy event. The family of the Marloffs were there among the rest. Elizabeth whispered to the bride,—"Four years hence may you be as happy as I am now;—when I was in your situation I thought myself fortunate, but now I know that I am so;—may your lover be a husband like mine." Such serious words did not disturb the general gaiety. The children and young people danced lightly, and the moon rose in beauty

above them; and far into the night the flutes and violins resounded among the richly-foliaged trees.

Walter Marloff had mingled in the dance at the commencement of the evening; but now he sate by himself, rather in the shade, contemplating the unwearied groups of younger people. "How full of hope and gladness," said he to himself, "are these hearts! Alas! I am no longer the man that I was when I first stept upon this green. Money I want not: quiet and comfort are mine. But who shall restore to me the bounding pulses of my youthful blood? Who can make me again what I was when Elizabeth first sighed her love into my thirsty ear? The dream of life is over. Reality alone surrounds the man." And with this his thoughts wandered back once more into a long-forgotten track. The moonlight among the wildernesses, the brawling stream, the solemn woods, the rocks, the castle, the illumined tower, the heavenly music, the angelic beauty, the *first* love, the *first* vow, the *first* kiss,—all, all returned to him. He rose from where he sate, and strode half pensively, half sullenly, into the deeper shade behind. Once more he looked on the gay scene, himself shrouded entirely from view. "Alas!" said he, "we can live but once. The hour that has gone by returns never again."

At that moment a dog bounded towards him from the thicket. The animal fawned upon him. He stooped and stroked it, and recognised the long, soft, silky hair, and the eager impatient whine.———

That night Elizabeth wept upon a widowed pillow. Three days after, composed in the depth of misery, holding a child in either hand, she walked behind the bier of old Isaac to the village cemetery.

XIII.

THE temper of Elizabeth was so calm, and her principles so firmly balanced, that, great as every one perceived her affliction to be, it was not doubted among her acquaintance that in due time she would regain entire possession of her tranquillity, and seek and find hope and consolation in the fine young family which surrounded her knees. Perhaps it might have been so, had fair success attended her worldly circumstances. She found herself by no means poor upon the whole, or rather they that inquired into and arranged her affairs for her found such to be the case. But the active head and hand that had kept all things in order were now gone. Two or three bad harvests followed, and, not thinking it becoming to keep an inn in her single state, even if she had had spirits for so bustling a life, she, who had now no resources but those of her paternal farm, became gradually very much embarrassed in her pecuniary concerns. She endeavoured to keep all her distresses to herself; but it is not easy to preserve such secrets in a small place; and ere long the shrewd neighbours could easily guess how the truth of the matter stood.

When an individual's credit is once suspected, it is never very long ere some sordid person takes an opportunity to bring the affair to a certainty. A corn-merchant in the neighbouring city failed in his business; and it was known that poor Elizabeth had lost, by this means, nearly the whole value of her last year's crop. A hard-hearted shopkeeper chose to take advantage of this news, and made it his excuse for distraining the widow's household goods. She, wretched as she was, could not bear to go about the

village begging the assistance which, perhaps, some one, had the facts been thoroughly understood, might have offered. But it had been part of the man's business to do what he was to do suddenly and secretly: the distress was levied rather late in a winter's evening, and, after the house had been stript of almost all its furniture, the unfortunate woman was left sitting alone with her children by the dim and melancholy light of an expiring fire.

She was considering with herself what supper she could provide for her children, who, unconscious of the nature of the scene they had witnessed, were endeavouring to make her partake in their merriment. She strove to contain herself, but it was in vain. Elizabeth leaned back in the only chair that had been left in the room, and wept aloud in agony of heart, pressing the while the youngest to her convulsed bosom.

"Hold! hush, my dear wife," said a ghastly voice; and behold there stood before her, in the centre of the apartment, Walter, her husband, pale and haggard in countenance, emaciated and feeble in frame, and his eyes swimming in tears; but clad richly in black velvet, with precious stones gleaming on his bonnet and on his breast. Terror held her silent, for she doubted not that she was in the presence of a vision of the grave. Slowly and sorrowfully Walter's heavy eyes surveyed her and her little ones. He stood as if rooted to the spot, and might have been taken for a statue, but for the visible tears.

"My husband, my love, my life!" cried she, at last mastering her fear, and flinging herself into his arms. He received her;—her head was once more pressed upon his bosom, and his kiss upon her lips.

" O my children!" she exclaimed in a hysterical cry; " O my children, your father, your father!"—The poor little things tottered towards them, and one held a hand, and another was hanging at the skirts of his doublet.

Suddenly a fiery glare of light filled the chamber, and Elizabeth, turning in her bewilderment to the window, beheld there a beautiful woman's face, glowing with scorn, and rage, and every evil passion, yet beautiful in spite of all, surpassingly, superhumanly beautiful,—an angel-fiend, holding high over her head a blazing pine-torch, and waving her other hand in the impatience of phrenzy.—" God shield us all!" breathed scarcely audible from Elizabeth's lips; and at that moment the visage, and the light with it, disappeared.—" Here, here, here, here!" groaned Walter;—he thrust a heavy purse into her bosom, printed one fierce kiss more upon her cheek, and tore himself with the violence of a wild beast from her embrace.

All was darkness for a moment;—then Elizabeth, screaming aloud, rushed after the vanished form. Strength more than woman's, more than man's, seemed to be given to her.

She ran for some instants at this maniac pace, but wildly, and without seeing anything, or knowing anything of the course she was taking.

She came to a high palisade, and began to climb;—she had just got one knee on the summit of it, and perceived that it was the barrier of the wood which surrounded the village. At that moment a furious sound of horses' hoofs was heard. She clung on the top of the fence with the vigour of despair, and gazed abroad. Swift and dark two gigantic steeds

rushed almost close to her amidst the crashing underwood;—a single flaming torch threw a lurid glare as they passed.—"My God, my God!" once more burst from the miserable woman's lips. An old, withered, one-eyed hag turned upon her one glance of hideous triumph;—the hell-hound bounded high and bellowed loud;—and Walter, the victim, groaned audibly as they plunged into the viewless blackness of wood and night.*

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* The foregoing Tale is founded on a popular legend, which has been treated of by several German authors,—in particular by *L. Tieck*, in his *Runenberg*.

MILES ATHERTON.

THERE are many beautiful little dwellings of industrious men scattered through the suburbs of Manchester; and none who have viewed with consideration their honey-suckled walls and the flowery gardens in which they stand, just out of the reach of the smoke and stir of the town, will doubt the good feeling and intelligence of the working classes. Manufactures have by no means that deteriorating influence on the character which some moralists would draw in such frightful colours. Industry at the loom may not be so poetical as industry at the plough, but surely it is not less intellectual. In manufacturing districts, where multitudes are gathered together, the vice that exists will force itself painfully on observation, while retired virtue often escapes notice; and in the din issuing at evening from the licensed haunts of the profligate, the passer-by is apt to forget the stillness of many a neighbouring fireside, where the Operative is sitting happy with his wife and children, reading, perhaps aloud, for their instruction and his own, or eking out, should wages be low, the week's means by an occasional by-hour of skill and ingenuity.

In one of those dwellings, for which, if beautiful be too strong an epithet, let us substitute neat and

comfortable, Miles Atherton had lived for ten years, and in his own little world of labour had enjoyed an equable contentment,—the only human felicity. His wife was from Scotland, the daughter of a shepherd,—brought, when just woman-grown, from her native pastoral braes into the midst of a new life. But, in the watchfulness of affection, she soon became familiarized with objects and occupations very different from every thing about her father's house, and in a few years the murmur of the sylvan Jed visited her ear only in some Sabbath-dream. The working-days were exclusively filled with delights and duties, joys and griefs, born and dying, within the room where her husband and her children slept. Her parents had both died since she left Scotland; and though Mary Atherton and a few distant relations still mutually lived in each other's memory, yet in time and separation the living are almost like the dead, and, as they sometimes rise from oblivion, are but pleasant phantoms. But seldom as Mary Atherton perhaps now thought of Scotland, her simple and heartfelt voice spoke of her birth beyond the border, and now and then a wanderer from the "North Countrie," directed by neighbours to her house, repaid her charities by telling her that he had been in her native parish,—had seen the spire of the kirk, and the plaided shepherds on the hill.

The evil of poverty is not in the suffering with which it wrings the heart, but in the poison which it too often mingles with the affections. Bread steeped in tears it is difficult to eat in thankfulness; and there is no blessing in the prayer in which there is no present hope. When earth stops its bounty, we despair of help from Heaven; and the piety which worship-

ped God by the warm hearth, faints over the dead embers. The change on our whole moral nature may be slow, but it is sure;—each successive day is darkened and disturbed to the sullen or angry heart;—beloved objects lose their charm;—and things formerly abhorrent to our nature possess a spell over us which, loathsome though it be, we cannot break, and under whose infatuation we hurry on to guilt, despair, and death. For three months Miles Atherton was poor—miserably poor,—and in other three, just as winter came, with all its severities, he was also profligate—miserably profligate. His pretty children—a boy and a girl—were taken from school;—their mother's face had undergone a change like that of many years sickness;—and their house, so long the pride of the suburban village, looked as if it were uninhabited.

Mary Atherton, before the neighbours, endeavoured to look cheerful, and an honest pride sometimes supported her when better feelings had worked themselves out; but that strength was of avail only in the open daylight. When the door was shut, she often sat for hours without moving, in a sort of blind resignation; for the little work she could get, or was able to do, could procure so small a portion of the very necessaries of life, that she took it up only in hurried snatches, and would lay it down again in despair, when her eyes met those of her pining and sickly children. Misery had made her husband hard-hearted—almost brutal; so that often at midnight she trembled to unlatch the door for him, and dared not, till he slept, approach his bosom. Yet the poor creature loved him as well—better than ever; and kisses

and tears he knew not of fell on his haggard countenance, disturbed even in his dreams. The time for advice or reproaches was gone by, and her last hope was in meek silence and uncomplaining sorrow.

One morning the unhappy man took his boy by the hand, and little Alec allowed himself to be led away without ever once venturing to look up into his father's face. Fear had not quelled love in that innocent heart, but it had sunk its expression in his downcast eyes; and now he walked along as if conscious of some crime, and about to receive punishment. His father stopped on a bridge over a canal, and placing the boy beside him on the ledge, looked on him in gloomy silence. It was a lonely place—the water brown and muddy,—and little Alec began, he knew not why, to weep. His father, incensed at the wailing sound, and distracted by an evil conscience, struck him on the face, and in an instant the child was silent; for this was the first time he had thus felt the hand that used to stroke down so gently his hair over his forehead; and pain, fear, and wonder, checked sigh and speech. In a little while he heard his father groan, and then was lifted up on his bosom, and there forgot that cruelty as if it had never been.—"Alec, my little Alec, would you be afraid to die?"—"Yes, to be drowned, father; but not to die in my own bed, with you and my mother praying beside me, as you did when I had the fever in spring."—A grim and hideous figure stood before them at these words, and, after some talking in a low voice, which the child feared to listen to, he felt himself alone in the grasp of a fiend, for his father had suddenly disappeared.

The winter came and went, and the mother knew

not what had become of her sweet Alec, or if he were, as her husband said, yet alive in this miserable world. "Our boy is alive; but I could not support him, as you know, and he is apprenticed where he will do well enough, as the world goes, though he will have his hardships." How she herself was able to outlive all these months was a mystery—an upbraiding to her weary spirit; for surely, she often thought, had not other wretchedness killed all love within her, she had long since been in the churchyard. All that the kindness of her poor neighbours could do was lost upon her, and she accepted their charity without gratitude. They wondered how she was kept alive; for no one ever saw her at a meal; and often, on the bitterest days, there was not a spark of fire in the house. Her daughter was frequently wiled away into other dwellings, and fed and warmed; but the mother kept her room, like a ghost, and was often seen, by persons looking through the window, leaning with her head on the Bible, which she was nowise able to read, for her eyesight had failed her, and she was almost as one of the blind.—"Oh, Mary, leave your worthless husband, and become one of us," sometimes said her best friend,—herself with a large family, and very very poor; but the wife strove to straighten her crouching frame at these words, and said, in a hollow whisper,—"Never, never, till he lays me in my grave."

It was the evening of a spring-holiday; and for a brief space forgetting, or at least laying aside their sorrows, almost every family, in street and lane, had gone out for amusement. Low as wages were, and provisions dear, parents laid out something on their own dress and that of their children, that they might

not seem worse off than they really were; and sights and sounds of merriment were rife through the suburb. Mary suffered her daughter to join the festivities,—at least she made no answer to the richly-ribboned dame who came to invite her solitary child; and then fell back into that stupor which, to many eyes, often appeared to be a midday sleep. But the influence of this annual spring-holiday could not be wholly unfelt, far gone as she was in wo and want; and as the merry minstrelsy passed the door, she opened her eyes, and for one blessed moment thought she beheld little Alec, with some flowers wreathed round his hat, and dancing in his glee; but the vision and the music died away together, and she only uttered,—"Perhaps it was his ghost!"

In an hour there was a knock at the door, which then slowly opened, and a soldier came in, seemingly off a long march.—"Are you Mary Atherton?" said he, with a kind voice.—"Yes, I am Mary Atherton;—has my husband inlisted, and is he going away to a foreign country?—Oh! that he could be suffered to stay for a week or two, and then he would have no widow to forsake."—"I have come, my good woman, to tell you good tidings of your lost boy;—his name, he says, is Alec, and he is not far off."—He was indeed near at hand; for almost, while the soldier was speaking, Alec was upon his mother's bosom—not in her arms—for they hung lifelessly,—but in her bosom, and upon her neck, and perhaps his sobbings were not unheard in her swoon.

The mother recovered her senses, but not her speech;—she held him now fast in her arms, as if about to bear him away from devouring fire;—she

loved more in that one dreadful clasp than she had ever loved in her whole life; and the thought of the great God was along with that of her first-born;—so too was forgiveness of her husband,—penitence for her impious sorrows,—willingness now to die,—and a desire—oh! how profound!—of yet a few days, months, years of this mortal life!

A few words from her boy told the tale of a whole winter's miseries. A father had sold his child into slavery!—All those pretty curls were gone, whose golden lustre had once been the joy of a proud mother's heart;—the roses had left his cheek;—and his little hands were wasted to the very bone, and covered with scars and wounds;—his voice was low and timid, as if terror had pitched its key; but still, in all that rueful change, it was the same cheek,—the same forehead,—the same hair,—the same hands,—the same voice,—the same smile!—"O bitter, bitter cold,—dreadful, more dreadful heat,—and cruel, cruel stifling of that sweet breath, hast thou, my blessed Alec, too long endured!—Yet beautiful is my boy as ever;—nor think that I could not have known my boy had I seen him all begrimed in his wretchedness—heard but his small pattering footsteps—had it been even in the uttermost parts of the earth!"

The soldier who had rescued the poor sweep from slavery now rose to depart. The grateful mother began to request him to take some refreshment, and then her voice all at once ceased. After a pause she said,—"You have brought riches into the house of poverty, for we have not at this blessed moment one morsel of bread!"

Mary was now left alone with her restored son, and

that cold, dreary, desolate chamber was to her like one of the many mansions in the house of her heavenly Father. With what divine happiness did she gaze on him kneeling once more by the bed-side, and saying distinctly his unforgotten prayer!—Hardly could she believe that he had indeed been brought back to her from the dreadful darkness of some remote region, till she lay down and took him into her bosom. Wearied and worn with his long journey homewards, and, all at once made perfectly happy after so many horrid months, the boy soon fell asleep, and his warm breath thrilled through his mother's heart, to the entire possession of all its affections, and utter oblivion of all its long distress.

When little Alice came home from the merriment, her smiles met with a joyful return that startled the affectionate girl with a new kind of happiness. Awe-struck by the face of her long-lost brother, covered with the placid light of sleep, Alice muttered not a word, as her mother withdrew the curtain, saying,—"Bless God for his return." In a few minutes she was laid by his side, and, without awaking him, placed her little arm softly across his neck, and, closing her eyes, soon beheld him in the pastime of her innocent dreams. No fire burned on the hearth,—not even a rush-light twinkled,—but the moonshine filled the chamber with a sweet, solemn, and sacred light, and all within was thankfulness, piety, and peace.

"Not yet gone to bed!" said Miles Atherton, with a harsh voice, as he entered the room in that reckless and violent manner habitual to the profligate. His wife was now above the power of fear,—no beating at her heart,—no trembling in her limbs;—for the

Comforter had been with her, and there was such an expression of blessedness on her countenance, as the moonlight shewed it pale, wan, sunken but rejoicing, that the wretched intruder was fixed in amazement, and calmed by the unexpected and inexplicable change of every feature.—"Look here, my beloved husband, look here—look here!"—and he beheld Alec and Alice fast asleep, and locked in each other's arms.—"Yes, father, I love you,—forgive you;—will you let me kiss you, father?" murmured the boy, buried in a profound dream; and the sweet broken voice brought the sinner on his knees, as if God's own hand had smitten him with sudden death.

Hours past away; and the grey light of dawn saw husband and wife yet kneeling as in morning prayer. Mercy and forgiveness are the attributes of the Eternal, and, like an effluence from his spirit, may be breathed from one human heart to another, destroying both grief and guilt. Remorse had long preyed upon its victim, but now he was delivered up to penitence. Evil found now no abiding-place in his spirit; and after many sudden visits,—many ghostlike hauntings and midnight knockings at its gate, forsook it for ever,—leaving but a salutary and monitory dread of its return. In a few months the summer flowers were again bright in the garden, and clustering round the porch; and before the summer was gone, as the family, in decent apparel, walked duly every Sabbath to church, the neighbours had almost entirely forgotten how grievously one had erred, and all had been afflicted. But it was on the Sabbath-day that the penitential man most remembered all his sins; and, in its blessed freedom from worldly cares, he

then communed with his own heart, and knew that it had been desperately wicked. His son's face was a perpetual memento of his guilt, but one that he loved to look on; and the beauty of returning health on that other face which, in its most deadly wanness, never had upbraided him, reminded him, almost every time it smiled, of the long-continued cruelty that had nearly brought it to the dust. But contrition settled down within his heart; for he felt as if he had finally made his peace with God, and that the past ought to be remembered only for sake of the future.

HACO'S GRAVE.

[The gentlemen who conducted the late Trigonometrical Survey of Scotland, paid considerable attention to the antiquities and local traditions of the northern part of the kingdom, and sometimes even endeavoured to ascertain how far those airy rumours correspond with existing facts. Among the other objects of their curiosity, was the grave of HALCO, or HACO, the Danish invader, which is pointed out on the shore of the narrow and rapid frith which, at the ferry of Kylerhea, in the district of Glenelg, divides the isle of Skye from the mainland.

According to the current tradition, the wolf-hound of the Danish chief was buried at the feet of his master. The officer who undertook to dig up the grave, had just succeeded in unearthing the bones of the hound, when a lowering dark day suddenly rose into so wild a storm of thunder and lightning, that he, with his assistants, was glad to abandon what every true highlander must have considered a most sacrilegious attempt. To the above circumstance these lines owe their origin.]

BACK, stranger!—back!—nor dare profane
The sepulchre of the noble Dane;—
'Tis HACO's grave!—Should the brave molest
The place of a parted warrior's rest?—
Haughty, and bold, and headlong he,
As the rushing tides of his Baltic sea;
Who on Albyn poured his fierce Norse band,
And found but a grave on her wildest strand.

No Druid stone, nor Christian cross,
Marks HACO's grave, and Denmark's loss;
But the blackening heavens, and the fire-winged cloud,
Guard the mouldering bones in their earthly shroud;
And in wild eclipse engulf the glade,
Should an unblest touch this spot invade.
Lone, brown, and waste,—a seven-feet mound,—
At Haco's feet sleeps his faithful hound;
Yet the heart's own hallowed rites have blest
The place of the warrior's lonely rest.

The island fisher the Norse flag sees
Again sweep round the Orcades;—
"And, gentle voyager, who art thou,
With the calm sad eye, and the high pale brow?"—
Young Eddallil!—to her gods she wept
All night where her princely lover slept;
But the sun o'er green-coned wild Kintail,
Crimsoned her shallop's parting sail.

Stranger! thou'rt brave!—yet the brave may quell
To the force of the maiden's Runic spell;
Which blackens the heaven and chafes the wave,
Should an unblest foot dint Haco's grave.
Stranger! thou'rt proud, and scorn'st such fears;—
O yield to the perished maiden's tears!
And part in peace,—nor dare profane
The sepulchre of her noble Dane.

THE HOME-STAR.

Far o'er broad ocean's tide,
  Wild, dark, and dreary,
The wanderer's bark may ride,
  Storm-tost and weary;
Winds and mad waves may war,
  Black skies bend o'er him,
Thro' storm and gloom one Star
  Beams still before him.

His Father-land's heathy hill,
  Lake, glen, or wildwood,
Broad stream, or mountain rill,—
  The home of his childhood,
Over his soul will come
  Soothingly telling,
That fond hearts there still are some
  There, for him swelling.

That Star shines to him,
  Far tho' he wander;
Clouds rushing dark and grim
  Melt from its splendour:
Its smile, waking musings deep,
  Spell-like has bound him,
Till wild wave, and tempest's sweep,
  Brighten around him.

TO THE SPIRIT OF HEALTH.

SWEET Spirit of the sunny brow
And smiling eye! where wanderest thou,
  Like spring-cloud softly gliding?
Dost thou among the mountains stray?
Or in some low glen far away,
'Mong cottage-elves light sporting play,
  From thy sad votary hiding?

I've sought thee in the youthful hour
Of spring, when every little flower
  Its timid eye was closing:
I've traced thee to the streamy dell,
Where living waves clear-gushing well,
And calmly in its mossy cell
  The violet lies reposing.

The cliffy steep I've climb'd for thee;
And skimm'd the dewdrop from the lea,
  When thro' the clouds upspringing,
Light carolling his gladsome lay,
To hail the virgin-blush of day,
Soaring aloft away, away,
  The lark his song was singing.

When Summer suns wheel'd sultry by,
And glittering heat flamed o'er the sky,
To shady groves slow-wending,
Full oft, amid the quiet bowers,
I've traced thy steps o'er fragrant flowers,
Or felt in gentle balmy showers
Thy influence descending.

In bounteous Autumn oft with thee
I've roam'd, to mark plain, dell, and tree
With golden treasures glowing;
Even when stern Winter's storms blew chill,
And billowy snows wreath'd vale and hill,
A keen invigorating thrill
I've felt thy breath bestowing.

Whither, sweet Spirit! hast thou fled?
Where dost thou lay thine Angel-head?
In what secluded dwelling?
Hear! 'mid thy wanderings blest and free,
Thy humblest votary calls on thee,
With clasped hands and bended knee,
And bosom deeply swelling.

Canst thou behold the feeble streak
Lessening on that pale beauteous cheek?—
A rose-bud cropp'd and fading:——
And canst thou hear the sick long sigh
Heaving that lovely bosom high?
Or see faint dimness cloud that eye,
Its living light o'ershading?

Thou canst not! Come, then, Spirit mild!
Come from the far, the breezy wild!
  Come from the heathy mountain!
Come from the leafy glen! And bring
With thee gales sweet as breathing Spring,
When Zephyr stirs, with airy wing,
  Young flowers that kiss the fountain!

Dear Spirit! come! and spread once more
Thy own bright bloom that pale cheek o'er,
  In all its native beauty:
And I will weave thee garlands fair,
Of every flower that scents the air;
And oft shall rise to thee my prayer,
  And hymns of grateful duty!

GENIUS.

O, GENIUS! thou art near allied to madness!
Dull ebbing souls nor rise nor sink in gladness.
But thy fine heart, like leaflet trembling on
The vernal spray, by every wind is blown.
Thy health too, nicely poised, a straw can turn,
Or lift to life, or weigh down to the urn.
Thy breathings, O how sweet! thy tides, how high!
Thy dead low water, what a lullaby!
Thy listening ear, to lutes and loves, among
The leaves—how tremblingly alive to song!
Thy nerves how tuneful! yet how easily
Waked in their tremors, like the aspen-tree!
Like some fond mother, far too fond art thou,
Of all thy sweets, to wear a sunny brow.
Thy very loves are tender fears for things
Which glide away, like youth's imaginings.
Alas! the gleams which lighten thine own breast,
Are still life's shortest—fleetest—tho' her best!

NEW BUILDINGS AT CAMBRIDGE.

THOSE persons, whom chance or curiosity may have led to the University of Cambridge, must doubtless have been actuated by such feelings of admiration as its colleges and public buildings are calculated to impress upon the mind of every stranger. The passing traveller finds there objects which, excepting in the Sister University, have perhaps nowhere a parallel. Instead of the din of a metropolis, or the hurry and confusion of those towns where "trade's proud empire" pervades every rank of society, the silence which reigns throughout the spacious quadrangle, the gloom of the monastic cloister, and the grey Gothic portal bearing the stamp of years, all conspire to excite awe and veneration, even in the most unlettered. But to him who is able justly to appreciate the ends for which these establishments were founded, —who is acquainted with the times, and the character of the illustrious individuals who gave birth to these retreats of science, endowed them with the ample means of prosecuting the study of learning and philosophy, and instituted rewards for those who dedicated themselves to the pursuit of knowledge,—who recollects the many philosophers to whom these institutions have given birth, and pictures to his imagination those who shall hereafter go forth to pursue paths as yet untrod-

den, and shall penetrate into the unexplored regions of science,—to such an one a walk through the University of Cambridge will inspire feelings of veneration amounting almost to enthusiasm. Those who have paid but a short visit, and dwelt but for an hour among these scenes, are no strangers to what we have here attempted to describe.

In a country at peace both at home and abroad, the arts and sciences never fail to make rapid advances: it is during such times of tranquillity that learning is followed with an increased ardour and perseverance, and that the productions of the artist spring up in their greatest splendour and perfection. The magnificent buildings, which are now in progression in the University of Cambridge, bear strong testimony to the truth of the above observation. Since the termination of the war, one of the chief causes which called forth so large a part of the British youth has ceased; and the sons of the nobility and gentry are now under the necessity of confining their talents to the pursuit of the learned professions. On this account, the students in the Universities have considerably increased: the number in Cambridge, during the last ten years, has become nearly double. This circumstance has rendered an enlargement of many of the colleges absolutely necessary; and a spirit of liberality and improvement has gone forth, which has not only increased the accommodations of the academical students, but has given birth to some of the finest efforts of architecture which perhaps any age has produced.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Henry VII., the Gothic architecture began to decline, and was

soon after supplanted by a mixed style, wherein the Grecian and Gothic, however discordant and irreconcileable, were jumbled together. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when learning of all sorts began to revive, the chaste architecture of the Greeks and Romans seemed, as it were, to be again called into life; and from that time to the present day, the classic elegance of the Grecian style has gradually shone forth in its utmost purity, and has, during the last century, engrossed the public taste and attention to the almost entire exclusion of every other species of architecture. It may, therefore, appear somewhat strange, when the preference is so generally given to the Grecian style, that the members of the University should have rejected it, and have returned to the old Gothic, which has been so long neglected, and even treated as the style of ignorance and barbarism.—But, whatever may be the elegance and purity of taste displayed by the productions of ancient Greece, many reasons combine to give the Gothic architecture a claim to attention, particularly where any erections of an ecclesiastical or collegiate character are concerned. The numerous ruins of the abbeys and other monastic buildings, which are to be found throughout Great Britain, are calculated to excite in the mind of the beholder ideas of the greatest magnificence, and the most surpassing grandeur. They recall to our recollection those chivalrous times in which they took their rise,—times which occupy the most interesting part of the English history. The few specimens which have escaped unmutilated by the hand of violence, or have survived the wreck of years, may afford us some conception of the splendour displayed by

those Gothic piles, of which these remains once constituted a part.

It will surely be allowed, in general, that it is not the least merit of any style of architecture that it produces a building characteristic of the uses for which it is intended. The Gothic style is peculiarly adapted to inspire that solemnity which is entirely indispensable to every structure connected with religious worship. The large and canopied windows,—the delicate lace-work and fretted roof,—all concur to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread. Its lofty spires and pinnacles,—its niches and profusion of ornaments, lavished indiscriminately over the whole building,—heighten and improve that silent gloom which gives such additional interest to the cloistered quadrangle of a college.

The members of the University, having determined to adopt the Gothic style of architecture, had no occasion to seek beyond their own precincts for a model to guide them in their designs. The chapel of King's College, so conspicuous at a distance, and whose lofty pinnacles every student remembers to have hailed with delight, as he approached for the first time the University, is one of the finest specimens of the Norman-Gothic style that can be found at the present day. The beauties of this structure are best known to those who have viewed it: the real strength and solidity which pervades the whole, with the total absence of every thing which excites the idea of heaviness, renders it an object of the greatest admiration to every beholder. As the public opinion has been so much in favour of the architecture of ancient Greece, numerous objections, founded upon various

grounds, were, as a matter of course, urged against the adoption of the Gothic style. Its total want of all taste and elegance, and its opposition to all the rules of architecture, were, by numbers, considered as sufficient reasons why it should be rejected.—Others, who did not censure the style, concluded, from the length of time which had elapsed since the execution of any considerable designs in this manner, that the work would be altogether impracticable to modern masons. But these adverse opinions have been combated, and these imaginary difficulties surmounted; and the Gothic architecture of the twelfth century again shines forth in all its ancient magnificence and grandeur.

Some account of these new buildings, which are now in progress, may not be uninteresting to our readers, particularly those who may have visited the University of Cambridge; and haply, should it meet the eye of any who, having once been under the fostering care of Alma Mater, recollect with pleasure those scenes among which they passed their academic career, they will not read of the increasing splendour, or the future glories of Granta, with indifference.

The Observatory is the only new erection of any note, with the exception of the new Court of Trinity College, which is perfectly finished. The University may justly congratulate themselves upon this most essential addition to their public buildings: the want of it has long been severely felt by the mathematical students; and, indeed, it is much to be wondered that this object had not long since been accomplished; particularly if we consider that mathematics comprise so large a part of the studies of its junior mem-

bers, and were, till lately, the almost exclusive path to academic honours. The Observatory does not contribute so much as might be expected to the additional grandeur of the public buildings. It is situated about three quarters of a mile from the town, upon the road to St Neot's, well known to every Cantab. It stands upon a rising ground, and commands a very extensive horizon, particularly to the south. In the structure of this Edifice alone, of those which are now in progress, the University have adopted the Grecian style. The front extends one hundred and twenty feet from east to west. In the centre of the south side is the principal entrance, under a portico supported by fluted columns of the Doric order. Upon entering the building, immediately over the portico, is a large moveable cupola, for the purposes of observation; and under which the principal instruments are fixed. It is intended, when every thing is perfectly in order, that daily observations shall be made when the weather will permit, and registered as at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The students are furnished with instruments of a less expensive kind; and lectures are delivered by the Professor (Woodhouse). The east end of the building contains the elegant and commodious residence of the professor; the west end that of the assistant observer.

The next building in order of completion, is the new Court of Trinity College, which has been named the King's Court. This building is situated upon the south side of that beautiful quadrangle, called Neville's Court. The front, which is one hundred and sixty feet in extent, looks towards the river and pleasure-grounds of the College; and is nearly in a

line with the Library of Trinity College. It forms a pleasing object from the walks upon the opposite side of the river: the style is Gothic. The gateways are ornamented with the college shield, and are supported by small Gothic towers. That which opens into the college-walks is surmounted by an ornamental niche. The interior of the quadrangle forms a square of one hundred and fifty feet; and contains accommodations for one hundred and twenty students. This not only adds considerably to the architectural beauties, but has much increased the conveniences of this most magnificent foundation.

The society of Corpus Christi College had long intended to erect a spacious and elegant quadrangle, in addition to their former buildings, which were upon a very small scale; and the accommodations which they afforded to the society at large somewhat inferior. The first stone of the new court, of which three sides are already completed, was laid in the month of July, 1823, with all the ceremonies usual upon such occasions. This building is situated in Trumpington Street, opposite Catharine Hall; and will be one of the greatest ornaments of the University. The front extends two hundred and twenty-two feet parallel with the street, presenting an elevation of three stories of Gothic arched windows. The extremities of each end of the front are differently arranged, being adorned with large oriel windows, on each side of which are beautiful ornamented niches, the whole being enclosed by two lofty towers. The gateway occupies the centre of the front. The exquisitely fine carving of this magnificent entrance, consisting in the clustered shafts which enclose the gateway, a highly-or-

namented niche between the middle tier of windows, and a frize border between the upper row and the battlements, are in the highest degree calculated to excite the admiration of the spectator. Over the third tier of windows, and immediately beneath the battlements, is a rich cornice, ornamented with heads and grotesque devices peculiar to this style of architecture. Upon entering the quadrangle by this gateway which we have described, and which is one hundred and fifty-eight feet long by one hundred and twenty-nine wide, the west entrance of the chapel occupies the centre of the opposite side. On the south side is the library, beneath which are apartments for students. This is a handsome room, with an arched stucco ceiling, lighted upon each side by seven large windows. It is eighty-eight feet in length, twenty-one wide, and the same number of feet in height. On the north side is the hall, as yet unfinished. The chapel is ornamented with two spiral octagon turrets, fifty-five feet to the summit. The exterior of the west end of this building, from the portal to the summit, is profusely carved. The interior is neat and well-proportioned, being sixty-six feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and thirty-five in height. On the right side of the chapel is the master's lodge, a spacious and commodious residence. This side of the quadrangle is supported by buttresses, which are crowned with pinnacles, the summits of which are forty-four feet from the ground, and exhibit a pleasing appearance. In the structure of this edifice we behold the revival of the Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century in its purest form; and the execution is, in every respect, equal to the finest

productions of that age. Although this building is not upon so large a scale as others of which we are about to speak, yet, when viewed throughout, and considered in the aggregate, it will present architectural beauties inferior to nothing at present in the University.

But the works of the greatest interest remain yet to be noticed. Perhaps it is not generally known, that the chapel and other buildings of King's College formed but a part of the original design of that foundation which the royal munificence of Henry VI. had projected. During those times of violence and civil discord, and before the college-buildings were finished, the society lost a great part of their estates. This prevented the completion of the plans which they had in view; and if we may judge from the appearance of the chapel, we may be justified in concluding those plans to have been very extensive. But whatever they might have been, they are now completing, upon a scale little, if in any degree, inferior to that originally intended. The works which are now in progression at King's College, exhibit a line of building running parallel with the chapel, at right angles to Trumpington Street, and reaching nearly to the river. These buildings consist of the lodge of the provost, the library, the hall, and chambers for the residence of the fellows and scholars; the whole presenting a front of five hundred and nine feet in extent. The provost's lodge, which occupies that end nearest the river, is, in every respect, a most princely residence. The apartments, which are very spacious, are seventeen feet high; and are lighted by projecting windows of very large dimensions. The front of the building is ninety-seven feet in extent. The en-

trance, which is in the centre, is supported by turrets, and ornamented with the rose and portcullis. At the corners are turrets, larger than those which decorate the entrance, but not so lofty; these are of a somewhat peculiar description, being terminated in an obtuse cone; and whether copied from any design, or whether due to the imagination of the architect, we are not prepared to say. Adjoining the lodge of the provost is the library. This is a handsome room, lighted by large Gothic windows, between which it is supported by buttresses: these are terminated with pinnacles in a manner somewhat similar to those of the chapel. Between the library and the hall is a part of the building appropriated to the residence of fellows and scholars of the society. Adjoining this is the hall. The interior of this room is one hundred and two feet in length; it is thirty-six feet wide, and forty feet high; the roof, which is stuccoed in a very beautiful manner, is lighted by two Gothic lanterns of most exquisite workmanship. In the centre of the north side is a large oriel window, supported by buttresses, which are terminated with pinnacles very beautifully executed. The exterior is decorated with the rose, portcullis, crown, and other ornaments copied from the chapel. Joining the hall, and terminating at right angles with Trumpington Street, is the remainder of the building, containing rooms for the residence of the fellows and scholars. The exterior of the whole which we have described is nearly finished; but two years must elapse, from the present time, before the whole of the plan will be completed. The houses upon the western side of Trumpington Street, which extend from the end of

the new buildings to the end of the chapel, and which at present obstruct the view of the College from the street, are about to be thrown down, and the street rendered considerably wider. The appearance which King's College will then present to the street will consist of the east end of the new buildings terminated with large oriel windows, and profusely ornamented; a Gothic screen, about twenty-five feet in height, will be erected parallel with the street, joining the extremities of the chapel and the new buildings: in the centre of this screen will be a magnificent Gothic entrance under a tower, seventy-two feet in height, each corner of which will be ornamented with a pinnacle twenty-five feet high. This entrance will be completed at a considerable expense, and will exhibit specimens of the most elaborate workmanship; and it may be truly asserted, that, as an individual foundation or college, it will stand unprecedented for grandeur and magnificence.

The buildings which we have now mentioned comprise that part of the additions to the University which are most worthy of notice; but it is impossible for any description to afford the reader an adequate idea of the appearance which they present. Several other colleges, besides those already mentioned, have made additions to their buildings; but, as they are upon a small scale, and exhibit no architecture worthy of notice, they merit no particular detail. The Society of Emmanuel College have erected a small quadrangle, which affords accommodations for about twenty students: some additions are also making to the buildings of St Peter's College, which will contain eighteen sets of chambers: the same number have lately been

added to Christ's College: the Society of Jesus' College have also enlarged their buildings.

We have now noticed all the new erections which are completed or completing in the University of Cambridge; and we have attempted to give some idea of the extent, style, and appearance of each separate work as it has come before us; but it is not when viewed separately as the increased accommodation or ornament of each individual college to which they belong, but when collectively considered, as producing so much additional splendour to the University at large, that they become objects of the greatest interest. Upon entering Trumpington Street, Corpus Christi College, King's College, the Public Library, the Senate House, and St Mary's Church, will appear at one view, and present to the eye a group of the finest specimens of architecture which are any where to be found; and the time is not far distant when the skill of the architect will be again exerted to increase yet farther the magnificence of this scene. A building, upon an extensive scale, is about to be erected for the reception of the valuable collection of pictures, books, &c. which were, a few years since, bequeathed to the University by the late Viscount Fitz-William, known by the name of the Fitz-William Museum:—neither the site nor the style of this building is finally determined, but, we believe, it will be after the model of the Parthenon of Athens.

The streets of Cambridge, particularly those in the more ancient part of the town, are narrow; and the houses in general, from their age, and the manner in which they are built, exhibit an unsightly appearance;—this circumstance necessarily detracts much

from the beauties of the University; but considerable exertions are now making, upon the part of the University, towards the improvement of Trumpington Street, which is the principal entrance into Cambridge, and in which the greater part of the colleges and public buildings are situated. Much has been already effected; and it is greatly to be hoped, that these exertions may be met by a spirit equally liberal upon the part of the public, and that no sordid motives of interest or gain may prevent the accomplishment of the plans projected, or render abortive any designs which may be proposed for the embellishment and mutual convenience of the University and the town.

Mr Banks, one of the university-members, has projected a plan for the improvement of the University, which, if carried into effect, will, taken altogether, be inferior to nothing which can be produced. The principles of the plan are, to place the Fitz-William Museum in the centre of the public buildings; and to remove all the houses upon the western side of Trumpington Street, which at present obstruct the view of Trinity College and St John's College. By this means the principal entrance into the University would be considerably widened, and a magnificent line of building, extending from King's College to St John's College, would be thrown open to the public view. Some obstacles, apparently insurmountable, present themselves against the completion of this plan; but it is to be hoped, that part, if not all of it, may finally be accomplished. We should not forget to observe, that Addenbrooke's Hospital has been considerably enlarged and beautified, and now exhibits a very pleasing appearance at the entrance of the town. The

university-press is about to be rebuilt upon a much larger and more commodious scale: the situation fixed upon is the western side of Trumpington Street, near Pembroke Hall: this will be a handsome structure, and will consist of the residence of the university-printer, several large press-rooms, and every other necessary appurtenance.

We have thus taken a cursory view of the additions and improvements which are now in progress in the University of Cambridge, and we have noticed those which are in contemplation; but, as it has been before observed, it is impossible to give any description which would afford the reader an adequate idea of the appearance and execution of these designs. These buildings may be considered, from their extent and magnificence, as forming a new era in the architectural beauties of the University. It is no longer to the days of the Edwards and the Henries only that the future sons of Alma Mater shall retrace the origin of those majestic piles which are her glory and her boast; the productions of the 19th century shall shine forth unrivalled. And let it be remembered, that what we have now been describing is not the mere offspring of ostentation; additional accommodations for the increased number of students, and the necessary enlargement of the respective colleges, were the motives; additional grandeur to the University at large has been the result; and, if the splendour of the University be increased, the industry of its members, and the diligence with which science in general is pursued, are no less so. At no time have the students, as a body, evinced such an assiduity in the acquirement of academic honours, and of polite literature, as

at the present. New honours have elicited new exertions, and additional examinations have exacted fresh application. The studies pursued in the University of Cambridge,—the rewards which await the labours of the student,—the impartial hand with which those rewards are bestowed,—and, above all, the spirit of liberality which pervades its members in general, constitute it at once a seminary unsurpassed in the world.

THE CRUSADES—CHIVALRY—FICTION.

THERE is nothing which presents a more striking feature in the literature of the present day, than the great prevalence of works of fiction. The immense current of genius that has been poured into this department, has hurried, and kept men's minds in a state of continual agitation;—has set before them such an unparalleled shew of interesting and variegated objects, that they have had no time to reflect upon the nature of this enjoyment, or the tendency of their indulgence. Were it only for that master-spirit, who has performed such gigantic feats upon the arena of public fame,—who has contrived to cast around him, even while moving amid the every-day scenes of life, that halo which was wont to attach only to names shaded in the depths of years,—who, like another Shakspeare, has embodied all that the mind can conceive of incident and of character,—who has given to the world volume upon volume, till, having often stood back and stared with astonishment, we absolutely begin to weary with our own wondering, and to regard him as something preternatural:—Were it only, we say, for this individual, the present age could not fail to strike every one, as, supereminently, the age of Fiction; but when we consider the great number of other writers who have stood forward in this department,—

many of them highly gifted, possessing, in some instances, an equal, if, indeed, not a greater originality, though not quite the fame, and certainly not the productiveness of this author, we cannot but be struck with the great public impulse which must thus be given to the human mind, and with that peculiar character which must thereby be imparted, not to the present generation merely, but to that which is to follow.

This, therefore, forms an era in the history of literature.

Chivalry was an era, in the history of *manners*, of a not less wonderful kind than this. Indeed, there is nothing in the whole history of changes, which fashion or caprice have introduced among the species, which strikes the curious inquirer, as so interesting, so extraordinary, as Chivalry. That men should submit to all those nice and delicate observances which this order strictly enjoined,—that they should preserve that elegant courtesy, that deference to the fair sex—unbounded hospitality—disinterested heroism in behalf of unprotected weakness,—and should, at the same time, cherish valour, stern resolution, with an habitual contempt of danger and of death,—virtues, seemingly of a very opposite kind,—must ever continue to be regarded as a very extraordinary combination of apparently incompatible powers and feelings; for, it will be remembered, that it is not any enactment, or any system of arbitrary rules, however rigidly these may be adhered to, which can accomplish an end like this. There are a thousand delicate observances, which the spirit of gallantry dictates to the mind, which no law can possibly point

out, and in which these men seem to have reached the summit of perfection. There is a fierce indifference, —an easily-awakened *wish*, we had almost said a *thirst* for blood, that distinguishes their most spotless characters; which, when it is considered that these things must not have been merely the semblances, but the realities of feeling, are not easily believed to be compatible with those other sentiments, which, we have said, they must have also cherished. And however philosophy may explain this conjunction to have been, as indeed we feel it to be, by no means unnatural, still we cannot cease to regard it as curious.

Again, the Crusades present, not merely *one* of the most, but, in very deed, *the most* extraordinary event, in the way of *action*, that ever happened in the annals of the world. That, at the instigation of one poor man, aided by the influence of the Pope, to whom he proposed the scheme, the whole of Europe should have been, as it has been expressed, "loosened from its foundations," and precipitated in one body upon the East, and that, too, in pursuit of an object at once useless and visionary, is a thing so extravagantly incredible, that, were it not notorious, and vouched by the whole faith of history, men would scarcely believe it. It is, indeed, just one of those realities which put to shame the whole range of fiction, which, if it had been advanced by the wildest writer of our romantic lore, would have procured for him the epithet of ridiculous; and would have excited, not even the wonder, but the laughter of mankind.

When viewed, however, as a thing which actually occurred, it is a most stupendous, though an irrational, undertaking.

There was assembled at Placentia, by the Pope, after the application to him of Peter the Hermit, a council, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars,—an assemblage so numerous, that it was found requisite to meet in the open plain. Another meeting, which was afterwards held at Clermont, in Auvergne, was much more numerous than this, and comprised in it the greatest prelates, nobles, and sovereigns of Christendom. These men were harangued by the Pope, as well as by Peter, who had himself been at the holy sepulchre; and they seem to have been wrought to a pitch of inconceivable enthusiasm.

One may figure to himself so many reverend divines and temporal potentates crowding together for such a purpose; but how shall he conceive the rush which afterwards took place, not from one state, but from every state, and town, and hamlet in Europe; every one vying with another in forwardness and zeal for the glorious enterprise? There were no ties of friendship, love, or natural affection, but were broken and utterly disregarded. The son left the father stretched upon his deathbed, with no hope or thought of a return. The parent forsook the children, whose arms were entwined around him, and the mother of those children, who was soon to give birth to one that should never call him father. The religious quitted the cloisters, for which they had renounced the world; and the young man, the arms from which he would have sworn, in any other circumstances, that Heaven itself should not have bought him. The very females seem to have caught the frenzy of the time, and to have buckled on the helmet, to have passed

unknown into those distant climes, and to have fought and bled on the battle-field. There were no bounds to men's enthusiasm in the cause. Princes levied immense taxes on the capital of their subjects, and landholders sold and mortgaged their estates to procure funds for its support.

What a sight it must have been, could one have taken a *coup d'œil* of the whole, to see those multitudes croissng and blackening the face of the great deep! What disasters, shipwrecks, and famine, must have arisen! For it is to be observed, that they carried no provisions, trusting to Heaven for sustenance. Princes were confounded when they landed upon their coasts, finding their countries suddenly overrun by multitudes, like flocks of devouring locusts. Of their great numbers we may form some idea, from the fact, that, notwithstanding the grievous mortality, and the multitudes slain, in various countries through which they passed, by the sword, they amounted, in the first Crusade, when mustered on the plains of Asia, to *seven hundred thousand combatants.* In the second Crusade there were lost, by the assailants, in the successful siege of Acre or Ptolemais alone, three hundred thousand men.

Every thing connected with these events has acquired a double interest, from the last production of the great author to whom in the outset we alluded. It will be satisfactory to the admirers of that work to know, that there is nothing in the leading features of the characters there pourtrayed which, however strongly they may conceive them to be drawn, at all exaggerates the truth of history. Every chief in

those days was indeed a hero. Richard the Lion-hearted could not be exaggerated. The feats which he performed, and the glorious achievements which, under the influence of a passionate emulation, excited by the splendid valour of the rival princes, were accomplished by his single arm, so far surpass our ordinary apprehensions, that, were they to be narrated as a fiction, instead of any heightening tinge, they would require the utmost skill of the novelist to smooth them down so as to give them credibility. That Saladdin, also, was all that brave, and generous, and noble-hearted, as well as liberal and enlightened warrior, which he is there so finely represented, is a truth which, we are sure, no Christian will blush to hear. Of the Knight of the Leopard, Scotsmen know well how to appreciate the character. He is but the brave Scotsman of any age, personified, and placed in peculiar circumstances.

That the Crusades, and the unparalleled spirit which they roused, must have produced an immense effect upon the minds and habits of men, may be very readily conceived. We know, indeed, that they were the means of ultimately breaking the very chains of monkish ignorance, under the influence of which they had themselves their origin, and of freeing the nations from those trammels beneath which science and knowledge were so long buried during the dark ages; and to which men, returning from countries of various and opposite fashions and religions, the very sight of which seems to open and to liberalize the mind, would no longer blindly submit. Our business, however, is at present not with this great effect,

but with those lesser results, which were found chiefly in the manners and the excited feelings of general life.

Chivalry, we have said, produced a curious and a very extensive influence upon the manners of the nations where it prevailed.

Though it did not take its origin, it certainly received a character of importance from the Holy Wars, which it could not otherwise have possessed. It was the very essence of Chivalry to take up whatever cause was virtuous and defenceless. Hence, under the law which allowed trial by combat, champions were to be found to do battle for whoever, from sex, or age, or other circumstances, were disqualified from fighting in their own behalf. It was upon this spirit that the ecclesiastics founded, secretly at least, if not avowedly, when they proposed the rescue of the holy sepulchre as a fitting enterprise for the warriors of that age. It is inconceivable that the mere spirit of religion could have exerted upon the minds of those whose lives and habits were so opposed to its power, an influence sufficient to produce the effects which have generally been attributed to it. True it is, that the hope of heaven is a motive so removed from our common desires, as to seem scarcely unworthy even of those who professed to be totally disinterested. Many other motives, however, would and did undoubtedly mingle in advancing such a cause. Not the least prominent, with the leaders at least, if not with the multitude, was the mere spirit of Chivalry; and, springing out of it, the anxiety to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the fair sex, who held the keys of distinction and honour,—the mere thirst of glory and combat,

—and, above all, that wild spirit of adventure, which arose with preternatural force, when connected with a country so situated, and so associated with their earliest and sublimest conceptions; and placed, too, at such a distance as to give it something like that interest to the imagination which remoteness of *time* is known very powerfully to confer.

The Crusades were thus, to a considerable extent, the offspring of Chivalry, to which, in their turn, they gave a great additional weight, and lent a peculiar character. Their mutual influence is therefore sufficiently obvious; nor less so their connexion with Fiction.

For, in going to and returning from the Holy Land, many strange adventures may naturally be supposed to have befallen the Crusaders. Many being shipwrecked upon other countries, or their own country, without being aware upon what land they were cast, wandered in the deserts, or sought shelter in the mountain-caves, under all the sufferings of hunger and fatigue. Great changes took place, in the mean time, in regard to their properties, and the circumstances of their families at home. If they survived and returned, the natural love of exaggeration, and the delight to make men marvel, incited them to palm wonderful tales upon their hearers; and the great scope that was given, by these events, to men's imaginations, enabled others to supply what their candour or their good sense withheld. Hence arose, if not solely, at least chiefly, the host of giants, spells, dragons, enchanters, with all the other innumerable wonders of romance.

It is a very interesting and a very curious change

which was thus introduced into fictitious writing. To us there seems nothing more natural than the charm which has been cast over the dungeons, entrenchments, beauties, monsters, heroes, nay even esquires and palfreys of chivalrous romance; yet it is certain that the ancients knew nothing of it. None of the poets of old could present us with one object of this description. Poor Homer! he never dreamt of the overpowering interest attending a disconsolate knight, wandering in search of perilous adventures; or even of that romantic beauty which is to be discovered in a misshapen dwarf!

It was not to the literature and to the manners of *these ages* alone that a tinge was thus communicated; nor was it to the effect merely of filling men's minds with unreal shapes of beauty and deformity—by the artful grouping and contrast of which an interest and delight were found to be excited to a degree beyond all parallel—that these events ultimately tended.

That gallantry, which is still the characteristic of most nations of modern Europe, owed its origin to these times; and the spirit of honour, which still animates the breasts of the higher ranks of society, particularly those of the military profession,—and which is exhibited in a very fascinating light in all those little delicacies of politeness, and in that sensitive loftiness of mind, which pervades these ranks, was first produced by the practice of judicial combat, and other customs of the feudal system, and was ripened and brought to perfection by the influence of the Crusades and Chivalry.

We may venture to say, with regard to these qualities also, that the ancients knew little of them. There

are in the interview of Hector and Andromache, as inimitably pourtrayed by Homer, touches of exquisite tenderness; and in the Æneid also, particularly in the unhappy fate and passion of Dido, a feeling as strong as the modern interest which is attached to love. But surely Æneas, even were we to judge him by his conduct in this instance, was any thing but a *preux* chevalier; and the heroes of Homer are found squabbling about the possession of a mistress as selfishly as for a handsome war-horse, or some favourite dish for the table.

Had Horace known the interest and the charm which Chivalry can give to that sex, who are indeed our superiors, how different would have been all his ideas and all his delineations of woman!

Ever since the period from which we date the prevalence of chivalrous notions, these two things, honour and gallantry, have formed a prominent feature in the manners and the leading interest in the imitative descriptions of general life. By gallantry, we do not, of course, mean that dissolute habit which is the mere degeneracy of this feeling, but the admiration, respect, and virtuous devotion to the sex, of which every true man is and ought to be proud. Our modern novels, and particularly some of the leading class, still retain these topics as their standard claim to popularity. Take away the honour of soul from the men, and the charm of romance which is mysteriously cast about the heroines of these productions, and which draws out from the other sex all the regard and passionate feelings which we have mentioned, and what is there upon which the authors of these works would venture to peril their reputation?

It is true, that the tales of giant cruelty, or of unfortunate damsels dragged from their homes, and detained by the spell of the magician, with all the other acts and influences of supernatural agency, will no longer interest the reader, unless by way of satire or ludicrous representation. But then, not merely our novels, but our whole history is filled with delightful allusions to these romantic and chivalrous notions, and our whole manners are deeply imbued with them.

It is true also, that some of our novels, and particularly those of one class, the author of which has struck out, in the same age with our great northern necromancer, a path which, if not so boundless, is hardly less original, do not partake, in an equal degree, of the chivalrous character which we have mentioned. The various Tales of humble life to which we allude are not, and cannot be, totally independent of the above general characteristics. Though the personages there described are placed chiefly in a rank of life where the influence of chivalry and romance cannot be so directly discerned; yet, even there, they have had an influence; and even there, though the pastoral character does to a considerable extent prevail, we can discern the workings of that very same honour, and the tenderness of that same love, to which a tone and a delicacy have been communicated, by Chivalry, through all ranks of life.

In the outset of this article, we alluded to the great impulse and influence which the fictitious compositions of the present day must exert over the minds of the people. From what we have said, it will not be very difficult to perceive what the nature of this influence must be.

The more solid literature of a country is a thing which commonly accumulates in an age of no great general knowledge or refinement. Men so situated, finding no competent appreciation of their labours, sit down patiently to write for posterity. Every thing which comes from them is formidably heavy, though extremely valuable. But at a period like the present, when all men are readers, and a spirit of active intelligence and literary interest is abroad through the country, there is an eagerness to satisfy the general thirst, and an anxiety to bring forward what will be at once enjoyed and estimated. Hence the preponderance of weighty and scientific works formerly, and the unequalled proportion of talent which has been dedicated to periodical and fictitious writing in our own times.

There is no great danger that this should lead to any evil result. Amidst the vast increase of writers of genius, there will always be a sufficient number who will turn their attention to and keep up the solid fabric of literature, of which the foundations have long since been securely laid.

The productions of those more shadowy writers, who have become so numerous, tending, as we have seen, to keep up the spirit and the associations of Chivalry, must naturally produce a general elegance and refinement of mind. In a government like ours there is nothing to be feared, but, on the contrary, much to be expected, in a political point of view, from these humanizing and polishing effects; and whoever considers the moral constitution of our nature, cannot fail to see, that it also leads to the encouragement of the virtues.

The principle upon which these writings come to be esteemed moral is this:—Every state of mind has a natural bent or affinity to some other. The reading of the higher species of works of fiction produces in the individual a certain exalted or tender and complacent tone of feeling, which is utterly opposed to and at variance with guilt. He has a natural disinclination to and feels totally out of humour for it. He lays down a volume of the last new novel, and, without knowing why, feels himself a better and a happier man. It is the want of understanding this principle of our constitution that has given occasion to so many indiscriminating philippics upon the encouragement of works of fiction.

The novels of that anonymous author, whose walk we have already particularized as so peculiarly his own, produce the same moral effect, by their gushing and inimitable tenderness, as is done by the Waverley novels, from their presenting us with the portrait of what is elegant and exalted. He gives us true pictures of common life, but not the least of what can be called vulgar. The writings of several novelists of the last age erred grievously, both against refined taste and morality, in as much as they presented us with the very filth of prisons, and familiarized us with the coarsest manners. The writer of the "Sketch Book" (a most delightful and original author) never injures or wearies us, except when he gets into the stale uninteresting track of describing low runaways and unsuccessful half-famished authors.

It is needless, however, farther to develop the moral means by which fiction operates. The gigantic talent and the great success which have been ex-

hibited in this department of literature, have utterly confounded and put to silence those who used to be most forward in finding fault. And the present generation have lived to experience all that charm which fiction takes from and reflects back upon the affairs of life, enjoyed by every one, without the alloy of one conscientious pang, or the penalty of one admonitory reflection.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

It is attempted, in the following observations, to state the chief grounds of the interest acknowledged to belong to the study of history, in the hopes of throwing some light on the cause of the defective ardour with which that study is, notwithstanding, prosecuted amongst us.

One obvious reason of such an interest is found in the various and striking representation which history affords us of human nature. Within the limited range of our personal observation, the character of the human mind, in the many original forms into which it is cast, is one source of interest to our intercourse with our fellow-beings; not in the arrogance of critical and philosophic observers of our species, but from simple human feeling, because we bear in our own bosoms the seeds and principles of that nature which is discovered to us in them; and which, whether it shews itself in strength or in weakness, in its greater and more beautiful qualities, or in its wildest disorder, still draws us by a strong instinctive love towards the manifestations of that living spirit of humanity to which we feel at every moment our own to be related. But the knowledge we can personally acquire, the intimacy into which we can thus enter with our species, is insufficient and unsatisfactory,

because it is restrained within the narrow circle in which we ourselves move and observe. History alone subjects MAN to our knowledge in all conditions and circumstances. States of existence, the most widely separated in nature, are here brought together under our inspection. Circumstances the most dissimilar to those comprehended by our own experience are delineated; and the human spirit in the midst of them, unfolded or perverted as it has been by their agency, or impenetrable as in its stronger character it has shewn itself, on one side to their benign, on the other to their noxious influence, is given to our contemplation. This, then, is one claim of history on our interest, that it makes known to us our nature in its fullest extent and capacity,—an interest which addresses itself, in the *first* place, to the feelings merely; but which gives to history, as furnishing authentic matter of the knowledge of human character, an especial title to the regard of the more intellectual mind, either exercising its sagacity in practical acquaintance with men, or enlightening its philosophy by the more extended and profounder speculative study of their nature. For *either* investigation, the delineations which history furnishes of its subject, appear to be absolutely indispensable.

A *second* kind of interest, from a source altogether different, is that which is found in the greater actions of history, from their grandeur as objects to our imagination; and from that strong emotion which always takes possession of us while we witness the progress of events, momentous in their consequences to those who have part in them. While these great births of the times that are gone by are called up again before

us in living representation, we are affected as at the acting of some mighty drama. The high personages who present themselves,—the proud and dear interests which are in agitation,—the boldness and strength of the passions, which are springs of the action,—and the awful unfolding of events which move on under the constraint of a power, over which those who feel the results have no control,—all have that kind of sublimity to our conception, and of pathetic interest to our hearts, which we are accustomed to find on the tragic stage; and if with less trepidation of passion, yet with far deeper and more solemn power from their reality. Here, as in looking on that fictitious and fabled action, we are shaken with expectation and sympathy. Strong conception, transforming our mind to the likeness of those who are partakers in what is done, we feel *their* uncertainty, and are able to look forward with hope and fear, as under a suspended fate, to the long-decided issues of which we too have long known the decision. Spectators, not participating in the transaction by any personal interest, we are yet engaged in it by our imagination, by our capacity of being moved with ideal passions, and touched with the warmest affection for men with whom we are utterly unconnected, with the liveliest concern in what befals them:—Love, pity, admiration, joy, anger, and resentful hate, mixing their emotion in our bosoms, as if we ourselves were struggling and at hazard in the doubtful fortunes that shift before our eyes, and were bound in ties of strong relation to those who do but shew themselves to us for a moment, and disappear.

Another species of interest which may be marked

as belonging more or less to all historical narrative, is that which discovers itself in its strongest and most peculiar character with respect to national history. The regards of the human being attach themselves with peculiar fondness to the race of which he himself is sprung. Their fortunes—their virtues touch him, not merely by the perpetuated benefits which may flow down from them upon himself, but on their own account, by the union he feels with them in the tie of kindred, exulting in their glory, and acknowledging a participation by affection in their prosperous successes and in their misfortunes. Even unimportant incidents, which relate to ancestry and kindred, have a seeming importance; perhaps because they impart something of life and reality to a connexion felt otherwise as too undefined, and offer visible forms on which that indeterminate affection may fix itself, which, awake and alive in the human breast, seeks indulgence and gratification. Many of the recollections of national history owe their value to such feelings merely. In the same manner, the bare enumeration of reigns, names, and dates of events, are a part of history which all nations have been solicitous to preserve, not so much from any more thoughtful and intelligent interest which might be connected with them, but simply as in these there was preserved a MEMORY of the past; and the voluntary relinquishment of that memory, barren and uninstructive as it might be, was understood by them as the willing consignment to oblivion and annihilation of a fame of which they were the proper depositaries and guardians; as if, while some relics of old renown survived on the tongues

and in the minds of men, the past national existence were in some sort prolonged; and to surrender it to forgetfulness were to destroy those poor remains of great departed life which time and mortality had spared. This feeling, quick and strong in human bosoms in certain simpler states of society, seems to be the principle in our nature which gave origin to history. When the subjects of remembrance are such as draw to themselves eager and generous affections, so that proud or glowing emotions may blend with national recollections, this reverence of the preceding times of a people assumes a more vivid and a loftier character. But the strong, original, elementary feeling, out of which history arose, is not this nobler pride and more impassioned love, but the simple zeal for the preservation of the past, as if to lose it were to part with something out of actual existence, and to incur a dereliction of duties involved in the relationship of blood. But this zeal of which we are made capable for the memory of the race from which our being is drawn, is not necessarily confined to that section of mankind in which we chance to be numbered. It extends itself, as our thought and our heart enlarges, to the whole of the vast kindred of human beings. *Here* is our family, and *this* the race of which we are sprung; and we are able to feel, with respect to the events of the history of entire humankind, that singular interest which is drawn from the relation in which we stand to men, as being of their blood. We can feel ourselves partakers, under the bond of consanguinity, in their personal interests, and standing as the natural guardians of their fame. There is not a people of

all those into which mankind has divided, which does not seem by this right of kindred to have a title to our knowledge and remembrance; nor do we ever explore the wreck of antiquity without feeling on this ground a regret for the ravages which time has made in the memory of nations.

The relation in which the human being feels himself to stand to those who have preceded him, is, on another ground, the source of a lively personal interest: inasmuch as from the whole of the past he feels a derivation of influence and power upon himself. His individual state of existence is the complex result, almost it might be said, of all former events of the world. The enjoyments which life spreads around him, all the powers that are offered to his hand, are effects gathered from long-preceding times; and, little as this is suggested to our thoughts while we feel and use the wealth of our life, it is not possible for us to open the pages of history without being reminded in the strongest manner of this connexion between the present and the past. We see events proceeding which move and shake whole nations, and are at once aware that their still-continuing result is one of the many elements which concur to make up our manifold existence. What wide, fearful, and tempestuous migrations have prepared the cradle of our birth, and singled out for us the spot of the earth on which we first drew breath!—Ask how the language was framed which we speak?—By invasion, and revolution, and the subjugation of nations. Let us trace up to their origin rights, of which the enjoyment is familiar and necessary to us as our hourly breath; and through what scenes are

we led!—Scaffolds streaming with blood in one age,—warlike chiefs confederated in rebellion in another,—and, in former times, which remote darkness shuts up, bold, haughty tribes, treading earth and sea in the pride of their fearless power, must all conjoin to explain why each of us walks free on his native soil. Science, letters, manners,—none of them are understood while we look upon them merely as they are. Follow them back into time,—see nations disturbed with their production,—and we know something of the relation in which the human species stands to the blessings which it enjoys. It was said, not too boldly, that those who fought at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, bled in defence of the civilization of modern Europe. One might say, that the feeling which in this manner connects us with the past, is that of even a selfish interest; since the want of it in any man would imply an inadequate sense of the good which he enjoyed. What must we think of a well-born and well-educated inhabitant of a country like our own, to whom the history of liberty, of religious emancipation, of knowledge, literature, and social refinement, has nothing personally affecting or interesting?

To minds of higher contemplation, there is an attraction of another sort in the past story of mankind. The great course of that history, with its slow changes and mighty revolutions, shews, to the philosophic observer of nature, her proudest offspring, a being endowed with faculties of the noblest order,—going forth on his eventful destiny to subdue a world,—advancing himself by efforts infinitely varied and incredible,—struggling to accomplish his high

allotment,—inventing arts,—fixing laws,—founding empires. From earliest to latest time he watches and follows his progress in this astonishing career. To the moral contemplator of the universe, the same story shews a being endowed for virtue or for crime:—in the various development of his powers,—in his ever-changing course,—in his most daring and gigantic achievements,—carrying with him throughout the impress of his moral nature. In all the troubled motion and confounding vicissitudes of the world,—in the pomp of its dazzling triumphs,—in the consternation of its fierce reverses,—this essential and characteristic constitution of the human soul—its moral being—is never hid from the eye of wise observation, for it is interwoven with all his fortunes. Great states rise up by power in the mind itself of a people, decaying as that mind decays. In prosperous—in adverse estate,—this moral essence shews itself as the paramount agent of good and ill,—either raising up or consoling,—either casting down or punishing in the midst of prosperity,—him who is never weak while this spirit is maintained,—never strong when it is violated. What can be more suited to the speculations of the highest philosophy than to follow the unfolding of the destinies of the world by the agency of causes which lie buried in the human soul? What can more solemnly affect the moral heart than to see man, a creature of good and evil, strong in his virtue, though wicked power smite him from the earth, weak and miserable in his guilt, while he sits upon its throne?

In strong principles then of our nature are laid the grounds of our interest in the records of human his-

tory. If, in ourselves, we find no experience of such an interest, we have reason to argue, either that these principles have not, in our minds, attained their due strength, or that, from some cause, those records have never been presented to us in the manner suited to affect those feelings. Something may perhaps be ascribed to our own fault, and something to that of our writers. It may be doubted if the memory of the past can ever have its full interest, except to those who read with something of a productive imagination, and a mind either stored from ample observation of human nature, or rich, at least, in the capacity of feelings that must be supplied to animate the actions which are read; for the facts that are told have not their own passion expressed,—they were results of passion. But *that,* to understand them, the mind must now re-produce to itself, vivifying by imparted emotion the simple narrative of the historian. But it must also be acknowledged, that many, perhaps the greater part of historical writers, have assisted to divest this part of literature of its natural attraction. They have not written under the force of those simple, great, primary feelings, which give their proper and strong interest to related events,—they have written as partisans, as philosophers, as rhetoricians;—few with great and manly feeling, desiring simply to present a faithful record of what men have done and suffered, and of what they have been. The mere truth of high events, the story of men's actions, and the recital of their words, is all that is necessary to engage us; *then* we can find our own interest. We wish only to have its object set

before us. If this is not done, no genius of speculation or of eloquence can compensate to us the essential defect of composition; and the splendour of the fairest passage of historic writing is without value, in comparison with the simplest fragment of reality which it preserves.

INFLUENCE OF LUXURY ON RELIGION.

One powerful cause of all the evil we at present behold is, without doubt, the want of religion. How this has arisen is another question; but the manner in which it marks itself speaks intelligibly to all. A living writer has not ill characterized the world of our day as a world without souls.

I do not now speak of open offence against the laws of religion, but of the absolute state of men's minds. The capacity for religion is an inherent principle of the human mind, which has discovered itself wherever nature was simple and strong, although truth might not be given to satisfy that capacity. The power of the principle shows itself in the other affections. In those great primary affections, which are like first laws of our nature, this principle manifests itself very strongly, imparting to those affections a religious character, and making most solemn, to the apprehensions of men, the duties which are annexed to them. We *now* see kindness and tenderness in these relations; but the idea of awe and sanctity is almost altogether departed from them. In the remoter relations by which men are held the change is yet greater. The obligations under which every man is born to human society, and to his country, which, in all earlier times, are felt and acknow-

ledged with a solemnity perfectly religious, can now be scarcely stated intelligibly to common apprehension. That every man is bound to kindness and service to others,—that there is, or ought to be, a natural bond of union, by sympathy and good offices, among the whole human race, is indeed felt and acknowledged; and that is all. But if we should begin to speak of an obligation which arises to each man to govern his own actions by reverence for the moral being of his species, of a law to which he is born in subjection, as exact as that of the visible necessities of life, and far more imperative, which he bears within himself, which, while it binds him to others, they cannot absolve,—we should seem to be departing from the grounds of plain reason, and wandering into fanciful and illusory speculation.

Selfishness has often been called the characteristic of the philosophy of this age; and although the temper of the age is not, we think, selfish, but generous, yet the term may not improperly be applied to the spirit of argument and speculation by which the moral tenets of the age must be supported; and still more certainly their *tendency* is to selfishness.

In most ages of the world men have risen up in society under the absolute conviction that they did not belong to themselves. What the claim might be that was held over them may have been very differently imagined; but among the singular variety of human institutions, and the various aspects of human society, we may trace distinct and strong this principle in the belief of men, that they held their life, with its enjoyments, but in part for themselves: in greater part for some service, under obedience to some author-

ity, more or less clearly defined, but having a claim of unquestioned and absolute right.

If we should take community by community of men through the world, and critically examine what has been in each the form of this belief, we could shew, perhaps in all, that it had taken some shape of unreasonable superstition; and, demonstrating the creed of the people to be untenable, we might hold ourselves justified in rejecting altogether the principle of their belief: arguing, however, falsely. For what we justly gather is, that there exists in human nature a very strong and deep-laid disposition to such a belief; but that the men being unenlightened, their belief has been misapplied. The simple and absolute devotion of men, in one place, to their country,—in another to their hereditary chief,—in another to the name of their family, to public opinion,—or in whatever other way the duty of self-sacrifice has been made absolute among men,—shews this unequivocally, that their society has upheld the belief, and that each man, by his birth, was received into it,—that they held their lives under a law, absolute, which they had no part in constituting, of which they had only to obey implicitly, at whatever cost, all the requisitions.

Whether men conformed to this law in their conduct, or violated it, is not the question. We have no reason to suppose that men have ever conformed themselves truly to the law which they acknowledged. But the great question is, Whether there does appear to be in their nature a principle constraining them, in opinion at least, in the solemn belief of the untroubled thoughtful mind, to acknowledge such a law? To that question there seems to be but one answer.

Now, such a disposition to believe in our natural subjection to some higher indefinite law, appears to be one essential element of religious faith in our nature. Without such a belief there is no religion; and whatever tends to subdue in the mind the force of this natural principle, so far unfits the mind for religion.

If then there be, in the human being, an uncertain and wavering disposition, to consider himself at one time as born for himself, and at another as holding his life not as his own, but under subjection and for service, then it seems probable that wherever the natural condition of men's lives is much visited by calamity and suffering, from the severity of nature afflicting them,—from perils of their daily life,—from oppression of their rulers,—from the scourge of war,—there the disposition to a self-willed delight in life will be much repressed, and the acknowledgment of subjection enforced. And, in like manner, the great overflow and abundance of natural enjoyment may much nourish the belief in men's minds, that they are born for their own delight upon the earth, and will tend to stifle that voice in their bosoms which admonishes them of laws and claims of a higher nature, and more fearful authority, than any thing they behold in this joyous present existence.

But we may carry these considerations a little farther.

There is something like a twofold origin to human nature. We find in ourselves, pleasures, desires, tendencies, which blend our spirits more and more with this world in which we live. We are conscious also of pleasures, desires, tendencies, of which the natural

effect is to separate us in some sort from this world, and to draw us towards some other vaster sphere of existence.

Now, without inquiring what may be, as far as we are able to know, the nature of these two distinct principles, it must be evident that one leads to religion, and the other from it; for one leads to the concentration of life into present time and present enjoyment, and the other tends, as it were, to separate life from time, and to give a very questionable and unsatisfying character to all present pleasures, and a slightness of importance to all present pains, as being visibly circumscribed both in measure and duration.

But, if we consider human life, we find that this principle, which tends to detach us from this point of time and space, which is the present instant of our existence, exerts its force not in religion merely, but in much of our human affections, and in actions of men which belong solely to this present life; which we shall acknowledge at once, if we seek illustration from the working of any of the greater affections in their higher and bolder purposes.

If a man, looking deliberately upon that portion only of his existence which is limited to this earth, should conceive a purpose to build up his name in honour, to raise up to himself a house that should be illustrious among his people for virtue, high thoughts, and generous zeal for public good, which is a sort of ambition very conceivable in a noble mind, and if sustained by that strong purpose, he should refuse himself, as he must needs do, numberless pleasures

continually soliciting him, to control strong passions which are urgent for gratification, and carry the whole force of will, desire, and love, into the future; that man, although his purposes are independent of religion, has his mind much under the dominion of that principle of our nature which bears us to religion,—a principle which has power to sever his desires from the scene of life which is around him, to withdraw his mind into expectation and preconception of some greater and indefinite good, which, though doubtfully and obscurely known, is yet strongly believed, and outweighs the solicitations of present indulgencies.

And if we may go on to suppose the history of such a man, and to conceive that, prospering in his ambition, and building up, as he had desired, his name and his house in honour, he at length sends out a son, the darling of his hopes, to seek reputation in his country's wars, and, when that son has fallen, finds the consolation of his affection in the glory he had earned, and can rest the same calm fulness of a father's love upon the memory of his dead son which once rested upon his living head,—who is there that would not feel, in the greatness and sanctity of such an affection, the power of that principle in our spirits which loosens us from the present visible scene of life, to cast our thoughts and affections into a greater, indefinite, invisible existence?

In all our affections,—in all the actions of our intellectual mind,—in the whole activity of life throughout our nature, there is scope given for either principle to work. If one principle is predominant, all

these tend alike to greatness and enlargement, all aspire; if the other gains ascendency, all tend together to abasement.

And here we are again led to observe the natural effects on the mind, of much indulgence in pleasures. Although these pleasures may not bear in themselves any stain; though natural and innocent; yet they tend to win the spirit from the consciousness of its higher faculties, from delighting in its great desires. They sooth and flatter,—they seem to fill up the measure of its capacity for enjoyment,—they lap it in dreams, till it fears to lose the whole enchantment of existence by awaking. But pain, even in its highest degrees, is salutary: rending the soul by anguish from its world of delights, scorching up the flowers of the earth, and shrouding the sky in night, it seems to hurl the wretch out of the sphere of existence, when, indeed, it does but throw him into a mightier world, having its own great solace for all sorrow; and only kills in his heart the sense of present life, to leave it open and panting for the breath of imperishable being.

And hence it is found, that there is nothing great and high, even in our human affections, in which there is not mingled much pain. Even the purest and best of our affections, naturally blending themselves with pleasure, tend to draw down our hearts too much to the momentary enjoyment of existence, and lower their own characters: pain entering in, does not weaken, but strengthens their power over us, at the same time that it changes their tendency, and lifts them up out of the overpowering attraction of momentary enjoyment.

The purport of these observations is to shew, that both directly by suppressing the first essential element of religious faith, and indirectly by lowering and narrowing the character of our affections, and of our whole minds, the great overflow of enjoyment in natural life tends necessarily to reduce the power of religion over the minds of men; which, if it be true, will in part explain why that condition of society, which at once multiplies the pleasures of life and greatly protects them from its natural pains, is commonly marked by the decay of religion.

ACTION AND THOUGHT.

As in the complex structure of advancing society all its offices of life are a thousand-fold subdivided, so the two great offices which comprehend the others, Action and Thought, are divided also; for is not the ground of separation the same?

For why do we so much divide the ordinary offices of life?—Is it not because in this way their functions are much more effectually performed?—But why are their functions more effectually performed through this subdivision?—Is it not because in this way every mind is more entirely intent upon the work in which it is employed?—its faculties more vigilant and skilful?—its will more clear and full?—That work, which to the mind is its sole occupation, commands all its faculties and fills its thoughts,—of that work its lesser occasions acquire importance; its minuter parts swell into dimension: and how strong, how clear, unbroken, and full, is that current of will which flows day by day upon the same avocation!—How wedded, how devoted a thing is the man to that work which is all to him in the world!—Thus Society, dividing her members, and assigning them to her different offices, makes gain upon her work. If the men gain is another question; but undoubtedly she brings power to her work which she could not otherwise

command: it is performed with more perfect skill, and she multiplies immeasurably her acquisitions.

Do we not retrace the same argument in the division of Action and Thought?—For what is the man of Action?—Is he not one who, at some strong call, springs up in his strength, and goes forth into life?—He goes amongst men to participate in their action; but that is nothing less than the strife of honours, of wealth, and power. There they are, in the might of their passions, with all their strong desires uproused,—with their eager souls on fire,—and all their high faculties and powers brought to service, to be the ministers or instruments of that work of strife; and into the mid-tumult and rage of these fierce-conflicting forces he has thrown himself. What has he to do there if he cannot in turn assail and repel assault?—What has the man of peace to do there?—He has better and nobler, juster purposes perhaps than they have; but he must have their strength to fight,—the human strength of human contests. Now, where does that strength lie?—In what faculties of his being?—In what part of all his nature?—In the passions that blend with life:—in hope and fear, in anger and pride; in the joy of the kindling blood; in the elated consciousness of power; in the passion of rivalry; in the exultation of success. These are the courage and the power by which men are borne through the strife of the world. What if his heart have higher hopes and tenderer loves!—These, too, are sources of strength; but the strength must flow through more ignoble channels. Intellect and pure Will cannot hold their supremacy in their own pure nature. Intellect must stoop to project, to combine,

and calculate schemes of this world's success. Imagination spreads her ethereal wings, and traces her iris-path over visions of this world's wealth; and even the strong beatings of the heart,—the deep and powerful affections,—accept the same destination, and brood over with their vital warmth the thoughts, the hopes, the schemes of worldly speculation.

There is required of him an unnatural condition of life,—a forced and false state of mind. He that was born with many faculties and powers,—a nature open to the delight of all various existence,—must withdraw from his natural boundless life, and confine the flow of his being to one course, and collect and concentrate its energies upon one of its purposes. He, too, by concentering the force of his purposes upon one part of life, must dilate all its subordinate parts into unnatural and false dimensions; he must confer on them from his mind an illusory importance, that they may possess power over his mind to compel its energy into action.

What shall he do with speculative thought?—Shall he relax that energy of his will by which he holds his life?—He holds that enchanted sword, which, if it was laid down for a moment before all was achieved, the whole achievement was lost: he sleeps,—but he must wake with the same mind with which he lay down; he sleeps,—but as the chieftain of the hunted clan, with one hand on the pistol, and the other on the sword,—armed in sleep, and awaking armed to peril.

What shall he do with thought?—Thought is the silence of the passions,—the breathless hush of the

suspended will; thought bereaves the man of himself,—bears him from his spot of life into unbounded regions; thought hides from him, in their own littleness, the interests that are gathered round himself,—shewing him all things in their native proportions,—the universe in its own dimensions.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Our forefathers lived in the country, the natural home of man, who is the child of the earth, and never does much good when he tries to escape from the embraces of his mother. It may seem very idle to enter into the Arcadian story of rural happiness and innocence, but is it a story without truth?

As Nature has born man *an animal*, she seems to have provided, in the first place, in the life she has created for him, for his animal welfare. The air she gives him to breathe,—the earth she has spread out for his vigorous feet,—the simple food which she has made tasteful to his uncorrupted palate,—the calm sound sleep she sends down from her silent skies,—are prepared in benediction upon his natural life;—from all of which he withdraws himself when he escapes from her scenes. To breathe, to walk, to eat, to sleep, are natural enjoyments to the offspring of Nature. How often does each become a separate torment to the unnatural son who has severed himself from her! The powerful races of men are formed under the hand of Nature, where the land is yet but half-tamed by civilization. Even in civilized countries, the children of the soil are still their strength. Man is best nursed on the lap of his mother Earth;

and the pride of his race fades within the breath of cities.

See next what is the effect upon his mind. It is a calmer life;—the tranquillity of all things around him,—the deep repose of inanimate nature,—the quiet happiness of all the living creatures,—the peaceful avocations that are proceeding around him,—and, to himself, the mere even tenor and still flow of every day's existence,—all breathe over his spirit a continual calm;—they did so, at least, with a former age, to those whose hearts were wedded to the quiet lot for which they lived. Our own are drawn so strongly to a busier life,—our desires are so mingled in the strife of the world,—that the spirit flies from the seat of peace to mingle in the world we have left; and we hardly know how deep a quiet reigns around, while our bosoms contain their own springs of agitation. We are disturbed with ambition, and are unfitted for the lot of peace. If it were not so,—if we could be indeed at home in these quiet scenes,—we might feel the power of this tranquillity very deeply in the temper of our spirits. O, if we could escape from that feverish world, and live to the peace of our own hearts, how much might we find of enjoyment which has now forsaken us!

There is a wakeful observation of a thousand little touches on our senses, which could not be felt amidst the thronging sensations of ardent life; and pleasure springs up in the bosom in eager play, and with a sort of grateful response to the most insignificant objects that seek to solicit it. The senses, the fancy, and even the reasoning intelligence, are awake to the observation of pleasures natural and inherent, feed-

ing even the deeper happiness of the mind, and strengthening its strong affections with their constant gentle supply. It becomes not only tenderer; but the more solemn thoughts and feelings which visit at times every human mind,—which belong to its nature and condition, and are a necessary part both of its wisdom and its virtue,—are known in the seasons of silence and solitude. The hurry of the world shuts them out from the soul; but when there is silence in the mind,—when the heart rests,—when the hush of the world has breathed over the spirit,—when the mind, self-left, feels itself in its loneliness,—then is its hour of contemplation!

The indulgence of the natural pleasure, impressed upon our senses by the common elements of nature, in their simplest appearances, seems to be one of the important enjoyments provided for us, and clings round the extinction of imagination in old age. It breaks in upon us in the midst of the cares and passions that possess the strong activity of manhood, and never falls on the unprepared heart without surprising it into remembrances of purer, loftier existence.

When we walk abroad in Nature, we go not as artists to study her scenes, but as her children to rejoice in her bounty. The breath of the air, the blue of the unclouded sky, the shining sun, and the green softness of the unflowered turf beneath our feet, are all that we require to make us feel that we are transported into a region of delights. We breathe and tread in a pure untroubled world, and the fresh clear delight that breathes round our senses seems to bathe our spirits in the innocence of Nature.

Beyond this simplicity of pleasure, there is an en-

joyment of Nature of a very different kind, which takes strong hold of the imagination, and may be said to partake of the character of passion. It is "a pleasure high and turbulent," which, seeking the greater scenes of Nature, and their more powerful appearances, seems to owe its enjoyment to something that is disclosed to the mind in the signs it contemplates. It is not that we have found a world which seems fitted to receive our steps, and to cherish our happiness,—it is not that we have prized a solitude which secludes us from the world of life;—but the aspects on which we look breathe a spirit,—the characters we read speak a language which, mysterious and obscurely intelligible as they are, draw us on with an eager and undefined desire. In shapes and sounds of fear,—in naked crags,—gulfs,—precipices,—torrents that have rage without beauty,—desolate places,—there is to that temper of mind an attractive power. All speak in some way to the spirit, and raise up in it new and hidden emotion, which, even when mingled with pain, it is glad to feel; for such emotion makes discovery to it of its own nature, and the interest it feels so strongly springs up from and returns into itself.

The pleasure which is experienced from contemplating natural scenery, with an eye accustomed to observe and study beauty, appears to be distinct from the natural and simple pleasures now described, and in some degree even adverse to them; for in that observation of beauty there is blended a species of intellectual cultivation; and the discernment which is used is not a mere natural endowment, but owes its skill to the interposition of art. Those simpler

pleasures breathe over the mind like the spring-gale, or the storm awakening it to consciousness of the all-powerful presence of Nature! But the skilful observation of the experienced eye subjects Nature, in some form, to the mind; and, while it kindles in it the sense of its own intelligence, separates it from the dominion of the objects of its contemplation.

SOMETHING SCOTTISH.

THERE is in the present condition of Scotland a remarkable combination of two different states of society. In many parts of the country an ancient condition of the people remains. In the great cities, wealth, manners, and intellectual cultivation, have made a sudden and great advance; so that the inhabitant of Scotland may see in his own country the splendour of civilized life, and its original indigent simplicity.

The strong virtues of primitive manners grow in part out of the strong affections which belong to the simple states of society, and in part out of that severity of condition which strengthens the human being to all human endurance, and, by early and habitual privation, gives him the capacity of the highest self-denial. Much, too, is to be ascribed to that sort of *felt* religion which descends upon peaceful seats of unviolated simplicity, and diffuses itself unconsciously over the land. The moral spirit, and the great fervour of the affections, which belong to men in this condition, disappear from advancing society. If you were to trace the effect upon one man in such a state of the influences which make him moral, you would find them arising out of the circumstances of his daily occupation,—his solitary walk up the mountain,—his

lonely tasks and toil-born contentment. The native condition of a peasantry is full of strong unviolated relations,—binding all hearts alike under common beliefs, and uniting them in common sympathies. But in Scotland, beyond the mere native condition of a peasant or of a shepherd, are the remains of old time, binding them more strongly to the place of their nativity; —the old traditionary songs, even without direct attachments,—the austere religion which persecution has left,—the still cherished renown of the great defenders of old—Wallace or Bruce,—whose deeds yet burn in lowly hearts and have an existence. All these make the man feel himself to be a little integral part of a mighty whole;—all these, by extending that unity which is felt among the contemporary members of a community into the Great Past,—into the mightier and remote ages,—give magnitude to that unity,—and make it in every one's eyes something enduring, indestructible, and awful. Now, these paint a country in which the vales, the glens, the brooks, and the spirit of the soil, breathe character up into men's hearts; therefore there is at this day growing up, upon ten thousand portions of Scottish ground, that pure native untainted vigour of heart, and soul, and living blood, which belongs to the elder times. There is still,—not a work of art and invention,—but the produce of the soil and the growth of nature,—much of that power which belongs to the earlier times of society, and which inheres in those forceful spirits which mark the less cultivated periods of every nation's history.

But there is at the same time great rising prosperity, and the power almost immeasurable in human

affairs, which subsists in wealth;—there is ardent intellectual strife;—there are set before the desires and ambition of the nation in its higher orders, many of the loftiest, happiest refinements of civilization,—its delicate intellectual pleasures,—its gracious courtesies, shedding a gentle sunshine upon life,—its arts,—its separations of minds to grave and responsible offices,—enabling men to fulfil the longing of their genius, because it has so subjected their ordinary necessities, that it can permit men to live by fulfilling a destination drawn from their highest and purest mind.

The true and essential patriotism of such a people does not consist properly in a vowed service to the country, but in a feeling towards it, blending with all the spirit,—a feeling which begins in and belongs to our rejoicing in existence; for, by that power of love and joy, we love and rejoice in that *form* in which existence is opened to us, and therefore we love the soil, the manners, the people, the ancestors, the renown to which we are *born*. It is not an assiduous diligent desire to gather into that land the riches of the earth, but an exultation in its own peculiar riches,—a sense for the blessedness which breathes upon us in the Scottish air that has blown around our infancy. The spirit it implies is a spirit humbling itself to the good that is given it in possession;—not restless, not aspiring, but brooding and contented.

There is most of this spirit in Burns, of any one; he paints *living Scotland,* and Scotland has answered and acknowledged him. Both his most beautiful and solemn delineations, and those which are playful, and

even rude with humour—it is all the same,—it is portraiture breathing a living spirit; and those which are for momentary mirth and laughter, have not less the national character, nor do they less in their kind serve to maintain it. They are not meant to exalt, or adorn, or improve the country, but they give its image—they reflect it. The joy in what *is*, in what Burns has known by living in the midst of it—his native pleasures—his native existence—is there.

What should be warred against is that species of intellect and desire,—that temper, that philosophy which loves not the things which *are*, but which devises new things,—which invents imaginations of its own, and would shape to them the things of this life. What is wanted, then, is a government of the spirit of our feelings,—a due recognition of what our country requires,—and a conforming of our heart accordingly ;—for this sort of patriotism—this filial, natural, pious love, grows up of itself in the hearts of the children of a country in her simpler times; but, in an age like ours, wealth and instruction lift men's hearts out of the lap of their country, and they need, by thought, to recover to themselves that proper affection which instinct no longer supplies. The spirit of wealth is a spirit of restless alteration. Look how much of the old character of a country is wedded to its poverty !—Wealth disdains the antique rudeness of its foster-home, and burns to be the inmate of palaces. That which was loved is spurned. Hence the delight and the unappeased desire the rich man feels to mark every thing that surrounds him with the impress of his own liking. His dwelling, and the earth around it, and all the circumstances and incidents of

every day, must bring to him the consciousness of his own controlling power; therefore he demolishes rugged antiquity, sweeps away the shaggy wildness of nature, and tames the earth to the Genius of Luxury. There is to his mind a sense of something even painful in simple Nature, as if her character were that of indigence. Thus the changes he delights to effect comprehend often the ancient character of the soil and its natives, and he sees no charm in the beautiful weather-stains of poverty.

EFFECT OF GROWING PROSPERITY.

The effect of great prosperity on a people is to close up some springs of natural happiness. The real condition of man upon this earth is only understood by those whose minds are kept awake and clear by suffering. Even the common relations of life, the natural affections, have not half their proper character, when they are not edged by pain. The condition of man is that of a being connected with other beings, from whom he is liable to be separated by death,—having his love rested upon their love, and his happiness upon their moral welfare. They have a destination here and in immortality, which are as essential to him as their life; and that destination hangs in continual uncertainty. Of his natural affection, therefore, pain and fear are essential ingredients, and it bears its true nature only when these enter into it. The mind that is not provident and reflective, and of deep sensibilities, is not capable of the true condition of natural life. But, besides this, the man himself has a moral destination, and is bound, besides, under an invisible subjection. In what plight is he, if he has no consciousness of these conditions of his being? He may be conscious of them it is true, and yet lost in offence. That is a separate case. But how much worse is he, if he is altogether unconscious of them, and knows not of their existence.

Now it appears to be the effect of prosperity to

shut up all these sensibilities; to extinguish or prevent in the soul much moral knowledge. For in an unaltering condition of life men get used to that which is good, and they may come to weigh their estate absolutely and truly. But in growing prosperity, the sense is continually flattered with new enjoyment and new hope. The man can never take the true estimate of his condition. The world that looks to him with a face of enjoyment can never seem a scene of trial. The strength of the human mind might raise itself above the seduction of a stable wealth, and might come to discern in the midst of it duties and necessities. The inheritance of wealth may not imply voluptuousness. And though there are many things in all elevation, of wealth, power, or dignity, which carry with them seduction and illusion, though it be difficult to the spirit nursed in the lap of luxury ever to set foot on the hard earth—though the vices of the great, and the effeminate softness of their lives, are old themes of censure; yet it seems clear that great virtues, high principles, and even manly simplicity of character, may subsist among those who are born to hereditary wealth. Where effeminate luxury has dissolved the spirit of the higher orders of a nation, something else has been there to take from them their greatness besides the simple possession of wealth. But with the gradual influx of prosperity upon the mind, it is difficult to conceive virtue to co-exist. Man's self is continually flattered and exalted, and the force of obligation is taken off. Besides, as the effect of growing prosperity is constantly to increase the enjoyment of sense, it draws the mind more into that direction, and gives more weight and magnitude to that part of happiness.

THE TRANSPORT.

THE great eye of day was wide open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marbled clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep-blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that immense calm. There was but a gentle fluctuation on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One Ship—only one single Ship—was within the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light; for, although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvass, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck, for they knew that no breeze would come till after meridian,—and it was the Sabbath-day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that Chapel, which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the house of worship in which they had been used to pray then rested far off on a foundation of rock in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were Emigrants—nor hoped ever again to see the mists of

their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish. But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that was now tolling their happier friends to the quiet house of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children—for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle. There, in one group, were husbands and wives standing together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of his hand,—there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feeling of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow,—there, children hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean,—and there, mere infants smiling on the sunny deck, and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

A low, confined, growling noise was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice,—" Fire—fire,—the Ship's on fire!" Holy words died on the prayer's tongue—the congregation fell asunder—and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries, rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the Ship. A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stiflingly on every breath.—Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered but for themselves,

now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen-leaf. "Gone—gone, —we are all gone!" was now the cry; yet no one knew whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each other's countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air; and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds, were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

"Let down the boat!" was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant she was filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning, moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sank down at once into oblivion—some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands—some seized in vain unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck—some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies; and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving. "Go, husband, go; for I am content to die. —Oh! live—live—my husband, for our darling Willy's sake." But in the prime of life, and with his manly

bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked but for a moment till he saw his child was safe; and then taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sound of the last trumpet, when the faithful and the afflicted shall be raised to breathe for ever empyrean air.

PASTORALL;

EXTRACTED FROM

URANUS AND PSYCHE.

A MS. religious Poem.

The Persons.

KORSES AND GYMNAS.

LEACUS.	*personating*	a Gallante.	DREWTHE.	6 *Nymphs.*
LIMEN.		a Courtier.	PHAINIA.	
COLON.		a Lawyer.	DORYS.	
NAUBAN.		a Souldier.	HYPPIA.	
DEMOS.		a Tradesman.	AMNE.	
CORIDON.		a Shepheard.	LADAS.	

(GALATEA *personating* Astræa.)

KORSES.

GYMNAS, what means the lively greene,
Bestrew'd with rushes, thicke with boughs?
What meane the nymphs to decke theyre browes
With gentle palme, and flowers betweene?
I sawe them like the forrestes queene,
With garments tucked to the knee,
With hayre up trest in ribands greene,
And eyes as bright as fayreste Cytheree.

I heard them tune theyre voyces sweete,
And shame the warbling instrumente:
I sawe theyre pretty fingers beate
Chaplets to frame, for Venus meete.
Loe where they exercise theyre feete,
They nimbly trip it on the sand:
Like blazing starrs, they range the streete;
Surely I thinke some wedding is at hand.

Gladly I would have peeped in,
And learnt the news, but by and by
With tumulte, and a maine outcrye,
They forc't me to retyre agin,
Swifte as a bullet from a gin.
Soe haynous twas to steale a sighte;
Nor durst I stay theyre grace to win;
But fled, and glad I had escap't theyre spite.

GYMNAS.

Korses, in troth thy curious eye,
That durste in things unlawful peare,
Was rightly serv'd to buy it deare:
Hallow'd is weomen's secrecy.
But knowste thou what delights are nigh,
Whereto these preparations tend?

KORSES.

'Tis that I would soe willingly.

GYMNAS.

Then silence, and thyne ears attention lend.

Young Coridon (thou knowste the lad),

Who made us merry with his quill,
And lead the dance on every hill,
(Greate pity 'tis he grows soe sad)
Of late a stronge contention had
With certain folke of yonder towne:
What life moste blessed was and glad,
The walled pallaice or the country downe.

Soe many eager words they spente,
I thought they would have wrangled sure:
Soe sharpe and longe they did endure:
Soe strong and loud theyre argumente.

KORSES.

Can any peevish witt invente
The country life to villify?
Or blaste with foul disparagemente
The bed where peace and plenty kissing lye?

As well they may the nasty swine
Compare for beauty with the kid,
Or ougly paddocke lying hid
Vnder the docke with linetts fine.
As well they may preferre the shine
Of stars before brighte summer dayes;
Nettles before sweete eglantine,
Before the milky dove the raven prayse.

But tell what reasons fond were those
They urg'd? and howe they silenc't were?

GYMNAS.

Alas! my witt too weake to beare,

One halfe thereof cannot disclose.
Sufficeth it, that in the close
Hither the lad did them envite,
With deinty pastorals, and showes,
To make them see the country life's delighte.

And nowe behold where they appeare,
Confus'd, and in disorder:
Such creaturs sawe you ever here,
To crush oure flowry border?
Each for prerogative contendinge,
And each his own deserte commendinge;
Loe howe they presse, and with ambition swell!
I troe theyre strife will end in battayle fell.

KORSES.

What Lorde is he so richly dreste,
By costly weeds commended,
Fine silke, and purple of the beste,
And yet so ill attended?

GYMNAS.

A sparke it is, a lusty rover,
I knew his gingle sire, a stover,
He wadds it in his woods, and racks his swayne,
His pride, his dice, his Venus to mayntaine.

KORSES.

What Vanity is that soe gay,
Soe peinted and soe spangled?
I have beheld a fooles array
Soe gaudy and new-fangled.

GYMNAS.

A Courtier he, a pretty bable:
His feather is not soe unstable:
Hele wag his tayle, and turne with every winde:
Sweare, brag, as bold as bayard and as blinde.

KORSES.

What Gowne is that soe seeming grave,
With sable gards soe laced?
His head and chin are close yshave,
His middle loosely braced.

GYMNAS.

A Lawyer, and a double reader,
A busy pate, a thrifty pleader;
Whose tongue, if liquor'd well with juice of gold,
Will runne on tiptoes better than a scold.

KORSES.

Whose that soe dreadful in his belte,
His jackett, and his hanger,
His dangling locke, his pinned felte,
His grim and causlesse anger?

GYMNAS.

One lately from the warrs arived,
He brags he hath Mougull captived:
Hele riot, tiple, and downe-sweare the beste:
In wanton weomens favour not the leaste.

KORSES.

What hoary Gravity is he
Soe like an asse begowned?

His crafty nodle seems to bee
For cruel frawd renowned.

GYMNAS.

A Cityzan, a wealthy thriver,
A subtle, narrowe bargaine-driver:
Smooth-tounged to deceive an innocente,
And in the unjuste ballance is his rente.

KORSES.

Are these the champions that contend
Againste the country banner?
Sure worthy champions to defend
The beauty of theyre honoure.

GYMNAS.

Loe howe they hudle all together:
Some cloudy plot is in the weather.
Soe earneste are theyre toungs, and ever see,
The Lawyer is as busy as a bee.

KORSES.

I see it Gymnas, and I feare
Some mischiefe is a spinning:
That bold presumptuous Ruffian there,
I like not his beginning.

GYMNAS.

Nor I that subtle Comtercaster.
'Twere wisely to prevent disaster,
If honeste meaning Coridon were warnd;
For he that is forewarned is forearmd.

CORIDON.

Hayle to this fayre company.
May the spouse of Juno showre
Peace and plenty on youre bowre,
And fill your lapps abundantly.
May the bright Apollo's graces
Ever beautyfy youre faces:
And former grudges layd aparte,
May my poore fleecy stocke,
My kids amid the flocke,
So thrive on yonder rocke,
As you are welcome to my hearte.

COLON.

Thankes thou gentle-minded swayne.
But since wee are mett in one,
By thine invitatione,
Vpon the damaske of this playne:
Fill thy bagpipe with the prayses
Of the pansyes, and the daysies,
That flourish on the country downe.

CORIDON.

Noe, lett myne humble reed
Be silente, and give heed
To you of better weede;
Simple the musicke of a clowne.

LEACUS.

What more ravishing delighte
On this evil-tasted earth,
Then to flante in carelesse mirth,
And glittering as the morning brighte.

Man, a sociable creature,
Was not made to hide his nature
Or toyle it in a dirty cell.

CORIDON.

'Tis sinne if we evade
To laboure in the trade,
For which we firste were made:
From dirte we came, on dirte we dwell.

LIMEN.

In the blissfull courte is found
Courtesie's sweete quintessence,
Noble thoughts we drawe from hence,
From hence the graces all abound.
Gratious they, and honourable,
That attend a princely table,
And bowe they service to a kinge.

CORIDON.

But if corrupte they be,
Noe fouler ill we se:
In base captivitee
A state withoute a stroake they bringe.

COLON.

Rebells they, noe subjectes are,
Who the sacred lawes despise:
Glorious justice in the skyes
Sitts with Apollo to compare.
Jove-bred lawes were made for order,
Order quietts every border,
Quiett and peace we all desire.

CORIDON.

Yett they abus'd conteste:
And lawes are at the beste,
But awes to th' evil breaste.
And where rules peace noe lawes require.

NAUBAN.

'Tis noe manly valours parte
Noble warriours to defame;
Death to them is but a game
When the brave trumpett fires theyre hearte.
When a land with foes amated,
Or with sinne is ulcerated,
Oure refuge then is honour'd steele.

CORIDON.

Soe when there is noe more
To a corrupted sore
Theye salve endyde in gore:
But better not to want such heale.

DEMOS.

What delights or profitts wante,
Where a tyde of people flowe!
Fellowship hath life we knowe,
And peopled townes in substance flante.
Can you tanne youre skin to leather,
Able to resiste the weather?
Then neede you not the tradesman's arte.

CORIDON.

Bleste were the dayes of old,

When weeds did fence the cold,
Pride was not to be sold:
Greate gaine was then an honeste hearte.
Arise my muse, and singe, the lowely feilds delighte,
Where goodnesse knowes
Noe coulourable showes,
And truth is ever brighte.
Where paynfull labour gives necessitye contente;
Where scornefull pride,
Nor covetice abide;
Nor bribry ever wente.
Flattry it hates, as a snake in the bosome
Fostred foolishly;
And fears ambitions ey.
Factious contendinge,
And riotous mispendinge,
Wasteth not her amity.

Theyre bounteous table flowes with plenty from y^e^ feild
Where Ceres stands,
Enyellowinge the lands;
And kine their udders yeild.
They dread not envious foes, nor undermininge strife,
With peaceful palme,
Theyre Cytherea calme
Protectes them day and nighte.
Nectar and honey bedeweth the hillockes,
And the vales belowe
With milky rivers flowe.
Honesty commends them
And humblenesse defends them
From the rugged Aquilo.

They toyle but to supply as nature doth commande:
And heavens browe
Still favoureth the plowe,
And fills theyre bounteous hand.
They weare but to expell the pinching winters froste,
The constant gray
Becometh theyre array:
Noe silver gards they boaste.
All theyre delights are adorned with a garland
Of the sweetest flowres:
Theyre paths, and comely boures,
With the pansie are strewed,
And deysis all bedewed,
Hear be of grace and gillifloures.

Such such the blisse of those,
Whose shelter is an homely cell:
O happy men! contente to dwell
Extracte from worldly showes.
You laboure in the trade
To which you firste were framed:
To you the skyes unlade;
And with youre innocence inflamed,
Ceres gives the ratling eare:
Sylvan old the mellowe peare:
Earth her young, her spawne the streame,
Flora joy, and Sol his beame,
And smiling heaven blesseth all throughout y^e^ yeare.

LEACUS.

Deepe misery, and toyle
Are all can be expected thence.

LIMEN.

It rudes the life, it dulls the sense,
Such grovling in the soyle.

COLON.

Ignorant, and blind
To justice they, and heady:
And of a molish kinde.

NAUBAN.

Theyre coward hearts to yeild are ready;
Theyre weake hands, and voyd of skill,
Subjecte are to every ill.

DEMOS.

Teary wante, and weary payne,
Pincheth oft the wretched swayne.

CORIDON.

But smiling heaven doth his hearte wth blessing fill.

LEACUS.

Care will not lett him sleepe,
Nor his course parsimony eate.

LIMEN.

His clownish foote can never gett
Above his rotten sheepe.

COLON.

He doth y^{e} state noe good,
Nor is for wisedome crowned:
Dull as a blocke of wood,
And for his sheepish hearte renouned.

NAUBAN.

Strives not to advance his fame
In adventrous knightly game.

DEMOS.

Nor in plenty to possesse
Gold, the sureste happinesse.

CORIDON.

But smiling heaven cheers him with an honeste name.

LEACUS.

Curste be the labringe clowne,
And cursed they that him defende.

LIMEN.

May they with him to hell descende,
Sent by they princes frowne.

COLON.

But why should we admit
Discourse with such a prater!
This clownish wante of witt:
This rude unlearned learning-hater?

NAUBAN.

I shall teach him be more wise,
And his nimble toung chastise.

DEMOS.

Glutt youre spite, and wash you ore,
Wash we in his purple gore.

CORIDON.

Loe innocente I dy, to Pan a sacrifice.

DREWTHE.

Lament, lamente, lamente, and weepe,
Converte youre joy to tears:
Lamente, and make forsaken sheepe
To lend theyre silente earse.
Lifte up youre voyce
With howling noyse,
For dead is youre delighte:
Accursed hands
Have dide the sands,
With purple of his sprite.

PHAINIA.

Loe where he lyes embalmed in gore,
His wound to heaven cries:
The floodgates of his blood emplore
For thunder from the skyes.
His guiltlesse wound
Vpon the ground
Congeiled trembling lies;
For guiltlesse she
Such crueltee
Is loth to patronize.

DORYS.

The ruddocke to deplore his losse,
Frae aged tombs is come:
Her chattring bill she fills with mosse,
His carkasse to entombe.

Her tender mind
More gently kinde,
Than man to man is founde.
And by her side
The doves abide,
To share a dolefull sound.

HYPPIA.

Why didste thou gentle soule departe,
And leave this harmeless clay?
Could not the goodnesse of thy hearte
Prolong thy fatall day?
Thy kidds in flockes
Vpon the rockes,
As white as Scythian snowe;
Nor silver streame
Of pleasante creame,
Did from thyne udder flowe.

AMNE.

Did not his humble soule ascende,
And lowly vowes aspire?
Did not his open hand commend
His simple sweete desire?
Did not his plough,
And labringe browe,
Æternal Pan adore?
Why lyes he then
With martyrd men,
In floods of crimsin gore?

LADAS.

His bounty shall noe more relieve

The feeble poverty:
The widdowd altar nowe shall greive,
And shrines forsaken lye.
The hungry soule
In vayne may howle,
For charity is dead;
And who shall bringe
An offeringe,
When he is buried?

DREWTHE.

Forsaken lambes, you bleate in vayne
Aboute your empty cotes:
Goe wildly range th' unfruitfull playne,
A prey to wolvish throats.

HYPPIA.

The barren ground
Shall feele noe wounde
Of his dejected ploughe;
And Ceres feild
Shall thistles yeild,
And mourne untilled nowe.

PHAINIA.

Lamente, lamente in drooping care,
Ye minstrells of the woods:
For dead is he, that wonte to share
Youre songs, and jolly moods.

AMNE.

Lamente, and weepe,
Ye widdowd sheepe,
Dejecte youre limber heads

Lett sullen earth
Forsake her mirth,
And springs theyre weeping beds.

DORYS.

Or lett her, overgrowne with brires,
Depreste with heavy clay,
Lamente, and curse theyre foule desires,
That brought him to decay.

LADAS.

Lett her deny
To fructify,
And needfull foode afforde:
So shall theyre pride
Be qualifide,
And feele a juste reward.

ALL THE NYMPHS TOGETHER.

Can good Astræa drowne her eyes
In slumbers idle flood:
And heare the lowd revengefull cries
Of this unguilty blood?
Greate queene awake,
Appeare and shake
Ambitious tyrainy;
Bring backe his soule,
Or in this dole
We melte æternally.

ASTRÆA.

What dolefull cry? what mournefull songe?
What obsequies are these I see?

Slumbring on Mercyes cradle longe,
Dire Nemesis awaked me.
The greived sky and trembling ayre
Runge with a poore distressed prayre.

Downe from Olympus crowne I caste
Myne eyes, and all the world beheld;
And loe a tyrante stronge and vaste,
Great Lucifer with power swelld,
Had broke his chayne, and from th' abysse,
Filld all with an infectious hisse.

His fiery rod, his smoakinge crowne
Did blaste the kinge of cheerfull day:
The conquerd world with awe bowd doune
Before his iron scepters sway.
Greate kings and peers in wicked bands,
Were thralled to adore his hands.

I saw the golden lions head
With silken chaynes of pleasure bound:
And slumbring on a flowry bed,
In lethargee securely drownde:
While foxes in his skin arrayd
Devourd the sheepe by th' shepherds ayd.

Then rose the wolves, and did conspire
The slender sheepcote to destroy:
Theyre bloody minds are sett on fire,
To take this harmlesse sheepe away.
None shall revenge; for Justice eye,
They say, winks at theyre tyranny.

But loathsome blood shall overtake
Youre fliinge steps; for loe the cry

Pursude high Jove till he awake,
Sente me to venge youre cruelty,
And to restore the soule was spilte
By youre inhumane bloody guilte.

Returne, returne thou gentle sprighte,
Return, and leave th' Elizian feildes;
Where peacefull soules enjoy the lighte,
And joy that peacefull heaven yeilds.

NYMPHS ALL.

Returne, and once again enspire
This body with Promethean fire.

ASTRÆA.

Sterne Atropos hath not decreed
As yett to sheere his vitall thred;
Nor destiny will have him bleed
To duste, enrolld among the deade.

NYMPHS.

Nor may th' infernal grave as yet
Open her gate to swallowe it.

ASTRÆA.

The widdowd nymphs with bitter prayre,
This boone obtayned have of Jove:
Who if he perish will despayre:
He is theyre paramour, theyre love.

NYMPHS.

Often hath he had grace to sippe
Delicious nectar from our lippe.

ASTRÆA.

He deckes for them the pleasant ringe,
And strewes the dancing meade with flowrs:
And they to quite his service bringe
Abundante plenty to his bowres.

NYMPHS.

He pipeth to oure lively rounds,
We watch his folds, and blesse his grounds.

ASTRÆA.

Jove once had granted for theyre sake,
To demidiefy his soul,
His mortall flesh immortall make,
And with the lesser gods enrolle.

NYMPHS.

For none deserved soe as he,
With paynfull zeale, and pietee.

ASTRÆA.

Why should he die, that was soe good,
And leave the world disconsolate?
Why should he swim in guiltlesse blood,
And wreches triumph ore his fate?

NYMPHS.

Come then, and once againe inspire
This body with Promethean fire.

Descend, descend, make noe delay:
Behold oure soules doe languish;
Oure tender spirits melte away
In bitter tears and anguish.

Oure breath is tyred all the day;
For all the day we sigh and weepe.
We lifte unto the hard remorcelesse skyes
Æternal playnts and oure bereaved eyes:
For buried is oure joy in endlesse deepe.

Descend, descend, harke howe the dove
Vpon a bough lamenteth.
The nightingall hath loste her love;
His losse the larke tormenteth.
The ground neglected cries to Jove;
To Jove the rotting weather bleats.
For who shall till the land, and sowe the corne,
Or lead the folds abroad at erly morne,
Or give the hungry lambs y^e^ swelling teats?

Descend, descend; the hands of late
For charity soe blessed,
Are num and dead with pride and hate,
Noe veines have them refreshed.
The table wonte to recreate,
To recreate the hungry soule,
Converted is to pompous cloth of gold,
The hearth y^t^ wonte to smoake is dead and cold:
And stately roofes mewd in a little hole.

Descend, descend; behold the downs
Are dumbe and solitary;
Where lasses wonte and lively clowns
On holydayes be merry.
Despised are the flowry crownes;
The flowry crownes are turned to tyres.

Where virgins wonte to dance at barly breake,
The greedy landlord or poore tenante sneake:
  Or usrer hants red with St Antnyes fires.

Descend, descend; by mighty Jove
  And his Astræa's powere.
We thee conjure to leave the grove,
  And bleste Elizian bower.
For virtue's sake, and for the love
  And for the love of charity,
And by the kind affection we bore,
And by the good he reaped from oure store,
  Lett not our darling thus for ever dye.

CORIDON.

Why call you backe with howling and with weeping
  My spiritt from her gentle bed of reste?
Where he on downy joy for ever sleeping,
  With precious food of true delight was bleste.
I sawe the lighte more glorious then the morne,
Of glorious Jove that blessed place adorne.
  I heard a quire of saynts and angells singe
  Sweete Allelujahs to th' æternall Kinge.
    There shone the starres in perfect lighte,
    Arcturus and Orion brighte,
    I sawe the planetts course arighte;
And way of stragling Hermes: while myne ears
Were ravisht with the gentle musicke of the sphears.

ASTRÆA.

To comforte these, and these delightfull vallyes,
  Drowned in sorrowes barren-making flood
I calld thee from the grove of pleasant allyes,
  By Jove's command, who will not be withstood.

The gentle nymphs have calld, and wayted longe,
With sorrowe-droping eyes, and mournful songe.
Harke howe the kids doe bleate, and hungry lambes
Forsaken of theyre discontented damnes.
The uplands for the coulter cry.
The weeping meadowes drowned ly.
The woody quire singes dolefully.
And all for thee, then once againe advance
Thy forehead from the grave, and cheere them wth a dance.

CORIDON.

Bleste be almighty Joves æternall power,
Who thus of selly mortalls had a care.

DREWTHE.

Blessed be he who from his peacefull bower
Downe on this sea descended at oure prayer.

PHAINIA.

Bleste be Astræas awfull silver wand:
And may that scepter ever sway the land.

DORYS.

Blessed be evry tree, and evry soyle,
The labourers delighte, and fruitfull toyle.

HYPPIA.

Noe more shall we lamente & weepe,

AMNE.

Noe more the barreine ground shall sleepe.

LADAS.

Noe more shall droope the rotting sheepe.

ASTRÆA.

Newe joy shall fill the turtles merry throate;
And larkes unto the morne shall sing a joyfull note.

CORIDON.

But cursed be theyre hate, and envy cruell,
Whose hands in purple murther soe were dide.

DREWTHE.

Lett cursed murther be a quenchlesse fuell,
To scorch their names, and to consume theyr pride.

PHAINIA.

Lett fearfull conscience ever more pursue
Theyre soules with gastly hell, and judgment due.

DORYS.

Lett rotts devoure theyre folds, and drowsy morne
With sooty meldewe blaste theyre blowing corne.

HYPPIA.

Lett sad remorse theyre blisse detracte.

AMNE.

Lett them confesse theyre wicked acte.

LADAS.

Lett them be humbled for this facte.

ASTRÆA.

Come, come, ye fooles, and in repentance springe
Wash your foule hands, and then a lowe submission bringe.

LEACUS.

Loe we submitt our frolike pride abated,
Oure riott-bubling pleasures we deteste.

LIMEN.

Oure scorne, that humble virtue lately hated,
Oure vanity in peacocke feathers dreste.

COLON.

Oure avarice, a dam of serpents vile,
Oure glozing pollicy, and crafty guile.

NAUBAN.

Oure vanting cheekes sweld up with empty breath,
Oure riott, and blacke thirste of purple death.

DEMOS.

Oure stony hearte and foxes brayne,
Loe we abandon and disclayme,
And yeild for virtue to the swayne.

ASTRÆA.

Accord yee then, and joyining hand in hand,
With nimble measures trip we on the merry sand.
Nowe hath happy concord joynd
Every hand and every minde.

Singe we then, and lett oure voyce
Eccho in the trembling ayre;
Singe we, lett oure feete rejoyce
Thus to trip the meadowe fayre.

MEN ALL.

Singe we while the woods do ringe
With theyr minstrells carollinge.

MAYDS ALL.

Singe we, while the woods doe ringe
With theyre minstrells carolling.

ASTREA.

Lett it be fayre Tellus blisse
Our delightful feete to kisse.
And the beamy sky to heare
Oure rejoycing melody.
Lett the sweetly warbling spheare
Lend us musick from on high.

MEN.

And oure lively measures blesse
From all sullen drowsinesse.

MAYDS.

And oure lively measures blesse
From all sullen drowsinesse.

ASTRÆA.

Nowe shall gracious heaven powre
Blessings in a plenteous showre;

And the fruitful grownd shall decke
With a never wasting store:
While the golden lions necke
Shines with saphyres polisht ore.

MEN.

And while greate Astræas hand
Covers all the joyfull land.

MAYDS.

And while greate Astræas hand
Covers all the joyfull land.

ASTRÆA.

Marble roofes in silence bound,
Mirthfull voyses shall resound.
Hospitable boards shall flowe
With rich plenty every day.
Lads and lasses in a rowe
Shall do sacrifice to May.

MEN.

And the bagpipe shall advance
Tunes to lead us out to dance.

MAYDS.

And the bagpipe shall advance
Tunes to lead us out to dance.

ASTRÆA.

Noble hearte, and wisedome grave
Every gentle breste shall have.
Wise authority shall sitt
In the pallaice of the kinge.
Justice sage and learned witt
Safety to her throne shall bringe.

MEN.

And Astræa there shall be
Seated in cheife sovraintee.

MAYDS.

And Astræa there shall be
Seated in cheife sovraintee.

ASTRÆA.

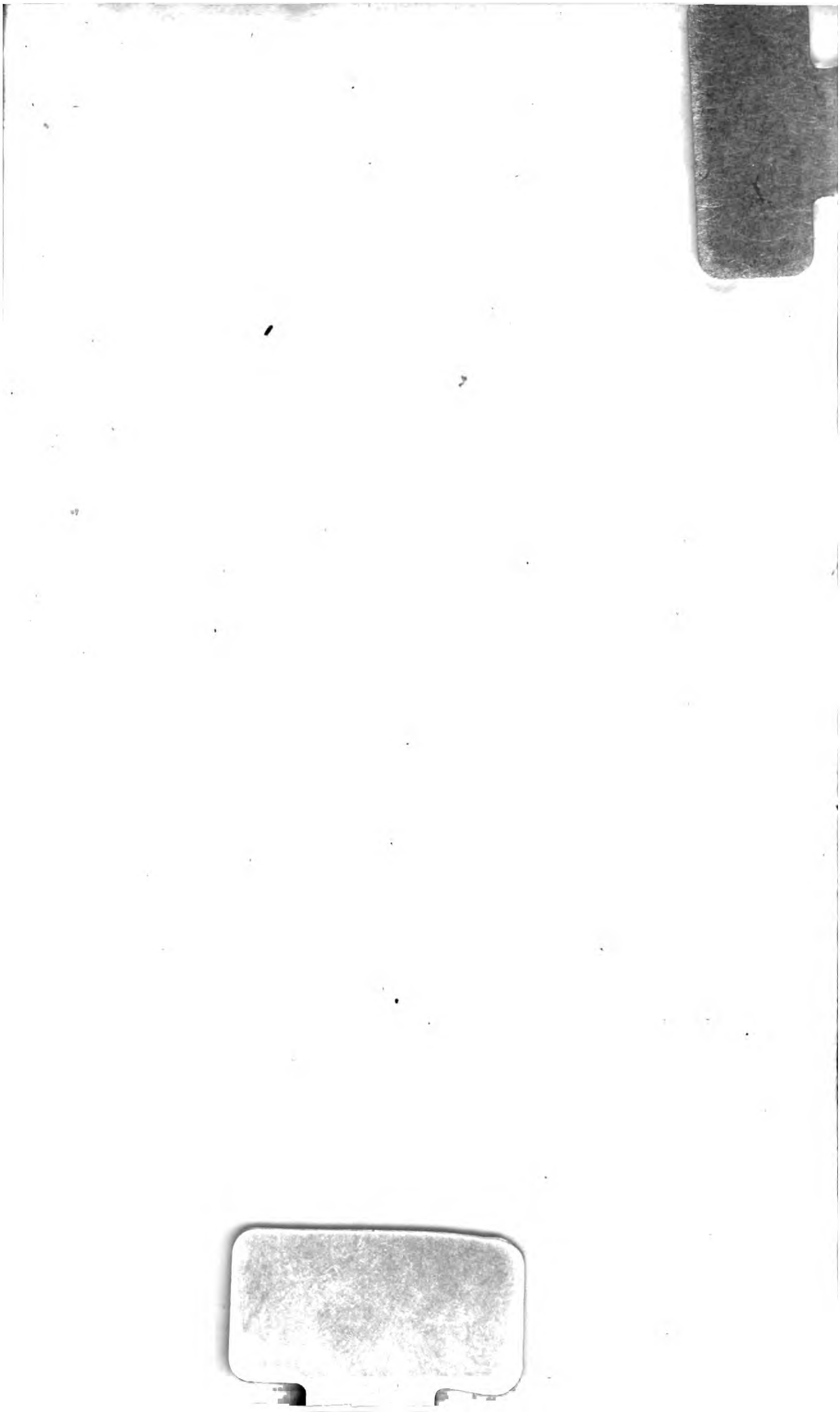
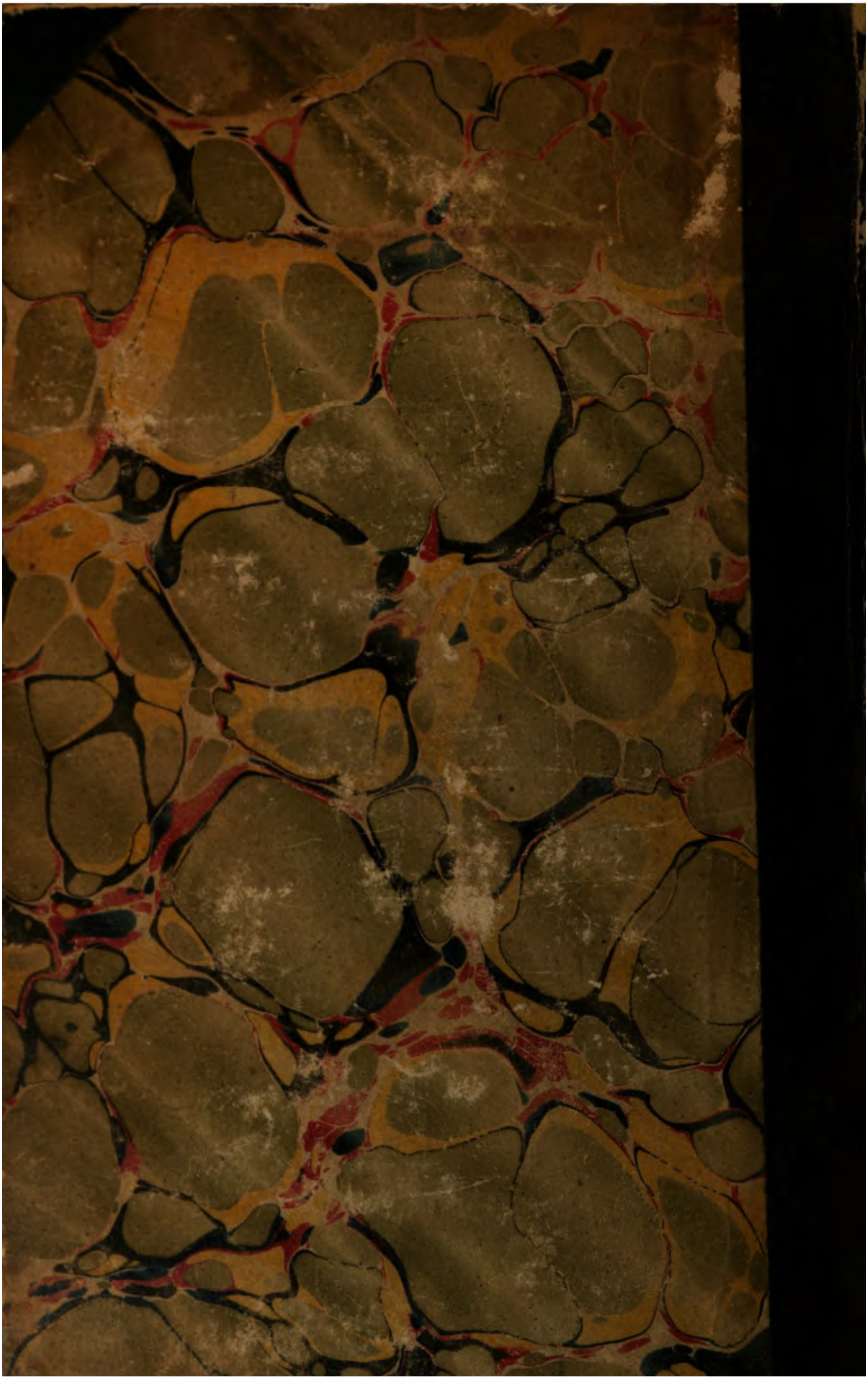
Glorious prayse and victory
Round the banners head shall flie.
Gold and wealthy merchandize
Shall enrich the walled towne,
And each laboure from the skyes
Peace and plenty both shall crowne.

MEN.

Cheerefully emplore we then,
Blesse us Jove, amen, amen.

MAYDS.

Cheerefully emplore we then,
Blesse us Jove, amen, amen.

THE END.

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