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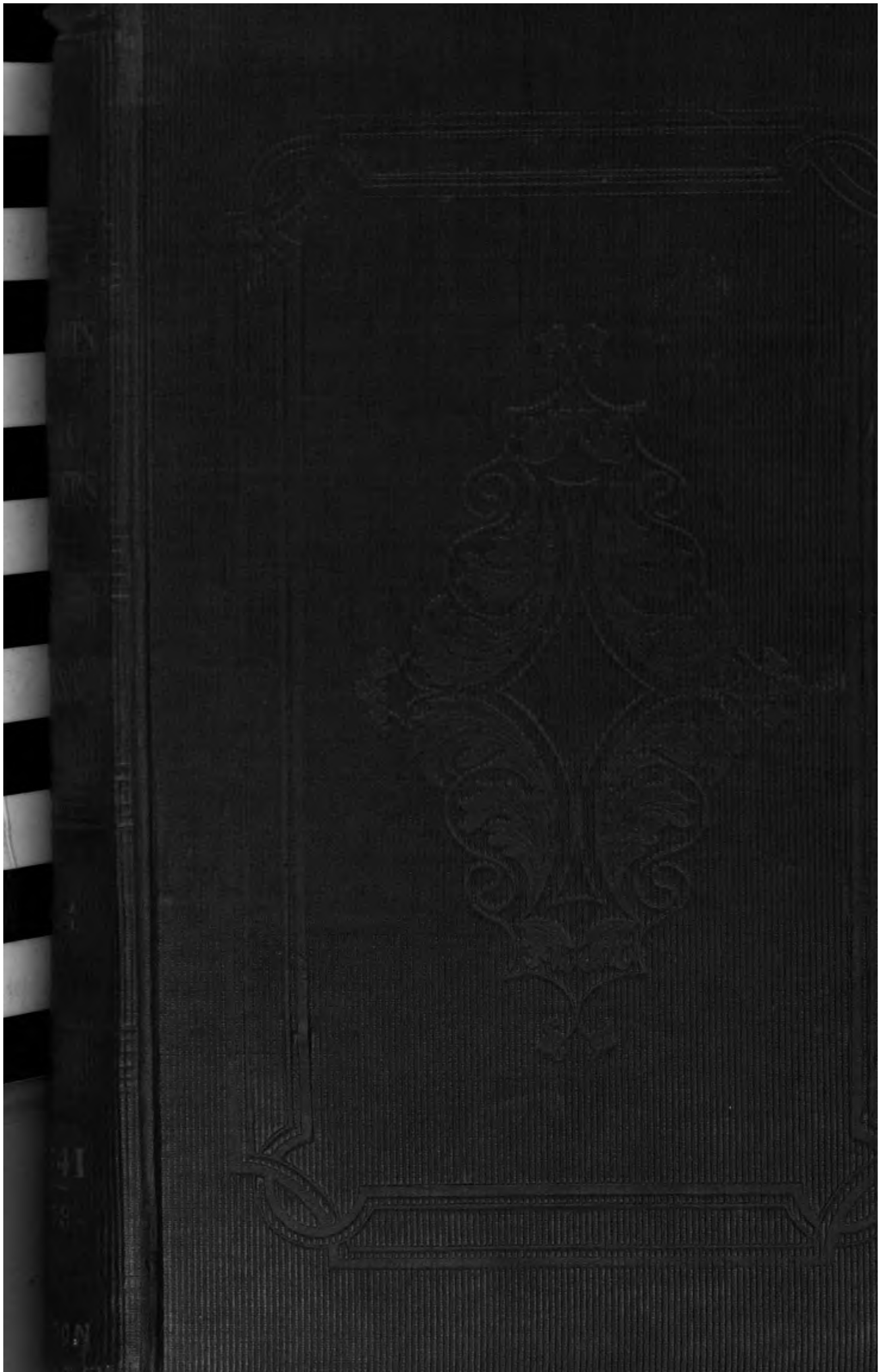
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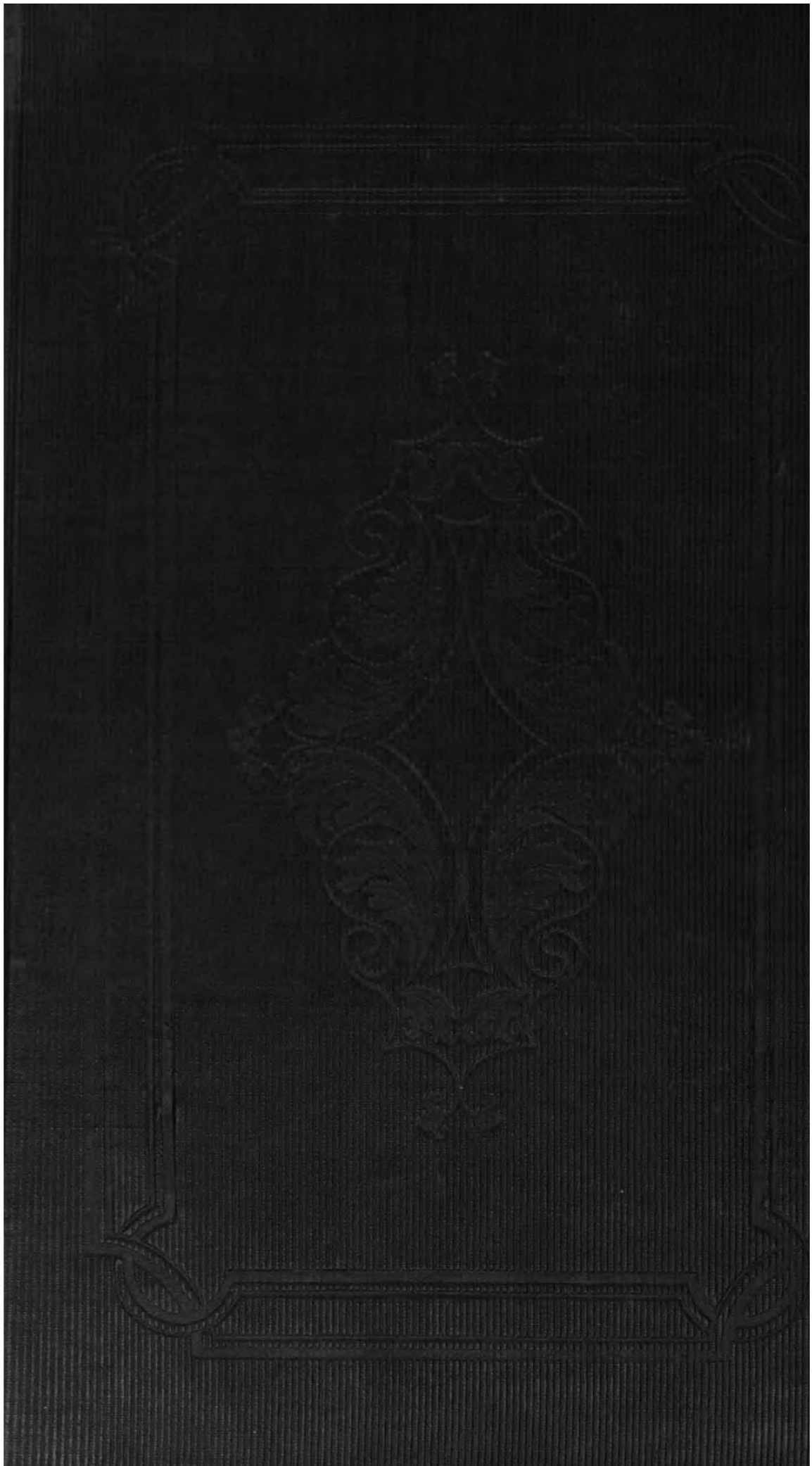
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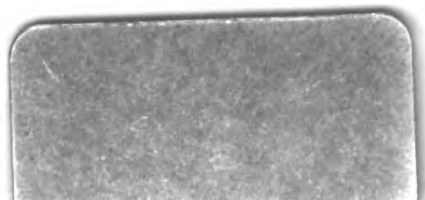




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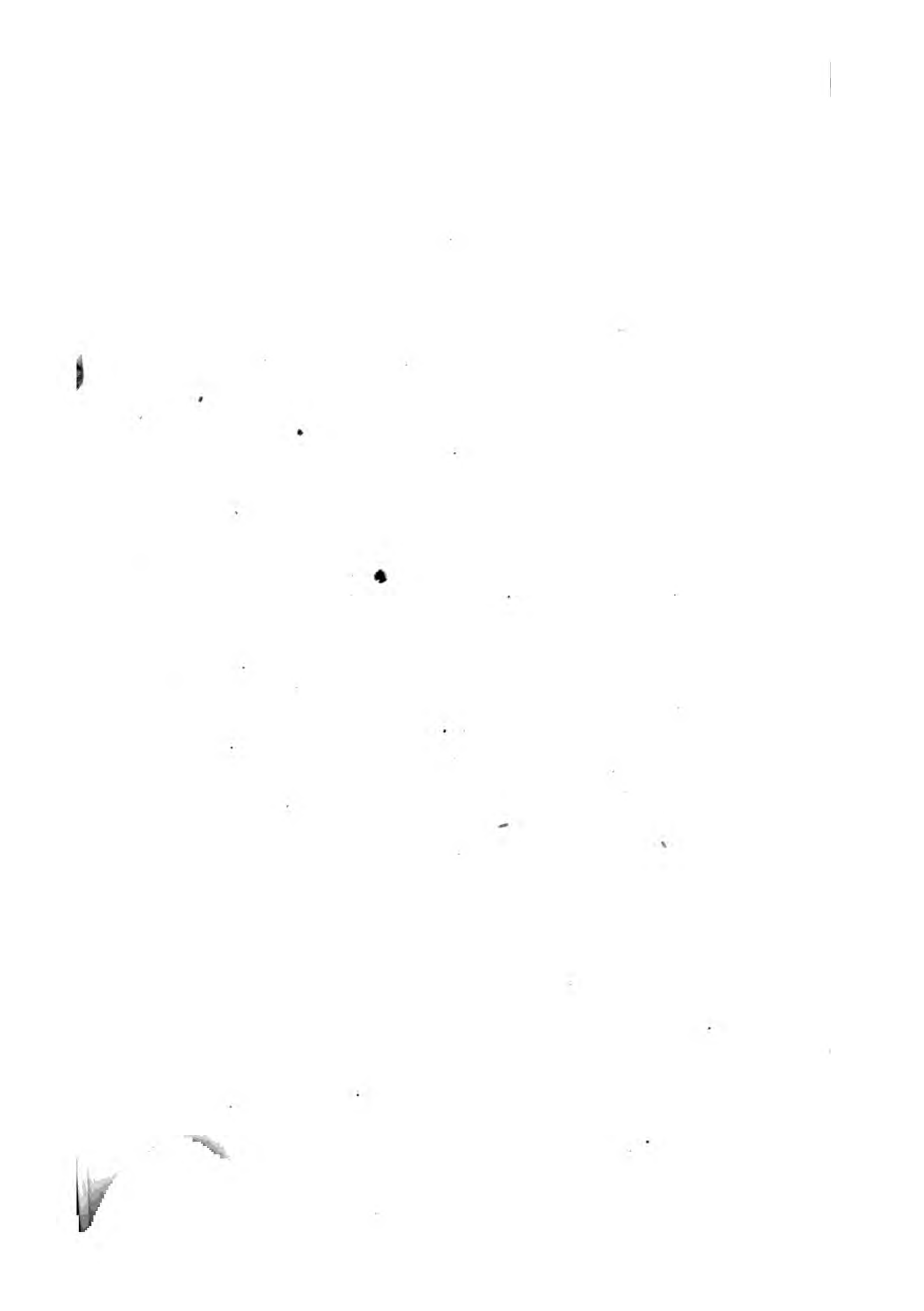
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PORTRAITS
OF
PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS,"
"THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1841.

278.

CITY PRESS, LONG LANE, ALDERSGATE STREET:
DOUDNEY AND SCRYMGOUR.



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CHAPTER VIII.

EMINENT PUBLISHERS.

MR. JOHN MURRAY—MR. THOMAS TEGG.

THE name of MR. JOHN MURRAY, of Albermarle Street, has an undoubted right to stand the first in any article or chapter referring to the Publishers of London. He is the prince of aristocratic bibliopoles, and has maintained his sovereignty in that character for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Mr. Murray is a publisher by birth as well as by choice. I do not mean to say anything so foolish, as that he was born a full-fledged bibliopole: all I wish my readers to understand is, that his father carried on the business of a bookseller and publisher, before the subject of

my present sketch was born. The elder Mr. Murray established an excellent business in Fleet Street, in the shop occupied by Mr. Underwood, opposite St. Dunstan's Church; and on his death, the present Mr. Murray who had been regularly trained up to the business, succeeded him in the same place. Mr. Murray continued to carry on the bookselling business, and the publishing also, though on a comparatively limited scale, in Fleet Street, for some time after his father's decease. At first and for some time he was not particularly successful, but eventually matters assumed so encouraging an aspect, that he determined on removing from civic ground to his present fashionable locality in Albermarle Street.

It is not generally known, but the fact is interesting, that Mr. Murray was the first London publisher of the "Edinburgh Review." This was during the period he carried on the business in Fleet Street. How little could either he, or the proprietors of the "Blue and Yellow," as the "Edinburgh Review" is so often called in Scotland, have thought at the time, that he was

destined to start and become the sole proprietor of a publication, which, in respect of reputation should become so formidable a rival to the "Edinburgh," and which should interfere so largely with the sale of the latter. Yet so it has been. It was under the bibliopolic auspices of Mr. Murray that the "Quarterly Review" was first ushered into existence, and under his sole auspices it has continued up to the present time—a period of more than thirty years. How few periodicals, of any class, attain so protracted an age! Of fewer still, perhaps not of half-a-dozen, out of the hundreds to which this country has given birth, can it be said, that they have continued to be printed *for*, and published *by*, the same individual for upwards of thirty years.

But though the "Quarterly Review" was ushered into the world under the bibliopolic auspices of Mr. Murray, the credit of its projection is not due to him. The idea originated with no other person than Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, had for some time previously—indeed, almost ever since its commencement in 1802—entertained a dislike to the "Edinburgh

Review," partly on personal and partly on political grounds. To use his own peculiar, but graphic phraseology, in a letter to his brother, Thomas Scott, when soliciting his services as contributor to the embryo "Quarterly," he "owed Jeffrey* a flap with a fox-tail, on account of his review of 'Marmion.'" The objections which Sir Walter had always entertained to the "Edinburgh Review," on account of its politics, attained their climax, on the appearance in the number (the 26th) for October, 1808, of an article entitled "Don Cevallos on the Usurpation of Spain," written by Lord Brougham, then Mr. Henry Brougham, a young barrister, comparatively unknown to fame. Sir Walter was so indignant at and disgusted with this article, that he had no sooner completed its perusal, than he wrote to his bookseller to withdraw his name from the list of subscribers to the "Edinburgh Review." Scott now resolved on entering

* Now Lord Jeffrey, one of the Judges in the Court of Session, and at that time Mr. Jeffrey, the Editor of the "Edinburgh Review."

practically, and in earnest, into the views he had for some time before entertained of starting a periodical in opposition to the great northern literary and political Leviathan. Among those with whom he communicated on the subject, were the then Lord Advocate of Scotland, the Right Hon. John Campbell Colquhoun, and Mr. Canning. The latter gentleman entered cordially into the project, and engaged not only to furnish such important information to the new journal, as should at once raise it to a distinction unapproachable by any of its contemporaries for the earliness, accuracy, amplitude, and importance of its intelligence on all matters of state; but also undertook to furnish an occasional article from his own pen. The contributors on whom Scott principally relied for stated assistance, when engaged in the project of bringing out the "Quarterly," were his well-known political friends, the two Roses, Ellis, Heber,* Frere, Malthus, Matthias, &c. And last though not least, a publisher (as has been already hinted) was found in the

* Afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

person of the young, intelligent, and enterprising Mr. Murray; a bibliophile who was not only according to Mr. Scott's own heart, in the matter of his political opinions, but whose personal qualities were admired and esteemed by the embryo author of the Waverly series of fictions.

It may here be right to mention, however, that this was not the first transaction of a business nature which Mr. Murray had with the products of Scott's brain. In 1807, he entered into an arrangement with Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, by which he acquired a fourth share of the copyright of "Marmion." With this purchase, he appears to have been highly delighted; for he writes to Mr. Constable immediately after it was made, in the following terms: "I am truly sensible of the kind remembrance of me, in your liberal purchase; you have rendered Mr. Miller no less happy by your admission of him; and we both view it as honourable, profitable, and glorious, to be engaged in the publication of a new poem by Walter Scott."

The editorship of the "Quarterly Review" was confided to the late Mr. Gifford, the author

of the "Baviad" and other works; but who was better known among his literary friends for the severity, sarcasm, and point of his criticisms in periodicals, than he was to the public as author.

The "Quarterly Review" started at once into a prosperous existence, and has ever since been a source, not only of great pecuniary profit, but of much personal influence in the literary and bibliopolic world, to Mr. Murray.

Mr. Murray is almost the only metropolitan publisher who pretends to give frequent and splendid dinners to the modern literati. When the late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, was alive and in all his bibliopolic glory, he used to give entertainments to literary men at his magnificent residence, which, for their princely splendour, need not have shrunk from a comparison with those given by his rival in the English metropolis. Compared with the festive treats which these two bibliopoles were in the habit of giving to distinguished authors, the dinners given them by other publishers, either here or in Edinburgh, were hardly worthy of the name. Nor is this all. Whatever dinners are given by the few

other publishers who do give dinners at all, are "few and far between." I omit the usual part of the quotation respecting "angels' visits." Mr. Murray's dinners occur with a delightful frequency. One follows another, during the season, with a rapidity of succession most agreeable to all who constitute the privileged circle of Mr. Murray's literary friends. That the literati who are in the habit of putting their knees under Mr. Murray's mahogany, do ample justice to the delicious variety set before them, is, perhaps, a piece of information which I need not communicate to my readers; for as authors are a class of persons who are proverbial for not being over-dined at home, it follows, almost by a species of logical inference, that they usually do most ample justice to the "goods" which not the "gods," but such hospitable friends as Mr. Murray, "provide them." But let that pass.

To insure a passport to the table of Mr. Murray, three things are necessary; first, that the party be an author of some celebrity; secondly, that he be an unexceptionable Tory; and, thirdly, that he be, to a greater or less

extent, patronised by the aristocracy. There may, through peculiar circumstances, be an exception to these rules; in other words, there may be cases in which either or all of the conditions may be departed from; but such instances are remarkably rare.

To enumerate the names of all the literati who have regaled themselves with the rich and varied delicacies of Mr. Murray's table, would be to run over the names of all authors of eminence, of Tory politics, and with a good coat on their back, who have flourished—if authors can be said to flourish, now-a-days—during the last twenty-five years. Some country authors, indeed, who come to town on a visit of a few days or weeks, contrive to quarter themselves altogether, in so far as the article of dinner is concerned, on Mr. Murray. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, afforded a fine instance of this during his first and last visit to the metropolis, eight or nine years ago. Day after day did he dine at the residence of the prince of aristocratic publishers; and, bringing with him as he did, from the bleak and hungry moors and mountains of Ettrick, an

appetite of the first magnitude, he played frightful havoc among the good things which his bibliopolic and hospitable entertainer set before him. In fact, I am doing no injustice to the memory of the Shepherd, and only justice to the catering capabilities of Mr. Murray, when I say, that James would not have had much to complain of, had he partaken of no other meal, after dining in Albermarle Street, until the dinner hour of the following day. On the first few occasions on which he dined with Mr. Murray, there were no limits to his praise, either of his princely host or his "table"—meaning thereby the good things with which it groaned, and not the mere mahogany itself.

"Eh, man, it was such a dinner, and such drink,* as nae words can describe," was Mr. Hogg's favourite exclamation in the earlier periods of his festive exploits in Albermarle Street, when attempting to give some idea, on his return home to Hans Place, Chelsea, to the

* Meaning the Champagne, Madeira, Claret, and the choice wines which were quaffed on the various occasions.

other bibliopolic friend of whose hospitality he partook in the shape of bed and breakfast.

But it is not in his own residence alone, or in his capacity of a private friend, that Mr. Murray is distinguished for the splendour of his festive entertainments. His "dinners to the trade" have for more than twenty years, been celebrated from one end of the country to the other, for their magnificence. Mr. Murray is in the habit of giving an annual dinner to "the trade" (which means the booksellers of London) at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, as a sort of introduction—and a very agreeable one it always proves—to his "subscribing" or selling the new books which he is about to publish. And experience has convinced Mr. Murray that the £300 or £400, which he thus expends in giving a princely entertainment to the booksellers of the metropolis, prior to offering his new publications for sale to them, is not money lost. The event has in every instance shown what, indeed, might safely enough have been taken for granted, that nothing on earth contributes so much to the pre-disposition to purchase on a large scale,

as a first-rate dinner, followed by oceans of wines of the choicest quality. I believe there cannot be a question that Mr. Murray has repeatedly disposed of twice the amount of books at these dinners, that he would have done, had he, according to the usual custom among publishers, simply sent specimen copies round the trade and received whatever orders they were inclined to give. In numerous instances he has in this way disposed of many hundreds of copies of a large expensive book, several months before the work was printed, the trade being satisfied with knowing the title, price, and size of the book; and that it was to be sent into the world under Mr. Murray's bibliopolic auspices. On several such occasions, Mr. Murray has, in the space of a few hours, sold upwards of £25,000 worth of unpublished literature. About three years ago, he sold, at one of these dinners, books to the amount of £30,000. Next day, it is true, many persons began to have some misgivings as to whether they had not purchased too largely; but that was their affair, not Mr. Murray's. Besides, they would be found just as ready as

ever to repeat the error, by purchasing with the same liberality as before, whenever Mr. Murray chose to favour them again with the best wines which the Albion could produce.

But it were unjust to the munificent liberality of Mr. Murray in the matter of dining his friends—whether friends in the way of trade or in the private walks of life—to omit to mention that the festive treats he affords them are not confined to the metropolis. When business calls him from his home, and circumstances are found to suit, he treats his country friends with the same princely prodigality as he is in the habit of displaying in London. I will only allude to one instance in verification of my statement. In the year 1830, Mr. Murray determined on a tour to the Highlands of Scotland, but especially to those localities immortalised by the fictions and poetry of Sir Walter Scott; who, I may here remark, was now a particular personal friend, apart from all the business transactions they had had together, of the bibliopolic prince of Albermarle Street. Mr. Murray, however, came to the conclusion that though pleasure was his primary

impelling motive in undertaking the journey to Scotland, that was no reason why the transaction of a moderate amount of business might not be blended with his pleasurable pursuits. Accordingly, as it was about the time of bringing out his edition of the life and works of Byron in seventeen volumes, and having had most ample and satisfactory experience of the wonder-working effects of a good dinner, followed by liberal potations of the juice of the grateful grape, in the Albion Tavern, London; he very justly reasoned that as human nature is the same in all latitudes as well as in all ages—on the other side of the Tweed as on this, it would be well to invite the Edinburgh trade to dinner. The invitation was as promptly accepted as it was cordially given. With what munificence Mr. Murray treated his Scotch friends on the occasion, may be inferred from the fact, that the bill which Mr. Gibbs, of the Royal Hotel (in which place the party “sat down”) presented Mr. Murray when the affair was over, amounted to exactly £108. The sum may seem a large one for a town of the size of Edinburgh, and yet I am very much mistaken

if Mr. Murray be not of my opinion—that it was the best-spent money he ever laid out in his life; for before he quitted Scotland, he actually sold—so I am assured by one whose means of information ought to be of the first-rate character—as many copies of Byron's works as amounted to the enormous and almost incredible sum of £20,000.

Mr. Murray excited much attention in the course of his journey to Scotland by the taste and splendour of what in homely parlance is called his "turn-out." He performed his tour in a handsome barouche drawn by four spirited horses. This was something new to the people of Scotland in the case of a person applying himself to business pursuits.

Mr. Murray was highly delighted with his Scotch jaunt; but nothing afforded him greater pleasure during his sojourn on the other side of the Tweed, than the Highland sports at St. Fillans. The only circumstance, I believe, which occurred to impair his pleasure on his Scottish tour, was one that took place when on a steam-boat excursion on Loch Lomond. Among the persons with whom Mr. Murray chanced

to enter into conversation, in the course of that otherwise very pleasant excursion, was a short, dumpy, compactly-made person, who seemed remarkable for the vivacity of his movements, and for being on good terms with himself. Finding his little stranger friend full of anecdote and animation, and altogether a jolly companion, Mr. Murray enjoyed his conversation and society with great seeming zest. They discussed their wine together with an edifying harmony, and no less perfect was the accordance of opinion which characterised their discussion of political topics. Mr. Murray found to his great delight, that there was at least one passenger on board as thoroughgoing in his Toryism as himself. But as the dearest and fastest friends must sooner or later part, circumstances eventually imposed on the Leviathan bibliopole and the little thick-built person with whom he had enjoyed so lengthened and agreeable a confabulation, the necessity of separation.

“Do you know who that gentleman is,” inquired Mr. Murray, of a person with whom he was acquainted, “with whom I have been conversing?”

“O yes, Mr. Murray.”

“And pray, who or what may he be?”

“That ‘gentleman,’ Mr. Murray, is no other than Mr. Molloy Westmacott, of the ‘Age’ newspaper.”

Mr. Murray’s mortification was complete. He never felt more annoyed in his life; and, to his mortification and annoyance, he gave very free expression, the moment he made the unpleasant discovery. And no wonder that the prince of publishers should have felt infinitely mortified on finding that he had been making himself so familiar and friendly with Mr. Westmacott; for, independently of the various considerations of an extraneous nature, which would have made Mr. Murray shrink from the contact, his quondam stranger friend and companion, had for years before been holding him up to ridicule, in the “Age,” under the head of “Murrayania”—a series of articles in which the most wretched jokes, and puns, and opinions, were put into the mouth of Mr. Murray. The reason why the then proprietor of the “Age” thus waged an uncompromising warfare with Mr.

Murray, is said to have been, that the latter could never be prevailed upon to send any of his advertisements to the "Age" newspaper. Be this as it may, Mr. Westmacott converted the conversation he had had with Mr. Murray in the steam-boat, into the means of holding him up anew to ridicule; for in the next number of the "Age" appeared a quizzical article under the head of "John at the Lakes."

Mr. Murray is exceedingly liberal in all his business transactions, as well as generous and hospitable in his capacity of a private individual. From first to last he has given enormous sums to authors and artists. I am told that the brothers Finden received upwards of £20,000 from him, for the splendid engravings they executed for his illustrated edition of the works of Byron. Byron himself is said to have received, from first to last, nearly £25,000 of Mr. Murray's money, for his poetical productions; and if my information be correct, he himself cleared upwards of £20,000 by Byron's works. It is said, as mentioned in the second series of my "Great Metropolis," that Mr. Murray gave Washington Irving,

the American author, £4000 for his "Life of Columbus." This I know, that when any particular work, which he has published, has happened to prove a better speculation than was anticipated, he has, on repeated occasions, doubled the sum he had engaged to give the author. I know one circumstance in which the agreement was, that the author should receive £300 for a particular work; it sold better than was expected, and Mr. Murray gave him a cheque for £600.

The case of Mr. Murray in connexion with Mrs. Rumbold's book of Cookery has often been before the public; but considerable misconception, I believe, still exists on the subject. The facts, as communicated to me by one who knew a great deal of Mr. Murray's business transactions at the time, are these:—The authoress sent the manuscript of the work to Mr. Murray, with a request that if he thought the work worthy of publication he would bring it out as soon as convenient. There was not only no specification of any sum for copyright, but not the slightest hint was given that anything

would be expected for it in the event of its being deemed worthy of publication. The book was brought out, and at once obtained a large sale; and Mr. Murray, acting with a generosity which is anything but common among publishers, sent the authoress a cheque for £500. Instead of appreciating the generous act, the lady finding the work had been successful, immediately brought an action against Mr. Murray to recover the copyright. She was unsuccessful in her suit: the verdict was for the defendant. Had Mrs. Rumbold not dragged Mr. Murray into a court of law, and sought to compel him to relinquish the copyright of the book, it is exceedingly probable, considering the continued success of the work, and the publisher's proverbial liberality, that the first cheque for £500 would not have been the last. The work has had a most extraordinary sale. I believe it is now in its sixty-sixth edition, and the entire number of copies sold verges on 150,000. It is supposed that Mr. Murray must have cleared, by this volume, the enormous sum of £25,000.

Mr. Murray has published several other very

successful one-volume works. Mrs. Somerville's celebrated work, entitled, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," was ushered into the world in Albermarle Street. I cannot speak with certainty as to the precise sale of the book; but I know it is very great. It has, for some time, been adopted as a class-book at Cambridge. In connexion with this work, I may mention an interesting fact—namely, that the manuscript was very carefully read over by Lord Brougham, who made repeated visits to Chelsea College, where Mrs. S. resides, for the purpose. This volume was not only exceedingly advantageous to Mrs. Somerville, in reference to the amount she received from Mr. Murray for it, but it procured her a distinction which I do not remember to have been conferred on any other lady—namely, that of being elected a "Fellow" of the Royal Society of Geneva. Nor was it in the article of reputation only that she must have been gratified with the success of the work. Its merits and celebrity procured for the authoress the handsome pension of £300 a-year from Government. This pension was settled on Mrs. So-

merville by Sir Robert Peel, during his Premiership; a circumstance which was the more creditable to the right hon. baronet, as both Mrs. Somerville and her husband are decided Whigs.

Mr. Murray is not only liberal in his compensation to authors for particular works, but he pays like a prince for contributions to the "Quarterly." I believe that Mr. Southey—from whose pen the world is not likely to be ever again favoured with anything—received £50 for every article he furnished to the "Quarterly" for many years past. In 1830, Sir Walter Scott received the princely sum of £100 for an article which he contributed to the "Quarterly." This fact has been communicated to me by one who saw the cheque for the amount.

Mr. Murray, though eminently successful on the whole as a publisher, has made a number of unfortunate speculations. By the first volume of Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," though an able work, he lost somewhere about £500. By Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," he must have lost from £1500 to £2000; and by various other works he has been

a loser to a considerable extent. But incomparably the worst speculation into which he ever entered, was that of the "Representative" morning newspaper; by which, though it only continued to be published for six months, he lost from £15,000 to £20,000.

There is one circumstance in connexion with the business in Albermarle Street which is worthy of mention—namely, that Mr. Murray never, under any circumstances, publishes any works of fiction. No writer of novels or romances, however popular he may be, need offer any work of imagination to Mr. Murray. All his books relate to matters of fact and information.

The prince of publishers has often expressed one very curious wish, though I am not aware that it has yet been gratified. He has repeatedly said, after stating that he never saw the whole of the numbers of one publication of the "Quarterly" ready for delivery on one day, that he was very desirous, and hoped some day to have the pleasure, of seeing the whole publication of some particular number ready at one time; and after having the numbers piled up in letter-press

“walls” in the warehouse, to invite the principal booksellers to a splendid banquet, surrounded by one publication of the “Quarterly.” This would be an interesting incident in the annals of bibliopolism; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Clowes, the printer, and the bookbinder who “does up” the “Quarterly,” will take care that no obstacles be thrown in the way by them, when Mr. Murray seriously sets about carrying his curious intention into effect.

The business in Albermarle Street is now principally conducted by Mr. Murray’s son, a young man about thirty years of age, educated at Cambridge, and possessing high literary attainments. He and Mr. Brockendon, the artist, some years ago, made the tour of the South of Europe together. He is a member of the Athenæum, and also of the Geological Society.

Mr. Murray must now be upwards of sixty years of age. He is tall and well formed, and a man of gentlemanly manners and appearance.

MR. TEGG is a native of Glasgow, and still retains a good deal of the West of Scotland accent.

He is, perhaps, the wealthiest bibliopole in the United Kingdom. He is one of the few publishers who have amassed an immense fortune by their transactions in the literary market. And what is infinitely to Mr. Tegg's credit, he has acquired his princely fortune solely through the force and energy of his character as a man of business. He possessed no advantages in early life. He was cradled and brought up in humble circumstances, receiving only the rudiments of a common English education. But his great natural shrewdness taught him, soon after he had entered his teens, the importance of education to those who would pass through life with credit to themselves or advantage to their fellow-men and, therefore, he applied his mind in earnest to the acquisition, by self-tuition, of those more useful branches of learning which unpropitious circumstances had prevented his acquiring through the instrumentality of masters. By the time he had emerged from his teens, Mr. Tegg, through dint of his indomitable perseverance and energy of character, had so far cultivated his mind as to enable him to fill any ordinary situa-

tion in a mercantile counting-house. He afterwards appeared in the capacity of publisher and author, as I shall have occasion to mention more particularly hereafter.

Mr. Tegg, like all men of really enlarged and enlightened minds, glories in the circumstance, instead of wishing to conceal it, of having raised himself, which he has done by his own unaided exertions, from an humble origin to the position he now occupies as a public man. He often illustrates the difficulties with which he had to contend in early life, and the eventful incidents which arose out of his juvenile struggles, by humorous anecdotes, most graphically told. A year or two ago, he mentioned, to the great amusement of the audience, when presiding, at a late hour in the evening, at a dinner of the friends of the Booksellers' Benevolent Institution, at Blackwall—that when he called, being at the time a mere stripling, without money, friends, or influence of any kind, on Mr. Newman, bookseller, in Leadenhall Street, to ask for employment, as half-shopman, half-porter, as soon as he found time to speak, Mr. Newman accosted him

with the natural question, "What can you do, young man?"

"Anything you please, sir. I shall be willing to make myself generally useful."

"Then," said Mr. Newman, "go and see if you can tie up that parcel," pointing to a quantity of books in a loose state, which were lying on the floor.

"That," said Mr. Tegg, amidst the applause of the meeting, "was the first employment I ever was engaged in as bookseller. Is it not so, Mr. Newman?"

Mr. Newman, who was present, corroborated Mr. Tegg's statement, amidst the renewed acclamations of the bibliopolic assemblage.

It would occupy too much space were I to trace the various steps through which Mr. Tegg rose from the lowliness and obscurity of his early life into the prominent position which he now occupies. It must suffice to mention, that his rise was steady, though slow and gradual. In other words, he rose by degrees; but his progress was in no instance retarded; every new step he took was a step in an upward direction, till

at length he reached his present importance. Higher, as regards his reputation as a publisher, he does not expect, and, I believe, does not attempt to rise; though so far from being satisfied with the vast amount of wealth he has accumulated, he is just as devotedly attached to the occupation of money-making—as eager to lay his fingers on the profits of his speculations, as he was when only in his thirtieth year. He is as regular in his attendance in the counting-house as he was the first year he embarked in business.

Much of Mr. Tegg's singular success is to be ascribed to his sound practical notions respecting matters of business. He was always remarkable for his method or system, in the business transactions. "Method is the soul of business," has been, from first to last, the maxim which he has sought to embody in practice. On all practical points, Dr. Franklin was, in early life, Mr. Tegg's guide, philosopher, and friend. With him it was then, and is now a settled conviction, that there is more practical every-day wisdom in one of Franklin's Essays, than in all the utilita-

rian works put together, though their names be legion, which the disciples of Jeremy Bentham have issued from the press, during the last quarter of a century. When a young man, Franklin's Essays were Mr. Tegg's constant pocket companion. Just as sure as he wore a coat on his back, he carried a neat edition of Franklin's Essays in his pocket.

Mr. Tegg soon after commencing business on his own account, brought himself into general notice by his nightly auctions of books. His natural shrewdness led him to deal almost exclusively in those works which had received the impress of public approbation; and as he was enabled to sell these at a fourth or fifth, and in many cases a sixth or seventh of the published price, intelligence of the fact soon spread through all parts of London, and his premises were nightly crowded with purchasers from every corner of town. All were amazed at the low prices at which he sold his books; how he could afford to sell them at such prices was more than their philosophy could comprehend. They knew he did not find them in the streets; they were

aware he did not get them for nothing ; how then he could sell them at less than the price of the paper and the boarding, was a problem which they were unable to solve. The secret of the matter was, that, cheap as he sold them, he bought them still cheaper. He purchased large quantities at the sales of bankrupts' stocks ; and he also purchased the remainders which lay unsaleable on publishers' shelves, and which were then, as now, to be got at a sixth or seventh part of the published price. If Mr. Tegg only obtained five per cent. profit on the works thus sold, he must have been doing a lucrative business ; for the number of books he was in the habit of selling nightly was very great. I should not here omit to mention, that Mr. Tegg acted in the capacity of his own auctioneer ; and an excellent auctioneer he proved. He was always in good humour—a most important attribute in the character of the man who would wield the hammer ; his observations were usually shrewd, and to the point ; his anecdotes were numerous, short, and racy ; and, most important perhaps of all, he knew as well as any man that ever mounted the

rostrum of an auction-room, how to flatter and bamboozle his audience.

Mr. Tegg has now for many years relinquished the auctioneering part of his business, and confines himself to publishing and to wholesale bookselling. What the amount of money he turns over in the course of the year, may be, is a piece of information which it is not in my power to communicate to my readers. That it must be immense, may safely be inferred from the few facts I am about to state. He has branch establishments, not only in all parts of the kingdom, but in Canada, New South Wales, and in other remote parts abroad. In Ireland alone, he has fifteen or sixteen establishments.

But, perhaps, the extent of his business may be better inferred from the quantity of stock he always has on hand. The value of his stock has not for many years been under £150,000; sometimes it is as high as £180,000; at present it is £170,000. Just only imagine what mountains of letter-press there must be to amount to such a sum; especially when it is remembered that his books are all purchased, or, if not purchased

from others, published by himself, at very low prices. I cannot tell the average number of volumes he has on hand, but should suppose it cannot be less than 1,000,000. On some occasions, he has purchased as many as 150,000 volumes of the back stock of extensive publishers at once. Some years ago, he bought from Mr. Murray, of Albermarle Street, the back stock of the "Family Library," for which he gave £8000, or something thereabout; in which back stock there were more than 150,000 volumes. And it is only a few months since he purchased from a West End bibliopole, celebrated for the number of works of fiction which he publishes, very nearly 50,000 volumes, all novels, and all originally published at a half-guinea per volume; though Mr. Tegg most probably purchased them at such a price as will enable him to sell them at eighteenpence per volume, and leave a handsome profit to himself besides.

I must here mention one out of the innumerable instances that could be given, illustrative of the business habits for which I have given Mr. Tegg credit. About seventeen or eighteen years

ago, when the late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, was in the meridian of his reputation as a publisher, he wrote one day to Mr. Tegg, saying, that he had some large remnants of books, now comparatively unsaleable, which he wished to dispose of, and the price of which would probably amount to £7000 or £8000. Having found from past experience that extensive transactions were much more expeditiously as well as satisfactorily managed when the parties were brought into personal contact, than through the medium of correspondence, Mr. Tegg started, per the mail, for Edinburgh, within two hours after receiving Mr. Constable's letter. On presenting himself to the northern bibliopole, the latter exclaimed—"What! Mr. Tegg? Why, I wrote to you the other day, not expecting to see you here. You must have crossed the letter on the way."

"Oh, not at all," replied Mr. Tegg; "I duly received your epistle."

"Why, it's impossible; it could only have reached London about sixty hours ago."*

* The mail at that time took sixty hours to reach London from Edinburgh.

“Will you believe the evidence of your eyes? Do you know your own handwriting,” rejoined Mr. Tegg triumphantly, showing Mr. Constable his own letter.

The Scottish bibliopole held up his hands in amazement, exclaiming—“Well, that beats everything. Who ever heard the like of that? Ah! Mr. Tegg, you London people are the boys for business, after all.”

Mr. Tegg has, from the time he commenced business up to the present hour, been at war with a large portion of the trade. They are constantly denouncing him, and he, in return, enjoys a hearty laugh at their expense. He says and justly, that, though fighting single-handed, he is the winning party, and consequently claims the recognised right of the victorious, to laugh as much as he pleases. He lives on the ruin of others, though that is no fault or affair of his. He lives on the ruin of publishers; he lives on the ruin of poor authors also: their losses are his gains; their unfortunate speculations—for a great many authors are foolish enough now-a-days to publish their works on their own account—are frequently

those which turn out most profitable for him. This may sound something like a paradoxical proposition to the ears of those unacquainted with the mysteries and miseries of authorship. I will therefore add a word or two in the way of explanation. Mr. Tegg usually makes most profit by the works of an unpopular or unsuccessful author, because his works do not sell to the same extent as those of a favourite writer; neither is the sale so permanent. The author or publisher, therefore, seeing there is no demand for the productions of the former, is glad to get rid, at any price, of the remaining stock, which, in many cases, is but another name for the whole impression, except the fifty or sixty copies given away to friends and reviewers. And in the inverse ratio of the extent of the stock offered for sale, is the price which Mr. Tegg agrees to give. In the case of the popular author, again, the remnants offered for sale, are not, in the majority of instances, so large; the publishers generally keeping the edition on hand until a large portion of it has been disposed of in the usual way. And for small quantities, if he mean to purchase at

all, Mr. Tegg must give much higher terms than for large remnants.

But though this be a large part of Mr. Tegg's business, it is not the only one. He is a very extensive publisher of works which have been printed for himself. His republications, however, chiefly consist of books which have received the seal of public approbation ; and as he usually gets them up with much taste, and sells them at a cheap rate, he often disposes of immense numbers of them. Of one book alone—one, if I remember rightly, on cookery—he has sold the astounding number of 120,000 copies.

But though Mr. Tegg does not deal to any very great extent in what are called manuscript works, he has brought out several valuable books which had not before appeared in print. There are others, again, of enduring and universal interest, that had partly appeared before, and were partly manuscript productions, which have issued under his auspices, and been entirely speculations of his own. The two most important of this class of publications must be familiar to every intelligent reader. I allude to his "Lon-

don Encyclopædia," in, I think, twenty-two closely printed, large octavo volumes, and most liberally illustrated by engravings; and his edition, with very copious corrections and additions, of the late Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary on the Scriptures." Both these voluminous works have met with a very extensive sale.

Mr. Tegg is an author as well as bookseller and publisher. Several productions, though none of them of great extent, have proceeded from his pen. I am not aware that his name has, in any one instance, been given on the title-page as the writer; he has deemed it sufficient that, instead of being on the centre of that page, the place usually occupied by authors, it should have a local habitation at the foot, simply as publisher of his little works. Some of them have been very successful. As, however, Mr. Tegg himself has not put his imprimatur to them as author, I am not sure that it would be right in me to mention their names.

Mr. Tegg's latest effort as an author is a small pamphlet, which originally appeared in "The Times" newspaper, as a letter to the

editor, on the subject of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill. Mr. Tegg has proved a most formidable antagonist to the learned gentleman. Were the truth indeed known, I suspect it would be found that "the bookseller of Cheapside," as some hon. member once called Mr. Tegg, was the principal cause of the repeated defeats which Sergeant Talfourd has sustained in his endeavours to carry that measure. Not content with getting up petitions in all parts of town and country—that is to say, in all those places where he thought there was any chance of getting a goodly number of persons to petition—he has personally canvassed a host of "M.P.'s," proselytising some to his views, and neutralising others who were most strenuous supporters of the learned sergent's bill. The pamphlet in question owed its existence, in a great measure, to an amusing and characteristic interview, on the subject, which he had with one of those dandy legislators who abound in the House of Commons, and who are as ignorant on many of the questions on which they vote, as the cane in their hands or the hat on their heads. The

juvenile dandified M.P. in question, had heretofore voted for Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's bill, without being able to assign any more sapient or satisfactory reason for doing so, than that it looked well, and was calculated to get him credit for being a patron of literature. Mr. Tegg gives a singularly graphic and very curious account of what passed between himself and the legislative youthful fop, though without mentioning the name of the latter. The picture, however, was so faithfully "executed," as artists say, that the friends of the dandy M. P. and "patron of literature," at once recognised it, and, as might be expected, teased and bantered—Mr. O'Connell would say, "bothered"—him without measure, at the ridiculous light in which Mr. Tegg made him appear. The first day he bore the battery with all the philosophy he could summon from the "vasty deep"—query, *deep?*—of his own mind, or from any other quarter whence he deemed it likely to come: but the fire was renewed with such force and constancy on the second day, that, unable to endure it any longer, he called his cabriolet in a moment of desperation,

and drove down to Cheapside at a furious rate, to express his indignation to Mr. Tegg for daring to make him the laughing-stock of his friends. Seeing, however, that his Bobadil bluster produced no effect, or rather a quite contrary effect to what was expected, the M.P. suddenly cooled down to the reasoning and reflecting point. Mr. Tegg told him to keep his own counsel, assuring him his name should never escape either his lips or pen, and that if he only preserved the secret himself, nobody would ever ascertain who the hon. gentleman was to whom he referred. Mr. Tegg farther advised him to introduce the matter wherever he went, affecting to be anxious to know who the legislator could be, and to laugh at and pronounce it a capital joke in every company in which he might chance to be. "That," added Mr. Tegg, "is the sure way to prevent any one supposing you are the person meant." The legislator was wonderfully pleased with the philosophy of the bibliopole's advice, and was not only eventually prevailed on to accept of half-a-dozen copies of the pamphlet holding himself up to ridicule, for

distribution amongst his friends, but quitted Cheapside and hurried back to the West End on the very best terms both with Mr. Tegg and himself.

Mr. Tegg is the great champion of cheap literature, and the mortal enemy of copyright bills; not that he cares the fraction of a farthing about literature considered in itself, but that he knows that to prevent the right of republishing interesting works would be to destroy a leading and lucrative branch of his business. Let no one, therefore, for a moment suppose, that Mr. Tegg is influenced in his uncompromising hostility to Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's bill by any considerations connected with the promotion of literature. It is the shop; the pounds, shillings, and pence, as involved in the question, that he cares or concerns himself about. To be sure, in his pamphlets and petitions he talks loudly and largely about the obstructions such a measure as that of Sergeant Talfourd would offer to the spread of literature among the working classes; but these arguments are made use of with the view of influencing others; he needs no such

extraneous influences himself. The learned gentleman's bill would be a very bad bill for Mr. Tegg's business; what better reason could he have for opposing it?

And now, if I may express my own opinion of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, I would say, it is nothing better, in so far as nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand authors are concerned, than what an American would call a "piece of splendid humbug." In recently speaking in a periodical publication, of Mr. Booth's able "Analytical Dictionary," I took occasion to say, that perhaps there are not half-a-dozen authors out of the hosts of authors which this book-writing age has produced, whose works will be deemed worth reprinting sixty years hence. Where then is the use of making so much noise about what is but a mere abstraction at best? And let me ask, is it fair, is it honest in the advocates of the measure to argue as if it were something which would redress the positive wrongs of the great body, or even any large portion, of the authors of the present day? Give us an international copyright law: give us

protection against the piracy of France, and Belgium, and America, and that will, indeed, be a boon worthy of the name. That would be doing an essential service to *every* popular author in the United Kingdom.

We authors have, one and all of us, what a Scotch schoolmaster would call, an "awful horror" of Mr. Tegg. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean of himself personally; but of Mr. Tegg in his capacity of a purchaser and republisher of unsold books. It is looked on as a most inauspicious thing for any author's works to find their way to Mr. Tegg's voracious and insatiable premises in Cheapside. It is generally the last resource of the unlucky bibliopole who undertook the ill-fated spec. In most cases, the author whose sheets—ominous word!—are consigned to the custody of Mr. Tegg, may be said, in gambling phraseology, to be "done up." The poor wight may be said to have gone to his grave in his capacity of author. Mr. Tegg is a literary undertaker on a large scale: his premises have proved a tomb to thousands of luckless authors, many of whom—I

write it with sorrow—have deserved a better fate; for the fault was not so much in the book as in the publisher, or in the circumstances under which the work appeared. It is to be feared, that in not a few instances have bibliopoles been actuated by unworthy considerations; in other words, by feelings of vindictiveness towards authors, in ruining their reputation and prospects as literary men, by disposing of the remaining copies of their books to Mr. Tegg. Authors only of the largest and best-established popularity can survive the “heavy blow.” Even Sir Edward Litton Bulwer, Captain Marryat, Mr. D’Israeli, and others, have staggered under its effects. What wonder, then, that it should prove fatal to authors of moderate reputation, or to authors who were only beginning to raise themselves into notice?

But I must bring my sketch of Mr. Tegg to a conclusion. Few publishers know better what will suit the public taste; hence the great success of all the works which he has brought out. Of his general business habits I have already spoken. But he is not the man of business

only; no one can make himself more agreeable in society when he chooses. He possesses great conversational powers, is fluent and ready at all times, and has an inexhaustible store of rich and racy anecdotes about men and things that have come under his observation in his capacity of bookbuyer, bookseller, and publisher. Were he to write his autobiography—and who knows but he may do so one of these days?—it would scarcely be inferior, if at all, in interest, to that of his prototype, the celebrated Lackington.

Mr. Tegg, though now, I should suppose, not far from seventy, has all the appearance of one who has not yet attained his sixtieth year. His complexion, which slightly inclines to ruddiness, has all the freshness of youth; there are no embryo wrinkles in his face; the most marked traces about him of advancing years, are to be seen in the growing thinness of his light-brown hair. He can boast of handsome features, for one who has seen so many summers' suns. His face is of the oval shape; his forehead is high and retiring; and his lustrous eyes, which are rather large, are remarkable for their shrewdness of expression.

The moment your eyes encounter his, you come to the conclusion, that he is not a man to be "done," either in business or in any other way. You would back him in any business transactions, against a legion of Yankees. His appearance has much more of the gentleman than of the tradesman. He dresses with great taste, and almost always after the same fashion. He has an unconquerable antipathy to surtouts, and is exceedingly partial to a brown coat with a velvet collar. He is of the middle size, and is one of the most handsome men, equally advanced in life, I have ever met with.

CHAPTER IX.

PHILANTHROPISTS.

MR. THOMAS CLARKSON—SIR CHARLES FORBES—
MR. JOSEPH STURGE—MR. WILLIAM ALLEN.

MR. THOMAS CLARKSON, the distinguished friend of the slaves, is a gentleman whose name would be placed by universal consent at the head of a list of the philanthropists of the present day, were a proposal made to draw up such a list. He is one of those whose feelings, principles, and actions, confer a pure and permanent lustre on human nature. The contemplation of such a character as his, is really and unspeakably refreshing amidst the vices, the selfishness, and indifference to human suffering, which ever and anon meet our eye wherever we direct our steps, and in whatever society it is our lot to mingle.

To witness a whole public life, and that public life providentially prolonged to an unusually advanced period—for Mr. Clarkson is now in his eighty-first year; to witness, I say, so protracted a life as his devoted to the happiness of his fellow-creatures—that object being ever uppermost in his thoughts, to the exclusion of almost everything else—is indeed one of the most sacred and sublime moral spectacles on which the eye of man may be permitted to gaze during his sojourn on earth.

There is something peculiarly interesting and impressive in the present circumstances in which this good man is placed, regarded in conjunction with the position which he occupied when, nearly sixty years ago, he first appeared before the public. He was among the first, if not the very first—many persons contend for the latter point—to bring the horrors of the slave trade before the British public; and to denounce, in the hearing of the civilized world, the atrocious traffic in human beings in which this country, to its everlasting shame, was then so extensively engaged. And it was but a few months ago—namely, the

12th of June last, that nearly sixty years afterwards, and when at the advanced age I have already mentioned, this patriarchal philanthropist presided at a meeting of delegates assembled from all parts of the world, to form themselves into a convention to abolish slavery, in whatever spot or portion of the earth it rears its hated head. In the long and eventful interval, Mr. Clarkson had witnessed the triumphant achievement of the great and god-like objects to whose accomplishment the ardent aspirations of his earlier and more advanced life invariably tended. Nay, more, it has been his happiness, in the protracted period which has intervened between his first appearance on the stage of public life, and his lately filling the chair in the Freemasons' Hall, to witness the accomplishment of a far greater amount of good, and in some respects of a different nature, than ever he contemplated for many years after he had consecrated himself, his time, his talents, his purse, his all, to the extinction of the slave trade. Not only has he seen that odious traffic abolished, in so far as this country is concerned, but he has

lived to witness the emancipation of the slaves throughout the British dominions; and to see the fetters of 800,000 negroes in our West India colonies struck off by a single blow.

Revealed religion discountenances the idea of there being anything savingly meritorious in human actions, however virtuous may have been the course of one's conduct, and however uniform and protracted may have been his practice of pious principles; but Christianity does not forbid the wise and good to cherish those feelings of pure and permanent pleasure which spring up in the human breast from the consciousness of having done everything in their power, especially when they have laboured with marked success, to ameliorate the condition of suffering and injured humanity. With what a lofty, I had almost said seraphic pleasure, must the venerable Clarkson now look back, in this the evening of his life, on the vast contributions which, under Providence, he has made to the sum of human happiness! Oh, how pure and sublime must be the satisfaction with which he takes a retrospect of his protracted life, compared with the retro-

spect which the successful and renowned military general can take ! The lustre of a Wellington's reputation is dimness itself compared with the halo of glory which surrounds the name of Thomas Clarkson. The triumphs—if so they ought to be called—of the “hero of a hundred fights,” were achieved amidst an appalling effusion of blood, and a frightful destruction of human life. Who shall compute the number of parents who lost their sons on the field of battle—of wives who were rendered widows—and of children who were bereft of their fathers, in the course of the protracted war in which Wellington earned all his military glory ? Little did those, not personally sufferers, dream, in the intoxication of the moment, and while the shouts of the thoughtless populace were rending the heavens in peals of rejoicing at the victories achieved, how many bosoms, in the villages and cottages of the land, were, at the same moment, sighing and sobbing and sorrowing, at the loss of their nearest and dearest relatives. Not so with the triumphs achieved by Thomas Clarkson. Every successive victory he gained was on the

side of humanity—was for the perpetuation or preservation of human life. All his efforts aimed at the emancipation, the elevation, and happiness of his wretched and enslaved fellow-men; and every new triumph which crowned his endeavours, added to the aggregate amount of human bliss. The retrospect of his career is embittered by no remembrance of any unpleasant circumstances. All is gratifying to the mind; all is solacing to the spirit. How sweet must be the remembrance of a life which has thus been wholly consecrated to the great cause of humanity! Who can doubt what the death of such a man will be? Who does not feel that his end will be peace? Who would not wish, when the world begins to elude his grasp, and to recede from his view; when the sand-glass of time shall have all but run its course, and when visions of the eternal world are on the eve of bursting on the astonished mind; who would not, at such a solemn and interesting moment, wish that he had lived the life of Thomas Clarkson?

It was a deeply touching sight to see Mr. Clarkson presiding at such a meeting as the one

in question, with so heavy a load of years on his head, and with so great an accumulation of physical infirmities pressing upon him. I could have cheerfully walked a distance of many miles to get even a glance of such a man, under any class of circumstances which the mind can conceive: how, then, shall I describe the interest which, to my mind, was associated with his appearance on the occasion in question? It was an occasion that possessed so deep and hallowed an interest, apart from any of the peculiar incidents that occurred, as to be incapable of description. There was one scene which took place after the revered philanthropist had been about fifteen minutes in the chair, which not only defies the powers of language to portray, but of which the most fertile imagination could not, by its most vigorous efforts, form any adequate conception. The incident to which I allude was that of the grandson and only surviving representative of Mr. Clarkson, an exceedingly interesting boy, nine years of age, being dedicated to the cause of humanity, in the presence of so large and interesting an assembly. On the left

of the chair stood Mr. Joseph Sturge, one of the greatest philanthropists of the day; on the right stood Mr. Clarkson's daughter-in-law, the mother of the boy; a lady who blends a remarkable mildness of countenance with great dignity of manner; and by her side stood the youth himself. Mr. Sturge having mentioned to the assemblage the wish of the patriarchal philanthropist, that his grandson, should his life be spared, might devote that life to one great and continued effort to extinguish the slave trade and slavery throughout the world; and that the earnest desire of his mother was, that he should tread in the same steps as his venerable grandfather—consecrating his life, whether long or short, to the promotion of the hallowed cause with which his name is so intimately associated; Mr. Sturge having made this announcement in touching and tender accents to the deeply-affected assemblage by whom he was surrounded, grasped the hand of the youth; and his mother and revered grandfather having done the same, he was publicly dedicated to the sacred cause of human emancipation wherever a fellow-creature is held in

the oppressor's chains. It was, indeed, a deeply touching scene. Seldom, perhaps, has the world witnessed a sight around which there was thrown an atmosphere of greater moral sublimity. Not only did the tear gather in Mr. Sturge's eye; not only was the venerable philanthropist in the chair visibly overcome by the force of his feelings; not only did the mother of the interesting youth evince the deep of the emotions which agitated her bosom by the abundance of tears which streamed down her cheeks; but the moistened eye, which was visible in every part of the great hall, bore testimony not to be mistaken, to the deep and hallowed interest which the assemblage felt in the affecting scene. It was, indeed, a scene on which the angels might have looked down, and must have looked down, from their celestial spheres, with ineffable delight. Hayden, the great historical painter, was present: a finer subject for the pencil of an artist could not be imagined.

And here I must pause for a moment, in my sketch of Mr. Clarkson, to glance at the composition, the character, and the objects of the

Convention over whose opening proceedings the venerable philanthropist thus presided.

Never, perhaps, did an assemblage of human beings congregate together under more interesting circumstances. First of all, they had met for the high and holy purpose of abolishing slavery, and putting an end to the slave trade throughout the world; and, secondly, they had come from all countries in either hemisphere. Even Jamaica and Ceylon sent their delegates to the Convention; several of the persons thus sent being men of colour. And the gentlemen, thus congregated from all parts of the world, to promote this great and god-like purpose, were, as already remarked, among the ablest and the most excellent, in a moral point of view, which their respective localities could furnish.

England contributed to the Anti-slavery Convention a host of her most virtuous sons. Among those whose presence cheered the assemblage, on several days of its meetings, there were besides Thomas Clarkson, Joseph Sturge, William Allen, George Thompson, not to mention scores of others whose hearts were and are no less alive

to the sufferings of enslaved humanity, though their names be not so familiar to the public ear. Nor did France prove herself wanting on this great occasion. She furnished her quota of men of talent and distinguished moral worth. Other European countries did the same; while from the New World at least ten or twelve individuals took a prominent part in the proceedings. I speak within the limits of the fact when I say, that four times that number of Americans were usually present—having, be it observed, come all the way from their distant part of the world, for the exclusive purpose of promoting, by their counsels, their votes, and whatever personal influence they possess, the heaven-born cause of emancipation wherever a human bondsman is to be found. Nor ought I to omit to mention, that the assemblage not only embraced Christians of all denominations, but that persons of high distinction belonging to the Jewish persuasion, took an active part, and evinced a deep interest, in its proceedings.

It was a soul-inspiring sight to witness such an assemblage of intellect and philanthropy col-

lected from all parts of the world. No unworthy motive, it may be safely said, prompted the presence of a single individual: all were influenced by the noblest and purest considerations which can impel to human action. All were induced to quit their homes, and to relinquish, for a time, their ordinary avocations, with the sacred view, and in the anxious hope, that their meeting together would eventually diminish, to a very large extent, the sum of human suffering, by extinguishing the atrocious system of slavery; a system which is at this moment in active and extensive operation in various parts of the world that are still under civilized sway, and which is hourly proving the odiousness and malignancy of its character, by the tears, and groans, and agonies, and death, of its wretched victims.

It must have been unspeakably refreshing, to those who like myself are accustomed to see so much of the bitterness of party feeling, to witness the singular unanimity, blended with a burning zeal and earnestness in the sacred cause, which characterised the proceedings of the Convention. Though the assembly was composed of

gentlemen holding all shades of political opinions, and who entertain every form of religious faith, they seemed to be as entirely of one mind as to the grand object which they were congregated to promote, as if there had not been the slightest diversity of sentiment on any subject among them. Their differences on other points were, for the time, sacrificed on the altar of their common desire to break asunder the fetters in which man is held in bondage to his fellow-man.

Before the Convention closed its sittings, a motion was made and unanimously carried, having for its implied object, to recommend to all the American churches, the exclusion of any candidates for church membership, who hold a property in slaves, or are proved to be, though but indirectly, the supporters of slavery. Most heartily do I rejoice at this. It is the right way of going to work. It is to the everlasting disgrace of thousands of church members in America, of all religious denominations—Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Wesleyan Methodists, and Episcopalians—that they are the pro-

prietors of slaves, and the most strenuous upholders of slavery. Would that I could stop even here. Alas, alas!—and well may we blush to record the fact—there are hundreds of Christian *ministers* who are loud in their profession, and vehement in their assertion, of evangelical principles, who are equally involved in the same awful condemnation. How any person professing evangelical Christianity, and, above all, how *ministers* of the Gospel can reconcile it to their consciences, to justify slavery and to hold a property in their fellow-man, does indeed fill one with unutterable amazement.

Most delighted, let me again say, must all the friends of Christianity and of man be, to hear that the evil in question, so far as the American churches are concerned, is about to be grappled with in a bold and fearless manner.

But I must again return to Mr. Clarkson himself. Though, as already incidentally mentioned, he is physically frail, his intellectual powers are as unimpaired as when in the meridian of life. Nothing could have been clearer, better arranged, or more strictly to the point, than the address he

delivered when called, on the occasion in question, to preside over the meeting. It was, moreover, a talented address ; and, delivered by such a man, and under such peculiarly interesting circumstances, rivetted the attention of all present. Though not long, it was comprehensive. It only occupied five or six minutes in the delivery ; but it contained as much really important and valuable matter as many speeches—and these, too, delivered by popular speakers—that occupy a quarter of an hour in the delivery. But if the venerable gentleman's address was deeply interesting in all its parts, the conclusion of it was especially and doubly so.* Oh, it was

* The following is the speech referred to:—"My dear friends, I stand before you as an humble individual whose life has been most intimately connected with the subject which you are met this day to consider. I was formerly under Providence the originator, and am now unhappily the only surviving member, of the committee which was first instituted in this country, in the year 1787, for the abolition of the slave trade! My dear friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Wilberforce, who was one of them, is, as you know, dead ; and here I may say of him, that there never was a man, either dead or living, to whom your cause was more indebted than to him. My dear friend and fellow-labourer, William Smith, the late

a touching sight to witness the aged philanthropist, while his body was scarcely able to support itself, first energetically clasping and then up-

member for Norwich, who was another of them, is dead also, by whose indefatigable exertions for nearly fifty years, both in and out of Parliament, it was most vigorously supported. As to the rest of the committee, S. Hoare, Wm. Dilwyn, Geo. Harrison, Richard Phillips, and the other dear friends, whose names I am sorry that I cannot, at this moment, recollect—these also are all dead, and gone, no doubt, to their eternal rest. My dear friends, I was invited many months ago to be at this meeting, but old age and infirmities, being lame and nearly blind, and besides being otherwise seriously affected at times, gave me no hope of attending. At length, I have been permitted to come among you; and I rejoice in it; if I were only allowed to say in this place, in reference to your future labours—Take courage, be not dismayed, go on, persevere to the last; you will always have pleasure from the thought of having done so. I myself can say with truth, though my body is fast going to decay, my heart beats as warmly in this sacred cause, now in the eighty-first year of my age, as it did at the age of twenty-four, when I first took it up. And I can say farther with truth, that if I had another life given me to live, I would devote it to the same object. So far for your encouragement and perseverance. My dear friends, you have a most difficult task to perform; it is neither more nor less than the extirpation of slavery from the whole world. Your opponents, who appear the most

lifting his flesh-worn hands, while he, in his closing sentences, emphatically commended the newly-formed society to the God of heaven and earth, and invoked His special and permanent blessing on it. There was something in the very aspect, as well as in the mellowed and musical accents of the revered patriarch, of

formidable, are the cotton and other planters in the southern parts of the United States, who, I am grieved to say, hold more than 2,000,000 of their fellow-creatures in the most cruel bondage. Now, we know of these men, that they are living in the daily habits of injustice, cruelty, and oppression, and may be therefore said to have no true fear of God, nor any just sense of religion. You cannot, therefore, expect to have the same hold upon the consciences of these, as you have upon the consciences of others. How then can you get at these so as to influence their conduct? There is but one way—you must endeavour to make them feel their guilt in its consequences. You must endeavour, by all justifiable means, to affect their temporal interests. You must endeavour, among other things, to have the produce of free tropical labour brought into the markets of Europe, and undersell them there; and, if you can do this, your victory is sure. I have, therefore, only now to say, may the Supreme Ruler of all human events, at whose disposal are not only the hearts but the intellects of men—may He, in his abundant mercy, guide your councils and give his blessing upon your labours.”

which no idea can be transferred to paper, but which those who were present never will nor can forget.

Mr. Clarkson, as may readily be supposed, from his advanced years and accumulated infirmities, is not a stentorian speaker. Indeed I should infer from the quiet and evidently subdued, though clear and distinct tones of his voice, that he never was what is called a loud speaker. On this occasion, however, as on every occasion on which he has appeared in public for the last ten or fifteen years, he made himself audible to all within a reasonable distance of the place where he spoke. His manner afforded evidence throughout of the warmth of the interest he felt in his subject; and, great as must have been the effort, he at times manifested the strength and sincerity of that interest by the movement, comparatively slight as that movement was, of both his arms.

In person, Mr. Clarkson is tall and broadly-formed. In the vigour of youth, he must, I should think, have possessed a commanding figure, and been what is called a handsome man.

For some years past, he has stooped under the weight of his advanced age. A more venerable-looking man than he now is, I have scarcely ever seen. The impress of intelligence, benevolence, and benignity, is visible in his countenance. It would be impossible for any one to look on him and not revere him. He is just such a man as would command the affection and the homage of any person whom he chanced to meet in the public streets. His eye has, owing to the inroads of old age, lost much of its wonted fire and lustre; and his vision is, from the same cause, considerably impaired. His features are large, as are those of most men who have attained his very advanced age. His forehead is striking, from its ample development and receding shape. In the centre it is overlapped by a small tuft of hair which—and the remark applies to his hair generally—has the colour of a dark-grey mixed with brown. There are no indications of even incipient baldness about his head. His hair is long and abundant. His eyelids are prominent, owing to their size and the extent to which they overlap his eyes, which, I ought

to remark, are unusually close to each other. His face is less furrowed with wrinkles than one would suppose. Were one, indeed, to look at his countenance only, he would be led to conclude, from its seeming freshness, that his life may be spared for a goodly number of years to come. That conclusion, however, cannot be reasonably arrived at; and would not be arrived at by those who look at his general feebleness, and see his inability to move a single step without the support and assistance of others. He was borne, on the occasion in question, into the room and out of the room, by two friends—one on either side; while his evidently great difficulty in breathing would only strengthen the impression of the venerable philanthropist's physical frailty. Die when such a man may, all will be well with him. He is, indeed, and emphatically, ripe for the glory which awaits him in another and better world.

SIR CHARLES FORBES is one of those unobtrusive, and, if I may use the expression, quiet philanthropists, who are, happily for the sake of suf-

fering humanity, to be met with in considerable numbers here and in other countries. Though his name has not been so much paraded in the public prints, in connexion with benevolent and philanthropic associations, as the names of some other gentlemen that might be mentioned, there is not, perhaps, a man alive at the present time, who is more justly entitled to the character of a philanthropist. If considered only in relation to the 130,000,000 of his fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects, who people the plains of the East, Sir Charles Forbes has an undoubted right to be considered one of the first philanthropists of the present day. He is in a sense in which the term does not apply, and never did apply to any other individual, the Friend of India; and when the hour shall arrive to him—which sooner or later shall arrive to all—that he must relinquish his benevolent pursuits and cease his philanthropic practices on earth, no more fitting or more expressive inscription could be engraved on the tablet which shall perpetuate his memory, than the brief sentence—“The Friend of India.” But why talk of a tablet to record the memory of

such a man? He will need it not. The remembrance of Sir Charles's kindness of heart and humanity of conduct will be sacredly cherished by every native of India now alive, until the whole of the present generation shall have been swept from off the globe; and will be religiously handed down from parent to child until the remotest posterity.

Sir Charles Forbes was resident for a long series of years in India; and, during that period, endeared himself to the natives of that vast continent, by his zealous, persevering, and unceasing exertions on their behalf. The amelioration of their condition was the subject of his hourly thoughts; it was with him a consuming desire. Nor was it in the seclusion of his study alone, as is the case with too many persons arrogating to themselves the title of philanthropists, or complacently receiving the title from others; it was not, I repeat, in the seclusion of his study only, that Sir Charles Forbes indulged in his benevolent purposes to suffering and degraded India: the principles he adopted and cherished in his closet, he carried out in his

daily and hourly practice. His was not the philanthropy of words; it was the philanthropy of deeds. His residence in the East was one uninterrupted course of active benevolence. Hence his name was in the mouth of every poor, despised, degraded, and oppressed Hindoo, and his person was all but idolized by the vast myriads whom his pure and lofty benevolence included in its comprehensive grasp. Need I add, that when Sir Charles quitted the shores of India, there was one intense and universal feeling of regret among the teeming population of its interminable plains? Never, it may be safely said, did a human being bid farewell to India amidst such deep, such general, or such deserved regret. The day that India saw Sir Charles Forbes embark for England from Bombay, saw her lose her best and truest friend.

Nor did the solicitude which Sir Charles Forbes so fondly and constantly cherished for the best interests of India, while resident on her shores, cease to exist when he bade those shores a final farewell. He carried it home with him in all its pristine vigour; and, from the mo-

ment of his debarkation on English ground up to the present, embracing the lengthened period of twenty-three years, it has existed in his bosom with all the ardour of a first affection. "Out of sight, out of mind," is an adage which does not always hold good: the friendship which Sir Charles Forbes has, up to the present hour, cherished towards India, is one exception to its truth. His anxiety to promote the interests of her immense population, instead of diminishing as the interval has lengthened since he bade them adieu, without any hope of ever seeing their faces any more, only seems to deepen in its intensity with every revolving year. Nor is Sir Charles's benevolence towards India limited to mere feeling, as the benevolence of too many is. His is the philanthropy of the pocket as well as of the heart. He has, from first to last, devoted large portions of the handsome fortune with which Providence has favoured him, to purposes connected with the moral and social improvement of the natives of India. He has already given £1000 to the British India Society, though it has only been in existence eighteen or twenty

months; and has engaged to make the princely contribution of £500 to its funds every succeeding year. Sir Charles is president of this Society,* than whom a better, or one more deserv-

* I may here remark, that this Society has the strongest claims on the support of all the friends of humanity. Its object is, to elevate the moral and social character of the natives, by enabling them to cultivate the large waste tracts of productive soil in India, on their own account. Were the enlightened and benevolent objects of this Society duly carried out, an everlasting extinguisher would at once be put on American slavery. On the day after the last meeting held on the subject, in the Freemasons' Tavern, I drew attention to the claims of the Society on public support, in a leading article in one of the daily journals. And here, as somewhat explanatory of the aims of the Society, and the incalculable good, which were it only efficiently supported, it is calculated to produce, I may be permitted to quote the principal portion of that article:—

“ The objects of the British India Society are not, we fear, sufficiently understood by the English public. Its leading objects are to abolish slavery in our Eastern dominions, to elevate the character of the natives of India, and to promote their welfare by raising them in the scale of civilization, and conferring on them the benefits of commerce.

These are objects which must commend themselves to the minds of all classes of men in this country. There is nothing of a party or political nature in the views or purposes of the British India Society. There is nothing in its views or purposes in which men of all shades of

ing the honour could not be met with in the wide range of her Majesty's dominions.

political feeling, and of every variety of opinion on religious topics, may not cordially concur.

And were the real condition of India, were the actual circumstances in which that country is at present placed, thoroughly understood by the people of England, there can be no question that the British India Society would receive from them the most cordial and extensive support. As yet it has not excited the attention; as yet it has not received the assistance, on which its founders and its friends may be presumed to have calculated. And why? Not, certainly, because of any want of claims to such assistance; but simply because the people of this country, being unacquainted with the condition of the natives of India, are not as yet impressed with a sense of the necessity that exists for such a society.

Will it be believed that in our Eastern empire there are at this moment no fewer than one million of slaves? So unacquainted, we will venture to say, are Englishmen with this fact—a fact disgraceful to the British character—that we are convinced they will hold up their hands in amazement when they read our announcement of it.

It is, nevertheless, a fact which is attested beyond all possibility of denial or dispute. To put an end to this accursed system of slavery—for though, perhaps, of a more modified kind in the East than the slavery we lately extinguished in our West India colonies, slavery is an accursed system, under whatever form it appears—to put, we say, an end to this slavery, and to emancipate from the bondage of their oppressors this million of our

It is pleasing to be able to add, that the benevolent and unwearied efforts of Sir Charles

fellow-subjects, is one of the leading objects of the Society whose claims were yesterday so ably enforced in the Freemasons' Hall. And will those—and they include the whole of the population of the three kingdoms—who, a few years since, demanded, in a voice of thunder, the manumission of eight hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies, and never ceased their voices until their thunders shook the hideous edifice of slavery to its centre, and eventually reduced it to a heap of ruins; will, we say, the people of this country be silent and passive when they hear the clank of the chains of a million of their coloured fellow-subjects in the Eastern part of our possessions? They will not. They will soon with one loud and unanimous voice demand the liberation of the Indian slave; they will soon pour their petitions into the ear of the Legislature for the extinction of Eastern slavery, in such numbers and so strongly worded, that Parliament will find itself unable to resist their demands.

But the extinction of slavery in India is not the only object, great as that object in itself is, which the British and Indian Society seeks to accomplish, and is calculated to effect. It contemplates the cultivation of cotton to a very large extent, and proves with the clearness of demonstration that cotton could be produced by free labour to any amount, on the banks of the Ganges, at from threepence to fourpence per pound, and of a quality equal to that which is produced in South America by slave labour, and which is not sold nor can be sold, at less than from ten to fourteenpence per pound.

Does the British public see nothing in this? Why,

Forbes, on behalf of India, have not been forgotten by the numerous population of that extensive territory, not even at the distance of twenty-eight years. Two months have not elapsed, since an address to Sir Charles, signed by 1040 of the principal natives and other inhabitants of Bombay, appeared in the public journals; in which they express a deep and most grateful sense of his zealous and unwearied services on behalf of India, and solicit the favour of

the very circumstance of bringing Indian cotton into the port of Liverpool would prove at once the death-blow of American slavery. The Americans are now receiving the enormous sum of 14,000,000*l.* annually from this country for their slave-grown cotton. Produce cotton in India, and both the cotton-growing trade of America and American slavery will perish together.

Let, then, the opponents of American slavery in England—and they are a numerous, a growing, and a powerful band—immediately and heartily rally round the British and Indian Society. If that Society be only supported as it ought to be—and as it cannot fail to be when its claims are properly understood—it will by one and the same means, and at one and the same moment, abolish slavery in India, raise the character of the natives, promote civilization among them, and extinguish slavery throughout the whole of South America.'

his sitting to Sir Francis Chantry, for a statue of himself, which they intend to erect in some prominent place in Bombay. As this testimonial to the moral worth of Sir Charles, and to the inestimable services he has rendered India, has been got up and presented to the worthy baronet under circumstances which have not, so far as I am aware, any parallel in ancient or modern times, I cannot refrain from quoting the greater portion of it. I am the more induced to do this, because—as I shall show more at length, in the brief sketch I intend giving of William Allen, the Quaker philanthropist—such testimonies of public approbation encourage the hearts of other benevolent individuals, and prompt to increased exertions in the cause of benevolence in which they have embarked. The address begins in the following terms:—
“We have long cherished the desire of publicly recording the sentiments of respect and esteem universally entertained towards you by the native community of India, and of evincing the admiration and deep gratitude with which we have beheld your unceasing efforts to promote

the interests of this country, and the moral and political improvement of its people.”

The document then proceeds in the following strain:—“Twenty-seven years have now elapsed since you parted from us, but so vivid are all your recollections, and so great is the interest you take in all that concerns India and the welfare of its inhabitants, that it would seem almost as if you were still present among us, directly participating as you formerly did in all our anxious cares for the amelioration of our condition and the extension of our social privileges. This feature of your character is highly honourable to you, as it is a rare and remarkable one; for our experience has fully shown us that but few men, however estimable, retain a recollection of their Eastern friends when they have returned to their native country: new connexions, new friends, new ties, break the links of their regard, and if they do not forget us, they cease to take that warm interest in our affairs which we had hoped for and anticipated. To this common failing of humanity your conduct has ever formed a distinguished exception; time

and absence, instead of lessening your regard for the natives of India, appear to have the effect of increasing it.”

This passage is happily expressed, but not more happily than the sentiment embodied in it is just. Of the vast numbers of gentlemen who have returned to England after having acquired princely fortunes in India, how few are there that have ever made a single exertion on behalf of those to whom they are indebted for all they possess ! In how few instances, indeed, do those who have returned to this country, laden with the treasures of India, bestow even a solitary sympathising thought on her vast native population, sunk though they be in the depths of degradation and misery !

The next paragraph of the address in paying a merited tribute to Sir Charles for having procured for the natives of India the great civil rights of sitting as jurymen in courts of law, and acting as justices of the peace, touchingly adverts to the injustice which for so long a period had been done to them, by assuming that they were incapable of either appreciating or

efficiently exercising the important rights which their great friend and champion wrung for them from a reluctant Legislature. "To your steady and uncompromising advocacy of the cause," say they, "we feel that we in a great measure owe the important civil rights of sitting as jurymen and acting as her Majesty's justices of the peace. It is felt and acknowledged by all, that unless you had stood forward as you did, many years would have elapsed before these important concessions would have been yielded to us. Our individual characters and capability for appreciating such high distinctions of social life, if not altogether disbelieved, was at least reluctantly acknowledged by those authorities who have the control of our destinies in England, and the prejudices existing on the subject could only be overcome by such exertions as your zealous interest in our cause, your personal knowledge of us, and, we may add, your peculiarly prominent position as an acknowledged and unvarying friend of India, enabled you to afford."

The next passage pays a merited compliment

to Sir Charles, for the kindness and affability of his manners, in all his personal intercourse with the natives of India. Thousands in humble and dependant circumstances in this country, who have had occasion to meet with him, will bear their ready and cheerful testimony to the same fact.

“Reverting to the earliest period of our connexion with you, we are proud to acknowledge its beneficial influence on all that relates to our worldly prosperity and the prosperity of this island. Your penetration, intelligence, and enterprise as a merchant, afforded a stimulating example to commercial undertakings which was previously unknown in Bombay, and which being followed by others has been productive of the best effects in developing the capabilities and resources of the country. At a period when natives were held less entitled than they now are to the courtesies of European society, your condescending kindness and friendly treatment on all occasions of personal intercourse effected much in your person to attach them to European character and customs, and paved the way for

many social advantages which they now enjoy, and for which we and our posterity must ever feel grateful.”

The concluding passage of the address speaks for itself. It needs not, and therefore I do not give a single word in the way of note or comment.

“To the existing generation your virtues and their obligations are well known. The old are acquainted with them from experience, and the young have learned them from grateful report. This, however, is not sufficient, and we should be wanting in duty to ourselves, did we not take steps to perpetuate in the most lasting form the sentiments entertained by us. With these feelings, it is solicited by us that you will afford to Sir Francis Chantry, or any other eminent artist whom you may appoint, such sittings as may enable him to execute a statue, which it is our wish to have erected in some conspicuous place in Bombay, *so that our children and our children's children may have before them the image of him who was the friend of their fathers and the unwearied advocate of all that tended to benefit India and the people of her soil.*”

I have put the concluding clause of the last sentence in italics; a distinction which it well merits. Who would not envy Sir Charles Forbes *such* a testimony of the grateful remembrance of his services, and of affectionate personal regard. The natives of India here speak the language of the *heart*: the impress of their inmost souls is visible in every sentence of their address. How poor compared with this, the empty, unfelt, evanescent applause with which the mere politician or philosopher is sometimes greeted.

In a touching and beautiful reply to this remarkable document, Sir Charles Forbes assured the natives of India that they were never absent from his thoughts. They needed not the assurance, his *actions* have spoken the same language ever since he quitted their shores.

Hitherto, I have only spoken of the philanthropy of Sir Charles Forbes as having India for its object. But his philanthropy is not limited to India. He is a man of great benevolence in the private walks of life. Perhaps there is not an individual alive, not filling an important Government appointment, who has done more for

young men of education, but of limited means and without any prospects in the world, in the way of procuring them suitable and lucrative situations. It is impossible to guess at the number of young men to whom Sir Charles has, in this way, proved a benefactor, or been the means, in other words, of putting in many instances in the way of making a fortune, and in others, of earning a handsome competency. But though I cannot form any idea of the number of persons who owe their success in life to the kind and friendly exertions of Sir Charles, I know that their name is legion. They are scattered over the plains of India; they are to be found in great numbers at home; and are, indeed, to be met with in every part of the globe.

Nor has Sir Charles's friendship been confined to mere feelings or words, or even to personal exertions on their behalf. It has, in numerous cases, been the friendship of the pocket also. I myself could specify some instances in which he has pecuniarily assisted deserving individuals, in which it was impossible to say whether the kindness of heart which dictated the act, or the

delicacy of the manner in which it was performed, ought most to be admired.

Sir Charles Forbes, as most of my readers are aware, is a Scotchman. He quitted his native country before he was out of his teens, and went to Bombay, where he eventually settled down as a merchant; and in that capacity acquired a very large fortune. He remained in India twenty-two years, and then returned to his native country.

Sir Charles was many years in Parliament, and took an active part, by speeches and otherwise, in any measure that related to India. And though he has not now been in the House of Commons for a number of years, he is still in the habit of advocating the interests of the natives of India in the court of proprietors at the India House, and at public meetings. He is not a showy speaker; he makes no pretensions to the character of an orator; but he speaks with considerable ease and fluency; and if his matter be not shining, it is always sensible and deeply imbued with the benevolence and humanity of his nature.

Though half-a-century has elapsed since he

first quitted his native land, he still regards his country with all the ardour of a first love; and his house in Fitzroy Square is a sort of rendezvous for Scotchmen when passing through London, on their way to India, or to some other distant part of the world.

Sir Charles Forbes is a tall and well-formed man for one who, I should think, must be about his sixty-fifth year. He has a fine open countenance, in which benevolence and intelligence are strikingly blended together. His complexion is somewhat dark, and his hair is slightly tinged with a greyish hue.

MR. JOSEPH STURGE, the Quaker philanthropist of Birmingham, is a man whose name is extensively known in connexion with works which the Scriptures so emphatically characterise as works of charity and mercy. Deep and unceasing was the interest which he took in the great struggle which the friends of humanity in Great Britain had, for so many years, to carry on with West India cupidity and West India cruelty, as practised in the case of the 800,000 of our

fellow-beings, who had been held in bondage for so long a period in that part of our possessions. Mr. Sturge had the supreme happiness, in common with all who co-operated with him in the same god-like work, of seeing a most glorious termination to the exertions made in this country on behalf of the poor negro population of Jamaica and its neighbouring islands.

It may be here necessary to remark, that Mr. Sturge's unwearied and zealous exertions to achieve that emancipation for the negroes of the West Indies which has been accomplished under circumstances of so peaceable and gratifying a nature, were, like the exertions in the cause of suffering humanity generally, for which the body to whom he belongs are so remarkable, made in the most quiet and least ostentatious manner possible. If he attended at public meetings at all, and made occasional speeches (they were always brief and plain) on behalf of the cause so dear to his heart; he never spoke for the sake of speaking; he never spoke for the purpose of drawing attention to himself; he never spoke in the hope or with the view of drawing

down human applause; his purposes of benevolence were pure; his eye to the good of the negro race was single; and it was always with regret that he found, on the few occasions in which he did find it, that the cause was in any degree lost sight of in its advocate. He would not only have been quite content that his name had never appeared in public, in connexion with the many other benevolent causes in which he had embarked, but would on the contrary, have rejoiced at such a result.

Mr. Sturge's intense interest in the well-being of the poor negro, led him to make exertions on their behalf, which have but few parallels in ancient or modern times. He relinquished, for a time, the business pursuits in which he is so extensively engaged in Birmingham, and proceeded to the West Indies, in order that he might have ocular proof of the workings of the apprenticeship system, and contribute, by his presence and advice, whatever lay in his power, to the peaceful transition of the poor negroes from a state of the most degrading bondage to a condition of perfect liberty. He was also anxious

that he might be able, from the evidence of his own eyes, to expose and scatter to the winds those falsehoods and misrepresentations with which, judging from past experience, it was to be expected the planters would mix up the transition from one state to the other. Mr. Sturge, resigning himself, as he always does in such cases, to the impulses of his own benevolent breast, resolved on his West India mission, without consulting any of the friends with whom he usually acts, and whose counsel on many occasions he earnestly asks and often adopts. Mr. Sturge accordingly, about three years ago, proceeded to the West Indies, not only at a great pecuniary sacrifice to himself—first, by being absent so long from his business, and secondly, by the expenses of his journey; but at the risk of his life; for he went at a season in which the climate is usually most dangerous for the European constitution; while he greatly increased the perils to which, on that account, his life was exposed, by his frequent, nay, his almost constant exposure to a tropical sun, in the untiring prosecution of his philanthropic purposes. Mr.

Sturge after, if I remember right, a four months' residence in the West India islands, during which residence he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the details of the slavery question, returned to this country, and laid before the friends of humanity the results of his journey.

Here, then, was philanthropy of the purest and loftiest order. Here was a man not only sacrificing his pecuniary interest to a very great extent, but submitting, for the period of four months, to a succession of personal inconveniences, and fatigues, and hardships of no common kind; and even, as before remarked, exposing his life to peril. Such instances of heroism and self-denial in the party's devotion to the cause of suffering humanity are truly refreshing to the heart, and go far to redeem our nature from the degradation which the general degeneracy has brought upon it.

It will be inferred from what I have already said, that Mr. Sturge's purse is in unison with his feelings in the high and hallowed cause of ameliorating the condition of the wretched, in which he has so long embarked. I cannot even

venture a guess as to the amount he has, from first to last, expended in this way; but I know that that amount is very large. I know, also, that he only regards money as desirable or valuable in so far as it enables him to bind up the broken heart, to pour the balm of consolation into the bosom of the sorrowing, and to wrest the victim of oppression from the fangs of the tyrant.

Much as I have heard of public men, and of those too who are most reputed for the kindness of their hearts, and the amiableness of their manners, I have never yet met with a man in whose heart the better feelings of human nature exercised so powerful a sway, as in that of Mr. Sturge. I have on several occasions at meetings of 4000 or 5000 persons, seen him so overpowered by his feelings as to burst into tears and be unable for some time to proceed with his address, when referring to the woes and wretchedness of his fellow-creatures.

Mr. Sturge is a man of respectable, but not of shining talents. All his speeches, which are plain and unvarnished in their matter, are

characterised by their sound practical good sense. He is partial to facts; of these, indeed, the staple of his speeches consists. He is a man of a clear mind, and is prompt in the detection of a fallacy or misconception, and happy though mild in its exposure. He speaks with much ease, and in a clear, pleasant, agreeable tone of voice. I need hardly say that he makes use of no gesticulation; for none of the religious denomination to which he belongs ever do. He is always cool and calm: he is never impassioned, though there is a subdued earnestness in his evident sincerity.

Mr. Sturge is a man of great liberality in his political views. In fact, his principles are somewhat tinged with a democratical complexion. He is a great favourite in Birmingham where he resides. It was at one time thought he would have been chosen successor to Mr. Thomas Attwood, when that gentleman retired from the representation of Birmingham; and but that he was from home at the time, it is very possible he would; I think there can be but little doubt, that he is destined ere long to occupy a place in

the Legislature of the country. And an excellent practical business member he would make.

Mr. Sturge is a man of about the middle height, and of rather more than the average thickness. His complexion is clear and healthful looking. His eyes are small, dark, and lustrous. His hair, which is always short, is of a darkish brown. More regular or pleasing features I have never seen. The expression of his countenance is remarkable for its mingled mildness and benevolence. His age is about fifty.

The name of MR. WILLIAM ALLEN, also a Quaker philanthropist, is one which for reasons which will be presently stated, may not be very generally known to the mass of mankind; but to those who sympathise with the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and who take an interest in whatever measures are had recourse to with the view of diminishing the amount of human woe, his name is familiar as a household word.

Were his own wishes to be consulted, the name of William Allen would never appear in

the columns of a public journal, nor be pronounced at a public meeting. He is a man of exceedingly retiring disposition; he acts on the principle of not letting his right hand know what his left hand doth. He shrinks from publicity, just as the sensitive plant does from the touch of the visiter. Of him it may be said with peculiar propriety, because with peculiar truth, that he is one of those who

“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

I can easily conceive the regret which he will feel when he first ascertains that his name has appeared in the pages of this work; but the great interests of humanity require that attention should be called to his untiring benevolence of conduct. His anxiety to conceal from the world the good he does, is proof sufficient that he needs not the stimulus of public praise to the course of philanthropic action he pursues; he is influenced by loftier and holier considerations. With him, to do good is a necessity of his moral nature, as that natureh as been renovatèd and sanctified by an influence from above. But it is

to be remembered that all men are not similarly constituted; the voice of public commendation is often necessary to prompt to actions which are calculated to lessen the amount of misery and to increase the sum of human happiness. How far actions which are performed from such motives are truly deserving the name of virtuous or meritorious, is a problem which I pause not to attempt to solve; because its solution does not immediately affect the sorrows and sufferings of the miserable; for practically, it matters not to the objects of benevolence, in what source kindly actions have their origin. If they spring from improper motives, that is a circumstance which only concerns the parties themselves.

Besides, it is highly desirable that the conduct of the excellent of the earth should be brought before the public, in order that others, from being made acquainted with it, may be led to follow their example. No one who has studied human nature with any attention, can be unacquainted with the extent to which a disposition exists in the minds of men, notwithstanding the depths of human depravity, to imitate the

conduct of the virtuous. Who can read the memoirs of such a man as Howard without feeling his mind bettered, and a desire, more or less ardent, enkindled in his bosom, to go, and in some measure, do likewise?

Though Mr. William Allen has now been, for upwards of forty years, unceasingly occupied in planning philanthropic schemes, and in carrying into effect the benevolent purposes of others, my notice of him must be brief, owing to the want of materials for extending it to the length I generally assign my Sketches.

Though he has never been known—not at any rate so far as I am aware—to have made a speech at a public meeting, there is scarcely a society or association in the country, having for its special object to dissipate the sorrows and dry up the tears of his suffering fellow-creatures, in whose fortunes he does not feel a lively interest, and to whose means of usefulness he has not both pecuniarily and by his personal influence, more or less largely contributed. To him is to be ascribed the formation of several of the benevolent associations of the day; and others have

found in him their most zealous, most constant, and most efficient supporter.

In early life Mr. Allen was much attached to scientific pursuits; but latterly, I believe, he has almost entirely abandoned such studies, in order that he may more unreservedly consecrate himself to those philanthropic objects which are ever uppermost in his thoughts.

Mr. William Allen is the senior partner in the house of Allen, Hanbury, and Barry, the great chemists in Plough Court, Lombard Street; but he has long ceased to take an active part in the business.

I have said, that notwithstanding Mr. William Allen's untiring activity in the field of philanthropy, and his presence at most of those meetings which have for their object to ameliorate the condition of his suffering fellow-creatures, he never takes any prominent part in the proceedings at public meetings. Beyond seconding a motion, or making, perhaps, a single remark, I have never heard him open his mouth in public; of course, therefore, I cannot say anything of him as a public speaker. He is not a man of

great talent; he possesses a sound judgment as well as a benevolent heart, but has no pretensions to a superior order of intellect. Like the great bulk of the body to whom he belongs, he is a man of good business habits. He dislikes public speaking in others, as well as refuses to practise it himself. His motto is "Let the greatest practicable amount of business be done with the least possible quantity of speechification."

In person, he is about the middle stature, but rather corpulent. His shoulders are remarkable for their breadth. One effect of his advanced age is a slight stoop in his gait. He has a broad benevolent-looking countenance, clear in its complexion, and exempt from wrinkles. His forehead is rather low and straight; his hair, which is thin, is of a lightish complexion. His manner is staid and quiet, and is consequently at variance with the hypothesis which has been advanced by some—that an active mind is always visible in bustling conduct. Mr. William Allen's age, if my judgment be not at fault, is about sixty-two.

CHAPTER X.

DISTINGUISHED LITERARY MEN.

MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL—MR. THOMAS MOORE
—MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.

MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," is one of the very few literary men whose reputation does not suffer with the lapse of time. It was his singularly good fortune to attain the very pinnacle of literary celebrity the moment he formally appeared as author, which will be afterwards seen to have been at an unusually early age, and to have retained the reputation so acquired through a protracted life, notwithstanding the circumstance of almost everything else which has appeared from his pen, having proved a comparative fail-

ure. But on this point I shall speak more fully by and by.

Mr. Campbell is a native of the West of Scotland, and closed his studies in the University of Glasgow. He displayed a wonderful precocity of intellect, especially in the writing of verses. At the early age of thirteen he wrote, like the poet Cowley, short pieces, one of which called an "Ossianic Poem," afforded so much gratification to his schoolfellows, that they sent it to press, and duly published it. The late Mr. Galt used to mention this fact in my hearing, and he has also recorded it in his "Autobiography," but as he has not there stated, and never mentioned in my presence, whether this was or was not done with Mr. Campbell's knowledge and concurrence, I am not able to set the matter at rest.

Mr. Campbell's next poetical production according to Mr. Galt, which received the honour of publication, was one on the "Queen of France," which poem made its appearance in the "Glasgow Courier," a newspaper which still maintains a high position among the Scottish journals. Mr. Campbell's age at this time was only fifteen.

In three years afterwards, he brought out his elegy on "Love and Madness," which some philosophers have considered to be synonymous terms. Were this theory correct, there must be more truth in the notion of the late Dr. Unwins, namely, that all the world are more or less mad,* than most people are willing to admit; for it is an exceedingly doubtful point, whether any one of either sex has ever reached the meridian of life, without having been more or less the victim of the tender passion.

But this is a sentimental digression. Let me therefore return to Mr. Campbell's earlier poetic efforts. In little more than two years after the publication of his "Love and Madness," his immortal poem of "The Pleasures of Hope" made its appearance. He was then only in his twenty-first year. The work was published in the year 1799, and so great and sudden was the popularity which it attained, that in a few years af-

* The consequence, to the unlucky doctor, of advancing this bold and unpalatable hypothesis, was that he was voted by universal consent, to be mad himself.

terwards he received through the influence of Charles James Fox, a pension of £300 from Government, in consideration of the opinion universally entertained of the merits of that poem. That pension Mr. Campbell has ever since enjoyed, and will of course enjoy till the end of his days.

Mr. Campbell, like most other literary men residing in the provinces, who have acquired a reputation, came to London soon after his "Pleasures of Hope" had received the stamp of public approbation. Here he has, with short intervals of absence in the country, on the Continent, and in one instance in Turkey, remained ever since. He has published several poetical works since his "Pleasures of Hope" made their appearance. The largest of these are his "Gertrude of Wyoming" and his "Theodoric." Both works attained a respectable sale—not, however, so much because of their own merits, as from the reputation which the "Pleasures of Hope" had procured for the author.

Mr. Campbell was for many years the editor of the "New Monthly Magazine;" and on his

relinquishing his connexion with that periodical in 1830, he became the editor of "The Metropolitan," a publication which was then started in opposition to the "New Monthly." Mr. Campbell continued for about two years to conduct "The Metropolitan," when the pecuniary embarrassment of its then proprietors led to its passing into the hands of Captain Marryat, both as proprietor and editor. It continued to be conducted by the captain, until about five years ago.

Mr. Campbell does not possess a vigorous mind, neither is he remarkable for the fertility of his imagination. The great attraction of his "Pleasures of Hope" lies in the beautiful sentiments with which the poem abounds, and the singular terseness and harmony of his diction.

Nor should I omit to remark, that there is in his "Pleasures of Hope" a sustained felicity, both in idea and language, which I have rarely met with in any of the modern poets. If we are not, in reading it, often dazzled with poetic bursts of surpassing brilliancy, we never meet with anything which degenerates into mediocrity.

But the "Pleasures of Hope" is a work so universally known, that it would argue a manifest disregard of the dictates of good taste, were I to enter into any critical observations on it. I may, however, be permitted to point, for the sake of those who have not recently read it, to the opening and closing passages. The poem opens with these beautiful lines:—

At summer's eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems, than all the past hath been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

The "Pleasures of Hope" concludes with the following lines:—

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
The joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;

*When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou undismay'd shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!*

These last four lines alone, which, for the purpose of drawing attention to their singular beauty, I have put in italics, would have been sufficient to immortalise Mr. Campbell.

And here, in speaking of the "Pleasures of Hope," it may be worthy of remark, that many of those phrases which are common as household words, both in conversation and writing, are to be found, though the parties using them are not always aware of the fact, in that imperishable poem. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" "Like angels' visits, few and far between;" "Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm;" "The magic of a name," &c. are all taken from the "Pleasures of Hope."

I have before referred to the very early age at which Mr. Campbell acquired his literary reputation. I know of no instance, in ancient or modern times, of an equally splendid reputation being won at an equally early age. There is this other peculiarity also in the circumstances under

which Mr. Campbell thus reached the summit of celebrity, namely, that his "Pleasures of Hope," which, as before mentioned, procured him his reputation, is a poem of remarkable brevity. Its length does not exceed many of the contributions furnished to periodicals. In the Edinburgh edition of 1799, which is now before me, the number of pages is only sixty-eight, while the number of lines in sixty-four of these pages is only fourteen, and in the remaining four pages, on an average six lines; so that by a poem extending only to 920 lines, or 9200 syllables—for each line consists of ten syllables—the author has acquired one of the greatest reputations of modern times; a large sum for transferring the right of publication to the booksellers; and an annual pension of £300 besides. That pension he has now received for, I believe, thirty-seven years, making an aggregate sum of £11,100; which if added to £2000 (which I am confident he must from first to last have received from publishers for it) would make the princely sum of £13,000, which he has derived from it. If the "Pleasures of Hope" be not a valuable

book ; if this be not pleasant and profitable literature, I know of nothing that could deserve the name. Never, I repeat, did so short a production procure for the author such a revenue of praise ; and never, I believe I may add, did author turn so brief a poem to the same pecuniary account.

Mr. Campbell's shorter pieces are exceedingly unequal. Some of them scarcely reach mediocrity, while others are of a very superior order of merit. The following lines from his pen appeared in the "Metropolitan Magazine," eight or nine years ago. They were called forth by seeing a portrait in Lady Stepney's, of a young maid in the attitude of prayer. They are such as a versifier of very ordinary powers might have written:—

Was man e'er doomed that beauty made
By mimic art should haunt him ?
Like Orpheus I adore a shade,
And doat upon a phantom.

Thou, maid, that in my inmost thought
Art fancifully sainted,
Why liv'st thou not—why art thou nought
But canvass sweetly painted—

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
Too pure for love of mortals—
As if they drew angelic eyes
To greet thee at heav'n's portals?

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
Abstracted or ideal—
Art ne'er but from a living face,
Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid? thy life, thy name,
Oblivion hides in mystery;
Though from thy face, my heart could frame
A long romantic history.

Transported to thy times I seem,
Though dust thy coffin covers—
And hear the songs in fancy's dream,
Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been the breath—
How sweet the living charmer—
Whose very semblance after death,
Can make the heart grow warmer!

Adieu the charms that vainly move
My soul in their possession,
That prompt my lips to speak of love,
Yet rob them of expression.

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised,
Was but a poet's duty;
And shame to him that ever gazed
Impassive on thy beauty!

Among the poetic pieces, however, from the pen of Mr. Campbell, which have appeared in

periodicals, and are less generally known, it is right to mention, that there are some which possess no ordinary merit. The following lines originally published in a newspaper, twelve or fourteen years ago, are replete with beautiful sentiment and great tenderness of feeling, and are no less characterised by the felicity of their expression than their beauty of idea. They are to be found in the collected edition of his works, published in 1830, and are entitled,

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

Adieu, the woods and water's side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain ;
Adieu, the grotto, wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain,
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill ;
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watery winds that sweep the vale,
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;
Nor river roaring to the blast,
Around its dark and desert isle ;
Nor church bell tolling to beguile

The cloud-born thunder, passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul :
 Roll on, ye mighty waters roll,
 And rage, thou darkened sky !

* * * * *

Oh heart effusion, that arose
 From nightly wand'rings cherish'd here ;
 To him who flies from many woes,
 Even homeless deserts can be dear !
 The last and solitary cheer
 Of those that own no earthly home,
 Say—is it not, ye banish'd race,
 In such a lov'd and lonely place,
 Companionless to roam ?

Yes ! I have lov'd thy wild abode,
 Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore ;
 Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
 And scarce the fisher plies an oar ;
 For man's neglect I love thee more ;
 That art nor avarice intrude,
 To tame thy torrent's thunder shock,
 Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
 Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
 Its milky bosom to the bee ;
 Unheeded falls along the flood
 Thy desolate and aged tree.
 Forsaken scene, how like to thee
 The fate of unbefriended worth !
 Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls ;
 Like thee, in solitude she calls
 A thousand treasures forth.

In referring to Mr. Campbell and his works, it would be unpardonable in me to omit the expression of that gratification which every right-minded man must feel at the circumstance of all he has written having a humanising and soul-elevating tendency. His works have largely contributed to raise the mind from the contemplation of material, to the contemplation of intellectual and moral realities. He has sought invariably, and has to a great extent succeeded to sever the soul from its grosser and more grovelling associations, and to direct its aspirations to an intimate commerce with the ennobling objects that lie profusely scattered, in all directions, in the spiritual world.

An ardent love of liberty, too, pervades everything that has proceeded from Mr. Campbell's pen. He may indeed be said to be the bard of freedom. Some of the noblest conceptions which the human heart ever formed in favour of liberty, are to be found in his "Pleasures of Hope." And it is due to him to say—of how few persons can it be said!—that the love of liberty which glowed and blazed in early life has not been

dimmed or diminished by the lapse of nearly half-a-century. The poetry of Campbell has shaken dynasties, and made diademed tyrants tremble on their thrones. Thousands of young and ardent spirits have been first inspired with a love of liberty, which nothing could afterwards quench, at the fountain of his poems; thousands more will derive their intense aspirations after the universal freedom of man, from the same never-failing source.

But it is not by his writings only, that Mr. Campbell has contributed largely to instruct the minds, improve the morals, and elevate and humanise the character of his fellow-men. To him, though indirectly, is to be ascribed whatever amount of good, in either or all of these respects, the London University has been the means of producing; for he was the first, if not actually to project the institution, to bring its claims forward in a tangible shape, and to press those claims, by his personal influence, and by the means at his command, as the then editor of the "New Monthly Magazine"—powerfully and perseveringly on all whose

services it was important to enlist in the effort to carry into effect the plans which had been adopted. I am aware that some persons have denied Mr. Campbell's right to the credit of being considered the founder of the London University, and maintain that the honour of being its originator belongs to Lord Brougham. There never was a more unfounded assumption. Mr. Campbell, it can be clearly proved by a reference to dates, was the first person that ever wrote a line respecting the London University, either in the way of suggestion, approval, recommendation, or otherwise. And as for Lord Brougham, he, it is known to thousands, never identified himself at all with it, until Mr. Campbell's views on the subject had been embodied in a tangible shape, and he had written a series of articles in the "New Monthly Magazine," enforcing the claims of the projected institution on the countenance and support of all the friends of civil and religious liberty. But, in so far as the claims which some individuals have put forward on behalf of Lord Brougham respecting the University College, are concerned, the matter is

completely and for ever set at rest by the admissions which the noble lord has, on various occasions, publicly made on the subject. He has repeatedly disclaimed all title to the credit of being considered the founder of the institution; and has also been ready to admit that to Mr. Campbell, and to him alone, belongs the glory of having founded University College.

Mr. Campbell's success as a prose writer bears, comparatively, no proportion to his popularity as a poet. The series of lectures on poetry, which appeared in the "New Monthly," when he acceded to the editorship, did, it is true, excite some interest; but that was rather derived from relative considerations than from any remarkable intrinsic merit in the productions themselves. The reputation he enjoyed as the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" and some other poems, imparted an interest to them, and conferred on them an *eclat*, which they would not have excited or been attended with, had they appeared anonymously, or not been known to have proceeded from his pen. His later prose productions, again, may be said to have been

failures. His "Life of Mrs. Siddons" turned out a bad speculation for the publisher, and was a good deal assailed by the critics, on the assumed ground that the work could not have been written by Mr. C., but must have proceeded from the pen of some literary journeyman whom he had employed for the purpose, he putting his name on the title-page, and ushering the book into the world under his own auspices. It is not for me to say whether this hypothesis be or be not correct: such things have been done before, and doubtless will be done again. All I can confidently state on the subject is, that the book was, in every sense of the term, a failure. The only other prose work of any extent, written by Mr. Campbell, with which I am acquainted, is his "Letters from the East." Either the whole or the greater part of this work originally appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine," and was afterwards republished in two large volumes. The success of the book also was very indifferent, whether regarded as a literary effort, or as a bibliopolic speculation. In fact, Mr. Campbell's literary reputation, as has before been

hinted, may be said to rest entirely on his "Pleasures of Hope;" his earliest production of any extent, and written before he could be said to have fairly emerged from his boyhood. All his other works, in poetry and prose, with the exception of two or three very short poetic pieces, may, indeed, be said to be forgotten already. But if they have been thus speedily consigned to oblivion, or will be so in a very short period, his "Pleasures of Hope" will be as imperishable as the subject itself—a subject on which he has sung with such surpassing sweetness.

And here I may remark, in thus alluding to the melody of Mr. Campbell's happier poetic strains, that he is peculiarly fond of music; and that, when it is of a plaintive kind, and in the hands of a superior performer, it produces a surprising effect upon him. He is constitutionally of an irritable temperament, and his predisposition that way has been greatly aggravated by a variety of external circumstances, over which he had no control; and yet, I am assured that, however annoyed or excited he may be, music has invariably the effect of tranquillizing his mind.

It has on him all the effect of oil thrown upon troubled waters. Particular and peculiar instances of this have been mentioned to me, but it is not necessary that I should refer to them.

Mr. Campbell though, as just remarked, unusually susceptible of irritation, is a man of great generosity of mind. Oppression or injustice in any form never fails to call forth unequivocal expressions of his indignation. In many instances he has been known to feel so strongly, when acts of injustice have been done to parties who were not in a condition to defend themselves, as to regard such injustice in almost the same light as if done to himself. I may mention one remarkable instance of this, in which, from the names of the parties concerned, the public will feel a special interest. It was communicated to me by a gentleman who was in the habit of being daily, at the time, in the company of Mr. Campbell. Immediately after the publication of "Moore's Life of Byron," Lady Byron who was then living in the country, wrote to Mr. Campbell, earnestly entreating him to come and see her on a matter of the most urgent importance.

Mr. Campbell responded to Lady Byron's request without a day's delay. He remained a day or two with her and then returned to town. On arriving at his lodgings at Chelsea, he was observed by the gentleman in whose house he lived to be unusually excited, and to pace backwards and forwards in his room in a way and for a length of time, which had not been observed before. The friend in whose house he resided, eventually inquired the matter, when Mr. Campbell mentioned that he had been down in the country with Lady Byron, and that her ladyship had made such declarations to him, and convinced him of such facts, as filled him with an indignation which he could not express, at the conduct of Mr. Moore in making the ungenerous attack on her which he had made in his "Life of Byron"—an attack grounded on the baseless assumption, that she was more to blame than Byron, in the matter of their matrimonial miseries and eventual separation. Mr. Campbell according to the statements of my informant, appeared to feel as sensibly the injury and injustice which Mr. Moore had done to Lady Byron, as if

they had been done to himself. It will be remembered that what he felt on the subject in private, he expressed through the medium of some of the periodicals of the day; and defended Lady Byron with so much spirit and fearlessness as to lead to a breach of friendship with Mr. Moore; a breach which, I believe, has never yet been wholly healed.

Mr. Campbell is represented by some persons as exceedingly vain. I do believe that a more groundless charge was never preferred against any individual. At all events he is remarkably modest and unpretending in his manners. He is easy of access, and singularly free and familiar with all who happen to come in contact with him. To show on what trivial incidents some persons will ground a charge of vanity against Mr. Campbell, I may mention a circumstance which came under my own notice. Mr. Campbell was for some years secretary or president—I do not remember which—of an association for the recovery of the rights of Poland, and resigned his situation in 1833. I was present at the meeting in Duke Street, St. James's,

at which he tendered his resignation. It was accepted with regret, and a successor appointed. The business of the meeting had been finished, and the meeting was about to separate, when Mr. Campbell rose and said—certainly with all possible gravity, though I cannot persuade myself he was serious—“Mr. Chairman, I beg to remind you, before the meeting separates, that a vote of thanks has not been given to me for having so long discharged the duties of the office which I have just resigned.—“Oh! I beg Mr. Campbell’s pardon,” said Mr. Barber Beaumont, starting to his feet; “that I am sure was quite an oversight. I beg to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Campbell for the very able manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office he has just resigned.” The vote of course was carried unanimously. Some of the gentlemen present thought Mr. Campbell was serious in this: I cannot think so.

Mr. Campbell has not, for some years past, written anything worthy of being mentioned, either in poetry or prose. And I do not think it likely he will ever again attempt a work of

any size. He has latterly become very indolent; a circumstance which need not excite our wonder, considering his advanced age and growing physical debility. He is now in his sixty-second year, and looks much feebler and more dispirited than he did a few years ago.

But though Mr. Campbell does not now possess the hale and healthy frame he did when I first saw him, eight years ago, he enjoys, perhaps, more than an average share of the health and vigour which fall to the lot of those who have attained an equally advanced age.

Mr. Campbell is a great pedestrian. I do not mean by this that he is fond of walking great distances, or proceeding at a hurried pace. I merely mean that he is, as they say in the House of Commons, very often "on his legs." He usually walks at a very slow pace, with his cane under his left arm. In the twilight, during the last few months, he was frequently to be seen walking about, in this way, opposite his apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his eyes fixed on the ground, as if wrapt up in some poetic reverie. He has of late evinced a decided par-

tiality to a white hat. I have hardly ever seen him in any other coat than a brown surtout. Another of his favourite articles of apparel is a buff waistcoat. In size he scarcely reaches the middle height. He is well made; slightly, perhaps, exceeding the average breadth. He has a fine, dark, intelligent eye, and possesses a pleasing as well as intelligent countenance. He has, considering his advanced age, a full round face, with a dark complexion. His forehead does not appear to be so amply developed as it really is, owing to his brown wig overlapping the upper portion of it.

MR. THOMAS MOORE, all will admit, is the most proper person to follow Mr. Thomas Campbell, in a notice of some of the most eminent authors of the day. There is a number of curious coincidences in their history and circumstances. First of all, they are within a year or two of the same age, and both came before the world as poets, within two years of each other; Mr. Campbell having, as before mentioned, brought out his "Pleasures of Hope" in 1799, and Mr. Moore

his "Poems of the late Thomas Little, Esq.," in 1801. Both started into celebrity at once, and both have maintained their distinguished reputation up to the present moment. Nor does the coincidence end here. Both are authors of various prose works, but their reputation is principally based on their poetical productions and as poets only will they be known to posterity. Thomas is the Christian name of both; hence they are often called "The Two Toms," the alliteration being somewhat pleasant to the ear. But to pursue the similarity, both resemble each other in personal appearance; with this slight difference, that Mr. Campbell may be an inch or thereabout higher than Mr. Moore, while Mr. Moore is a trifle broader than Mr. Campbell. Both are Liberals in their politics. I fear I may extend the remark to their religion also, a matter in which there ought to be no Liberalism, in the sense in which the term is usually understood. Both are, moreover, pleasant companions at table; the society of both is much sought after, or, at any rate used to be so, by the titled and the great; both are in the receipt of

the same amount of pension from Government, in consideration of their literary attainments and poetic triumphs; both are wonderfully healthy considering their advanced age, and if it be not carrying the coincidence a little too far, the portraits of both—and large life-looking portraits they are—have long hung cheek by jowl on the walls of one of Mr. Colburn's most handsome rooms. And, what is more, their companionship in 13, Great Marlborough Street, is not disturbed by the presence of any other portrait whatever.

I have said that Mr. Moore commenced his literary career in 1801. I ought, before alluding to him more particularly as an author, to mention that his father was a small tradesman in Dublin, where he was born and educated. I believe he went through the regular course of what is called a liberal education in Trinity College. What his views were on coming over to this country, I have not been able to ascertain, or whether he contemplated applying himself to any profession. His first work was brought out in London. He chose the title of "Poems by Thomas Little," as sufficiently indicating him-

self, provided any one would take the trouble to transpose the words. They would then have been the "Poems of Little Thomas," or "Little Tom," as he facetiously calls himself. The volume was a very small one, only extending to about 170 pages; but it certainly embraced as great a variety of subjects as ever was to be found within the compass of a similar volume. There was, on an average, more than one subject for every page. The little volume, I should farther remark, is worthy of being preserved as a happy specimen of book-making; for many of the pieces or "poems," not only consist of no more than four lines, but each of these four-lined poems has a whole page to itself. Whether the same amplitude of pure-white margin will be allowed these "short," and, in several instances, undoubtedly "sweet" effusions of Mr. Moore's muse, in the edition of his works which is on the eve of publication, is a point which I cannot as yet determine.

I have already mentioned that Mr. Moore's first poetical efforts raised the author into a sud-

den celebrity. This was not solely the result of any extraordinary merit in the poems ; for some of them are only of fifth-rate excellence, while none can be considered as being of the highest order of poetry. The circumstance of the author preserving his incognito, conjoined with the equivocal character, in a moral point of view, of many of the pieces, contributed materially to excite the interest which was felt in the volume. It was the amatory nature of much of the contents of this volume, that procured for Mr. Moore the title of the “ Modern Anacreon ;” which, when the name of the author was ascertained, gave place to that of “ Anacreon Moore.” No one can read this first effort of Mr. Moore as a poet, without deeply regretting that so much of the impure should be mixed up with the pure in morals, and the beautiful in feeling. Considering that the following lines were written by a youth who had not yet reached his majority, they must be greatly admired for the feeling they display. They are addressed to the spirit of a young lady who had recently died.

The wisest soul by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the love it knew ;
And when the shining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too !

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay ;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely when the touch of death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies !

Oh ! Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here,
Shall be its best of blisses then !

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime ;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray ;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wand'ring way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem ;
I'll look beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them !

And, oh ! if airy shapes may steal,
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love, but drop the veil ;
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame.

No ! when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free ;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity !

A very considerable portion of Mr. Moore's poetical productions relate to temporary topics, and are written in a strain of mingled sarcasm and humour. His first effort of this kind was his " Intercepted Letters," better known by the latter part of the title—namely, " The Twopenny Post-bag." In that volume, which is only of small dimensions, he made an undisguised exhibition of his political predilections, proclaiming himself " a Whig, and something more than a Whig." Nothing could exceed the point and pungency of the sarcasms which he there levelled at George the Fourth, then Prince Regent *, Lord Castlereagh, and the other leading Tories of the day. The Prince Regent was stung to the quick by the jokes and ridicule of Mr. Moore,

* The work appeared in 1813.

and never afterwards could be prevailed on to forgive him. This was the chief, if not the only reason, why Mr. Moore did not receive a Government pension during the life-time of that monarch.

“Lallah Rookh” was the next poem of any note which proceeded from Mr. Moore’s pen. It appeared in 1819, and has proved the most successful, in point of sale, as well as the most popular, of all his productions. It is now, if I remember rightly, in its fifteenth edition, and is one of the few things he has written that is destined to descend to posterity. His “Fables of the Holy Alliance” did not appear until 1823, though the “alliance” of monarchs, which led to the title, had been formed several years previously. It was a bitter political satire on the leading personages of the day entertaining Tory politics—the word “Conservative” was then unknown—and created a great sensation at the time.

One of Mr. Moore’s most popular and enduring works, is his “Irish Melodies,” which first appeared, accompanied with music, in 1821, in a

sort of periodical published by Mr. Power of the Strand, and only formed a portion of each number of that work. Those "Melodies" which proceeded from Mr. Moore's pen acquired a much more sudden and extensive popularity than any of the other contributions to the periodical in which they appeared; which led to their being republished in a separate form, with the accompaniment of music. They are full of feeling and of poetry. The following is a specimen of their average excellence: it is headed

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps whose heavenly skill,
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes that now are turned to shame.

Yet even then, while Peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Though joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping harp, from chords like thine ?
 Alas ! the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline ;
 Or, how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
 When e'en the wreaths in which I dress thee,
 Are sadly mix'd— half flowers, half chains ?

IV.

But, come, if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be ;
 How gaily, e'en 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still !

Mr. Moore's " Loves of the Angels " is another poetical production which excited a great deal of attention on its publication, sixteen or seventeen years ago. It is still read, though not to any great extent. Since then nothing of any

importance in the field of poesy, has proceeded from the muse of Mr. Moore.

His prose works are numerous, and, in some instances, important. His "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Brinsley Sheridan," is a large and interesting work; so is his "Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." But the only biographical work he has written, which is destined to be read by posterity is his "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life and Works"—a book which is so well known as to need no reference to it.

The only other prose work of Mr. Moore's, which is likely to be read in after years, is his "Epicurean." It was brought out in 1827, and rapidly ran through four editions. It is a singular production, abounding with passages of extraordinary interest, and is altogether one of the most fascinating works of fiction which have appeared for a considerable period. The interest is sustained from the commencement to the close, without the slightest abatement. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name a work which abounds, to the same extent, in what may be

called the poetry of prose. The scene is laid in Egypt, and the time of the story is the second century. Though professedly a work of fiction, it is based throughout on historical fact, and is replete with descriptions of Egyptian scenes, which recent travellers in that country have pronounced to be as remarkable for their fidelity as well as force, as if Mr. Moore had witnessed with his own eyes all he portrays.

Mr. Moore is a Roman Catholic, though not so deeply steeped in superstition as many of those who profess that creed. He would not, for example, bow down on his knees to a priest, as Mr. O'Connell is said, some years ago, to have done, in the presence of thousands of persons, in testimony of his profound veneration for the priestly character. Mr. Moore's anti-Protestant notions peep out in many of his works; but the first production in which he formally avowed and advocated Roman Catholicism at any length, was his "Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Religion." It is true that this work, which appeared a goodly number of years ago, was ushered into the world anonymously; but public

report has so generally ascribed it to Mr. Moore, and no disclaimer having been made by him, that I think we are justified in coming to the conclusion that he is the gentleman on whom the book is to be affiliated. Another work, in which his Roman Catholic predilections and partialities are openly avowed, appeared a few years ago, under the title of "The Fudges in England." It is written in the poetic strain, and aims throughout at holding up to ridicule the Rev. Messrs. Mortimer O'Sullivan, M'Ghee, and the other leading Protestant clergymen, who some years ago filled Exeter Hall with terror and alarm, by the pictures they drew of the progress which the principles of Peter Dens's theology were supposed to be making in this country and in Ireland. The book was clever; it was full of genuine wit; its irony was remarkably keen and cutting; but it was characterised in many parts by a levity, in speaking of religious topics, which must have given pain to every serious mind.

Many of Mr. Moore's happiest poetic effusions have appeared, from time to time, in the

daily journals, and were written, on the spur of the moment, on some topic of passing interest. For many years he contributed in this way, to a very considerable extent, to the columns of "The Times." These effusions were instinct with wit and refined sarcasm. It has been confidently mentioned to me, but I can scarcely credit the fact, that on Mr. Moore's sending his first contribution of this nature to Printing-House Square, the editor and proprietors were so delighted with it, that they immediately wrote to him, requesting from him stated contributions of the same kind, and enclosing a cheque for £500, as a sort of retaining fee. "The Times," as everybody knows, pays its contributors on a princely scale of remuneration; and I am farther aware that Mr. Moore's contributions to its columns were among the most productive, in a pecuniary point of view, of any of the literary labours—multifarious as these have been—in which he ever engaged; but still it would have been carrying liberality to an incredible extent—and Mr. Moore himself (if it be true) must have been agreeably surprised at it—to have

thus advanced £500 for unwritten poetical articles for a daily paper.

A few years ago, Mr. Moore, though not a regular contributor to "The Morning Chronicle," furnished various poetical effusions to its columns, similar to those which he had previously contributed to "The Times."

But, so far as I am aware, he has written nothing of any importance for the public journals for some years past. Much of his time, for the last six or seven years, has been occupied in the preparation of his "History of Ireland," which has appeared in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia." And great was the amount of labour he expended on it. No one who has read it could fail to be struck with the extensive research it displays. But though the amount of labour expended on it, or rather that a great amount of labour was expended in its preparation, might be safely inferred from the number of scarce and curious books and manuscripts which every page shows he has inspected, I have other and still better evidence on the subject. I have seen Mr. Moore day after day, most carefully toiling

through dusty manuscripts and antiquated books in the reading-room of the British Museum, in his search for materials for it. I have often been surprised how a man of his talents, reputation, and independent circumstances, could thus have reconciled himself to the drudgery of wading through almost undecipherable manuscripts and old-fashioned books, which in many instances had not been disturbed from their resting-places on the shelves of the institution, for a long series of years. In fact, had he been a literary journeyman, depending for his daily bread on his daily toil, he could not have worked with greater industry.

The last work which has proceeded from the pen of Mr. Moore is his poem of Alciphron. Though only brought out last year, in conjunction with an illustrated edition of "The Epicurean," it was purchased from Mr. Moore by the late Mr. Macrone, five years previously, and was written eight or ten years before Mr. Moore made the arrangement for its publication. "Alciphron" was the foundation of his romance of "The Epicurean;" and it was only

when Mr. Moore discovered that he could not do justice to his story, if trammelled by the rules of "measure and metre," that the idea struck him of writing "The Epicurean." When, about five years ago, Mr. Moore made the arrangement with Mr. Macrone for the publication of "Alciphron," his intention was to extend the 1300 or 1400 lines, of which the volume consists, to about 3000. He found, however, on making the attempt, that he could not bring his mind to engage in it with any spirit, and therefore he very wisely abandoned the idea, and suffered the poem to appear in its original state, with the exception of some verbal alterations which he made in it.

And here I may remark that Mr. Moore is one of the most fastidious authors of the present day, in respect to retouching or revising his productions, whether they appear in the form of poetry or prose. Everything which proceeds from his pen is altered and re-altered times without number. There is scarcely a line of his most popular poetry that now appears exactly as it was first written. Will it be believed, that he sometimes expends a great part of a day in the

composition of a single line? Yet, such is the fact; not of course in the case of every line; for in such a case he could not have written a tithe of the works which bear his name; but in the case of particular lines. I have now in my possession a private letter, written by Mr. Moore to one of his publishers, in which, when complaining of the unaccountable blunders which the printers were in the habit of making in composing from his manuscript, he admits the fact of a particular line sometimes costing him the expenditure of a great part of a day's time. "You cannot," says Mr. Moore, "wonder at my anxiety about the press, when in the revise I now send, I have found the word 'threats,' which I wrote as plain as printing, turned into 'threatens,' thereby destroying at once a line which took me a great part of a day to get it into its present shape." And really I must say, that in the case of Mr. Moore, there is every room for complaint at the blunders of the printers; for though his handwriting be about the smallest I have ever seen, it is remarkably easy to read. Per-

haps my readers may be curious to see a line which could have cost Mr. Moore the "labour of a great part of a day to put it into its present shape." The line is this:—

And threats to sweep away our shrines of pride.

It will be seen that there is nothing very striking in it; it is, on the contrary, as simple as can well be imagined, without any pretensions to striking sentiment, poetical beauty of conception, or felicity of expression. It occurs in one of Mr. Moore's most recently published poems.

Mr. Moore has an exquisite taste for music, and it is said that before publishing his "Melodies," he tried every line of them by the piano-forte, in order that they might be thoroughly adapted for being accompanied by that instrument. Mr. Moore himself plays admirably on the piano; and I am assured by those who have enjoyed it, that never was human ear greeted with a greater musical treat, than when hearing Mr. Moore singing his new "Melodies," with the accompaniment by himself of the piano. It is partly on this account that he is so great a favourite with the higher classes, and is so often

asked to their "select parties,"—though his great conversational powers, and agreeable manners would be sufficient of themselves to insure him a passport into any society. He is the delight of every social circle which he joins, whether that circle consists of both sexes, or be confined to gentlemen.

Mr. Moore's singing and playing, though remarkably effective at all times, are peculiarly so when the subject is of a plaintive nature. Various instances of his triumphs in this way over the human heart, have been mentioned to me. Some years ago, when the present Lord Canterbury was speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Moore was in the habit of attending all the parties given by Lady Canterbury, then Lady Manners Sutton. These parties were usually given during the session, on the Wednesday evening; the probabilities being greater that evening, than on any other, that there would be no House. On these occasions, when Mr. Moore "favoured the company with a song," which he did almost every night, Lady Manners Sutton, having previously discovered that while Mr. Moore

was singing his own "Melodies," the servants were invariably attracted to the door of the drawing-room, by the mingled music of his voice and the touching tones of the piano by which he accompanied it—was latterly in the habit of kindly and considerately throwing open the door entirely, and inviting all her household to listen, in the passages, to the melody which Mr. Moore so sweetly and eloquently discoursed. Of the effects produced by his singing and playing his own matchless "Melodies," some idea may be formed, when I mention, that all who listened to him, the lords and ladies inside, and the lacqueys and kitchenmaids in the passages, were often to be seen affected even to tears. What greater proof of the merits of Mr. Moore's "Melodies," or his powers as a vocalist and instrumental performer, could be desired than was furnished in the triumphs he thus equally achieved over the most cultivated minds, and over minds which could scarcely be said to have received any cultivation at all?

Mr. Moore is a man of great kindness of disposition. He is not only easy of access, but is

always ready to do anything in his power to oblige those who ask a favour of him. There is no affectation about him : he never demeans himself as if he supposed that his genius or reputation would justify the assumption of an air of superiority over others. It were well if some other authors without a tittle of his talents or reputation were to learn a lesson from him in this respect.

He must have made a great deal of money by his works. It is confidently said that he received £4000 from Mr. Murray, for his edition of the "Life, Journals, and Works of Byron," alone. On these matters it is probable that the forthcoming complete edition of his works, will furnish some curious information.

To the duel which was fought nearly thirty years ago, between Mr. Moore and Mr. Jeffrey, then editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and now Lord Jeffrey, one of the Judges in Scotland, I need not particularly refer ; as Lord Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," has given immortality to the circumstance. The quarrel arose out of a notice of Mr. Moore's

works which was written by Mr. Jeffrey, and appeared in the "Edinburgh Review." The duel excited great interest in the literary world at the time, and gave rise to a good deal of amusement from the circumstance of both parties being little men, coupled with the report which was put into circulation, that there were no balls in the pistols of either. I may here mention, that it was this duel which first led to the acquaintance, and to the subsequent intimacy and friendship between Lord Byron and Mr. Moore. Nor ought I to forget to state, that the result of the bloodless duel was the formation of a warm and permanent friendship, still, I believe, unbroken, between the belligerents.

He is, as before remarked, a little man. He is considerably below the usual height, but is stoutly and compactly made. He dresses with great taste. His complexion is florid; his features are small and regular, and his face is round. He has a fine forehead, and a remarkably clear, quick, intelligent eye. His hair, which is thin, is of an iron-grey colour. Though upwards of sixty, he has all the appearance of abun-

dant health. His friend Mr. O'Connell is decidedly of opinion that he (Mr. O'Connell) is destined to reach his hundredth year: whether Mr. Moore expects that his earthly existence will extend to the round century, I have not the means of knowing; but certainly his appearance would give some countenance to the notion.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE is one of those authors whose works are much more generally talked of than read. His name is familiar to every eye, in the habit of glancing at the literature of the day; and yet none of his works have enjoyed an extensive sale, while some of them cannot be said to have had any sale at all. But these are points on which I dwell not now, as I shall have occasion, in the course of this sketch, incidentally to refer to them again.

Mr. Carlyle may be said to stand alone in the literary world. He not only has no master whom he follows in his habits of thinking and manner of expressing his thoughts, but he is followed, in neither respect, by no disciple. And there is something so very peculiar in the matter and

mode of his meditations, and the diction he employs to express his views, that it is exceedingly doubtful whether he ever will have any followers. My impression is, that he is ambitious of being the founder of a new school of literature; if so, I feel assured that he is cherishing an expectation which will never be realized.

Mr. Carlyle is a native of the south of Scotland, but quitted his country in his boyish years, and took up his residence in Germany, where he remained for a considerable length of time. It was there that he not only acquired that accurate knowledge of the German language, and that intimate acquaintance with German literature, which has since excited in so large a degree the admiration of scholars, but that he formed a friendly and familiar intimacy with Goëthe, and some of the other most distinguished literati which that country has produced during the present century.

Mr. Carlyle, like many other illustrious names, both in the present and past literature of England, made his *debut* as an author in the periodicals of the day. Nor ought I to omit to mention

that his earlier contributions to modern literature appeared anonymously. The peculiarity of his style, however, coupled with the originality and brilliancy of much of his matter, soon attracted attention among the more intellectual readers of the magazines to which he forwarded his first contributions; and it was not long before his name, as a peculiar thinker, and still more peculiar writer, became very generally known in what are called the literary circles. I need not add, that those who were once enabled to identify Mr. Carlyle's name with a particular article, felt no difficulty in discerning his mind in all the subsequent articles which proceeded from his pen.

Mr. Carlyle first appeared before the public in the character of author, or rather translator of a detached work, in 1825. The work in question was Goëthe's "Wilhelm Meister." In the year following, a "Life of Schiller," which had appeared previously, at periodical intervals, in the "London Magazine," was published in a separate form, as avowedly from his pen. In 1827 he published his "German Romance," with speci-

mens from its chief authors. This work which contained "biographical and critical introductions," was brought out in four volumes. And here I may remark, that the early literary career of Mr. Carlyle was anything but a successful one—that is to say, if popularity is to be regarded as a criterion of success. The reception his works met with would have discouraged, if not altogether crushed a less high-minded, independent, and energetic individual. His translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was severely attacked by some of the critics of the day, while the "Life of Schiller" and "German Romance" may be said to have fallen still-born from the press. But although such was the reception of his earlier productions by the world at large, his writings have, by this time, evidently made a deep impression on the intellectual portion of the community. His first contributions to our periodical literature, in the "Edinburgh Review," excited, says one of his admirers, in private communication to the author of this work, "great attention among the learned and thoughtful, with strong feelings of curiosity to

know something of the author. Mr. Carlyle," continues the gentleman in question, "may be said to have commenced his literary labours as a pioneer and guide to his countrymen in the field of foreign literature; and on this field his best laurels have been won. The literature of Germany, which he himself designates 'the higher literature of Europe'—whether truly or not I pretend not to decide—it may be said to be his hobby; there he has no equal. To Mr. Carlyle belongs the rare merit and high honour of having introduced his countrymen to a true knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the literary leviathans of modern Germany; such as Novalis and Richter, Goëthe and Schiller. The name of Novalis was entirely unknown in this country until the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's masterly article on the writings of that singular genius, in the 'Foreign Review' for 1829; and, even now, it is doubtful whether more of Novalis be known, even to our literati who profess an intimate acquaintance with German literature, than is to be found in that excellent commentary. Richter, one of his greatest favourites, Mr. Carlyle has

made the subject of several of his happiest efforts, both in the 'Edinburgh' and 'Foreign Reviews,' in addition to his translation of two or three of his smaller pieces. His 'Life of Schiller,' which, in this country, was at first received with indifference and neglect, was so highly prized in Germany, that Goëthe did Mr. Carlyle the high honour of translating it into German, stating that it was all that could be wished for, and that 'he had judged Schiller throughout as it would be difficult for a German to judge.' Of his labours on behalf of Goëthe himself, although there are many and various opinions, 'wide as the poles asunder,' as to his estimate of him, there can only be one on his thorough love and devotion to his subject; and although in no part of his literary labours has Mr. Carlyle had so much prejudice, ignorant opposition, and adverse opinion to contend with; yet, on a retrospect of the period that has elapsed since the appearance of his manly introduction to his translation of 'Wilhelm Meister' in 1825, to his incidental allusion to Goëthe in his 'Lectures

on Hero Worship' in 1840, the evident progress that has been made towards a far higher, nobler, and more just estimate of Goëthe, must be to him highly satisfactory."

Thus far one of Mr. Carlyle's greatest admirers. In the substantial accuracy of his opinions and justice of his criticisms, I fully concur. In the same communication to the author of this sketch, the writer expresses his conviction that Mr. Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," which (if I remember rightly) first appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," is unquestionably the most just, tolerant, profound, and catholic estimate of the life and works of that remarkable man, which has yet appeared. I will not undertake to speak positively on the subject, not having lately bestowed much attention on it; but the impression on my mind is, that though Mr. Carlyle's may be more brilliant, and more accurate in the opinions formed in particular parts, yet that, as a whole, the review of the character of Burns taken by Mr. Lockhart in his life of the Scottish bard, is the more just and satisfactory of the two. This, however, I am aware is only matter of opinion.

One of Mr. Carlyle's more recent, and perhaps most imperfectly known works, is his "Sartor Resartus." This work, which appears in one post-octavo volume, was furiously attacked by the critics as well as slighted by the public; it was pronounced to be "barbarous, mystical, and unintelligible; and capable of being read backwards with as much profit as if read in the usual way." A very different estimate of the volume was formed in America. There it is considered to be, in some respects, the greatest of all Mr. Carlyle's literary achievements; and has been held up by some of the more gifted of transatlantic intellects, as being "the profound utterance of an earnest heart, speaking forth lessons of wisdom on man and human life; meeting in some degree the spiritual wants and exigencies of the time."

Here I may observe, that Mr. Carlyle is a great favourite with the reading portion of the American community. To them he is better known, and by them he is more highly thought of, than he is in his own country. In America, it is said that his writings have already exercised

a great influence. I need hardly add, that they are destined to exert a yet greater. His work on the French Revolution, published in three post-octavo volumes, had actually gone through an edition in America before it could be properly said to have been known in this country. The collection of his Essays, in four small volumes, which was published in this country some twelve or fourteen months ago, was printed in America and sent over to this country for sale.

Mr. Carlyle is now rising into general distinction. For many years his writings were known only to the more thinking and more intellectual part of the community; a circle which is, after all that we hear of the modern march of intellect, exceedingly limited. Book after book, as before intimated, fell still-born from the press; and none but a man of great energy of purpose, and possessing that unbounded confidence in his own powers, and that firm faith in the eventual discernment of the reading public; which genius only can inspire, could have sustained his spirit under the cold neglect and stupid indifference with which his literary labours

were for years received by the public. He now has his reward; and he is destined, I doubt not, to achieve yet greater triumphs in the way of extorting the admiration and applause of his fellow-men.

I ought not to omit to mention in this place, that a purely incidental circumstance contributed largely to accelerate the sale and popularity which his works must eventually have obtained. I allude to the series of "Lectures on German Literature," which he delivered in London in 1837. This course of lectures, six in number, was well attended by the fashionables of the West End; and though, as will be afterwards more particularly referred to, they saw in his manner something exceedingly awkward, they could not fail to discern in his matter the impress of a mind of great originality and superior gifts. Other courses of lectures, on other subjects, have been delivered by Mr. Carlyle every year since then. Perhaps his course for the present year, which was on Hero Worship, was better attended than any previous one. Some of those who were present estimated the average attendance at 300.

They chiefly consisted of persons of rank and wealth, as the number of carriages which each day waited the conclusion of the lecture to receive Mr. Carlyle's auditors and to carry them to their homes, conclusively testified. The locality of Mr. Carlyle's lectures has, I believe, varied every year. The Hanover Rooms, Willis's Rooms, and a place in the north of London, the name of which I forget, have severally been chosen as the place whence to give utterance to his profound and original trains of thought.

A few words will be expected here as to Mr. Carlyle's manner as a lecturer. In so far as his mere manner is concerned, I can scarcely bestow on him a word of commendation. There is something in his manner which, if I may use a rather quaint term, must seem very uncouth to London audiences of the most respectable class, accustomed as they are to the polished deportment which is usually exhibited in Willis's or the Hanover Rooms. When he enters the room, and proceeds to the sort of rostrum whence he delivers his lectures, he is, according to the usual practice in such cases, generally received

with applause; but he very rarely takes any more notice of the mark of approbation thus bestowed upon him, than if he were altogether unconscious of it. And the same seeming want of respect for his audience, or, at any rate, the same disregard for what I believe he considers the troublesome forms of politeness, is visible at the commencement of his lecture. Having ascended his desk, he gives a hearty rub to his hands, and plunges at once into his subject. He reads very closely, which, indeed, must be expected, considering the nature of the topics which he undertakes to discuss. He is not prodigal of gesture with his arms or body; but there is something in his eye and countenance which indicates great earnestness of purpose, and the most intense interest in his subject. You can almost fancy, in some of his more enthusiastic and energetic moments, that you see his inmost soul in his face. At times, indeed very often, he so unnaturally distorts his features, as to give to his countenance a very unpleasant expression. On such occasions, you would imagine that he was suddenly seized with some violent paroxysms of

pain. He is one of the most ungraceful speakers I have ever heard address a public assemblage of persons. In addition to the awkwardness of his general manner, he "makes mouths" which would of themselves be sufficient to mar the agreeableness of his delivery. And his manner of speaking, and the ungracefulness of his gesticulation, are greatly aggravated by his strong Scotch accent. Even to the generality of Scotchmen his pronunciation is harsh in no ordinary degree. Need I say, then, what it must be to an English ear? Nothing, indeed, but the beauty and brilliancy of his matter could ever reconcile an English audience to his oratory, if I must apply the term to the delivery of Mr. Carlyle's lectures.

The style of Mr. Carlyle's prelections bears a strong resemblance to that which we find in his works. It is rough, rugged, abrupt, involved, disjointed; and yet there is no denying that it possesses great force and vigour. What is still more curious is the fact, that notwithstanding all the blemishes—barbarisms would perhaps be the more appropriate word—of his diction, Mr.

Carlyle's reasoning is rarely obscure to the man who reads his writings with an ordinary share of attention. I attribute the perspicuity of his thoughts, if I may so express myself, amidst the mazes and mysteries of his style, to the circumstance of everything he writes coming as it were in all its original freshness, from the inmost recesses of his intellectual man. He thinks with such an intensity of interest in his subject, that it were all but impossible for him to obscure his ideas to any great extent by any sort of style he could employ.

A difference of opinion exists among literary men as to whether Mr. Carlyle does not affect the peculiarities of diction which characterise his writings and his lectures. Some imagine that his style is not artificial to him, though it would be to others, on this ground that, as before stated, he passed a considerable portion of his years, at that period of life when a man's style is most likely to be formed, in Germany. I do not see much force in this. Mr. Carlyle was, all the time he resided in Germany, in the habit of reading English literature, associating

with Englishmen, and corresponding with his friends at home. I cannot divest my mind of the notion, that his unnatural style is affected, and costs him much more labour, than ever the exquisitely polished diction of the Rev. Robert Hall cost that distinguished divine.

I was present some months ago, during the delivery of a speech by Mr. Carlyle at a meeting held in the Freemasons' Tavern for the purpose of forming a metropolitan library; and though that speech did not occupy in its delivery more than five minutes, he made use of some of the most extraordinary phraseology I ever heard employed by a human being. He made use of the expression "this London," which he pronounced "this Loondun," four or five times. Now this is a phrase which must have been affected; the most illiterate man in "this London" would have said "in such a place as London," "this great and populous place," "this vast metropolis," or used some other expression possessing a little more euphony than "this London;" a phrase which grated grievously on the ears, even those of Mr. Carlyle's own countrymen who were pre-

sent, and which must have sounded doubly harsh in the ears of an Englishman, considering the singularly broad Scotch accent with which he spoke.

A good deal of uncertainty exists as to Mr. Carlyle's religious opinions. I have heard him represented as a firm and entire believer in revelation, and I have heard it affirmed with equal confidence, that he is a decided Deist. My own impression is that neither assumption is the correct one. I look upon him so far as one may form an opinion from his writings merely, as belonging to the school of German neologists or rationalists; which is a sort of compromise, or half-way house between the religion of the Bible and infidelity.

I have referred to the intimacy which existed between Mr. Carlyle and Goëthe. So great was the friendship which the latter entertained for him, and so fond was he of his society, that, as he could not always be in his company, he caused a bust of him to be executed by a first-rate artist, and to be placed in his own study; in order that Mr. Carlyle's image might be constantly present to his mind.

I have made some reference to Mr. Carlyle as a

speaker. His voice is strong but harsh and grating, making an accent which must be unpleasant to all, doubly disagreeable to southern ears. He has no control over his voice at all; it is always in the same key, which is but another mode of saying that it is always harsh, hard, and husky. He speaks with some rapidity, and with great vehemence or energy. He uses very little gesture with his arms; but a great deal—if the term may be applied in such a case—with the muscles of his face, which are constantly in motion. His dark, clear, penetrating eye, too, has a great deal of expression in it when he is warmed and excited with his subject. On such occasions he speaks with his eyes and countenance generally, as well as with his tongue. Hence it is, that notwithstanding all his awkwardness of manner, and the utter absence of any of the graces of elocution or oratory, his audience listen to him with a wrapt attention during the delivery of those passages in which the earnestness of his own feelings, and the intensity of the interest he feels in his subject, are most clearly apparent.

That Mr. Carlyle is a man of genius, may be inferred from the fact, that he has so nobly struggled for a long series of years against the prejudices, and, what is perhaps still more difficult to be endured, the neglect of his countrymen. There is not one man among a thousand, that could have held out against the indifference which, for ten or twelve years, his various works had to encounter at the hands of the public. When a new edition of the "Struggles of Genius" is published, the name and case of Mr. Carlyle may, with great propriety, be introduced into it; for to have to contend with cold neglect, is still more disheartening than to have to struggle with pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Carlyle, happily for himself, and happily for literature and philosophy, never, all this time, lost faith either in his own powers, or in eventual justice being done to him by the public. He continued to hope on, though it was against hope. The result has shown, the position he now occupies in the literary world shows, that his confidence, either in himself or the public, was not misplaced.

Mr. Carlyle is, I believe, the owner of some property in his native country, from which he derives a small annual income. This enabled him to prosecute his literary pursuits, when these were unproductive in a pecuniary point of view. Now he derives something from them, though I doubt if, even during the last three years, which may be said to have been the only years of his prosperity as an author, the average annual proceeds of his pen have reached £200.

Mr. Carlyle is, happily, a man of simple unostentatious habits, and consequently does not incur a large expenditure. He lives in comparative retirement in a small but comfortable cottage at Brompton. He has a decided aversion to appearing in public, and is not partial to much of the society of even intellectual men. He is in his element when among his books: he is never happier than when buried amidst the mysteries and spiritualities of the Transcendental philosophers of Germany.

In his personal appearance, Mr. Carlyle is tall and rather slender. His complexion is dark, and his hair possesses a hue which "Warren,

of No. 30, Strand," would call a shining jet black. His face is of the angular form, it is generally deficient in fulness, but especially in the cheeks. His forehead is high, but is deficient in breadth. His eye, as before remarked, is dark, piercing, and expressive. I do not know his exact age, but if appearances may be relied on, he is between his forty-second and forty-fifth year.

CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. ROBERT OWEN—COUNT D'ORSAY—MR. WILLIAM CLOWES.

THOUGH no man of the present day may, with greater propriety, be designated a "Public Character," than MR. ROBERT OWEN, it is not without much consideration that I have come to the resolution of giving him a place in the series of personal sketches now appearing in the pages of this publication.* I have been chiefly induced

* It may be right to state, that this sketch of Mr. Owen, with some of the other sketches in this work, previously appeared in a weekly literary periodical, entitled "Grant's London Journal," conducted by the author of these volumes. Out of twenty octavo volumes, which the author has written, nothing has proceeded from his pen on which he looks back with greater satisfaction than on this; for he has heard from all parts of the country, the most gratifying accounts of the good it has done, not only in preventing persons from imbibing the poison of

to come to this resolution from a conviction, that a great deal more may be done to arrest the progress of his pernicious principles, by a faithful and fearless moral portraiture of the man, than by abstract arguments and logical reasonings against the errors and evils of his creed. Even Mr. Owen and his Socialist disciples themselves, though denying the truth of revelation, will yield their ready and cordial assent to that text of Scripture—it being in equal accordance with observation and philosophy—which says, that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit. If it shall appear that there is something radically faulty or defective—I am anxious to make use of the mildest phraseology which will convey my meaning—in the moral constitution of Mr. Owen's mind, then his Social system, viewed in its moral relations, is shivered at once to atoms, and scattered to the winds of heaven.

Socialism, but in reclaiming individuals who had already adopted its pestilential principles. The attempt to answer the charges I have here preferred against the moral character of Mr. Owen, made in his own publication, "The New Moral World," will be found to be disposed of in a foot note.

The character of Mr. Owen is not so well understood as it is desirable it should be. We hear of nothing but high-wrought eulogiums on his benevolence, and the most unqualified commendation of his disposition. A more intimate acquaintance with the individual, would serve to moderate the general estimate of his character in these respects. It is true that he has spent a large portion of a princely fortune, acquired through his wife, in his endeavours to propagate the pestilential principles which contradistinguish his creed from that of the great bulk of mankind; but it is a monstrous perversion of language to represent the expenditure of large sums of money in the dissemination of his crotchets, as synonymous with any form of phraseology which expresses a continued course of genuine benevolence. Every one who knows aught of the philosophy of the human mind, must be aware, that men will often labour with the zeal of apostles, and even submit to the pains of martyrdom itself, in the consuming ardour of their anxiety to diffuse among mankind some favourite notions peculiar to themselves—not only

without the remotest regard to the salutary tendencies of those notions, but even when, on the very face of the thing, their general adoption would inevitably be productive of a very large amount of human misery. Spinoza, an Italian philosopher of the sixteenth century, suffered the pains of a martyr's public death, rather than renounce his Atheism; yet he never pretended that atheistical opinions were conducive to the happiness of individuals, or to the well-being of society. The annals of the world are crowded with instances of individuals expending large fortunes in the assertion of some favourite theory or crotchet, which, on the very face of it, could not, however extensively adopted or acted on, promote the interests or welfare of the human race.

Will those who represent Mr. Owen as a benevolent man, adduce any practical proofs of the truth of their position? Just let any of his disciples, if they can, point us to any tangible instances of his benevolence. He himself may lay claim to the character of a philanthropist of the loftiest and purest order, or his Socialist follow-

ers may represent him as such; but we want other proof than his own professions or their assertions. We want *active* proof: we want the evidence of Mr. Owen's conduct. Well, then, what public meeting, assembled for a benevolent purpose, has Mr. Owen been known to attend? In what subscription list, for a charitable object, does his name appear? On what occasion has he ever evinced the least sympathy with suffering humanity? His disciples can adduce no such instance of his benevolence, because none such is on record. He has no compassion—at any rate, we see no practical proof of it—for the suffering thousands who crowd the streets, lanes, and alleys of London. He administers not to the relief of the poor and the destitute. We should like to meet with the hungry man whose belly has been filled by Mr. Owen, or the ragged person whose body has been clothed by him; always provided such individual be not one of his avowed disciples.

Let us hear no more, then, from Socialists or others, of the benevolence of Mr. Owen. Common sense revolts at the idea of regarding that

man as benevolent who is never known, amidst the numerous scenes of destitution and wretchedness which this metropolis at all times exhibits, to have taken any part in the measures which the philanthropic part of the community from time to time adopt to diminish the amount of human misery, and whose hand is not known to have been on any occasion put into his pocket, to relieve the necessities of poor destitute creatures who have come under his special notice.

So much for Mr. Owen's boasted benevolence, which, so far as the public know, exists only in his own and his followers' imagination. As regards the alleged amiableness of his disposition, I believe, without meaning to say that he is a bad-tempered or harsh-minded man, that he is by no means a Socrates in this respect. He has his infirmities of disposition as well as other men; and, with all his policy—for he is, in such matters, an exceedingly politic man—he often finds it impossible to conceal the fact. He can, at times, be both virulent and violent, as he has proved on some memorable public occasions. A few years ago, when his co-operative mania was

at its height, he attended the meetings of an association of his disciples in Westminster; and, by the coarseness and asperity with which he assailed all who would not swallow his Atheism with the same readiness as they chronicled his co-operative crotchets, he so disgusted not merely those members who believed in Christianity, but many who rejected revelation altogether, that the dissolution of the Society followed immediately afterwards.

But there are other defects, to use the mildest term, in the character of Mr. Owen, of a much graver kind than those to which I have referred. And in order that neither Mr. Owen himself, nor any of his disciples may have the slightest pretext for charging me with intentional misrepresentation of his principles or conduct, I shall convey my impressions in the categorical form.

First—Did not Mr. Owen, when paying his addresses to Miss Dale, of Glasgow, a lady whom he afterwards married, regularly attend a place of Christian worship, and make a decided profession of evangelical religion? And does he

not know, that neither Mr. Dale nor the lady herself would have listened, for a moment, to any proposal made to the latter to accept his hand in marriage, had they not believed him to be a sincere Christian?

Secondly—Did not Mr. Owen continue to make the same systematic profession of Christianity, after his marriage with Miss Dale, until her father's death? And does he not know that had Mr. Dale, his father-in-law, entertained the slightest suspicion of his Atheism, or even Deism, he would a thousand times sooner have thrown into the Clyde the last farthing of the princely fortune—said to be about £300,000—he left Mr. Owen, than have given a sixpence of it to a man who, entertaining Infidel notions, might apply a portion of it to the spread of his pernicious principles?

Thirdly—Did not Mr. Owen, during the lifetime of his father-in-law, openly sanction and actively encourage the daily reading of the Bible in the schools for children, established in New Lanark by Mr. Dale?

Fourthly—Did not Mrs. Owen, on discover-

ing, some time after her father's death, that her husband was an Infidel, express as well as feel the most poignant grief at the circumstance?

Fifthly—Did not the discovery of his being an unbeliever in revealed religion, embitter and render wretched the remainder of her days?

Sixthly—And was it not believed by her relations—does not Mr. Owen himself believe—that the circumstance preyed so much on her mind as to contribute in hurrying her to a premature grave?

Should Mr. Owen meet the charges embodied in the above questions with a denial, it will then be for me to enter on their proof. In the meantime, regarding them as true, I beg to ask what is to be thought of the moral character of the man of whom such things can be said? With what propriety can he come forward to denounce Christianity on the ground of its alleged immoral and anti-social tendencies? What right has he to set himself up as the greatest moralist and purest philanthropist of the age? His everlasting charge against the ministers of the Christian religion—priestcraft is his favourite term—is,

that they uphold that religion by systematic fraud and hypocrisy. He must, in preferring this accusation against the ministers of the Gospel, be applying to them language which his own conscience tells him is strictly applicable to himself. In a recent manifesto published in one of the morning papers, Mr. Owen stated that he has entertained his present principles for half-a-century. Then, out of his own mouth, he stands convicted of having played the hypocrite, and of admitting that his life has been one continued act of fraud, for upwards of a quarter of a century; for be it remembered, that twenty-five years have not elapsed since he first found it politic or convenient to throw off the mask, and to stand forth to public view in all the hideousness of a downright Atheist. So long as the author of Socialism found it was conducive to his worldly interests to make a profession of Christianity—and of *evangelical* religion too—he personated the character of a pious Christian with such consummate skill as not only to impose on his wife and his father-in-law, but as to practise the same deception on others; but, as soon

as he has accomplished his designs, and fairly laid his clutches on the vast fortune of his father-in-law—than whom, as I once before observed, a more sincere Christian, or a kinder-hearted man never existed—he strips himself of his disguise, and avows himself a confirmed and utter unbeliever in that system of divine revelation in which he had not only before professed, for a long series of years, his firm and sincere faith, but whose injunctions, so far as man's eye could penetrate, he observed in his daily practice. Let not Mr. Owen, therefore, charge the ministers of the Gospel with systematic fraud and hypocrisy. Or if, on the uncharitable supposition that others are as unprincipled as himself, he will assert that the charge applies to them, let him, at least, also plead guilty to the same crime.

Mr. Owen, to speak in the plainest possible terms, is chargeable, in a moral point of view, with the crime of having obtained the fortune of his father-in-law under false pretences. One simple admission, before Mr. Dale's death, of his being an Infidel, would have forfeited for ever the friendship of that excellent man, and,

as before remarked, have deprived him of any part, even a shilling, of his princely fortune. Mr. Owen knew this, and hence the studious care with which he kept up his profession of evangelical Christianity.

If, therefore, the conduct of the founder of Socialism was, for a long course of years, according to his own virtual admission, an uninterrupted practical falsehood, what faith can be put either in his word or his actions *now*? If he professed Christianity for nearly a quarter of a century, during which he was privately an Atheist, may he not, in his *judgment* be a Christian now, though avowing the most unqualified Atheism? Let no one imagine there is anything paradoxical in this; for many an outward or professed Infidel has been known to believe in the truth of Christianity. Whence was it, but from his apprehensions that Christianity might, after all, be true, that Hobbes could not endure to remain a moment in a dark room by himself? Whence, but from the same cause, the horror of the Infidel so well described by Addison, when overtaken in a storm at sea?

Whence, also, but from that cause, the frightful death-bed scenes of Voltaire and Paine, and a host of other Infidels whose names might be mentioned? Their horrible exclamations, their awful groans, their fiendish contortions of countenance, were but the outbursts of convictions of the truth of revealed religion, of which they had never been able to divest their minds in life, though in their pride of intellect and the depravity of their natures, they had affected to disbelieve in it, and treated it with scorn and ridicule. History is full of admissions of this kind, made by dying Infidels, as well as by those who have been converted to Christianity. And I doubt not that many an unhappy Socialist—perhaps the founder of the system himself—will find a response to the justice of my remarks in his own breast. To this fact I can speak, that I myself have heard from the lips of persons professing Infidelity, the humiliating confession that they have, in the presence of their companions, indulged in coarse sarcasms and wretched jeers at the expense of Christianity, at the very moment their consciences were rebuking them for their

conduct, and while they felt an overpowering inward conviction, that that very religion which they were thus lampooning and loading with their miserable ribaldry, was a special revelation from Heaven.

Mr. Owen is the vainest and most egotistical man of whom I have ever read or heard. His writings are full of illustrations and proofs of this; but I never knew him make such a display of the exalted opinion he entertains of himself, both morally and intellectually, as he did on Monday evening, the 30th of March last, when delivering his first lecture at the Mechanics' Institution. He stated in the plainest terms he could employ, and with an emphasis of tone and gravity of countenance which left no room to doubt that he spoke from a decided conviction of the perfect truth of what he said, that he was the greatest, the wisest, and the best man the world ever produced; that, had he chosen to concur in the opinions, and to sanction the conduct of "the old, immoral, and worn-out world" in which they lived, that he would not only have been the richest, but the most influential man

in these realms; that he never met with a single man who understood the philosophy of human happiness, though he himself comprehended it thoroughly; that *he* knew how to give *every* child who should hereafter be born, no matter in what part of the world, a better education than *any* child had ever before received; and that he had lately brought out a book, "The New Moral World," which contained more wisdom, inculcated a purer and better system of morality, and would conduce more to the happiness of mankind, than any other book that had ever been written.*

* The portraiture of the moral character of Mr. Robert Owen, which we gave in our Journal of the 11th of April, has produced a great sensation among the Socialists. They seem to be, one and all, aware that, if the moral character of their founder were once destroyed, the system itself must necessarily fall to pieces.

No wonder then at the eagerness which their organs have evinced to neutralise, if possible, the effect which our delineation of Mr. Owen's character has produced. The only Socialist publication to which we deem it necessary to reply, is "The New Moral World." Not that there is any argument in its observations on our article, any more than there is in the remarks made on that article in other Socialist publications; but, that being the duly

Mr. Owen is, if I understand him rightly, a great phrenologist. If there be truth in that science, he must have the organ of faith, if there be such an organ, developed with an extraordi-

accredited organ of Mr. Owen's own sentiments, as well as of the sentiments of the community of which he is the head, it possesses an importance to which the matter itself, in so far at least as this Journal is concerned, has not the slightest pretensions.

Every one who knows anything of Socialism must be aware that one of its leading principles, as developed by its advocates is, that its disciples are, or ought to be, utterly exempt from all those animosities, passions, and unkindly emotions which characterise the inhabitants of the "worn-out, irrational, old world" in which it is our fate to live; and that they ought to cherish the most amiable and friendly feelings towards the whole human race. What a beautiful practical exemplification of this very lovely theory is furnished us in "The New Moral World" of May the 2nd, in the attempted reply to our portraiture of the *real* character of Mr. Owen! There the writer—very possibly Mr. Owen himself, though the article appears in the editorial form—assails us with a degree of virulence and a prodigality of abuse which, we will venture to say, very few of us of the "old, immoral, irrational world" could equal, even were we to put forth all our powers in the effort. We deem it no small triumph to have thus stung the Socialists to the quick; to have inflicted on them a blow sufficiently "heavy" to make them reel, and rage, and howl, and pour forth all manner of vituperation on him (the Editor of this Journal), from whose hand the

nary prominency. Dr. Johnson used to say, that an economical wife, though without a penny in the world, was a positive fortune to the lucky person who got her; and Mr. Combe, the cele-

blow proceeded. Not only have we been the first to unmask Mr. Owen, and to hold up to the public gaze, in all its frightful hideousness, the *true* character of the man; but we have by the article in question exposed, or rather, which is the greatest triumph of all, made themselves expose it, the *real* character of his disciples; as exemplified in the conduct of their accredited organ. The ebullition of indignation, malignancy, and rancorous abuse which our faithful portraiture of the moral character of Mr. Owen has called forth, will do more to convince the public of the odious and bitter spirit which animates Socialism, than a thousand articles of a general nature.

It is a common proverb, that when a person waxes angry in any discussion, he has got the worst of the argument, or, rather, has got no argument at all on his side. We would beg our readers to keep this proverb in mind, while they contrast the towering passion which the editor of "The New Moral World" exhibits in his apology for a reply to us, with the calm and temperate spirit in which our article, arraigning the moral character of Mr. Owen, was written.

In order that no misconception might exist or misunderstanding occur, as to the charges which we preferred against the founder of Socialism, we put those charges into the plainest form, and demanded plain answers to them. After charging him with giving occasional exhi-

brated phrenologist, is in the habit of telling persons, in whose cranium the organ of hope is largely developed, that the organ, or rather the state of mind of which it is the indication, is

bitions of bad temper, and indulging in the most uncharitable, and even virulent spirit towards those who differ from him, we pronounced him to be a person who has not the shadow of a claim to the benevolence of character which he arrogates to himself, and for which the public, unacquainted with his history, were too ready to give him credit. We then charged him with pursuing, for a series of years, a course of cool, calculating, and consummate hypocrisy, with the view of accomplishing certain private purposes.

And that there might be no misrepresentation or mistake about these matters, we put our charges in the categorical form, expressing our readiness to open our pages to any disproof of them which Mr. Owen might offer, provided he was in a condition to offer any.

Now, surely, it would be scarcely possible to conceive a more worthless or despicable individual than the person of whom such things could be predicated. But can they be predicated of Mr. Owen? We say they can. Hear, now, his answer in "The New Moral World." Will it be believed that, to these grave accusations against the moral character of the father of Socialism, the only reply is—first, that as "The Times" preferred similar charges against him some time ago, we must have borrowed our accusatory matter from that journal; and secondly, that Mr. Owen did *not* receive a fortune with his wife?

worth to them, according to circumstances, from £500 to £1000 per annum. Mr. Owen's prodigious powers of belief, his singularly vigorous and invariable conviction that his principles are

This, we repeat, is the *only* answer given to the numerous serious charges we have brought against the moral character of the god of the Socialists. We shall dispose of this answer, if it be not an abuse of language to dignify it with the name, in a single sentence or two.

First—We did *not* borrow our charges from "The Times," nor from any other journal. We grounded them on information specially communicated to ourselves. It so happens that we have not, up to this moment, seen the charges preferred by "The Times" against the moral character of Mr. Owen. The circumstance, therefore, of "The Times" and this Journal happening to bring substantially the same charges against the father of Socialism, without concert or understanding between us, is at least presumptive proof of the truth of those charges.

Secondly—The denial given in "The New Moral World" to our assertion, that Mr. Owen acquired a large fortune through his wife, is unworthy of any attention from us, because it is not an answer written for the purpose of meeting *our* charge, but is simply a quotation from some previous answer in "The New Moral World" to some similar charge preferred by some other opponent of Socialism. We repeat, that Mr. Owen *did* acquire a large sum of money through his marriage with the singularly pious and excellent Miss Dale, and that the fact is universally known in the West of Scotland. Mr.

about to be universally adopted, and that we are on the very precincts of his New Moral World, must be to him a fortune of incalculable value. For upwards of a quarter of a century he has

Owen's denial of any fact would, with us, go for nothing, unaccompanied by a reference to persons or facts by whom or by which his denial might be corroborated. He acts on the principle of denying or asserting anything that suits his purpose, as the whole of his recent conduct shows.

But even supposing we were wrong, and Mr. Owen right in this matter, our case against his moral character remains as strong as before ; for not *one* word, literally not *one* word, is even attempted to be offered in vindication of Mr. Owen's moral character from the more serious charges we have preferred against it. This, therefore, is a virtual admission of the truth of these charges ; which stand thus, omitting the one about the large sum of money he is said to have obtained through his wife :—

First—That Mr. Owen is *not* a benevolent man—that he has not, during the twenty years he has openly professed Atheism, attended any public meeting of a humane or benevolent kind—that his name is not to be seen in the subscription list to any charitable institution—that he is not known to have relieved any case of individual distress that has been brought under his notice—that in short, neither his disciples nor himself can point us to a single benevolent action he has performed, notwithstanding his immense wealth, since his open avowal of the Social creed.

uniformly talked—and I have not a doubt he potently believes in what he says—as if the advent of his millennium were just at hand. He never dates the commencement of it at a remoter

Secondly—That though he is politic or cunning enough to conceal it in the generality of cases, he can and does at times exhibit an overbearing manner and rancorous spirit.

Thirdly—That during a long series of years he made a systematic and flaming profession of evangelical Christianity, regularly attending a Dissenting chapel and keeping worship, morning and evening, in his own family, *though all this time, by his own subsequent confession, a rank Atheist at heart.*

Fourthly—That so consummate and skilfully managed was Mr. Owen's hypocrisy, that neither his father-in-law, though in constant intercourse with him, nor even his own wife, ever, for a moment, doubted his personal piety, or his cordial belief in Christianity.

Fifthly—That soon after the death of his singularly pious father-in-law, he threw off his profession of Christianity, and stood forth before the public in all the hideousness of a downright Atheist—he having no farther private ends to serve by continuing a profession of the Christian faith. And,

Sixthly—That on Mr. Owen's wife discovering, after her father's death, that her husband was an unbeliever in revealed religion, she was so overwhelmed with sorrow as well as surprise at the circumstance, that she died soon afterwards of a broken heart.

period than three months. That has been the language he has held for more than five-and-twenty years. Even when, some years ago, his name and his views had fallen into as complete

Such is the real character of the man who coolly comes forward to erect, on the ruins of Christianity, what he calls his new system of morals—a system which, if his dictum is to be taken on the subject, is to regenerate mankind and to create a heaven on earth. We would ask every honest though deluded disciple of this unhappy hoary-headed man, whether, now that we have stripped him of the disguise in which he has hitherto cloaked himself, the records of unblushing effrontery can furnish a parallel to his conduct, in coming forward to substitute *his* morality for the pure and lofty morality of the New Testament?

We have now done with Mr. Owen ; but before closing, we would earnestly entreat the attention of those who have unhappily fallen into the meshes of Socialism, to a few plain considerations. We have reason to believe, that many of these misguided men have been seduced from the better way into the pestilential paths of Socialism, by the false glare which has been thrown around that system. The real character of the system may be inferred from the real character of its founder. In the ordinary intercourse of life, we would not submit to receive our notions of virtue from the lips or the life, the precepts or the practice, of an essentially bad man. And will any one, after the delineation we have given of the actual character of Mr. Robert Owen, submit to be instructed in the science of ethics by him? We cannot believe it.

oblivion as if neither had ever been heard of, or, as the late Miss Macauley once remarked to me, when "he and his system had gone to sleep;" even then he still clung, with an unyielding tenacity of faith, to the notion, that his New Moral World was just in the act of being ushered

Robert Owen a teacher of morality! With quite as much propriety might a Nero or a Caligula have set himself up for a teacher of humanity.

Happily the degrading and destructive system of Socialism is already tottering to its base. The accidental prominence with which it was lately, through Parliamentary proceedings and otherwise brought into notice, threw a momentary *eclât* around it: but that has now passed away, and those who were, for the moment, seduced from a higher, and happier, and better faith, are abjuring the Socialist creed, and deserting the Socialist temples. In so far as London is concerned, we look on Socialism as already virtually entombed; never, we trust, to be exhumed. We have ourselves lately seen Mrs. Martin, the most popular of its metropolitan missionaries, wasting her eloquence on audiences not exceeding two dozen in number. In fact, she has been obliged to give up her series of Sunday afternoon lectures at Theobald's Road, because she could get nobody to listen to them.

The course of Socialism, indeed, is everywhere nearly run. In a very little time it will, we are persuaded, become extinct, and thus the world will be rid of one of the greatest and most destructive moral pestilences which ever scourged the human race.

in; and, when any of his friends condoled with him on the utter annihilation of his system, and the disappointment (as they supposed) of all his hopes, he always expressed the greatest surprise that they should speak to him in a desponding tone, adding—"Why, everything is hurrying on as fast as possible to the introduction of a new state of things: we are on the threshold of the New Moral World: in three months, at the farthest, the great change will take place. I see it quite plainly; there can be no doubt upon the subject."

Mr. Owen is a man of superior literary taste: his style is chaste, terse, and accurate. When it is his purpose to be clear, no man can write with greater perspicuity. Many passages in his works rise to a high order of eloquence; others are models of composition.

As a speaker, he is very unequal—not only in one address as compared with another, but in the same address, however short. When he lectures, his manner is invariably, at the commencement, heavy and unattractive; and he makes a point—at least he has done so on all the occa-

sions on which I have heard him—of reading from notes. He speaks rather slowly for some time ; but, as he proceeds, his utterance becomes more rapid, and his manner, which was before lifeless, becomes full of animation. The first and certain indication of his being on the eve of a transition from one of his languid to his lively moods, is his suddenly snatching his spectacles from off his nose, displaying them in his right hand, and then retiring a few paces from his desk. If he mean to be particularly animated, he seizes a copy of “The New Moral World,” which is always lying before him, and, pressing it with his hand to his left side, commences a sort of backward and forward motion, making at the same time some slight gesticulation with his right hand. As he proceeds, he extends the limits of his locomotive exercises, traversing a space of from ten to twelve feet, exactly in the same way as a lion or tiger, or other wild animal moves about in its cage in a menagerie. He is, in the literal sense of the word, a MOVING speaker. A deaf person, provided he did not observe, from the motions of Mr. Owen’s mouth

and right hand, that he was speaking, would come to the conclusion that he was merely walking about on the platform for the purpose of taking a little bodily exercise. He makes a liberal use of his head in those parts of his address which he delivers without the aid of notes; he throws it from side to side, at certain intervals, but seems to have a particular partiality for allowing it to rest on the neck of his coat. When his head inclines in this way, his eyes perform a sort of slow tour through the gallery.

Mr. Owen's voice, like his manner, has nothing attractive in it at the commencement of his address; but, as he proceeds, it increases in the agreeableness and softness of its tones. He possesses a perfect command over it, and often modulates it with great effect. His voice, and looks, and manner, are very impressive and winning when he wishes to be pathetic. I have rarely heard a more fascinating speaker than Mr. Owen is on such occasions. He is an easy and fluent speaker. He never hesitates or stutters, and rarely recalls a word to substitute a better for it.

His personal appearance is so remarkable, that any one who has obtained a passing glance of him, would be able to single him out again from among a thousand persons, without the slightest difficulty. His features are large and massy; his nose is particularly prominent; his eyebrows are large; so are his eyelids. He cannot boast, like most intellectual men, of a lofty forehead; it is low and straight. His cheeks are sunken, which assist in giving to his face more of an elongated than of a round form. His eyes are of a light-grey colour, and large and laughing. The aspect of his countenance is as cheerful and contented as his manners are bland. His complexion partakes slightly of a darkish hue, but has a wonderfully healthful appearance for a man who has attained his seventieth year. His hair is abundant, and what Mr. O'Connell would call "short and sleek," with an evident disposition to become grey; it overlays his brow; and, by that means, makes his forehead look lower than it really is. He has an unconquerable hatred of whiskers. Some men—Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Muntz,

the member for Birmingham, for instance—would almost as soon consent to lose their heads as their whiskers; Mr. Owen, on the other hand, would, I am almost inclined to think, prefer seeing his “New Views of Society” buried in everlasting oblivion, and his “New Moral World” scattered into thin air—which is precisely the material of which it is made—rather than that a pair of whiskers should occupy a local habitation on his cheeks. In height, Mr. Owen is above the middle size, and he is the proprietor of a pair of high substantial shoulders. He is well formed, and stands and walks as erect as if he were only in his thirtieth year. There is a tendency to dandyism about him, which is generally the case with all who, like him, are noted for their attentions to the fair sex. He is exceedingly partial to female society, and is a great favourite with those ladies who share his “Social” notions. In the article of dress he displays some taste. He wears a dark-coloured surtout, a fancy-coloured waistcoat, and a smart-looking black silk stock. He is very partial to linen which can boast of a “snow-

white" breast; but for some reason or other, with which I am unacquainted, he will never, on any account, or under any circumstances, consent to wear a shirt which has a visible collar. In this respect he resembles his friend Lord Brougham, to whose appearance generally, but especially in the contour of his countenance, he bears a remarkable resemblance. Mr. Owen is not, as is generally supposed, a Scotchman; he is a native of Wales.

The name of COUNT D'ORSAY is, perhaps, more familiar to the public ear and eye than that of any other individual that could be mentioned, not filling a public situation of importance. There are scores of peers and members of the House of Commons, who, compared with him, may be said to be positively unknown. For nearly a quarter of a century has he been the acknowledged leader of the fashionable world; for that space of time has he been allowed, by universal consent, to be the most handsome in person, and the most elegant and accomplished in manners, of those who live, and

move, and have their being, in the circles of aristocratic society. But of this more anon.

It is a curious fact, though one not generally known, that Count D'Orsay's father occupied, for a long series of years, the same prominent place in the *beau monde*, as he delights to call it, of Paris, which the Count himself has so long maintained, and still maintains, in the empire of fashion in London. He was the observed of all observers; he was equally admired for the symmetry of his person, the exquisite taste he displayed in all matters appertaining to the toilet, and the ease and elegance of his manners.

Count D'Orsay came over to this country upwards of twenty-five years ago; and his appearance at Almack's and the other places of aristocratic resort, at once created a sensation among the votaries of fashion. His fine figure, his great accomplishments, and the singular elegance of his deportment, were the themes of every tongue, and the subjects of universal admiration. A keen competition immediately commenced in the aristocratic circles, as to who should receive the earliest and most frequent

honour of the Count's company to dinner. He was all but idolized wherever he went. To have had him to dinner was a thing of which the proudest of our English nobility were fain to boast. Had it been the custom to speak of the "god," instead of the "goddess of fashion," the Count would have been voted, by universal acclamation, to be an impersonation of his godship. And the sovereignty which Count D'Orsay thus assumed in the dominions of fashionable life, immediately on his arrival in London, he has, as already mentioned, continued to retain undisputed up to this moment. It is not that he will admit no rival near the throne, but that during the long period of his brilliant reign in the world of aristocratic gaiety, no rival has appeared to dispute his sovereignty. No one has ventured to put in his claims to even a share of the homage which, with one unanimous consent on the part of the worshippers of the fashionable goddess, has been accorded to him.

I speak with all seriousness when I say, that I have never seen a person having so much of the appearance of a perfect gentleman as Count

D'Orsay; and those who know him intimately, assure me that his entire deportment in society is in happy keeping with his external aspect. Nothing could exceed the refinement of his manners; nothing could surpass the ease and fascination of his conversational displays. Though a foreigner, he talks English—and, I may add, he writes it too—with a fluency and accuracy which are not to be exceeded. He is always clever and attractive; he is often brilliant. He is a decided wit; he sometimes indulges in waggery. No man knows better than he how to play off a hoax at the expense of some fashionable friend; only that his hoaxes are invariably harmless. It may be remembered that, when some mischievous person thought proper, ten or twelve months ago, to outrage the feelings of the public, by inventing the story of Lord Brougham's death through the upsetting of his carriage, the heartless hoax was ascribed, in some of the papers, to the Count. The very nature of the hoax was sufficient, in the estimation of all who knew him, to acquit him at once of anything displaying such a wretched taste,

and exhibiting such an utter absence of all right feeling. But though Count D'Orsay never indulges in his fondness for fun at the expense of the better feelings of human nature, nothing can be more severe than his irony when he chooses to indulge in it, with the view of lashing the follies of individuals or society. He is a choice companion at table. Whether at dinner, or at the cards, he rarely opens his mouth without delighting the company with something quite as sparkling as the champagne. He has the happy knack of putting every one into good humour. He can even elicit an occasional laugh from the luckless pigeon at play, while the latter is in the act of being plucked. His wit, in a word, can do anything short of reconciling the man who "shakes the elbow"—which, being translated, means throws the dice—to the loss of his money. What will excite some surprise, is the fact—for I am assured by those who know the Count, that it is a fact—that his wit, like wine, improves the older he grows. He is reputed to have far surpassed, within the last few years, in the wit, and point, and brilliancy of his conver-

sation, anything he ever before achieved in that way.

The Count is a highly intellectual man in other respects than that I have just mentioned. He has the reputation of possessing a cultivated literary taste, and of being intimately acquainted with the literature of the day. "It is currently reported," as the phrase is, that he has contributed somewhat largely to the London periodicals. If his writings be as sparkling as his conversation, he must be quite an accession to the proprietors of magazines.

He is a great admirer of the fine arts; and not only has he an excellent taste in paintings, engravings, and etchings of every kind, but some of his own pictorial productions possess first-rate merit. He is particularly partial to the sketching or caricature style. He is understood to have just completed a portfolio of caricatures of the leading men about town, which are said, by those who have seen them, to have all the freedom of conception, the excellence of execution, and fidelity to the originals, which have brought the caricatures of H. B. into such

general popularity. The Count, indeed, might any day enter the lists as a pencil caricaturist with H. B., only that he has no inducement to "sketch" for the gratification of the public. What he does he does *con amore*; he does it for his own amusement, and for the gratification of the little select world of admirers, of which he is the sun and centre.

Count D'Orsay being a man of the world, and being scarcely known in any other character, I am not called on to speak of his moral qualities. With his reputed gallantries I have nothing to do; they are out of my way.

But why speak of the Count in any other character than that of the leader of the fashionable world? Other men are as good-natured as he. I could name some dozens in the aristocratic circles who are as thoroughly "fine fellows;" but no one can be named who can, for a moment, be put in competition with Count D'Orsay in handsomeness of person, tastefulness of toilet, or elegance of manners. Lord Palmerston prides himself on his personal appearance, on the dandyism of his dress, and on the

elegance of his deportment ; but Lord Palmerston is not for an instant, to be compared, in these respects, to Count D'Orsay. Oh, no ! The Count has no rival in the world of fashion ; no competitor in the drawing-room, or at Almack's.

I know, were I not to guard against it, that I should be charged with exaggeration and hyperbole when I say, that so far superior is the personal appearance of the Count to any other man in the aristocratic circles of London, that individuals who never saw him before, but to whom the report of his surpassing symmetry of person and elegance of dress has been familiar, have at once recognised him in the streets, at the West End, among a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen, simply from his exceedingly handsome form and gentlemanly appearance. An instance of this, which occurred a few weeks ago, has come under my own individual knowledge.

On horseback, the Count appears, were that possible, to still greater advantage than when promenading the pavement in St. James's Street. Riding on one of his high-bred horses,

he is a perfect picture. I can imagine what disappointment the student of graceful forms must feel, when he sees the Count playing the equestrian in the streets, that he has not an opportunity of transferring the "study" to the canvass. His steed snorts and prances as if proud of its burden. That the servant who rides behind, is proud of having so handsome and elegant a master, no one who has seen him can doubt. There is a sort of derived liveried aristocratic air about the servant. Put to him any ordinary question, and you are fortunate if you get an intelligible answer at all. Ask him who that fine-looking gentleman is who is riding before him, and he answers promptly and with an aspect of decided self-complacency, "That is *the* Count." "*The* Count!" Well, and the answer is sufficiently definite after all. He must be a very green personage, indeed, who would not at once conclude that, though there are scores of counts at all times in London, Count D'Orsay is the man intended.

When ordinary dandies come into contact with Count D'Orsay, they are fain to hide their

diminished heads. Lord Monteagle, lately Mr. Spring Rice, is, as every one knows, usually on remarkably good terms with himself. One Saturday, in April last, about three in the afternoon, the Count, while making some calls in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, chanced to be observed by Lord Monteagle, though, I believe, the latter was not observed by the Count; and the moment his lordship's eyes lighted on the fine form of Count D'Orsay, he looked as confounded and mortified as need be. If his countenance were a faithful index of what was passing in his mind, he must have been saying to himself, "Ah, well, I am a tolerably becoming person, though rather short in stature; but I must admit I cannot match the Count." Lord Monteagle stole away in the direction of Parliament Street. On his way, he met a member of the House of Commons, and, assuming the airs of familiarity he was wont to exhibit, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his intercourse with M.P.'s—their votes being then an object to him—he accosted him with, "Well, how goes it with you?" But the thing was a decided failure. It

was a clumsy affair; he had not yet recovered from the effects of the total eclipse which he suffered when his diminutive person came in contact with the tall, finely-formed figure of Count D'Orsay. But I forbear to dwell on the contrast; for if comparisons are odious, contrasts must be doubly so—at least to one of the parties.

It will be easily believed—very probably the statement may be anticipated—that there is a regular competition among a certain class of West End tradesmen, to obtain the patronage of Count D'Orsay. Tailors and bootmakers especially, know that whoever gets him as a customer, thereby acquires, through the accession of business he is sure to bring, a handsome annual income, which may be as confidently relied on as the interest of one's money in the Funds on the arrival of dividend day. You see the Count standing at the door of Crockford's, or riding in the Park, and you straightway ask yourself what “decorator” had the honour and the “tailorific” talent to make so exquisite a fit; or who was the architect of that singularly-handsome pair of

boots. Of course, you determine at once henceforth to bestow your patronage on the parties. Other noblemen and gentlemen follow your example, until there is no end to the number of customers who rush to employ the same tailor and shoemaker as the Count. A coat on the Count's back, or a pair of boots on his feet, is worth 1000 advertisements or 10,000 circulars, though crammed with professions of taste, talent, attention, and so forth, in the various departments of the person's business. It is perfectly well understood that, though he were to wear a suit of clothes every week, and were never to pay a farthing to his tailor, the latter would have abundant reason to think himself a fortunate person. It is said, that the horse-dealers from whom he purchases his chargers, invariably decline receiving payment "at present," thinking themselves much too happy in seeing the person of the Count gracing the back of an animal which had been brought out from their stable-yard. In fact, were he disposed to keep a stud, he would soon, without being put to a farthing of expense, have the finest in the world ;

for presents of steeds would forthwith pour in upon him from all quarters.

Count D'Orsay, as already indirectly mentioned, possesses a commanding figure; he is nearly six feet high. His features, as well as his person, are remarkably handsome; they are regularity itself. His face is full and of the round form; his complexion is fresh and healthy. Though he rarely leaves London from one year's end to another, unless for a few days at a time, his complexion is as clear and indicative of health, as if he had spent the whole of his life in the most open and airy spot in the country. What may surprise some, is the fact, that he looks as well now as he did twenty years ago; those who have known him intimately during all that time say, that they can perceive no difference in his appearance. His features, I should have before observed, are small, and slightly partake of a Grecian aspect. There is a mingled expression of dignity, intelligence, and good-nature in his countenance; so that physiognomy, in his case, holds true enough. Some persons have an idea that he wears mustachios; this is a mistake;

he has an unconquerable dislike to them. He would as soon consent to wear a mask, or to have his face tattooed. His whiskers are unusually large, and are evidently the subject of great and constant solicitude. His hair is long and bushy, and is of an auburn hue. As to his precise age, I cannot speak; but I am pretty sure I am safe enough when I say it is above forty-five, and under fifty.

I do not know that in the entire "Gallery of Public Characters," which I have exhibited, and am in the course of exhibiting to my readers, there is, or will be a name more worthy of a place than that of MR. WILLIAM CLOWES, of Stamford Street. Though not personally known to the great body of his fellow-countrymen, there is not an intelligent person in the kingdom with whom his name is not familiar as a household word. If you take up half-a-dozen modern works, on chance, the probability is that one if not two of the number bear his imprint. If, again, you go into a bookseller's shop or reading-room, and see the same

number of popular periodicals lying before you, the chances are, that out of the half-dozen, three if not four have issued from his press. "The Quarterly Review," "The New Monthly Magazine," "The United Service Journal," "The Penny Magazine," are among the well-known productions which, at stated intervals, emanate from his establishment. Perhaps I am not far from the truth when I say, that he issues more literature into the world than any other five or six printers, excluding the Government printers, that could be named. In an article on the "Printers of London," in an of the journals of the day, I gave an account of his colossal establishment, which, in point of extent, and the resources which it possesses, is not even approached by any other printing establishment in the world. I may here mention a fact which I then omitted to state, as one which will enable the reader to form some idea of the magnitude of the Messrs. Clowes's* establishment—namely, that in wages alone, they

* Two of Mr. Clowes's sons are in partnership with him.

pay, on an average, from £600 to £700 per week.*

“The Quarterly Review” has lately given some interesting details illustrative of the magnitude of this establishment, and the quantity of work performed in it. I shall avail myself of some of the facts of “The Quarterly Review,” adding others which have not before, so far as I am aware, appeared in print. Thus I hope I shall enable my readers to form some idea of this gigantic and wonderful literary manufactory; for so, I think, it may with propriety be termed.

The statement of the simple fact, that the average number of hands constantly employed in the Messrs. Clowes’s establishment is nearly 350, must of itself convince the reader that it is one of uncommon magnitude. But, perhaps, the general reader will be able to form some more definite ideas on the subject, when I mention, that from twenty to thirty large works

* On the 14th of last April, the exact amount which Mr. Clowes paid as wages, for the week ending that day, was £650.

are usually in the act of being printed by the Messrs. Clowes at one time. The average size of the works, and the extent of the impression, will be inferred from the fact, that the astounding quantity of 1500 reams of demy, royal, and post paper, each ream consisting of 500 sheets, is printed weekly at the Stamford Street establishment. Were the paper thus printed, made up into books, it would make about sixty post-octavo volumes, allowing upwards of 300 pages to each. Let any one, then, only imagine, in his own mind, what must be the extent, and what the capabilities of an establishment which can thus issue into the world, every week, no fewer than *sixty* volumes, or *ten* such volumes every day. The stock of paper kept constantly on hand by the Messrs. Clowes, is, on an average, from 6500 to 7000 reams. The sum they pay for ink alone, in the course of a year, varies from £1400 to £1600. The cost of the paper they consume in the same period, is estimated, in round numbers, at £100,000.

Of the quantity of type they have on hand, it is not easy to speak with the definiteness which

could be desired. A few months ago, when the writer of the article in "The Quarterly Review," to which I have already referred, visited the establishment, they had upwards of 1600 sheets, each, on an average, weighing 100lbs., standing in type—either waiting the returns of proofs which required correction, or until the probable extent of the sale of particular new works could be ascertained. The quantity of type lying loose in the cases, is about 100 tons; and the weight of the stereotype plates could not be under 2000 tons. Now, supposing (which is a pretty near approximation to the truth) that the price of each pound weight of the loose type, and the type in forms, was, when new, half-a-crown, or £280 per ton; that would give the immense sum of £448,000, as being laid out in that way alone. The cost of the stereotype plates, exclusive of composition, is estimated at £200,000; but then, these, for the most part, if not wholly, belong to publishers, authors, and others; and are, therefore, not to be taken into account in our calculations. The same observation applies to the 50,000 wood-cuts which are

to be seen in the Messrs. Clowes's premises. It is right to mention, that in forming an estimate of the probable amount of capital embarked in the great printing establishment in Stamford Street, a very considerable quantity of the type is much worn, and, consequently, is not to be valued at what it cost when new, but at what its worth is in its present state. Even, after every allowance is made for this, the capital embarked in type alone cannot be under £250,000, or a quarter of a million. Then there is the capital laid out on the nineteen steam-presses and twenty-three hand presses, besides a number of presses for pulling proofs. The aggregate cost of these various presses could not be under £30,000 more; which, with cases, galleys, and the various other articles necessary in a printing establishment, would make the capital embarked in the Messrs. Clowes's business at least £300,000.

I have, I am sure, said enough to fill the minds of my readers with astonishment at the magnitude of this concern. It were an interesting train of thought, to endeavour in some

degree, though necessarily a very imperfect one, to trace the moral, the social, and religious effects produced on mankind, by the instrumentality of this establishment alone.

I have spoken of the name of Mr. Clowes being familiar as a household word to every intelligent person in the United Kingdom. That is saying much; but it is not saying half what the circumstances justify. Mr. Clowes has a European reputation as a printer; nay, there is not a portion of the civilized world in which he is not known to be the most extensive printer. He may be called, with peculiar propriety, the prince of printers.

Mr. Clowes, though now a very opulent man, was at one time a common journeyman pressman. He commenced business with a limited capital, which, I believe, he got through his wife; and thus from this small beginning, he has risen, through his excellent judgment and great enterprise, to be the proprietor of the largest establishment in the world. What may be the amount of his wealth I, of course, am not in a condition to say; but if the estimate which I have given,

in the preceding page, of the capital embarked in his business, be correct—and I am satisfied it is pretty nearly, if not wholly so—one cannot be far wrong in concluding that he is one of the richest tradesmen in England. This is something to boast of, especially as he is the architect of his own fortune.

Mr. Clowes is a man of singularly generous disposition. He is one of nature's nobles. Some remarkable instances of generous actions on the part of Mr. Clowes, have been communicated to me, but I am not at liberty to make a special reference to them. I wish I were, for they are creditable to human nature. He has been the means of setting up many persons in the world, and of preventing others from falling, who, but for his interposition, must have sunk under the pressure of unexpected reverses. He takes a delight in assisting those struggling individuals in whose honesty he has confidence. I will just mention one instance of his enlarged generosity of mind, namely, that some time ago he advanced several thousand pounds to a meritorious young tradesman, on a simple I O U for the amount.

Mr. Clowes is a man of great, as well as generous mind. I would, for my own part, seek no other proof of this than is furnished in the fact, that notwithstanding his great wealth, he not only glories in the name of a tradesman, but in his having been originally a hard-working mechanic. There can be no greater proof of true greatness of mind, than that of a man who has amassed a princely fortune, and whose company is courted in the higher grades of society, not only not being ashamed to acknowledge his humble origin, but referring to it with feelings of pride and pleasure.

I remarked, in the commencement of this sketch, that Mr. Clowes, though so well known by name to every intelligent person in the kingdom, is not personally known to the public. But though not personally known to the public in the more comprehensive acceptation of the term, he is most extensively known to the literary and bibliopolic public. What author, of any standing in the world of letters, has not met with Mr. Clowes? What metropolitan publisher, of any eminence, cannot boast, and does

not boast, of his acquaintance? Perhaps I am not wrong when I say, that he has had personal intercourse with three times the number of extensive publishers and distinguished literary men, of any other printer of the present day.

Mr. Clowes, as will be inferred from what I have already stated, is greatly respected by every one in his extensive establishment. His workmen, with very few exceptions, feel a personal pride in being in his employ; they also feel a kind of personal interest in the prosperity of the establishment. I need not add that many of them have been in the service of Mr. Clowes for a long series of years, and that a goodly number of them are likely to die, as they have lived, in his employment.

In his personal appearance Mr. Clowes is tall and athletic. His height I should take to be above six feet, and his breadth is proportionable. His figure has an imposing appearance. He is a cheerful benevolent-looking man. His features are regular and pleasing. Until within the last few years his complexion was clear, and constituted a sort of perpetual locomotive certifi-

cate of the good health of its possessor; but latterly, Mr. Clowes's complexion has become pale and wan, while his hair has assumed a snow-white colour, or is rapidly tending to it. Mr. Clowes, however, so far as my information goes, still enjoys good health and a robust constitution, for one who has attained, or is on the eve of attaining, the age of threescore.

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CHAPTER XII.

MISCELLANEOUS—CONCLUDED.

MR. MACREADY — MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK —
MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES—MR. GEORGE ROBINS.

THERE are very few names more frequently in the mouths, or before the eye of the public, than the name of MR. MACREADY; and yet it would, perhaps, be difficult to point to a public man of whom less is known. Considering him a fit subject for one of my "Portraits"—and all will admit that the range of the histrionic profession, wide as that range is, does not contain a name which has equal claims to the distinction—considering, I say, Mr. Macready as a proper subject for one of my sketches, I turned my attention, as a matter of course, to the procuring of such information respecting him as should be at

once ample and accurate. I have, I have every reason to believe, at last succeeded in acquiring the knowledge of which I was in quest, but not without much greater difficulty than I have found in the great majority of similar cases.

Mr. Macready's father was for many years the manager of various provincial theatres, and also an actor of considerable reputation. He acted on several occasions, in the course of his lengthened histrionic career, on the boards of our leading metropolitan theatres. He made his first appearance in the metropolis, as Hosier in the "Road to Ruin," and sustained the character to the entire approbation of the audience. For many years before his death, the elder Mr. Macready did not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, perform on the London boards, but confined himself to the provincial theatres. Eventually, I believe, he abandoned theatricals altogether. He was not only an actor of highly respectable talents, but was also the author of two or three dramatic pieces which acquired considerable popularity, and were repeatedly performed. The comedy of "The Bank Note,"

and the farce of "The Irishman in London," were two of the productions of his pen. And here I may remark, by way of parenthesis, that the elder Mr. Macready was himself an Irishman. "The Village Lawyer" was for a long time attributed to him, even till the day of his death; but it was ascribed to him erroneously, the drama having been written by a young lawyer, who had sound and substantial reasons for preserving the anonymous.

The present Mr. Macready was born about the time that his father made his first appearance on the metropolitan boards, which, as already mentioned, was in 1792. Mr. Macready's birth-place was in a house at the foot of Tottenham Court Road, nearly opposite the Hampstead Road. I have not been able to ascertain whether his father intended him for any particular profession, or whether it was his wish, that he should apply himself to the study of the histrionic art. But whatever his father's views in this respect may have been, Mr. Macready received an education which would have fitted him for any situation in life. I have been

assured by those who know him intimately, that he received a university education; others, however, as confidently assure me that such was not the fact; but all concur in saying that his education was of a very superior character, and that he distinguished himself in early life in the various branches of education which he studied.

How or under what circumstances, Mr. Macready chose the stage as a profession, are points on which I have not been able to obtain information satisfactory to myself, and therefore I will not waste the time of my readers by mentioning anything conjectural on the subject. It will be enough for my readers to know that he made his *debut*, when yet but a young man, in one of the leading provincial theatres, and that he very soon afterwards acquired a distinguished reputation as a tragedian. He played with great success, for several years before presenting himself to a London audience, in the Birmingham, Newcastle, Glasgow and other country theatres of note. His fame, therefore, as a matter of course, preceded his arrival in the

metropolis, when he came thither in the prosecution of his professional pursuits. He made his London *debut* in 1816, on the boards, if my memory be not at fault, of Covent Garden. The play he chose for the occasion, or which was chosen for him—I am not sure which—was the “Distressed Mother.” He personated the character of Orestes; while Mrs. Glover played Andromache, and the late Mrs. Egerton, Hermione. The cast of the piece was, taken all in all, anything but good, and Mr. Macready was but indifferently supported by actors on whose best services he had been taught to rely. And yet with this most serious drawback, his metropolitan *debut* was triumphant. He was applauded to the echo by a crowded and fashionable audience, attracted to witness his maiden effort here, by the distinguished provincial reputation which preceded his arrival. Mr. Macready’s first engagement on the London boards was at the rate of £15 per week; a sum which was considered very high for histrionic performances in those days, though now looked upon as no remuneration at all for the services of even a

second-rate actor. Mr. Macready had at this time to contend against the powerful rivalry of Mr. Charles Kemble and Mr. Charles Young. So great, indeed, was the competition for superiority between these three actors, that neither would submit to play a secondary part in any of the pieces then in the habit of being represented. The result was that all suffered for a time in a pecuniary sense; while the play-going public were deprived of the histrionic treat which the cordial co-operation of the three in the service of the lessees of the theatres would have afforded. Another unfortunate circumstance—unfortunate in so far as Mr. Macready was concerned—which resulted from this rivalry between the triumvirate of distinguished actors, was, that Mr. Macready, unless he would consent to being shelved altogether, or to return to the provinces, was obliged to descend to the personation of the heroes who figure in melodramatic pieces.

This state of things lasted for about a year, and Mr. Macready's friends were beginning to be apprehensive that his prospects on the metropolitan boards were all but blasted for ever.

Just at this crisis in his histrionic career, Mr. Shiel's "Apostate" * was brought out, and Mr. Macready had the part of Foscaro, a haughty and ferocious Spanish nobleman, assigned him. He maintained the part with wonderful ability; his acting elicited deafening plaudits from all parts of a crowded house; and he stood before the metropolitan public as an actor of the highest order. The reputation which Mr. Macready thus acquired through his masterly representation of the character of Foscaro, was not only sustained, but, if possible, increased by his powerful personation soon afterwards, of Gambier, in "The Slave." Shortly after this he appeared in the character of Rob Roy, in the play adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel of that name; and with a success corresponding to that which had crowned his efforts in the characters which have just been mentioned.

His next character was that of Virginius, which was perhaps the most successful of all his

* Mr. Shiel, the member for Tipperary, is the author of several dramatic productions, though they have long since ceased to be either acted or read.

parts. His personation of *Virginus* was a truly wonderful performance.

Mr. Macready now took his station, by universal consent, in the first rank of tragic actors; and that station he has occupied up to the present moment. Edmund Kean was undoubtedly his superior, in a limited range of characters, while he trode the London boards: since that great tragedian's death Mr. Macready has occupied the first place in the first rank of English tragedians. But to this point I shall have occasion to recur again towards the conclusion of my sketch.

I have just referred to the singular triumphs which Mr. Macready achieved in his personation of the character of *Virginus*, in Sheridan Knowles's tragedy of that name. Connected with this play, I may mention an interesting incident which, so far as my knowledge extends, has not before been publicly mentioned. *Virginus* had been acted in Glasgow ten years before it was produced in London. Mr. Cooper, the present manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was the original *Virginus* when brought out in

Glasgow. The piece was successful, though not, I believe, remarkably so. It was submitted to Edmund Kean some time after it had closed its career in Glasgow; but he returned it to the author—then unknown to metropolitan, indeed I may say, to English fame—with a note to the effect that it was an unproducible play. Some time afterwards—I do not know how long the interval was—it was submitted to the inspection and judgment of Mr. Macready. The latter gentleman at once perceived its poetic beauties and its dramatic merits. He pronounced it to be in every respect a first-rate production; and brought it out with the utmost practicable despatch, he himself sustaining the character of *Virginus*. I need not particularly allude to the success which crowned the production of the play on our metropolitan boards. It was of the most brilliant kind, and paved the way for the various successive triumphs which Sheridan Knowles has since then achieved as a dramatic writer. To Mr. Macready, therefore, Sheridan Knowles may be said, in one sense, to owe the status he now possesses as a dramatic poet. Mr.

Knowles, I have reason to believe, is deeply sensible of the obligations under which he lies to Mr. Macready. I need hardly add—the fact being so generally known—that they are very intimate friends.

It has been the fate of Mr. Macready to be most violently assailed, for a series of years, by a certain portion of the public press. Whenever I see an author or actor systematically attacked and vituperated, I come at once to the conclusion, that there must be something more in the motives which prompt the abuse, than meets the eye. It is clear that criticism of this nature, if indeed it deserve the name of criticism, is not only unjust, but that the assailant of the author or actor cannot be actuated by an honest principle. There must be some private reason for it—some feeling of resentment to gratify, or some malignant passions in the writer's breast which he finds it impossible to repress, when an opportunity is afforded him of giving them expression. In the case of Mr. Macready, it is no secret to those who are privileged to peep behind the literary scenes of a portion of the metropo-

litan press, that much of the abuse with which he has been loaded, has had its origin in the mortification of unsuccessful rival performers manifesting itself, in some instances more openly and directly, and in others, through the medium of third' parties. In other cases, again, he has had the misfortune, by some means or other, to incur the individual displeasure of some leading person connected with a particular newspaper establishment—very probably because he did not think proper to make himself so cheap or familiar as the offended party could have wished or expected—and the mandate had therefore gone forth to wage, by all and every means—by foul means as well as fair—an incessant and uncompromising warfare against him. In other instances, some of which it were not difficult to name, Mr. Macready has given unpardonable offence to parties connected with a portion of the public press, by refusing what he considered the unreasonable “favours” which had been solicited of him.

On the other hand, I am not sure whether Mr. Macready has not suffered as much from

the indiscriminate praise, or rather fulsome adulation, of injudicious friends, as he has done from the most virulent attacks of his most determined foes. In some of his friends he is, in this respect, singularly unfortunate. Whatever he does is lauded to the very skies : his acting, however faulty, is represented as perfection itself ; and he is always talked of as if he were something more than man ; as if he were indeed a histrionic deity, before whom all the admirers of the drama ought to bow the knee. And to such an unreasonable extent is this carried, that any other actor who either has crossed, or possesses the remotest chance of crossing, his path on the boards of any of our theatres, is regularly proscribed and sought to be hunted down by the same misrepresentation, depreciation, virulent abuse, and injustice, as he himself has so much reason to complain of in the case of his assailants. I know, indeed, of no author or actor of celebrity of whom less has been written in a spirit of perfect impartiality. Mr. Macready's acting is almost always criticised, either by prejudiced enemies, or by biassed friends.

And yet amidst the conflicting criticisms which weekly and daily meet our eye, respecting Mr. Macready's powers as an actor, I do not, viewing his acting in a spirit of fairness, see any difficulty in arriving at just conclusions on the subject. That he is the greatest tragic actor of the present day, is, I think, a position which no man possessed of the slightest judgment in such matters, can conscientiously controvert. A parallel has sometimes been instituted between him and the late Mr. Kean. The difference between the two I have always looked upon to be this—that in a limited range of characters, say six or seven, Edmund Kean was far superior to Mr. Macready; but that in any other than those six or seven characters, the latter is far superior to what the former was. In fact, take away from Kean, Richard the Third, Hamlet, and four or five characters more, and you at once reduce him to the level of a very commonplace actor. With Macready the case is very different. His is no circumscribed genius; he shines in almost the entire range of our more popular tragic characters. Nor is this all; even

in the characters in which Kean acquired his splendid reputation, he was very unequal; sometimes dazzling and entrancing the audience by the flashes of his almost superhuman genius, at other times descending to mediocrity if not insipidity.

With Mr. Macready the case is very different. If he do not, in particular parts, soar to the same heights as Kean, he never sinks to mediocrity. There is a sustained superiority in his performances, as well as an extent in the range of his tragic characters, which I have never seen equalled in any other actor, either of past or present times.

Mr. Macready is deeply read in the legitimate drama. When I say this, I do not merely mean, as that reading bears on his professional pursuits. Other actors read the works of our best dramatic writers, simply because it is their professional duty to do so: Mr. Macready must of course read them for that reason also, but he likewise reads them because he admires them. He would, in other words, have read them with a peculiar avidity, had he never trode the boards of any theatre.

And what he reads he understands, digests, and remembers. I am assured by those who are in the habit of meeting with him in private, that he possesses a singularly intimate and accurate knowledge of the works of all our most distinguished dramatists—from the plays of Massinger, Ford, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ben Johnson, down to those of Sheridan Knowles. That every character, and indeed almost every line in Shakspeare, is perfectly familiar to him, is a fact which he practically proved during the two seasons he held the lesseeship of Covent Garden Theatre. Never before, it may be safely said, were the plays of the prince of poets brought out in any theatre, with the taste, judgment, and effect, with which they were then produced by Macready. Had it been possible for the author to “revisit the pale glimpses of the moon,” like the ghost of one of his leading characters, he must have been amazed beyond expression, as well as agreeably surprised, at the wonderful extent into which Mr. Macready had entered into his conceptions, and at the felicitous embodiment of those conceptions, which was fur-

nished, evening after evening, on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Macready, indeed, has done more to purify and elevate the legitimate drama, than has been done by the combined labours of all the other professors of the histrionic art, of the present day.

It is true that his exertions in this way were not, in a pecuniary sense, rewarded as they ought to have been. Had they, indeed, been properly appreciated, the destinies of Covent Garden would have been still in his hands, and he would doubtless, ere long, have given a name and character to the legitimate drama, which it has not enjoyed since the days of Garrick. But if Mr. Macready's exertions to rescue the British Stage from its present degraded state, were not successful in a pecuniary point of view, he has at least the satisfaction of reflecting that they were appreciated by the more discerning portion of the community. The dinner which was given him in the Freemasons' Tavern, at the conclusion of his lesseeship, by the friends and admirers of the legitimate drama, as a testimony of the sense they entertained of his efforts to raise

it to the station it was wont to possess on the boards of our national theatres, as well as in the literature of the country, must have been exceedingly gratifying to him. I have been at dinners without number, having for their object the expression of respect for public characters; but I never, on such occasions, witnessed so large and so choice an assemblage of noblemen and gentlemen, as then met together, to express their admiration of Mr. Macready's conduct as lessee and manager of Covent Garden Theatre. It embraced much of the rank, and still more of the intellect, of the land. Perhaps, indeed, I am not wrong in saying, that so many persons equally distinguished in the world of literature, never before met together on English ground, to do honour to a gentleman who might be considered one of themselves.

And in thus incidentally alluding to the dinner given to Mr. Macready by the admirers of the legitimate drama, it is right I should mention that he acquitted himself on the occasion with great judgment and ability. Though he evidently spoke under great emotion in re-

turning thanks after the toasts of the evening had been drunk, I have rarely listened to a piece of more chaste or effective elocution than the delivery of his speech. Before that time I had thought his beautiful elocution when professionally employed—which, in common with all other persons, I had been so much in the habit of admiring—was altogether the result of close study and careful effort; but the manner in which he delivered his speech on the evening in question, dissipated this notion, and convinced me that he is an orator of nature's workmanship.

In private life, Mr. Macready is represented by all who know him, as being a man of the most exemplary character. That he is guided and governed in all his public conduct by principles of the strictest honour, is known to all who are acquainted with his name. Perhaps his besetting sin, speaking of him in his social capacity, is that he is somewhat proud, and at times disposed to treat with too little consideration, or rather with a want of proper courtesy, persons who by birth, education, and station, are entitled

to regard themselves as his equals. I am not sure, however, whether this seeming assumption of superiority, where no such superiority exists, be not in appearance only. I am rather disposed to think that the defect is more in his manner than in his mind.

Mr. Macready is of an irascible temperament; he is greatly deficient in that command over his temper which it is exceedingly desirable for all men, especially for public characters, to possess. Trifling circumstances irritate and annoy him. What is perhaps most surprising of all, is the fact, that notwithstanding the circumstance of his having been personally before the public, with scarcely the intermission of a single week, for upwards of a quarter of a century, he is still exceedingly sensitive to newspaper criticism. The petty attacks which are constantly made on him in some of the metropolitan newspapers, are, it is said, the source of incessant annoyance to him. It is a pity it should be so. A man of his mind—for he is a man of superior mind considered in a literary as well as histrionic sense—should look with indifference, if not with a

feeling of positive commiseration, on his petty assailants.

In the private character of Mr. Macready there are many admirable and generous traits. His acts of friendship to persons who had no claim upon him, are numerous. To his brother and sisters he has indeed acted a brother's part; but on this subject, though I could descend to particulars, I do not think it right to advert at any length.

Mr. Macready is exceedingly partial to the privacy of domestic life. His principal place of residence is in a small village about eight or ten miles north-east of London; and were it not for his professional duties, his visits to town would, like the visits of the winged messengers of the skies to our world, be "few and far between." Two or three years ago he had apartments in Suffolk Street, opposite the Italian Opera; whether he still retains them, is a point on which I am not informed.

Mr. Macready is understood to have made a competent provision for his family, which is large; though knowing, as I happen to do, what

he has done for his relations, I am not sure that he is the possessor of so large a fortune as some persons imagine. He lately was, and I believe still is, the proprietor of the Granby Hotel, at Harrowgate, which, if my information be correct, brings him in £400 per annum.

His personal appearance is so well known, that I might, perhaps, have spared myself the necessity of describing it. I have thought, on being near to him in a private room, that he appears considerably taller when on, than he does when off, the stage. He is slightly above the average height, well and compactly made; rather, perhaps, inclining to robustness of appearance. His face inclines to fulness, though partaking more of the oval than of the rotund form. He has a fine dark, piercing, intelligent eye, with an ample receding forehead. His countenance is said to have borne a marked resemblance, in its form and general expression, to that of the late Emperor Alexander; only that while the Russian emperor's complexion was pale, that of Mr. Macready is very dark. His hair, which is long, abundant, and curly, is of a beau-

tiful raven black. I have already mentioned that Mr. Macready was born in 1792; he must consequently be now in his forty-eighth year.

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the "etcher" or "illustrator"—I believe he dislikes the name of artist, as being too common-place—is one of the most extraordinary men of the present day. He is a genius in the strictest sense of the term, and one of the most original geniuses, too, which the world ever witnessed. Who that has ever glanced at any of his singular etchings, can doubt this? Nothing like them was ever seen before; and nothing like them is to be seen even now. He not only struck out for himself the path which he is now treading with such brilliant success, but no one, among the host of his attempted imitators, has yet made any approach to his "illustrations," either in conception or execution. There is a force of expression and an impress of reality in all his designs, which the most exquisitely finished engraving cannot equal. You see in his figures the passions which agitate the bosoms, or the joys which re-

voice the hearts of men, as clearly as if the living beings, the flesh and blood, actually stared you in the face.

These remarks will, of course, be understood as applying to the more sober and subdued efforts of George Cruikshank—to, in other words, those productions in which his object is, to sympathise with nature and transfer her realities to the copper or steel on which he operates. Most of the achievements, however, of his graver,—query, is “graver” the proper word in his case?—are of a class which purposely outrage nature. They are, if other phraseology be necessary, caricatures of humanity. And in this class of George’s efforts, the ideas which enter his mind are inexpressibly droll. They are such as would never occur to the mind of any other man but himself. In one of his humorous conceptions, there is more real humour than you will find in a whole volume of the most successful of our modern humorous authors. But why criticise “designs”—for that is George’s favourite word—with which the whole of Europe is not only familiar, but which are universally allowed to be

unequaled, nay, unapproached, by any other artist which the present or any previous age has produced?

The name of Cruikshank being but little known beyond the confines of Scotland, the general impression is, that George—he has a decided dislike to the honorary prefix of “Mr.”—was ushered into the world in some nook or corner of the land which lies on the other side of the Tweed. No such thing. It is quite true that his father was a Scotchman, having first drawn his breath amid the smoke of “Auld Reekie,” but George is a regular Cockney. His father, I should here remark, had a genius for etching, and produced many creditable things in that way. His elder brother, Robert, too, possesses superior talents “in the same line,” and manages to earn a livelihood by what he himself calls “handling the tool;” but neither the etchings of the father nor the brother can bear a moment’s comparison with those of George.

* Which being *done* into English, means Edinburgh.

George Cruikshank began to form and execute his "designs," when a very young man. At first and for some time it was doubtful whether the weakness of his eyesight would not prove a barrier to his attaining any distinction as an artist; if indeed it did not disqualify him altogether from following the bent of his genius. Happily his own fears, and the fears of his friends on this head, proved unfounded; for his optics, instead of waxing worse with the progress of years, continued to improve by exercise, until they attained a clearness and power which have rarely been excelled.

The gallery in which George first studied his art, was, if the statement of the author of "Three Courses and a Dessert"* may be depended on, the tap-room of a low public house, in one of the dark, dirty, narrow lanes which branch off from one of the great thoroughfares

* The late Mr. Clarke, the author of "Three Courses and a Dessert," gave a biographical sketch of George Cruikshank, some years ago, in one of the periodicals of the day; and, as he was a personal friend of the artist, his information is likely to be correct.

towards the Thames. And where could he have found a more fitting place? Where could he have met with more appropriate characters? for the house was frequented, to the exclusion of everybody else, by Irish coalheavers, hodmen, dustmen, scavengers, and so forth. It was just the place in which to witness the lowest of low life in all its grotesqueness and drollery. And here I may remark, that it was George's etchings illustrative of low life in "Mornings at Bow Street" and "Life in London," that first brought him into general notice.

George commenced his artistical career on the death of his father, on his own account; but soon after entered into partnership with his brother Robert, who had by this time got himself a tolerable name and business as a miniature painter. They worked together very comfortably as caricaturists for several years; but, as the best of friends must part, the brothers dissolved the joint concern, and each started on his own account. George, however, soon got a-head of his brother; but I must not be unmindful of the old adage, touching the odiousness of comparisons.

What chiefly contributed to set George fairly on foot after the dissolution of the partnership, was the series of designs by which he illustrated the memorable political squibs of William Hone.*

With Mr. Hone he had long been on terms not only of intimacy, but of warm friendship. On political subjects, he sympathised to some extent with the author of the "Slap at Slop," though, I believe, without what is now so classically called "going the whole hog" with him. And here let me pause for a moment, to give George

* I may here mention for the information of those who may be unacquainted with the fact, that Mr. Hone though then the most noted infidel of his day, is now an humble and sincere believer in revealed truth, and a member in the Rev. Mr. Binney's chapel, Weigh House, London Bridge. I have rarely met with a man possessing the same high order of conversational powers as Mr. Hone. He is now far advanced in years, and has lately been obliged, through his growing infirmities, to relinquish all sort of labour. I have seldom seen a more venerable-looking man. His mind is calm and tranquil in the prospect of his coming change. He speaks with singular feeling of the contrast between the happiness he has enjoyed since he became a convert to Christianity, and the wretchedness he felt when under the dominion of infidel principles.

Cruikshank his due meed of praise for the honesty of his political views. Not only is he a decided Liberal, but his Liberalism has with him all the authority of a moral law. It is well understood among his private friends, though the public are not acquainted with the fact, that no consideration on earth, pecuniary or otherwise, would prevail on him to caricature, however harmlessly, any of those statesmen whose political views he shares, and whose public conduct he approves.

How times alter and prices rise! When George commenced his career as artist—I must occasionally use the term, though he does not like it—the charge he was in the habit of making for a large etching, even inclusive of the copper on which it was made, was only one guinea. It may be easily enough imagined that he must have been a man of surpassing industry and surpassing expedition in the “execution” of his “designs,” who could have made a fortune at this rate of remuneration. But the inadequacy of the pay was not the only evil with which George Cruikshank had to contend in the earlier

part of his professional career. He had, in addition to his poor pay, but little to do. Now, as everybody knows, he cannot accomplish a fourth part of the work which is offered to him. The natural result of this superabundance of employment has been, what commercial men would call, "a very material rise in the price." The charge of a guinea, with which he set out on his artistical public journey, has mounted up to ten guineas, as the minimum, for a single plate. For those on which he has expended an extra amount of fancy, and an unusual quantity of labour, he charges from twelve to fifteen guineas. In fact, his terms are entirely at his own making; and even at any terms his genius could not, for some time past, be said to have been marketable, Mr. Bentley, the bookseller, having contrived to monopolise his professional labours for publications with which he is connected. It is right, however, here to state, that "The Tower of London," now in the course of publication in shilling monthly numbers, and so largely and splendidly illustrated by George Cruikshank, is not Mr. Bentley's property, though issued from New Burlington

Street. It is a sort of joint-stock affair, Mr. Ainsworth holding one share, George Cruikshank another, and a third party another; while Mr. Bentley possesses an interest in it as publisher. The production has met with great success, and proves a paying concern to all parties.

George Cruikshank possesses one quality as an artist, which was never, I believe, possessed to the same extent by any other individual belonging to that profession. I allude to his most extraordinary power of recalling to his mind's eye, at long intervals of time, the minutest peculiar features in the countenance of any person he has once seen, or of any scene he has witnessed, with all the vividness and reality of the actual persons or scenes themselves. Every other artist of whom I have heard or read could only render his powers of remembrance in such cases, serviceable to a slight extent; and even this, only in those cases where the persons or things had been familiar to him. In the case of George Cruikshank, a first and mere passing glance of a human being or object is sufficient. He sometimes sits at his window in

23, Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, to see the patrons of "Vite Condick Ouse" (White Conduit House,) on their way to that celebrated rendezvous of Radicals, Chartists, Infidels, and "miscellaneous characters;" and it is said, that we are indebted for many of his happiest and most humorous efforts, to the passing glances he has thus obtained of the biped oddities who frequent that well-known locality on Sundays, and on other occasions. What may appear, perhaps, still more extraordinary is the fact, that, though George Cruikshank plays the pedestrian along the streets with his eye seemingly fixed on vacancy, or as if unconscious that there is a single human being on the pavement but himself, he even then brings home with him the most vivid remembrance of anything droll or ludicrous, whether in the shape of a living humanity, or of any other object which may have crossed his path, or whose path he may have crossed. And not only so, but he will at a distance of several months, summon again into his mental presence such persons or objects, and transfer them to his copper or steel, with as much fidelity and

minute accuracy, as if they had been in his study for days and weeks. To call this singular power an exercise of an extraordinary memory, is not to employ the proper phraseology: it is a species of intuition: it is genius of a peculiar as well as of the highest order; it is something resembling a supernatural gift.

George Cruikshank is a very singular, and in some respects eccentric man, considered simply as what he himself would call a "social being." The ludicrous and extraordinary fancies with which his mind is constantly teeming, often impart a sort of wildness to his look and peculiarity to his manner, which would suffice to frighten from his presence those unacquainted with him. He is often so uncourteous and abrupt in his manner, as to incur the charge of seeming rudeness. I need not say, however, that he is himself unconscious of this. In an article in the last number but one of the "Westminster Review," the writer of a notice of his works complains, that when he sent a messenger to George Cruikshank, informing him that he was preparing a notice of his wonderful

productions, in which every justice would be attempted to be done to his genius, and soliciting the loan of any of those designs which he himself might deem the happiest of his efforts—he treated the messenger with downright rudeness, though George himself may have meant nothing of the kind. The writer in the “Westminster” adds, that all the letters which he addressed to George on the subject—that subject being his own intended praise—failed to procure from him a satisfactory answer.

George Cruikshank is the only man I know moving in what is called a respectable sphere of life, who is a match for the under class of cabmen. Mr. Adolphus, the barrister, as I have shown in my sketch of that gentleman, keeps them in tolerable check, but then, that is by summoning them before the magistrate for their insolence and overcharges. George Cruikshank would scorn to have recourse to such a mode of warfare; he meets them on their own ground, and fights them with their own weapons. The moment they begin to swagger, and bluster, and abuse, he darts a look at them which, in two

cases out of three, has the effect of reducing them to a state of tolerable civility; but if looks do not produce the desired results; if the eyes do not operate like oil thrown on the troubled waters, he at once has recourse to the employment of a few words; when in some cases assuming, and in others actually feeling, the "most decided indignation," he talks to them in tones which, aided as his lungs and words are with the fire and fury darting from his eye, and the vehemence of his gesticulation, silences poor Jehu effectually, and as promptly as if some one had suddenly thrust a handkerchief down his throat.

And yet George Cruikshank can make himself exceedingly agreeable, both in conversation and manners, when he is in the humour so to do. I have met with persons in an humbler sphere of life than himself, and whom he had never seen before, who, on their having occasion to call on him at his house, have been loaded with his civilities and attentions. I know instances of this kind in which he has spent a considerable time in showing persons who were perfect

strangers to him everything curious in the house—he is a collector of curiosities—in which he seemed to be the gratified, instead of the gratifying party.

The actions of George Cruikshank are sometimes as eccentric as his manner is odd. I have heard of his sending a good substantial quill to one of the publishers for whom he used to “design” a great deal, requesting that the bibliopole would forthwith place the quill in one scale and a quantity of Bank of England “flimsy”—which being translated, means notes—in the other, and then when the scales were even, to send him the “papers;” the meaning of the matter being, that he would give the publisher value for his pounds, by sending him the requisite number of designs, as indicated by the pen.

A closing word or two now on the subject of his designs. They are not only the embodiments of the most extraordinary fancies which ever floated or flitted in the human mind—so very extraordinary that a single dozen of the most felicitous of them ought of themselves to be enough to immortalise the man who could

transfer them to paper; but they embrace a variety of conception and execution, which, as all coming from the same imagination, literally overwhelm us with surprise. Were a selection to be made from them, and published in monthly parts, at a moderate price, the work would have a sale that would be unexampled in the history of pictorial publications.

George Cruikshank can do what very few artists can accomplish, though the attempt has often been made—namely, take his own likeness. I have seen a small portrait of him, taken by himself, which is a singularly good likeness.

The drollery or eccentricity of George Cruikshank is visible even in his autograph. When he writes on the ordinary-sized letter-paper, it is often from three to four inches in length, and is altogether a comical piece of penmanship. The “k” with which it ends is particularly so. It is so formed as to resemble the profile of a man’s countenance, the nose having a peculiar prominence assigned to it.

In person, George Cruikshank is about the middle height, and proportionably made. I have

already referred to the peculiar expression of his countenance. Its complexion is something between pale and clear, and his hair, which is tolerably ample, partakes of a lightish hue. His face is of the angular form, and his forehead has a prominently receding shape. He delights in a pair of handsome whiskers, the lower extremities of which are sometimes hidden from the view by the collar of his shirt. He has somewhat of a dandified appearance. He used to be exceedingly partial to Hessian boots. Whether his taste still runs in the same direction I cannot say. His age, if his looks be not deceptive, is somewhere between forty-three and forty-five.

The name of MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES is one which I might with great propriety have inserted in the chapter which I devoted to literary characters; but I have deemed it best, for a variety of reasons, to reserve his name for the chapter under which it now appears.

Sheridan Knowles like George Cruikshank, dislikes the honorary prefix of "Mr."

Sheridan Knowles is one of the few men who

cannot be said to have any enemies. I never yet heard a single ill-natured remark made at his expense. Everybody likes him; everybody rejoices at his success as a dramatist, as they would in his triumphs in anything else in which he embarked. The world is his friend: he finds a well-wisher in every face he encounters in the streets or the highways. And here let me be understood as speaking in a much more enlarged sense than most people would be apt to imagine. I do not merely say that Sheridan Knowles sees a friend in the countenance of every person who knows him personally—in all such countenances he undoubtedly recognises a friend—but he sees a friend even in the faces of those whose countenances he never gazed on or glanced at before, and to whom his face is equally unknown. If it be necessary that I should express myself still more plainly, then let me say, that there is something so good-natured, so jolly, so benevolent, so full of kindness, in the face of Sheridan Knowles, that it is impossible for any one to look at it without feeling what Dr. Chalmers would call the “out-goings” of vigorous friendship for its pos-

essor. We often hear of love at first sight. He is daily and hourly making friends at first sight. Just only get one glance of his blooming benevolent countenance, and that very moment you become what he himself delights to designate one of "his well-wishers."

And the feeling of friendliness is reciprocated on the side of Sheridan Knowles. He wishes the welfare of everybody. His philanthropy is universal: he would if he could do a personal service to every one he has ever met with. I believe it is a well-known fact, that no person ever yet solicited his good offices in vain, provided it was in his power to grant the favour asked. I know individuals who, on the strength of having barely exchanged words with him, have asked permission to allow them to use his name in the way of recommending them as fit and proper persons for a particular vacant office, and his answer, on such occasions, has always been, "O, certainly, my dear fellow; use my name by all means, and I shall be delighted to hear that you have succeeded." Nor is this all: if any persons ask a favour of this or a similar nature of him,

he will give them a flaming recommendation, whether he knows them or not; that is to say, supposing a person of whom he knows nothing, applies to him for a certificate of literary abilities, or business qualifications for any particular office, and signs the letter—"Matthew Maggs"—he will try for a moment or two to see whether or not he can recollect any such personage as Mr. Maggs, ejaculating as he cogitates, "Maggs! Maggs! Who the deuce can Maggs be?" And then in a moment snatching up a pen, he will resume the soliloquy—"Ah, well, poor fellow, never mind," inditing as he ejaculates, something in the following strain:—

"MY DEAR MAGGS—

"I have the greatest pleasure in bearing my testimony to your great talents and perfect competency for any office you may happen to fill. I shall be most happy that you should use my humble name in any way that you think may be serviceable to you. I shall be delighted to hear of your success.

I am, my dear Maggs, yours, sincerely,

SHERIDAN KNOWLES."

The newspapers teem with quack advertise-

ments announcing the sale of medicine, with the humane and imposing title of "The Poor Man's Friend:" Sheridan Knowles might with great propriety be labelled and ticketed, "Every Man's Friend." I do not believe he ever knew what it was to entertain an unkindly or ungenerous feeling towards a single human being.

In my sketch of Mr. Macready, I have slightly glanced at the circumstances under which Sheridan Knowles was first brought before the public as a dramatic writer. He had previously, however, enjoyed considerable popularity as a teacher of elocution and a lecturer on our English poets. His lectures on Shakspeare's plays, eight or ten years ago, at the Mechanics' Institution, in London, were much admired for the original views he took of many of Shakspeare's leading characters; of the genius of the great dramatist; and of the purport and tendency of his writings.

He discovered beauties in almost every play which had before escaped the general reader, while the eloquent and oftentimes highly poetic

language in which he brought forward his new readings and illustrations of the principal plays of the poet, afforded the more intellectual portion of his audience, the highest gratification.

Sheridan Knowles occasionally practices the histrionic art. Some years ago he was seized with a fit of ambition, to earn for himself a name as an actor, which should in some measure correspond with that which he enjoyed and now enjoys, as a dramatic writer. He is said, in cherishing this ambition, to have had Shakspeare in his eye, he having been a performer as well as a dramatist. The result has been the same in his case, as in that of the Bard of Avon, who, it is admitted on all hands, was as indifferent an actor, as he was distinguished for his dramatic productions. Shakspeare was unable to give a single effective embodiment on the stage of any of those wonderful conceptions he had formed in the closet. It was the same with Sheridan Knowles. He was the worst representative of his own leading characters—for he always chose the leading ones—I have ever seen personate those characters, on the boards of any of our metropo-

litan theatres. This is not at all surprising; for it is not to be expected that the same individual could be great both as a writer and an actor; but it is surprising that Sheridan Knowles should persist in persuading himself, contrary to the convictions of everybody else, that his acting is equal, if indeed, it be not superior, to his writings.

Were there no other obstacle to his success in the histrionic attempts which he occasionally makes, his voice alone would constitute an insuperable barrier to his ever attaining any distinction as an actor. He has a hard, husky, heavy voice, with very little command over it. Occasionally it has a sort of sullen tone, without his being at all in a sullen mood; for, as may be inferred from what I have already stated respecting his disposition, he is one of the most cheerful-minded men to be met with. Six or seven years ago, when one evening personating the character of William Tell in his own play of that name, he had to seize by the collar one of the personages in the piece who happened to incur his displeasure, when in the course of the scuffle

the other lost his equilibrium, and fell prostrate on the stage. Two or three of the deities in the upper regions of the theatre immediately got up an abortive hiss, on which Sheridan Knowles paused in the course of one of the most interesting scenes in the piece, turned suddenly about, and directing his eye to the locality whence the interruption proceeded, apostrophised the offenders thus :—“ What are you hissing at. It was merely an accident.” It is impossible to give any idea of the odd effect this little episode produced in the theatre, chiefly on account of the peculiarly brusque and seemingly semi-sullen manner in which he spoke.

Sheridan Knowles has received considerable sums for his dramatic pieces. Latterly, I believe, he has, in the first instance, and without reference to their success, got either £400 or £500 for each of them. In those cases in which they have been particularly successful, he has reaped a large additional harvest from them; the arrangement with the lessees of the theatre generally being, that he should receive a certain sum every time a piece was performed, after it

had been represented a given number of nights. Then, again, he must have got no inconsiderable amount of money from Mr. Moxon, the bookseller, for the right of publication: most of his pieces having been popular in the closet as well as in the theatre.

Sheridan Knowles is one of those authors—and their name is legion—who are constitutionally in dolent. He never writes for writing's sake. The pleasure of seeing himself in print would never induce him to take pen in hand. He must have some strong stimulus to prevail on him to apply himself to mental labour. The exhibition of figures 4 or 5, preceded by an £, and followed by a couple of 00's, must be made to him, before you can persuade him to engage in earnest in the preparation of a drama for Madame Vestris or Mr. Webster, or Madame or Mr. anybody else. And it is not enough that you get him to undertake the thing; if you wish to make sure of the piece against a specific time, you had better bind him down, under some pecuniary penalty, to have it ready for representation on a particular day of a particular month.

And even after you have done this, you must not be surprised if you have to give him two or three weeks' grace. On several occasions, he has sent to the managers of theatres four acts out of the five; he preparing the remaining act while the actors were busy in committing the first four to memory. When he knows that he must produce a piece by a particular time, he usually hurries out of town, to escape the interruptions caused by intercourse with friends, and seeks a temporary retreat in the country-house of some acquaintance, where he applies himself with earnestness and assiduity to his work. It is an interesting fact, that some of the most dramatic scenes and most poetic passages in his best plays, have been written during his temporary visits at the rural dwellings of his friends.

Sheridan Knowles has all the ease and simplicity of manners of a child. He is a model of human nature in its unsophisticated state. His dress, too, like his manners, is "plain and unvarnished." He would not play the fop, nor ape the deportment of any of the disciples of Chesterfield, though you were to reward him with the

price of one of his own plays previously stated to be £400 or £500 for so doing.

I have already spoken of his benevolent, jolly-looking countenance. His face is full, but has more of the angular than the round shape. His cheeks are tinted with a crimson colour. He has a fine lofty forehead, and yet in the general expression of his countenance there is nothing very intellectual. His hair is dark, and reposes on his head in a rather disordered state. He is about the average height, and stoutly made, without being corpulent. He walks with a quick and firm step, and is particularly partial to a stroll in the locality of Covent Garden Market, and its neighbourhood. He must now be verging on his fiftieth year, if, indeed, he has not already entered it.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS ! Who has not heard of Mr. George Robins ? Where is the man wherever the English language is understood, and talked, and read, to whose ears the name of this gentleman is not familiar ? Mr. Robins is unquestionably the prince of auctioneers ; not as

regards Great Britain only, but as respects Europe; ay, and the world itself. I speak with all seriousness when I say, that at this moment he stands unrivalled in what may be called the science of "knocking down." The Americans are famed, all the world over, for their ingenuity and originality in commending the articles they wish to dispose of, and in prevailing on persons to purchase them at a high price; but they have, within the last few months, given a practical proof that there is not a man within the confines of the New World who, as a knight of the hammer, can be compared to *our* Mr. George Robins, by offering that gentleman the splendid retainer of 2000 guineas, independently of paying his expenses going and returning, to dispose of a valuable property in New York. Had there been a man in the United States who, as an auctioneer, at all approached Mr. George Robins, Jonathan is not the person to have sent all the way to the metropolis of the Old World for one, and to have made the princely offer of 2000 guineas for his services. I almost regret that Mr. Robins could not have

so arranged it with his English employers, as to have accepted the offer. How, in that case, the Yankee auctioneers must have hidden their diminished heads, when they saw Mr. Robins in the New York rostrum, expatiating with his own unapproached and unapproachable eloquence, on the advantages of the property with whose disposal he had been entrusted! He would have treated the monied men of the United States to specimens of "soft sawder," wholly unequalled in brilliancy and raciness by anything they had ever before heard from the most distinguished proficient in that art. The claims on Mr. Robins's services at home were, however, as he himself states, too numerous and urgent to admit of a four or five weeks' absence from England.

Mr. George Robins is never in his glory except when in his "Auction Mart." Anywhere else he is altogether out of his element. The Auction Mart is situated in Bartholomew Lane, directly opposite the Rotunda of the Bank of England. It is on the first floor, to which you ascend by a semi-serpentine flight of stairs.

When you have reached the landing, turn to your left-hand, and there you will find the celebrated locality. It is only a small room, notwithstanding the amount of business done in it, and the importance of the transactions of which it has for so many years been the theatre. It is not capable of containing more than 150 persons, even in a standing position, with any degree of comfort. There are four tables in the centre, and one table on the left hand, extending from one corner of the apartment nearly to the other. On the right hand, along the wall, there are two or three forms for persons to sit on, but no table. In front, some five or six feet of space is railed off from the right wall to the left; within this space, in the centre, is the rostrum of Mr. Robins. On his right sits a clerk; on his left sit parties who are interested in the property about to be put to the hammer. In the construction of the rostrum there is nothing remarkable. It is raised three or four feet above the floor, and is quite open in front, excepting where covered at the top by a narrow board, which is seemingly supported by iron

springs, and serves the purposes of a table either when laying any papers on it, or when extracting from it, by an application of the hammer, the sound which seals the fate of the property which has been in the market. From the openness of Mr. Robins's rostrum, you not only see the whole of his fine tall, athletic figure, but also a large comfortable armchair, into which he is accustomed to throw himself, either when fatigued by his exertions, or when circumstances do not render it necessary for him to remain in a continued perpendicular position. Such is the place in which property of the value of £50,000 or £60,000 is often, in the course of two or three hours, transferred from one person to another; and in which, from first to last, estates and houses worth millions, have, through Mr. Robins's potent agency, been made to change hands. I have always regarded this gentleman's auction mart as a place possessing peculiar claims to the attention of the moralist. It is a locality which is vocal with important instruction to mankind, were men only to listen attentively to its monitory and admonitory

voice. It is rife with the records of the ruin and wretchedness which noblemen and gentlemen have brought on themselves by their extravagance, their dissipation, and their folly. That estate which is now on the eve of being knocked down, and for which the highest offer is £20,000, cost the father-in-law of the recent proprietor more than twice that sum, about ten years previously. It is only five years since it came into the possession of the latter by the death of the former; and yet in that short time he has not only squandered away a fortune of £30,000 in money, but has mortgaged the estate to an amount within £2000 of what it is likely to bring; while his wife and children are in destitution, and he himself is in prison.

“Going, going at £35,000—the last time!” You hear Mr. Robins, with uplifted hammer, repeating these words with an earnest emphasis. And whose property, think you, is that; rather, I should say, whose property was it? It was the estate of the person who blew his brains out two or three months ago, and of whose melancholy end the newspapers were so full at the

time. He was a gambler and a prodigal, in every sense of the terms. His estate, before it was three years in his possession, was mortgaged to the last shilling of its value, to an avaricious Jew. Had he lived upon it, or kept within his means, he might have maintained a distinguished station in society—been happy in himself, and family, and friends, and respected by all, till the close of a protracted life. But he would indulge his passion for play: he would “make a dash in the world,” as he was accustomed to express it,—and behold the end! He is eventually seized by the iron hand of destitution; and reason for a time resumes her sway in his bosom; intolerable upbraidings of remorse follow; and in a paroxysm of despair he seeks a refuge from present troubles in the grave which he has dug with his own hand. But while the Auction Mart of Mr. Robins abounds with records of this kind, there are many instances in which the estates there put up for sale have been brought to the hammer, not through any unwise or criminal conduct of the proprietor, but through a concurrence of adverse circumstances which

were altogether beyond his control. This train of reflection, however, is one which were better pursued by the moralist in the mart itself, than in the pages of a work like this.

Mr. George Robins displays the most consummate tact from the moment he mounts the rostrum until he again descends from it. Before he regularly introduces to the notice of his audience the property about to be disposed of, he is sure to make some kindly familiar observation to them, which is calculated to put them on good terms with him and themselves. As the Auction Mart, as before mentioned, is so small, there is usually a number of persons about the door when he enters. In that case, Mr. Robins, in a good-tempered easy-minded way, says, if the weather be hot, "Do come inside, my good friends, you'll be much cooler inside." If the weather be cold, then he accosts them with—"Do, my good friends, come a little farther in; you'll be much warmer if you do." If the weather be neither hot nor cold, but in that medium state which is so agreeable to the constitution, then the prince of auctioneers apostrophises the

company thus: "Do, gentlemen, come inside, you'll be much more comfortable than in lounging about the door: besides, my friends, I always like to see my auditors." In short, in all seasons, during all weathers, and under all circumstances, Mr. Robins has something in the shape of conciliatory phraseology for his auditors the moment he enters the Auction Mart, and before he utters a word respecting the property about to be sold.

This done, he puts himself into an erect position, carefully adjusting with both hands the little light-coloured hair which still surmounts the crown of his head. And here I may remark, that though the demon of baldness has begun his work on Mr. Robins's head, and though his ravages have been rather serious on the fore part, the length of the hair which remains is so great, that, with a little care in the arrangement, the less-favoured parts of his head may be pretty well concealed. Mr. Robins next mentions the nature of the property to be disposed of; after which he requests his clerk to read the conditions of sale. He then throws himself in his chair, until the clerk has performed the duty assigned him;

on which Mr. Robins starts again to his feet, and then enters heart and soul into the business of the day. And oh, the ability with which he executes the task he has undertaken! How he eulogises the taste and judgment of his audience! How he coaxes "offer after offer" from them! Who shall do justice to the ingenuity and richness of his eulogiums on the qualities of the property put up for sale! Shakspeare is said to have first exhausted worlds, and then imagined new. Leave out the "l" in the term "worlds," and the same may be said with perfect truth of Mr. George Robins, when professionally engaged in the Auction Mart. He does exhaust words, and then imagine and apply new ones, in the prodigality of his encomiums on the value and excellence of the property committed to his care. He is in fact a Shakspeare in his own way. What the Bard of Avon was in the ideal world, he is in the material world. If Shakspeare was unrivalled in his delineations of the workings of the human mind, is not Mr. Robins equally so in describing the beauties of any landed estate he has to sell, or the excellent qualities of some

brick and mortar property which he has to dispose of? Shakspeare is admitted on all hands to have had the finest imagination of any human being in ancient or modern times; who, that has heard Mr. Robins in the auction room, could doubt his possession of this faculty in a most extraordinary degree? With what beauties, and excellencies, and advantages, does his imagination invest the various "properties" with the disposal of which he is entrusted! But I must not pursue the parallel, tempting as is the theme. Mr. Robins is so encomiastic of anything he has to sell; so earnest, and so zealous and eloquent in matter and manner, that you would conclude, provided you knew no better, that he had never before had any property to dispose of in the whole course of his life, and that the effort you witness must be the result of years of assiduous preparation. What will be your surprise, when you behold him next day, in the same interesting locality, scattering his praises of the article in the market with the same princely prodigality, and proving himself as zealous and earnest in his endea-

ours to get it advantageously disposed of, as if his own existence was dependent on the result. One of the most ingenious and effective expedients to which Mr. Robins is in the habit of resorting in his appeals to the pockets of his auditory, is that of assuming a feeling of the most perfect indifference as to how his employers may be affected by the result of the sale, and pretending that all his solicitude is for the interests of his expected purchaser. And in such cases he displays infinite tact. He actually does in many cases persuade the intending purchaser that all his concern is really for his interest, and that, being sure of his fee from his employers, he has entirely lost sight of them. I could relate many amusing and characteristic instances of this; but I will confine myself to a very recent one which came under my own observation:—On the 20th of June last year, in obedience to instructions received from the executors of the late Mr. Scott, for many years well known in the theatrical world, he brought the Olympic Theatre, of which Mr. Scott held a twenty-seven

years' lease at the time of his death, to the hammer. There were seven or eight bidders; still Mr. Robins could not get them to proceed so fast as he wished. Looking earnestly, first at one bidder and then at another, he would say, speaking in a semi-confidential tone, just as if he wished that no one else in the room should know anything about the matter—"I assure you, sir, you will never again get such a chance of making a safe and lucrative investment of your money. I am positively sorry for your sake that you are not more alive to your own interests." Again: "I am quite delighted to have it in my power to confer upon you so substantial a service, as to place this property within your reach; and I assure you, that it will always be to me a source of supreme satisfaction to reflect that I have been the means of conferring independence for life on the fortunate purchaser." A few moments afterwards he said—"Really I am surprised that you should hesitate an instant to bid for this property. I assure you that I do feel it to be my duty to you to endeavour to open your eyes to your own interests." In this way Mr. Robins proceeds at

intervals, chosen with great judgment, to persuade intending purchasers that his sole object in selling the property that day, is, that he may have the happiness of promoting their interests. The amount of his business is the best proof of the extent to which the "ingenious device" succeeds. Of course, the interests of the simple purchaser, whose face was never before seen and never may be again by the auctioneer, never cost the latter a single thought. He is all the while as in duty bound, thinking only how he can procure the highest price for his employers.

Mr. George Robins is a most persuasive auctioneer. He sometimes, when the bidding is proceeding at a slow pace, looks slightly towards the ceiling, and invokes, in very emphatic terms, the descent of the Genius of Persuasion. His invocations are quite unnecessary; he already possesses the blessing prayed for. He alternately beseeches, and entreats, and flatters, and coaxes, and bamboozles his auditors, with so much ingenuity, that there is no possibility of resisting his appeals. His professional fascinations are so great, that it is positively perilous

for persons who have money at command to cross the threshold of his Auction Mart. Persons have gone into that mart and come out purchasers of the property put up for sale, who had no more idea of even making a single offer than they had of purchasing an estate at the antipodes. To be present at one of Mr. Robins's sales, no matter what may be the nature of the property, or how great the previous determination not to bid, is, I repeat, to rush unnecessarily into temptation's way, as many thousands have found to their cost.

Mr. Robins's manner has nothing extravagant about it. He dislikes theatrical gesture; he trusts to the effect of his ingenious remarks. The right hand is now and then called on to second, by a moderate motion, the praises he is heaping on the article to be disposed of. He moves his body slightly, and rewards the bidder by an approving look every time he receives a fresh offer. To show how little reliance he places in bodily gesticulation when in the rostrum, he now and then, after he has fairly begun the sale, sits down in the armchair at his

back. In most cases, one of his favourite exercises is to move both knees without lifting his feet from the floor, in the spirit of sheer playfulness. Mr. George Robins is not the man to need, in the discharge of his professional duties, the foreign aid of extravagant gesture. Neither does he ever so exert his lungs as to assail the ears of his auditory, by speaking in an unduly loud tone of voice. His elocution is of a subdued kind; and his manner generally has, as will have been inferred from what I have before stated, much of the colloquial in it. His voice wants softness and clearness of tone; he speaks with some rapidity, which may be the cause of a very slight occasional stutter. His manner is easy and fascinating. Before he asks any particular price for the article to be disposed of, he expatiates for some time, in the way before described, on its excellencies. Then it is, technically speaking, "put up," and an offer received for it. If the bidding go on briskly, he contents himself with cheering on the competitors, by assuring them, in general terms, of the eligibility of the property. If the bidding begins to flag,

he launches into a new eulogium on the admirable qualities of the estate, or whatever else it may be, and the security and advantage of the investment. If this has not the effect of setting the bidders again in motion, he will heave two or three sighs, which are wonderfully good, considering they are manufactured for the occasion, and declare, with the utmost conceivable gravity of countenance, that in the whole course of his professional experience he never met with anything so discouraging, and that it must surely be owing to some want of perspicuity of expression, or deficiency of professional ability on his part, that the audience do not see their own interests, which are as clear to his view as the noon-day sun. If this has not the effect of eliciting higher offers from those who were previously aspirants for the property, or calling new competitors into the field, he assumes an unusually serious aspect, says he cannot wait any longer, and that whoever means to bid must do it that instant, otherwise it will be too late; and, so saying, he causes the hammer to descend slowly, repeating at the same time the words, "Going,

going, going, go—.” The third “going,” though only half pronounced, is uttered in so peculiar a manner, that the highest bidder in many cases fancies, in the excitement of the moment, that the word is to be “gone,” and exultingly exclaims—“The property is mine!” This is exactly what Mr. Robins wishes. He then remarks, with infinite address—“Ah, my friend, I don’t wonder at your anxiety to possess the property; you are too good a judge not to know what an immense bargain it would be at your offer. No, no, my friend, that would never do; it is still in the market.” Mr. Robins repeats over and over again the highest offer made for the property, and it is twenty to one if he do not set the whole of the competitors a-bidding again, and very probably before he has done, gets, through his adroit management, an advance of forty or fifty per cent.—perhaps a great deal more—on what was offered at the time the little episode to which I have referred took place. I may mention, in proof of this, the case of the Olympic Theatre, formerly alluded to. Mr. Robins had exhausted the English language in

commendation of that theatre; he made it as clear as any proposition in Euclid, that Madame Vestris could not possibly succeed in Covent Garden—that, in fact, she could succeed in no other house than the Olympic; and that consequently the purchaser was quite sure of her as a tenant as long as he chose to let the theatre to her. He proved to demonstration, that the Olympic would always fill, no matter who should be the lessee; and that consequently it would prove a perfect mine of wealth to the lucky gentleman who was sufficiently alive to his own interests to become the purchaser. By means of such representations, made in a way, and with an ingenuity peculiar to himself, Mr. Robins had got the biddings up from the starting sum, which was £3000, to £3400. There, however, the aspirants at the possession of the property came to what Mr. Robins called a dead stop. For at least three or four minutes he put his ingenuity to the rack in lavishing encomiums on the property, without his zeal and eloquence being rewarded by a single new bidding. It was at this extremity—and he never resorts to

the expedient until the bidders have reached what they themselves at the time conceive to be the highest point; it was at this crisis of the Olympic, Mr. Robins causing the hammer to descend in the way I have described, and accompanying the slow and solemn movement with a "Going—going—go—" that the then highest bidder exclaimed—"The theatre is mine!" and at which Mr. Robins, apostrophising him in his own bland and fascinating manner, remarked—"I don't wonder, my friend, that your anxiety to possess the property at such a price should anticipate my decision; but," looking round the audience and smiling, as if he congratulated them on the circumstance, "it is still in the market, gentlemen; you have still an opportunity of making your fortunes without risk or trouble!" The bidding that instant recommenced, and proceeded more briskly than ever. It eventually reached £5850, at which sum the theatre was "knocked down."

Those who have been present at a few of Mr. Robins's auctions, can be at no loss to ascertain when he is about to knock down the property

exposed to sale. He does not knock it down, as most people would imagine he was about to do, when he speaks slowly and solemnly, and brings the hammer to within an inch or so of the board. On the contrary, the sure indication of his being about to knock the property down is, when, after the bidding has ceased, he raises the hammer unusually high, and speaks with more than his wonted loudness and rapidity. In this respect he resembles some of our greatest orators, who become louder and louder in their tones as they approach the close of their speeches, and are loudest of all in their concluding sentence.

Had Mr. Robins been brought up to the bar, he would not have been many years in Westminster Hall before the distinction of a silk gown would have been conferred upon him. He would speedily have outstripped, in the race of rivalry, all contemporary practitioners, and would have been proudly standing at this moment at the very summit of the profession, with an amount of business not only too great for an ordinary mortal to bear up under, but which

would have broken the back of even an Atlas himself. I speak with all seriousness when I say, that Mr. George Robins possesses all the attributes which constitute a great lawyer. His resources are inexhaustible; he is singularly ready and singularly happy in seizing on any little incident which may unexpectedly occur in the course of his auctions, and turning it to the account of his employers. He is never taken by surprise; nothing disconcerts him, nor even causes him the slightest embarrassment. He has a most ample command of words, while there is a raciness and variety in his style which we look for in vain in the diction of any of the legal luminaries of the day.

But why speak of Mr. Robins as one that would have suddenly raised himself to distinction in our courts of law had he been brought up a barrister? He *is*, to all intents and purposes, a barrister, though not practising in Westminster Hall, or in any of those other localities in which we are accustomed to witness forensic exhibitions. What though his head be not encased in a wig; what though his person be not inserted

in a gown; what though no bands dangle from under his chin; what, in fine, though wanting all the paraphernalia of a "learned gentleman," is he on that account less entitled to be considered a barrister in his own way? Certainly not. He receives his retainer like other lawyers; he is furnished with his brief like the "learned gentlemen" of Westminster Hall; his employers are his clients; the property which they instruct him to sell is his cause; his auditors are the "gentlemen of the jury;" and the highest offer is the verdict they return, or the damages they give.

And here I may mention, that Mr. Robins is himself peculiarly partial to the use of legal phraseology. He talks with great *gusto* of his fees, his retainers, his refreshers, his briefs, his clients, his pleadings, and so forth. He evidently considers himself, as he is entitled to do, to belong to the category of barristers, though the nature of his professional pursuits somewhat differs from the ordinary proceedings in our courts of law. He has no cause for envying any of his forensic contemporaries; for he drives

a far more lucrative business than any "learned gentleman" in Westminster Hall; his annual income, if report speaks truth, is from £12,000 to £15,000: while none of them can earn more than £10 000; only five or six earn half that sum.

Hitherto I have spoken of Mr. Robins in the capacity of auctioneer. Let me now make a few remarks respecting him in the capacity of an author; for such I confidently hold him to be. I am prepared to prove, should the point ever be disputed, that his advertisements constitute an essential part and parcel of the literature of the present day. They are not only read, but admired throughout the civilized world. They are altogether unlike the advertisements of any other man living, be his profession or employment what it may. Anything more thoroughly original was never written. Mr. Robins takes no man for his model; he stands on his own footing; he has struck out a path for himself. And, as he is the disciple of no one, so no one follows him; for this very cogent reason—that he cannot. He has no imitators, because none of his contemporaries could make

the attempt with the least chance of even the most moderate success. As an inditer of advertisements, he is as far superior to his contemporaries as the splendour of the sun surpasses the feeble light emitted by some scarcely perceptible star. He pre-eminently stands alone; in his department of his profession, he is a genius of the highest order. No one in the habit of reading his advertisements—and who is not?—can for a moment doubt this. Let me take up the first daily paper I can lay my hands on. “The Morning Chronicle” of this day is before me—what pen but that of Mr. George Robins could have written the following description of the Stoke Hall estate? Evidently none. It appears in the form of an advertisement some weeks before bringing the property to the hammer:—

“The varied beauties of Derbyshire are so familiar to the public, that the composer of this imperfect sketch might almost excuse himself from the difficult task of attempting a correct outline, but the paramount duty he owes to his respected client, forbids his contemplated excuse—he will, however, be so concise, that

a fastidious reader shall not be fatigued. The estate is situated in the very heart of Derbyshire, five miles from Bakewell, ten from Chesterfield and Sheffield, the mail to Sheffield passing through it daily.

“The river Derwent, whose beauteous stream is so justly renowned, appears in all its glory at Stoke—nature (always kind) has been bountiful beyond measure, having so disposed the river that it encircles nearly the whole of this large domain—Stoke almost appears to claim it as its own.

“The natural loveliness of Derbyshire appears concentrated into one focus. The wildness of the thick, ample foliage of the pet place under our especial review, within whose shades the Derwent for awhile retires, only to burst again upon the sight with increased force and beauty; and the stupendous hills, which form an amphitheatre of prodigious extent, give a splendid picture, as contrasted with the peace and quietude of the fertile valley below. The softer allurements of this beauteous scene, contrasted with the murmuring of the rapid stream, at

once indicates that the hand of something more than mortal has lent its powerful aid.

“The reader may imagine, although it would not be an easy task to describe, the beauties of a walk of two miles in extent, parallel with the famed Derwent, varying at every turn,

‘ Lost for a space through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,’

passing through its rugged course, beneath luxuriant grown plantations, where vistas are planted with consummate judgment, so as to catch, ever and anon, the splendid diversity of this Claude-like picture, relieved by undulation in these grounds, which have been so aptly assimilated to the garden of Eden. The river traversing over unseen beds of stone, the gracefully waving ferns, scattered over the foreground, impart just such an air of tempered wildness as must gladden the correct eye of the lover of scenic beauty, without offence to those who are inclined to look rather for the superintending hand of care and cultivation. Linger here awhile, and surveying the vastness of nature’s

beauties, how humiliating does the littleness of human work appear !

“ In the midst of this enjoyment, and near to the waterfal and cascade, is a cold bath, which, by natural means, inclines to the temperature of warm water, by reason of its velocity passing from a great distance within the rocks in its progress through the rugged approach to light and air.

“ Piercefield, in all its glory, may be proud to be contemporaneous with Stoke (excepting always in its extent), for it cannot surpass the loveliness of the terrace-walk ; indeed a comparison would be unfavourable, inasmuch as the golden Wye does not claim to be particularly pellucid, while the Derwent represents a limpid stream, pure as the fountain from which it emanates. In respect to Stoke Hall mansion, Mr. Robins imagines that the future historian will record his opinion in something like the following faithful portraiture :— It is one of the most delightful mansions of the country. It does not pretend to the magnificence or splendour of Chatsworth ; but it claims, and with good grace,

to be selected as the fit and happy home for those in the pursuit of the comforts and elegancies of life. It is neither poor for want of ornament, nor gaudy with profusion. Standing alone on a graceful and commanding eminence, it looks without envy upon anything created, and on the Derwent, its own noble stream, occasionally black with shadow, rolling majestically along, while the rippling is indistinctly heard, and its dark surface, is perpetually relieved by the transparent reflection from the foliage which overhangs its peaceful banks."

If this be not description, what, I should like to know, is? Take another specimen as given in the case of an estate in the immediate vicinity of Bath:—

"A singularly eligible freehold property, and one so remarkable by its association with the literature of the day, that the writer feels he might damage the little reputation which he has acquired, or place it in very great jeopardy, by the imperfect sketch which the following humble effort is intended to convey:—Prior Park and its demesne are in conjunction with Wind-

comb House and its park grounds; the former has for many a long year claimed to be the leviathan of Bath, and yet, in its proud altitude, seems to envy the quiet, unpretending scene of loveliness and beauty, which adorns the little lion of this great city.

“It would be in vain to attempt more than a very faint description of the first impression that is awakened in approaching the ‘ambrosial grounds,’ it is something electric; the mansion stands, or rather nestles under the shadow of the hill; the church is its nearest neighbour, covered with ivy, which in its gamesome luxuriance, entwines itself around this sacred edifice.

“Nature is here arrayed in her most romantic garb; and it were impossible to increase the charms of a spot so rich in her own ‘beauties.’ The whole extent is laid out with that perfect taste which knows how to wed nature to art without sacrificing its simplicity to the alliance. There is a general harmony pervading the picture; it is, however, from the delightful terrace walk that the scenic effect is rendered one of surpassing beauty. It extends throughout the gardens, where the par-

terres, enriched by flowers, are fragrant beyond measure, and lead to the distant lawns, enamelled with shrubs. In perambulating the luxuriant plantations, the murmuring sounds of the waterfall and cascade in the park meadow become almost a constant and welcome companion. The majestic hanging woods, while they add grace to the landscape, screen the domicile from the wintry winds. The hermitage in one direction—the orangery and depository for gold and silver fish, and its limpid fountain in the opposite, form a picture that may be likened unto fairy land—it should be seen or it will never be appreciated. Within the little park Neptune is seen presiding over the waters, in a splendid colossal figure. The undulation throughout the demesne is incessant, and the views from the celebrated mount are most extensive and varied; looking down upon the splendid city (which it may be well to remark is not quite one mile off), to Mr. Beckford's celebrated tower. The umbrageous walks are of considerable extent; with a capital cold bath, and a room and fire-place connected.

The gardens are prolific beyond measure, and embrace everything in the shape of fruit and vegetation that those learned in the new School of Art can desire. Close by is a park meadow of considerable extent, and only separated by a road, with so much of delightful irregularity, so much hill and dale in perpetual review, with a cascade and waterfall, that it almost appears in the attitude of imploring good taste to take it under its special keeping, and erect thereon a minor contemporary to Prior Park.

“In conclusion, it may with great truth be affirmed, that nature has achieved almost a miracle in so small a space; and left the powerless efforts of art to bewail its own infirmities.

“The next (and a very indispensable duty) will be to call attention to the stone edifice, and its internal accommodation. First observing that the writer has now entered upon classic ground. It is a matter of notoriety, that the prototype of Squire Western, in Fielding’s *Tom Jones*, is to be traced to Windcomb. It is a delightful reminiscence, that the admired author produced his remarkable novel within this hospitable roof;

the surrounding neighbourhood is hallowed as it were by the association of poetry and romance; Prior Park, the seat of Squire Allen, will be remembered by that charming distich so happily expressed by one of England's sweetest bards, which was called forth not alone by the inspiration of the muse, but as a trifling tribute of gratitude towards a never-tiring patron. 'Twas thus the poet sang his patron's praise:—

‘ Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’ ”

Mr. Robins's hammer, which he himself calls harmless, is said to have magic in it. His oratory, I know, possesses more than a magician's power: and who that reads the above can doubt that his pen possesses magical attributes? Mr. Robins, it will be observed, displays his acquaintance with the poetry and general literature of his country, by the appropriate and pointed quotations he makes from the works of the best authors.

I shall only give two more specimens of Mr. Robins's surpassing descriptive powers. The first relates to an estate on the banks of Loch

Lomond, the most beautiful and romantic, with the surrounding scenery, of all Scotland's lakes. In what glowing colours, with what infinite spirit does he portray the picturesque scene! If there were a Regius Professorship of Description, who so entitled to the chair as Mr. George Robins:—

“The surpassing beauty of the splendid scenery, embracing the lovely Loch and lofty Ben Lomond (the greatest features amid Scotland's never-ending splendour and variety), is an undertaking to which the humble individual entrusted with the conduct of this sale feels most acutely how inadequate he is to the duty that has been imposed upon him; his chief relief, nay, ‘his main stay’ (if he may be permitted the observation), arises out of a reminiscence that Scotia's own bard found himself in the same dilemma. All those who have not partaken of the good fortune to sojourn amid the beautiful scenery before alluded to, or to behold Loch Lomond sleeping in the arms of her hundred hills by the light of a September moon, or from the lofty towers of the castle, on a fine

evening behold the setting sun reflecting in the distance upon the Grampian Hills, will be enchanted by a spectacle that must awaken the most delightful sensations, and to the contemplative mind, fill him with awe and reverence to the great Master and Creator of all things perfect; to those in such a mood he would invoke, with all humility, yea earnestness, to search for what the greatest novelist of by-gone days has said of the most beautiful of all the Caledonian lakes.

“The magic touch of his never-erring muse must awaken a sensation first to see, and then to possess, the greatest feature of this vicinity,

‘So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.’

“Next in our kind remembrance is Ben Lomond, which will necessarily partake of its due meed of praise. This mountain, like Saul amidst his companions, o’ertops all contemporaries. The valley, teeming in wild fertility, relieved by pastures and corn-land, and varied by all the softer beauties of nature, completes a

scene which can only be appreciated by ocular demonstration.

“The constituency of the borough of Dumbar-ton will hail with delight the possessor of this castle and demesne ; and, if his principles be worthy of their suffrages, he will probably walk over the course.”

Here is the other specimen of Mr. Robins's descriptive powers. Only see the prince of auctioneers on classic ground. He has a property to dispose of in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed Athens.

“Mr. George Robins, with feelings of unmixed pleasure and satisfaction, makes known that he is honoured by having been selected as the humble individual to offer for sale by public auction, at the mart, London, on Thursday, the 8th of August, at twelve, a singularly delightful freehold property ; and he is proud to add, that it is the first attempt at a submission to public opinion and competition of a distinguished estate so far removed from England. This important estate is within one mile of the city of Athens, nearly four hundred acres of land within

its plains, and a shooting or hunting-box, with extensive gardens.

“Before Mr. Robins ventures upon his fearfully difficult task, he may well ask for a little forbearance with a kind public, in not criticising too earnestly or too severely, this his first essay as connected with an attempt to describe a splendid estate so nearly allied to the classic city of Athens, and so far removed from the usual sphere of his vocations—the city and its vast renown he may safely leave to those who are well read in the history of Greece! His task, fortunately, is only to give, in the language of truth, however imperfectly told, an unpretending description of the property under review. As it would require the pen of the immortal Byron to do it adequate justice, the writer may be well excused for approaching it with fear and trembling; he will, however, venture only at a round unvarnished tale, leaving to the imaginative powers of those who seek such a splendid repose, to fill up the vast immeasurable space, which his feeble effort must leave unaccomplished. The villa may be thus succinctly described; it is suited to

a family not very large, but whose minds are imbued with reminiscences of the glory of this once-famed city.

‘ Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ? ’

“ It is placed within the olive grove on the plains of Athens, and, from its lofty tower, commands the most splendid and picturesque view of the Acropolis and the city, including the Mount Hymettus, and Pentelicus, the Piræus, Salamis, and indeed all the islands of the Ægean Sea. In superintending this magnificent panorama, how awfully grand doth nature’s works appear ! inclining the imagination first to believe, and at length the senses to concur in the realization of all those classical associations, which cannot fail to interest and encourage the enterprise, and lead to researches which the march of intellect has recently more than ever provoked. Oh, that the pen of the great bard could at this moment lend its influential aid, and direct the one that now falters in the vain attempt to give a moderate portraiture of the landscape ! but this is hopeless. A short summary of a few of

the minor points for consideration must suffice with those who, while they would enjoy the antiquities of Athens, are not insensible to the large income that is available by this purchase. It has already been noticed that the demesne around the city numbers three hundred and eighty acres, the greater part under cultivation in corn, cotton, and maize, besides large plantations of olive-trees; the vineyards and extensive gardens are about twenty acres, walled round, and planted on the celebrated site, known as the *Academus of Plato*, and to which the river Cephissus becomes the irrigating stream, as well as to the smaller vineyard, which is allied to the abode."

Mr. Robins's advertisements will live after him. They will be treasured up and read with avidity by generations yet unborn. This, at any rate, is my conviction; and never was I more firmly wedded to any hypothesis. Mr. Robins, I should here remark, is himself particularly partial to be considered an author. In one of his advertisements which I have quoted, he tacitly admits this by claiming to himself the title.

He says—"This eligible freehold property is so remarkably associated with the literature of the day that the writer (or author) feels he might damage the little reputation which he has acquired, or place it in very great jeopardy, by the imperfect sketch which the following effort is intended to convey," &c. I wonder it has never occurred to any one to make a selection of Mr. Robins's advertisements, now extended over a space of more than a quarter of a century, and to publish them in two or three volumes. A tasteful selection would make what the French call a most *recherché* work. I am confident it would have a large sale; for, besides its literary merits, it would contain an epitome of the history of the heritable and landed property of the country during the period I have mentioned.

It is related of a Frenchman, whose name escapes my recollection, that having asked of an acquaintance the meaning of the word "prose," he was surprised on finding from the answer that he had been talking "prose" all his life, without being aware of the circumstance. Mr. Robins, in like manner, is in the habit of writing a species

of irregular blank verse, though he does not himself seem to have the slightest suspicion of the fact. Witness, in illustration, the following descriptive advertisement of the Olympic Theatre, which appeared in the newspapers a few months ago. It may be right to premise, that though I have not altered the phraseology in any way, I have ventured to put the lines into their present form:—

Mr. George Robins is desired to announce
 To the public, and more especially to the
 Theatrical world, that he is authorised to sell
 By Public Auction at the Mart,
 On Thursday next, the twentieth of June, at twelve,
 The Olympic Theatre, which for so many years
 Possessed a kindly feeling with the public,
 And has, for many seasons past, assumed
 An unparalleled altitude in theatricals, since
 It was fortunately demised to Madame Vestris ;
 Who, albeit, not content to move at the slow rate
 Of by-gone times, gave to it a spirit and a
 Consequence, that the march of improvement
 And her own consummate taste and judgment
 Had conceived. To crown her laudable efforts
 With unquestionable success, she has caused
 To be completed (with the exception of St. James's)
THE MOST SPLENDID LITTLE THEATRE IN EUROPE;
 Has given to the entertainments a new life ;
 Has infused so much of her own special tact,

That it now claims to be one of the most
FAMED OF THE METROPOLITAN THEATRES. Indeed,
It is a fact that will always remain on record,
That amid the vicissitudes of all other theatrical
Establishments, with Madame at its helm, success has
Never been equivocal for a moment, and the
Receipts have for years past averaged nearly
As much as the patent theatres. The boxes are
In such high repute, that double the present low
Rental is available by this means alone. Madame
Vestris has a lease for three more seasons, at only one
Thousand pounds a-year.

Mr. George Robins is not without his peculiarities in the ordinary circumstances and habits of life; but it is not my purpose to particularise these. I will only mention one—namely, his unconquerable aversion to open doors. Not content with having written on the door of his office, in such large and legible letters that he that runneth may read, the words—“Shut the door”—the first salutation, in many cases, which he gives to those who enter, and before they have had time to anticipate the gruffly-delivered injunction, is, “Shut the door, sir.” The reason he assigns in summer for his decided antipathy to open doors, is, that they let in the heat, and the reason in winter is, that they let in the cold.

Of the personal appearance of Mr. George Robins, little remains to be added to the observations incidentally made on the subject in a former part of the sketch. I have referred to his tall, athletic person. His favourite dress is a surtout of a brownish hue, a coloured waistcoat, and light cassimere smallclothes. He can boast of a very high, well-developed, arched forehead; with a rather full face. His eyebrows are prominent and protruding; but his eyes are small, though quick in their motions: they have a shrewd, if not sly, expression. His complexion is as rough and ruddy as if he were the bailiff on one of those estates which he describes with such graphic effect. He has all the appearance of one who, notwithstanding the extent and importance of his business, enjoys the pleasures of life. The expression of his countenance is not prepossessing; but the moment he mounts his rostrum, and lets loose the floodgates of his eloquence, he becomes quite a favourite with his audience: they vote him, in their own minds, "a jolly good fellow," and, did their pockets allow, would give a practical proof of the fact, by "bidding" for "the

property" which his so earnest in pressing on their attention. He is clearly a man of vigorous constitution; and, though his age must be approximating to sixty, he has not, so far as can be seen two or three yards from him, a single wrinkle in his face.

THE END.

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