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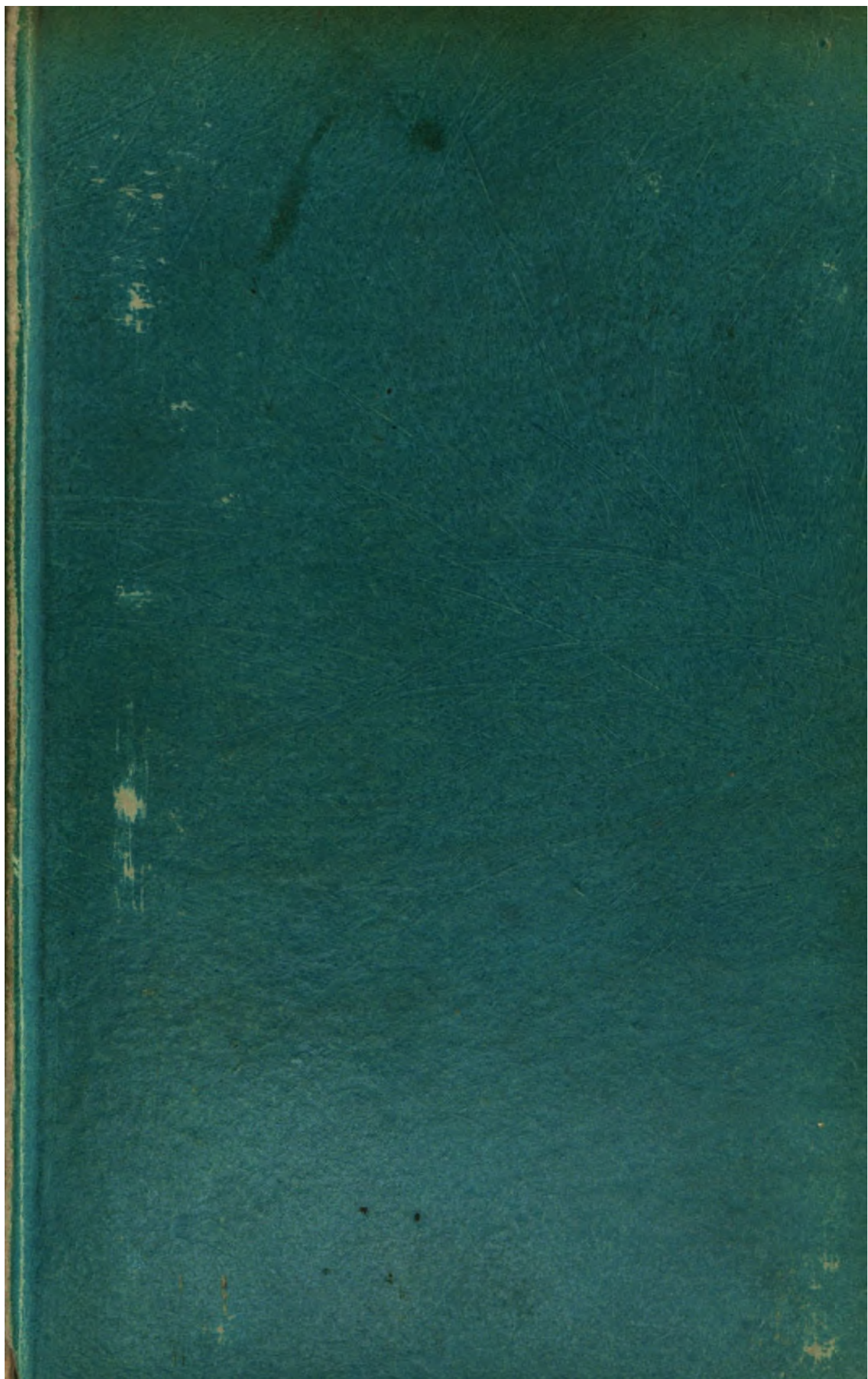
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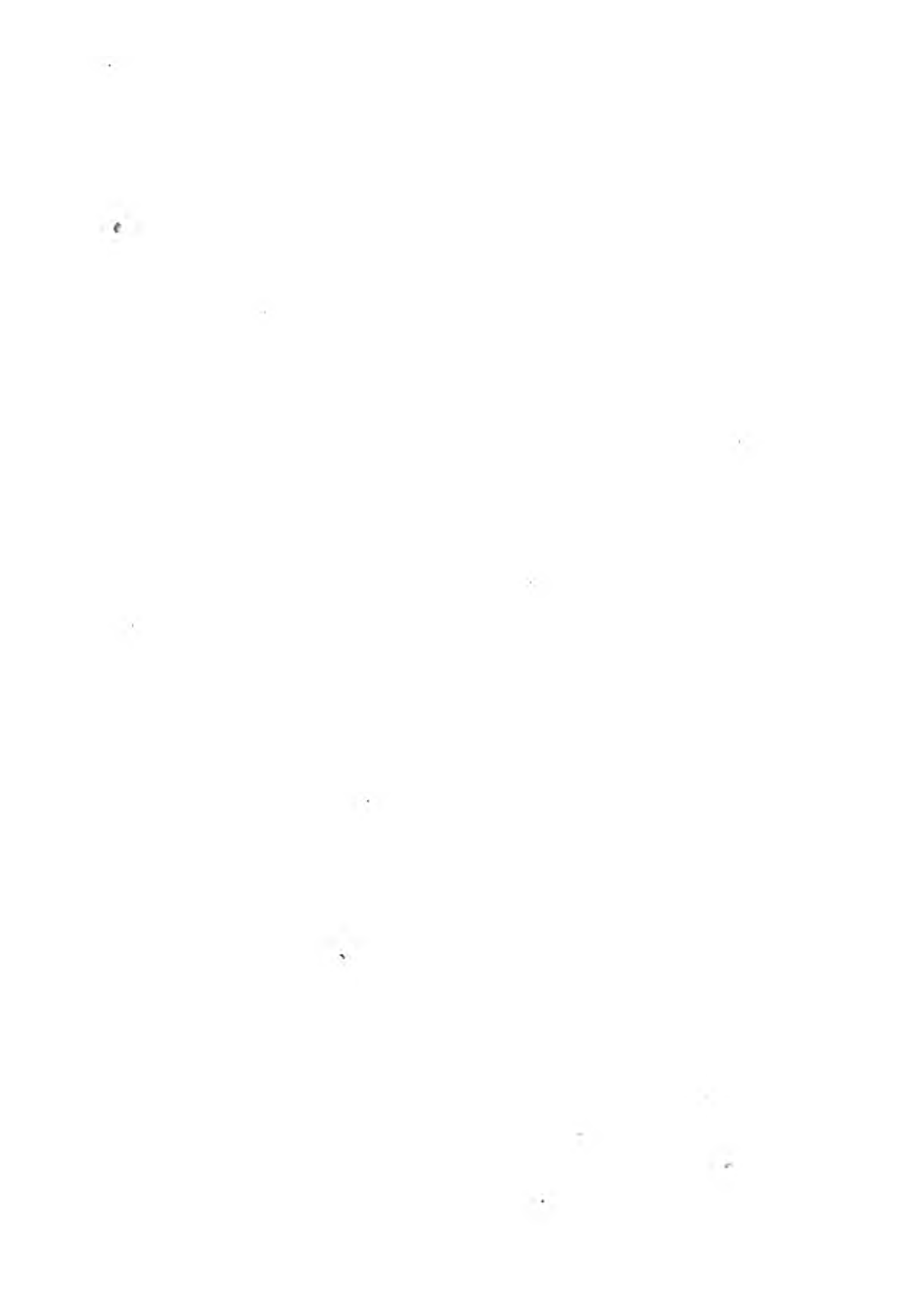


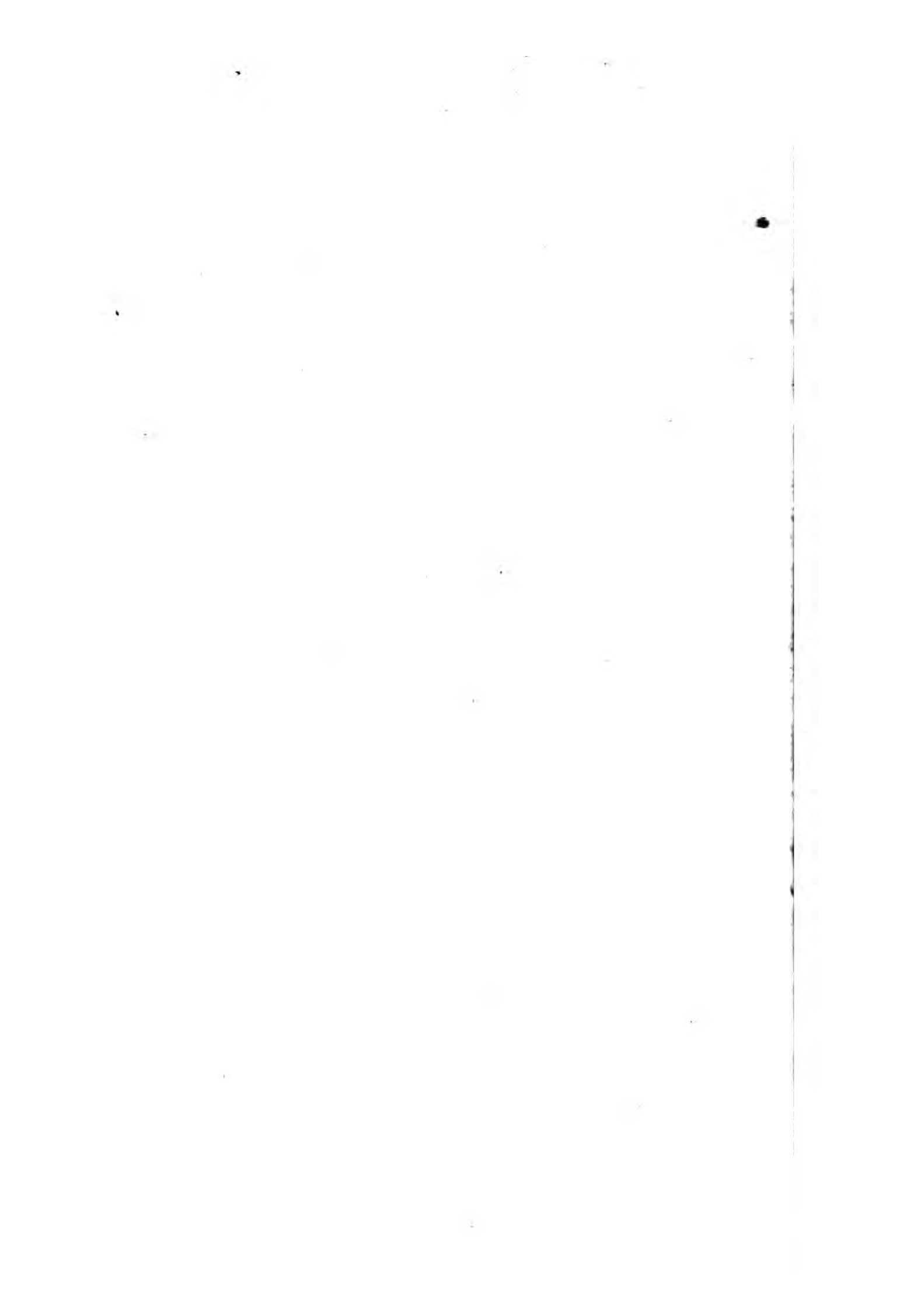


Johnson f. 729





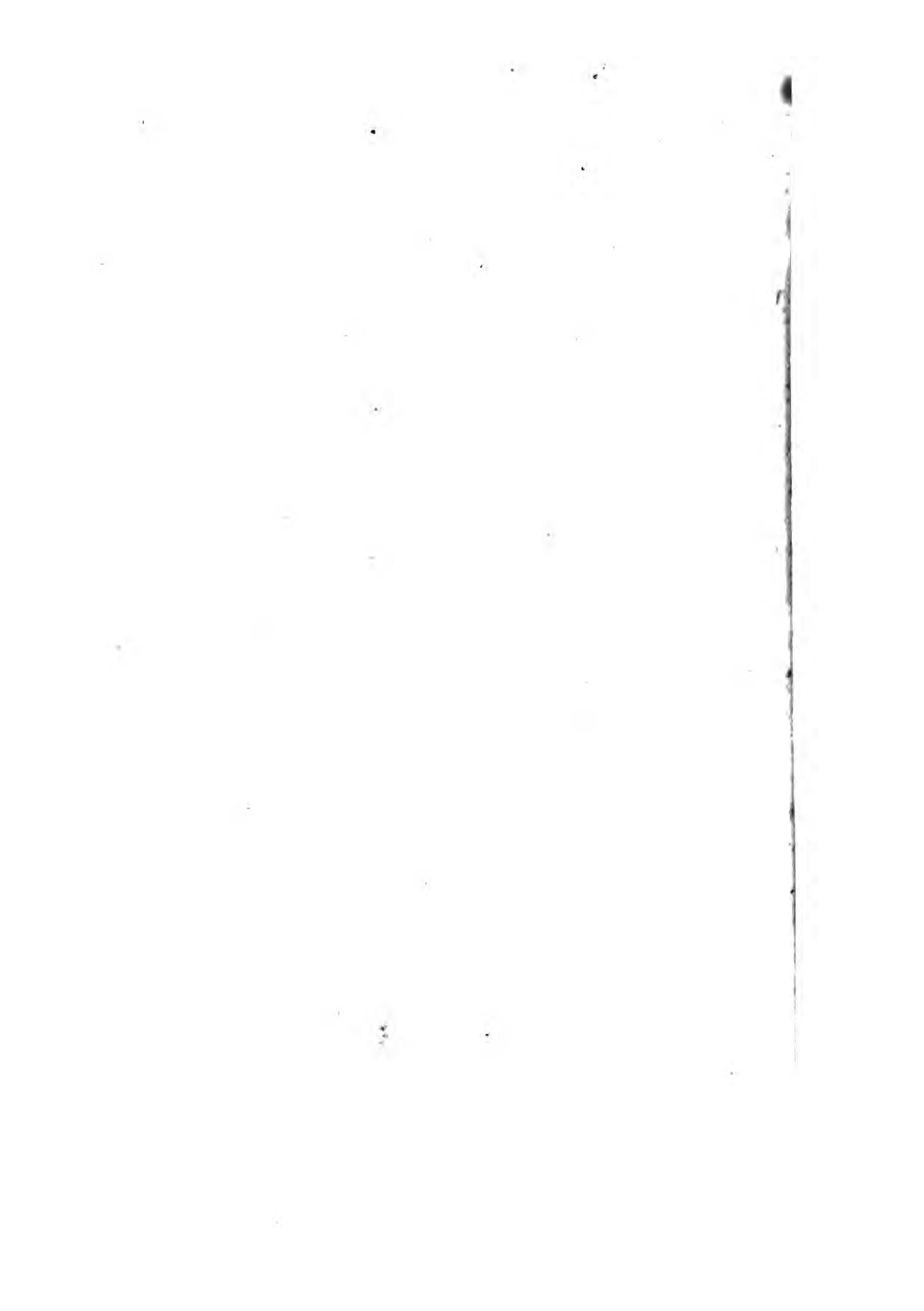






*On old Hyems' thin and icy crown,  
An odorous chaplet of sweet buds is set.*

Shaks<sup>es</sup>







*Blossoms at Christmas*

and

**FIRST FLOWERS**

OF THE

*New Year.*

A TOKEN  
TO REMEMBER A FRIEND

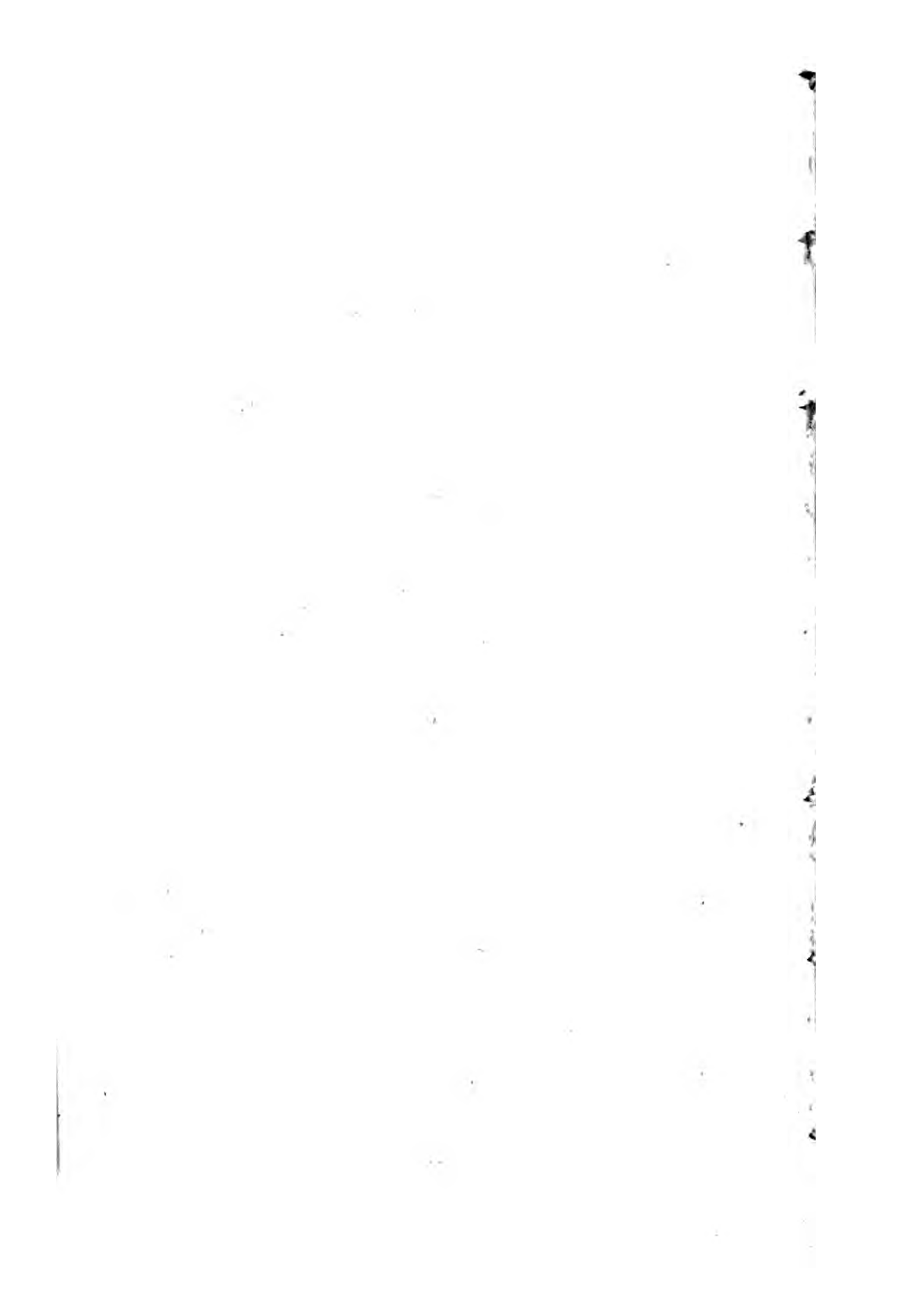
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## PREFACE.

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To blend rational entertainment with useful or interesting information, in the form of a CHRISTMAS PRESENT, or NEW YEAR'S GIFT, has been the aim of the following sheets. Such productions, whether as memorials of friendship between adults, or tokens of affection to young persons, have for some years been greeted with the strongest manifestations of public favour on the Continent. And it is hoped, that, neither in point of general contents, nor splendour of embellishment, will the present work be found unworthy to rank with the most distinguished German or French efforts of its kind. But the volume for 1825 is only the first of an intended series: let the Public and not the Author, therefore, speak its merits: and let its Readers only be respectfully assured that their smile will prove the best reward of these commencing labours, and the most encouraging stimulus to their continuance with increasing attraction.



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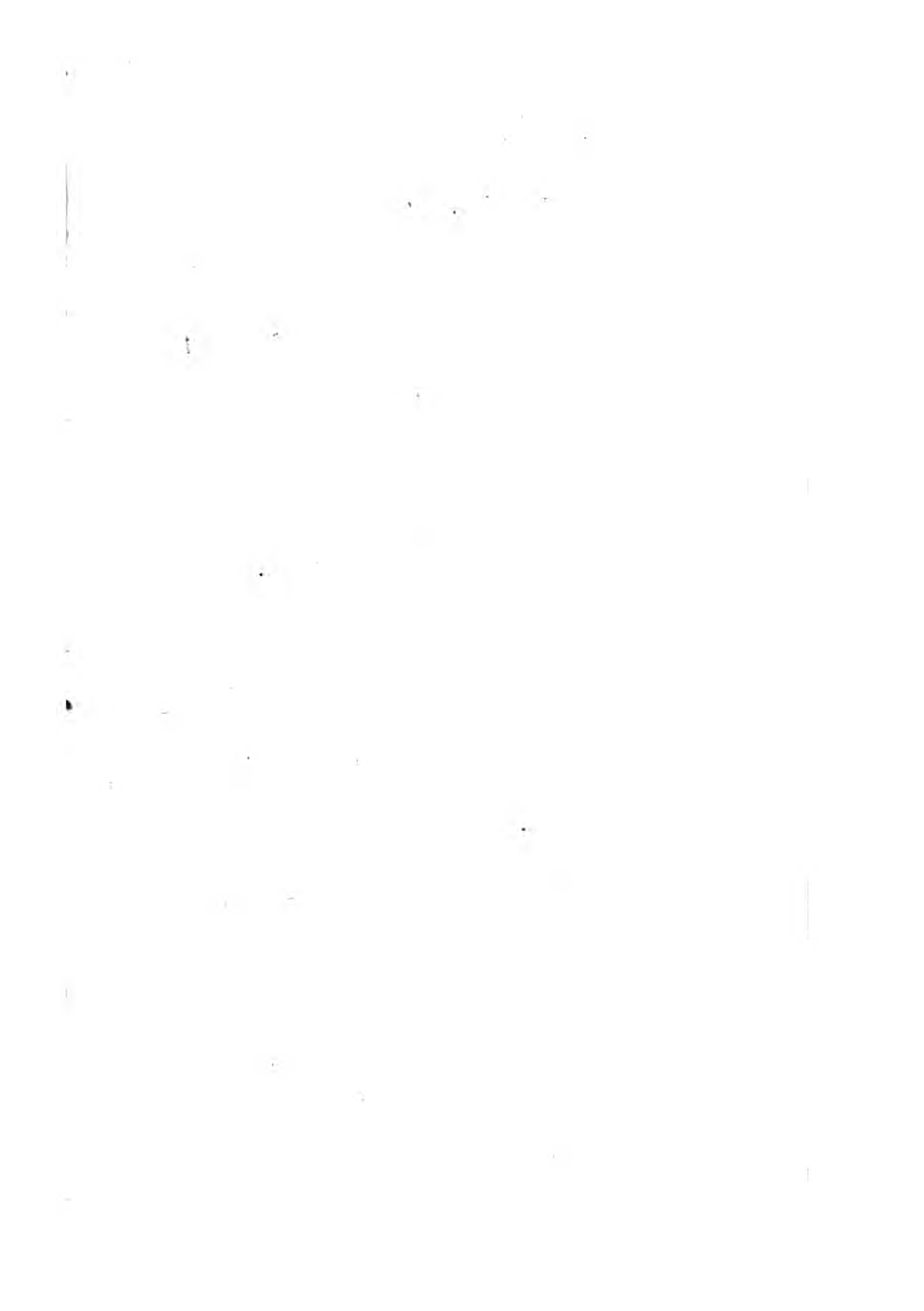
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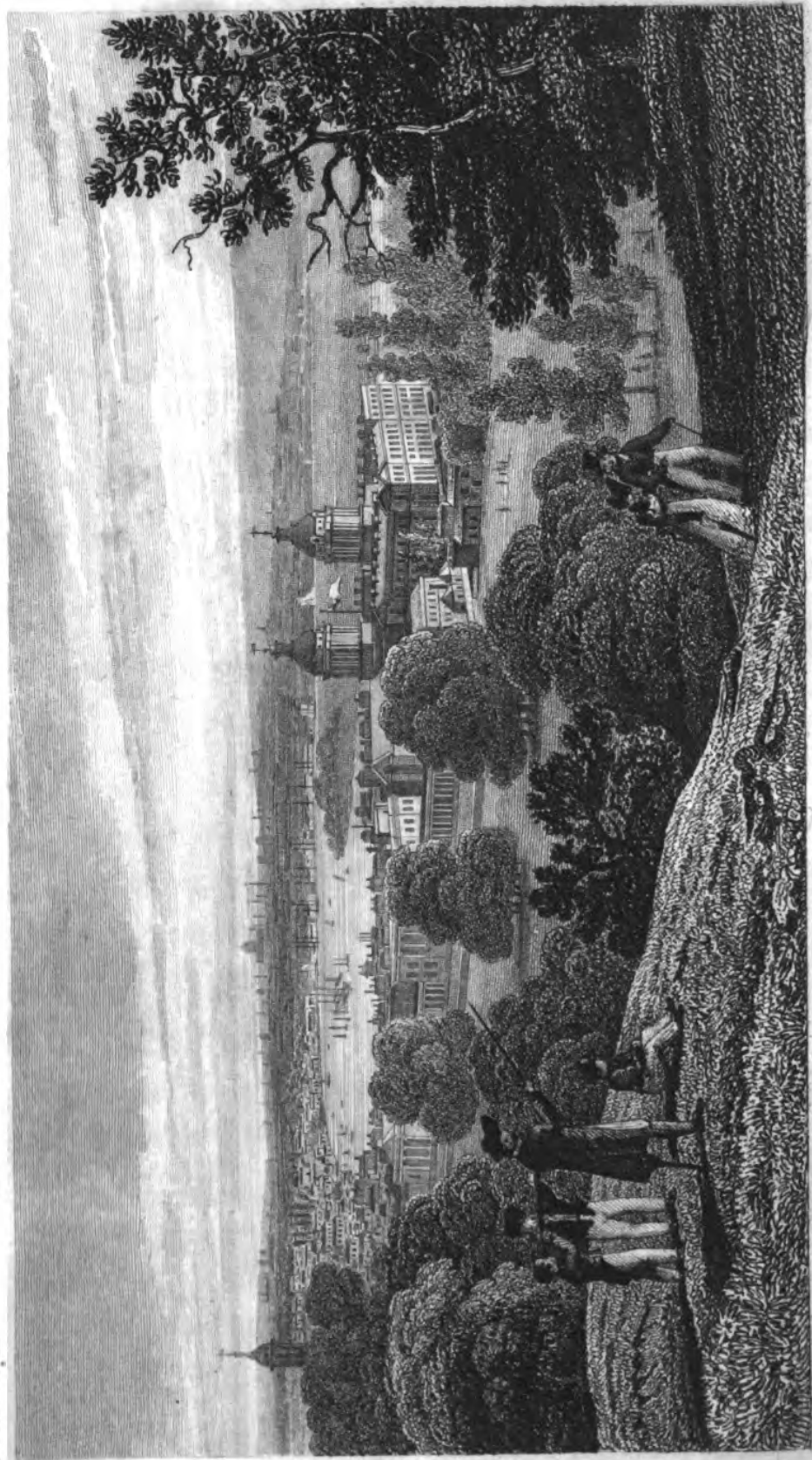
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Engraved by T. Barber

L O N D O N,  
& GREENWICH HOSPITAL.  
*from the Tree Hill*

Drawn by J. Baylis

**Characteristic Sketches**  
**OF INTERESTING CITIES & TOWNS**  
**IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS.**

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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**LONDON.**

**LONDON!**—the myriad of associations that rise at the repetition of that name!—**LONDON!**—the metropolis of the nations! the emporium of the universe! the world's storehouse of wealth! the centre of commerce, art, science, and philosophy! the chief city of the first people upon earth!—

“ *The Seat*, where England, from her ancient reign,

“ Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain!”

Such—and how much more, that the bounds of our little work permit us not the thought of describing—is London now. Shall we, Reader, employing our lucubrations to a dif-

ferent, though perhaps not less entertaining an end,—shall we, glancing over the last two thousand one hundred years past, and resting the mind's eye, after its passage over that mighty chasm of time, upon the period at which our far-famed city had possibly witnessed the flight of half a century from its foundation,—shall we, taking our stand upon one of the nearest of what are now termed the Surrey Hills, survey imperial London as it existed THEN?\*

We have reached our station. The chief city of the martial and maritime *Belgæ* established in South Britain, is before us. Come, gentle *modern* Londoner! escaped from the daily din that surrounds thy domicile, beyond the turmoil that fills thy native streets, above the dun smoke and the yellow fogs that float upon thy metropolitane air, come, take with us thy stand. Look from this eminence as upon one of those miracles of illusive art in thine own day, a *panorama*, and behold the capital of Belgic Britain, as it stood three hundred years before the Christian era, with the scenery adjacent. Come, we will act the *cicerone* at thy side, and explain the features of the antique scene.

\* The eminence popularly called *Nun-head Hill* will very well suit our purpose.



Observe, there are two leading objects in this view—FOREST, and WATER. Start not, nor already smile in absolute incredulity: remember, two thousand one hundred years are to elapse, ere thou wilt live in actual reality to smile from this fair spot; and believe, that changes, mightier than these, may take place in that long period. The water, forming a vast lake, ripples to the very foot of the verdant slope on which we stand; and extends thence, eastward and westward, farther than the eye can reach; while behind, and on either side, the grassy or the copse-crowned hill, the dark wood, and the brown heathy waste, enclose us, and swell onward to the boundaries of the vision's range. Yon hill,\* neither to the extreme left nor directly facing us, but between both, is an islet, all clothed with forest-trees, *herons* their solitary occupants, and the sole owners of the soil.† Yes, it is girdled with those waves, that, weltering thence around the height on which we stand, and other adjacent elevations, are sheeted too over the self-same spot, on which, some ages henceforward, shall arise a *Causeway*,‡ purposed to aid the tra-

\* That of which *Camberwell Grove* forms one of the modern ascents.

† From whence, it may be, the existing appellation of *Herne Hill*, which forms a part of the same eminence.

‡ Brixton.

veller's communication with these southern uplands. In front, at the distance of some four miles across the lake, commences its opposite or northern shore; whose whole sweep, from right to left, and from the water's edge to the very summits of the sister hills\* that mingle with the horizon in the background, is "black with shade," being a single mighty and continuous forest. Thou art not so dull, having accompanied our description thus far, as now to ask for "Father Thames;" unknowing that the *lake* before thee embraces the primeval course of that majestic river—yes, even that in which it shall flow, until the Romans of a yet distant age shall have upraised those ponderous banks on either side of the mid-channel, between which its waters from that day will ebb and return. But note well, that it is *high water* with us favoured spectators of this scene; for, at the retreat of the tide, the entire hollow between these hills and the future south bank of the stream, must be a vast marsh, or swamp; parts of which will possibly continue such long after the embankments shall have been completed: nay, we will be so rash as to predict, that this marsh will not be effectually reclaimed, and made habitable for man

\* Highgate and Hampstead.

throughout even till about the middle of the far, far distant eighteenth century.

We pardon thy next query, gentle friend; for that is, doubtless,—“*where* is the CITY promised to be displayed? the CAPITAL of the Britannic Belgæ?”—Verily, it may somewhat strain thine optics to discern it: yet, with our assistance, the discovery may not be impracticable. Dost thou not see, beneath an exceedingly diminutive portion of the umbrageous mass that lines yon northern shore, a collection of what at first sight may appear like yellow ant-hills;—but which, on attentive inspection, may be perceived in reality to be so many circular *huts*, whose walls we will conjecture from the distance to be of rough timbers, made comfortably tight in the interstices with clay, and roofed with reeds into elegantly tapering cones? And see, from apertures most curiously contrived at top, the wreaths of smoke, that, rising against the dark foliage in the rear, picture to the envying imagination the culinary employments of the inhabitants, around their centrally disposed hearths within! Yes, Londoner, there is the seat and city of thy primogenitors: and observe, it is *populous*, for it contains some hundreds of yon artfully-finished and substantial houses: nay, it is already a place of *commercial importance*, for

there is a fleet lying before it.—A fleet!—Why art thou surprized? The Belgæ were merchants of repute in their day; and made several voyages in the course of a twelvemonth, along the entire stream of the Thames from their city downwards, and thence southward, along the coast of the island, even to the country of their fathers, Gaul. Dost thou not perceive their numerous ships? their mighty merchant-navy?—what! not yet?—be indebted to our better powers of observation once again then. That line of dark spots on the bosom of the stream, is the Belgic fleet, riding gloriously at anchor. But clear thy vision, and thou mayest with little difficulty see a mast arising from each vessel, with a sail attached to it. That sail, we will inform thee, is composed of the skins of beasts, ingeniously sewed together with leathern thongs; the tackle too is of leather; and the vessels themselves, unincumbered with a deck, and many of them capacious enough to carry twenty men with ease, are of a strong rib-work, cased with light timbers, and lined, for full security against the insinuating waters, with the thickest hides.

Such, attentive friend, was the *Lun-den*,\* with

\* For remarks on the true etymology of this word, as derived from the Belgic *Lun*, a wood, or grove, and *Den*, or *Dun*, a town, or fortress, see Longman & Co.'s ORIGINAL "Picture of London," for the present year, page 3.

all its civic and trading accompaniments, of the Belgic Britons: its situation “precisely such as the Belgæ are described to have selected for the advantages of a *southern aspect*, and of *natural strength* ;” the site being “a bank sloping to the sun’s meridian beams, in a wood, or rather forest, of large extent, and thus uniting eligibilities both for a *town* and a *fortress*,” with a people whose strong-holds are described by Cæsar as rendered such only by those natural circumstances, with the addition of a ditch and earthen rampart.\*—Let us now at once transport our attention from this scene, to the existing view from the spot we have hitherto in imagination occupied—LONDON, from Nun-head Hill, in the year 1825.†

It is a glorious view!—and the reality was indeed glorious when we witnessed it, tinted as it was with the light of “morning’s prime,” and Nature in all her freshness adding her associations to the imposing dignity in which the first of cities rose before us. Nearly the entire outline of the grandest of protestant churches,

\* Vide the work just alluded to, page 4.

† Our Artist, notwithstanding the interest and grandeur of the scene from this hill, has preferred that which presents itself from *Greenwich*, on account of the noble breadth of *water* conspicuous from the celebrated Observatory: and it must be admitted, that as regards this feature, (though in this only,) the prospect from Nun-head is deficient.



majestically presented itself in our front; the solemn cupola, with its cross burning in the sun-light, sublimely swelling into the bright blue sky. Far to the left, the sister towers of Westminster rose over their own awe-inspiring pile: and far beyond, the suburbs of the mighty city, pierced with innumerable spires, were out-stretched till they united with the blue uplands in the distance. A broader, yet more congregated sweep of roofs and towers, filled all the space betwixt the giant two among the metropolitane fanes; and the old twin hills, rich even in the remnants of their forest honours, heaved their high crests into the expanse of sky behind them. Yet to the right, mass after mass of fabric, piled in infinity of forms, stretched on, commingling with the host of spires: then "London's Column" rose; and next the "Towers of Julius:" until at length, beyond a wood of masts, the domes of Greenwich gave to this long, long spread of human haunts, a noble close. The bright broad stream of the majestic Thames was here first visible, rolling its course along the reach that faces the grand front of the structure so justly the Seaman's pride; then, doubling the bold headland, lying like a braid of light along the meadows, that led the eye over a picture of repose to the blues of the far horizon. In

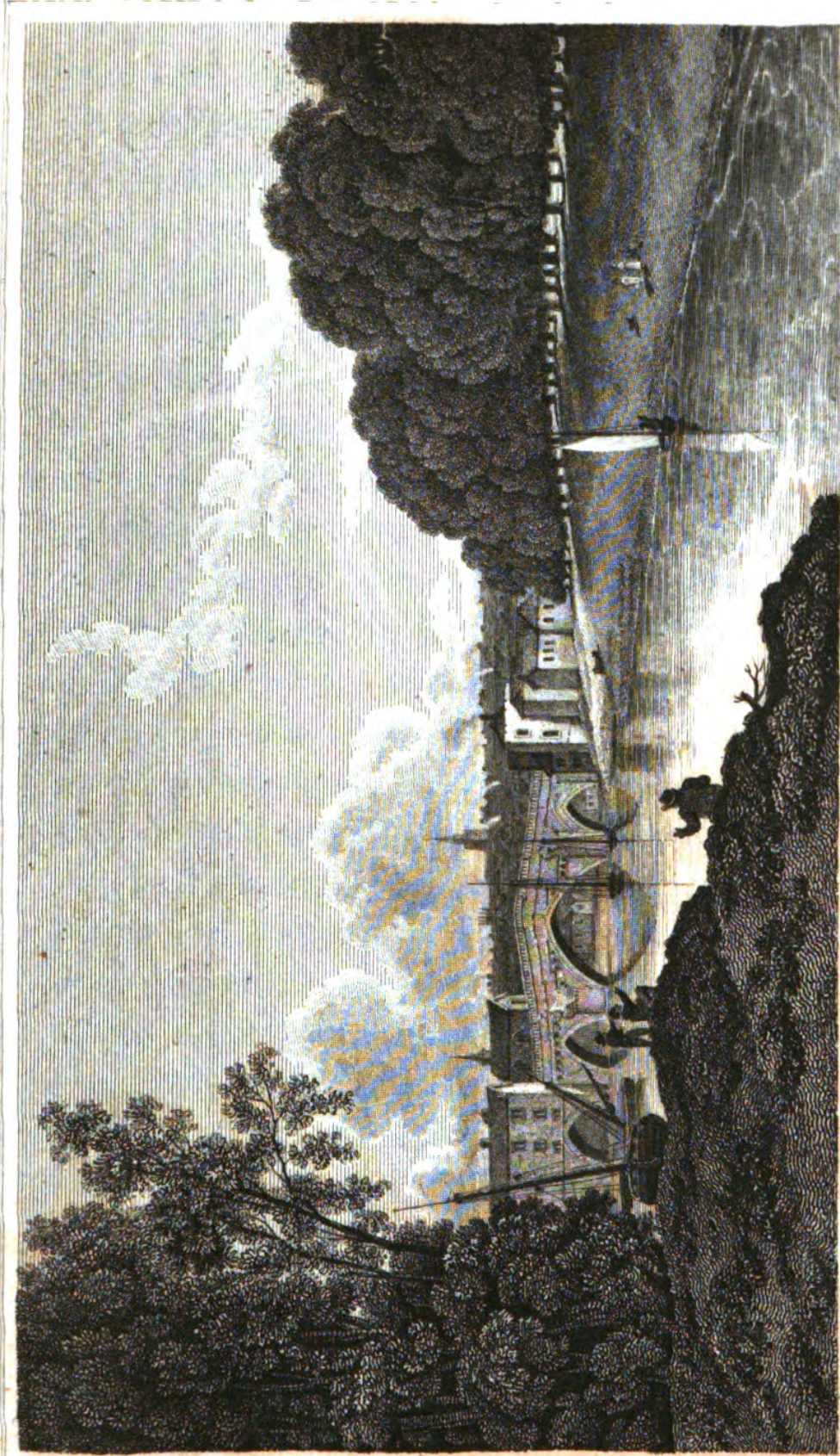
the whole scope of vale betwixt this proud metropolis and the elevation from which we viewed it, where now was a token of the ancient empire of the flood? where the morass, with its oft-intermingled tufts of sedge and reeds, the habitations of the lonely water-fowl, whose shrill cries alone gave note that the wide waste was tenanted by things of life? These all, like the forest glooms of yonder shore, had vanished; and in their place a suburb, itself a city in extent, stretched to within a brief mile of the spot we gazed from: while all the rest was garden, pasture, seats smiling from their beauteous grounds, and *new* white towers to modern Christian temples, rising on every side to emulate the pure style of the Athenian fanes of old.—Such were the contrasts we contemplated, as created by the lapse of more than twice ten centuries over the scene from the Hill of Nun-head. Our pleasure in the contemplation would have been indeed complete, had it but been possible to conjure up an Ancient Britain, and enjoy the inexpressible astonishment that would have possessed *him* at the prospect he beheld beside us.

## YORK.

Every city, and town of any importance, has a *character* peculiar to itself: the sort of character, we mean, which possesses the mind after having been once acquainted with it, and which never fails to recur to the imagination as often as it is again presented either to the eye or the mental view. The metaphysician's term, association of ideas, will explain this. The main features in the appearance of a place that has once strongly arrested our attention, connecting themselves with such historical recollections as we may have gleaned from books concerning it, or with such facts as our curiosity may have elicited upon the spot, produce this character; which naturally affects us in the degree that we are ourselves imaginative, and according to the extent of our previous enquiries.

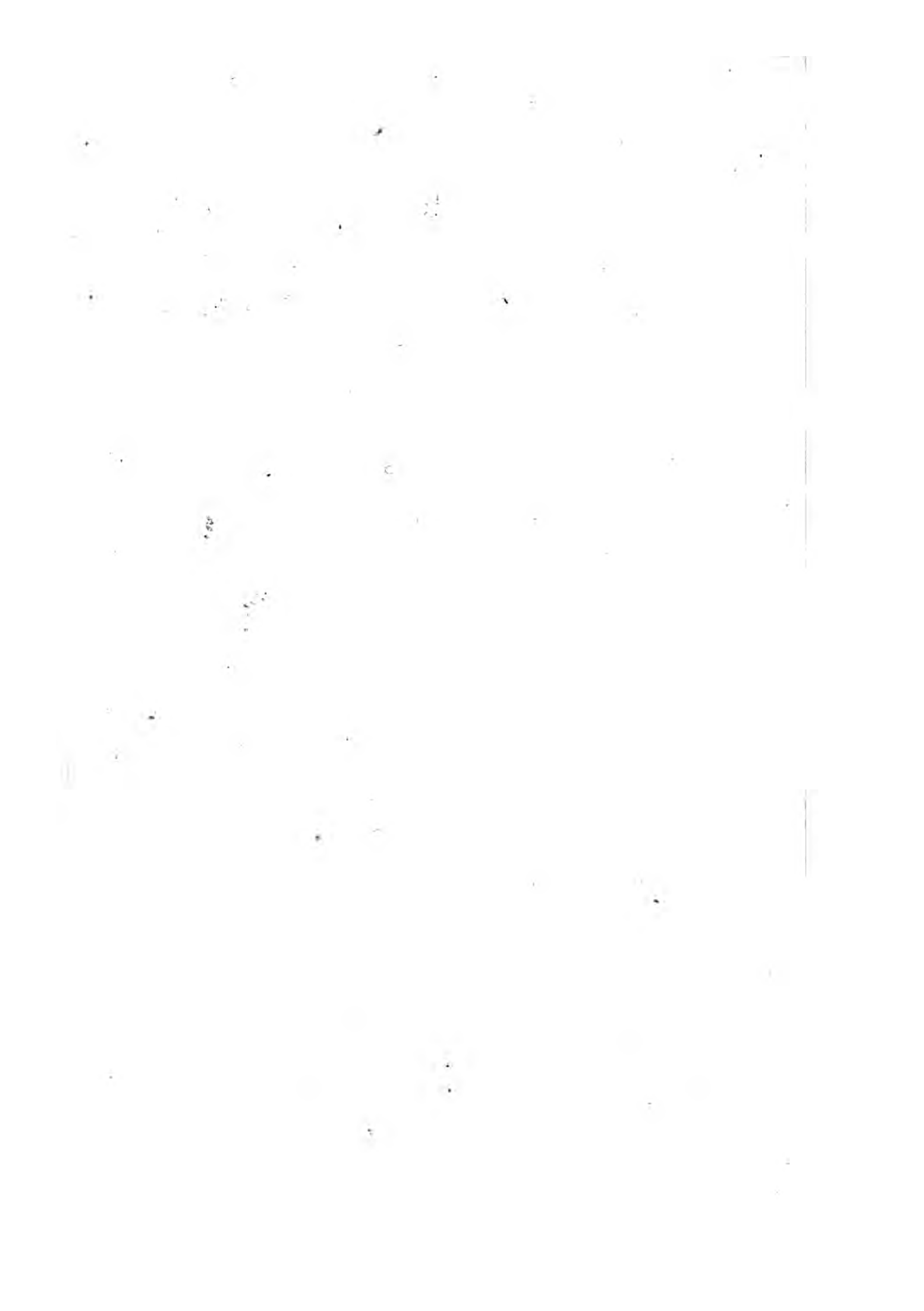
Under what *character*, thus considered, does the northern metropolis of England, (as it might not unaptly be called), the ancient city of YORK, appear before us. Though a place of considerable inland trade, that character is not *commercial*; for we at once perceive its shipping





*Drawn & Engraved by J. W. P. 1840*

Y O R K .





and general trading concerns, to be wanting in the very distinctive importance of foreign and export relations. Though a walled city, entered by frowning gates, and though dignified by the presence of a Castle, the associations it touches within us are not *military*: for the walls have been long made subservient to mere municipal convenience, or the pleasures of the promenade; and the Castle interests not, from external appearance, either as a specimen of modern fortification, or from its remnants of the feudal fortress, having been entirely re-constructed in the last century, in the very superb of styles admissible by its present purpose, that of a county prison. Indeed, York, in our day, with its magnificent gaol, and county-hall; its grand and elegant assembly-rooms; its theatre, race-course, assizes, fairs, and all their attendant bustle and gaiety; is the mere county-town upon an extended scale—with the exception of a single object, the *Cathedral*, or, as it is more popularly called, the *Minster*.

This, this is the grand feature of York, in whose observation we learn to forget what the city is, and revolve in our minds the ancient days, in which so sublime and vast a pile arose from its foundations, to exalt our reverence for that pure faith to whose service it is at length dedicated, and connect *religion* with the place



in which it stands, when contemplated by every successive generation. Let us recur to those ancient days; and while "the glory of York," in the mind's eye, if not to the actual vision, stands before us, let us descant on those times, in which the ravages of war, and the furies of fanaticism, subjected the city and its cathedral alike to a series of tremendously afflictive visitations.

Eboracum, or Roman York, an important and flourishing colony, and the residence of the *Dux Britanniarum*, (or principal military commander,) under the imperial government, would appear to have been destroyed to its foundations, in the contests of the Britons and the Picts, prior to the establishment of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, of which it was the capital. For though churches, it cannot be doubted, had arisen here under the reigns of the christian emperors who succeeded Constantine, yet on the conversion of the Saxons, no place for the celebration of divine worship could be found, until Edward, the Northumbrian king, caused an humble structure of *wood* to be erected for that purpose. Upon the death of Edward, at the battle of Hatfield, near Doncaster, York was taken, ravaged, and itself and newly-erected sacred edifice almost annihilated by Penda, king of

Mercia, and Cadwallon, king of Wales; and indeed, in all the wars, that incessantly convulsed the kingdom of Northumbria, this city was scarcely less frequently the prize, than the devoted prey, of the conquerors. Yet, early in the ninth century, York had not only retrieved its former honours—was not only flourishing in commerce and in wealth—but had become the Athens of that dark age for learned celebrity; and its cathedral, (indebted for its restoration to Archbishop Wilfrid,) had received the most glorious of ornaments in the library placed in it by the prelate Egbert; a library, which William of Malmsbury called “the noblest repository and cabinet of arts and sciences in the whole world.” Nay, Alcuin, the famed instructor of Charlemagne, in one of his letters to that prince, requests that scholars might be sent from France to copy some of these books; “that the garden of letters might not be shut up in York, but that some of its fruits might be placed in the paradise of Tours.”\* By a sort of miracle, this famous library, (and the cathedral, it may be presumed, with it) escaped the destroying hands of the Danes, when, in the year 867, under their chiefs Inguar and Hubba, they laid the

\* Epist. Alcuini ad Carolum Regem. *Lel. Coll.* I. 399.

city in ruins, and put most of the inhabitants to the sword. And, as York became the capital of the Danish, as it had previously been of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, these grand repositories at once of the religion and learning of the times lost nothing of their splendour or celebrity, until a yet more dreadful calamity than any that had hitherto assailed the city, overwhelmed it in 1069.

Never, from any Pagan enemy, Scot, Saxon, or Dane, did York suffer such terrible devastations, as it was now destined to undergo from a Christian tyrant. The arbitrary Norman, who, three years previously, had obtained the crown of England by his victory at Hastings, by his many subsequent oppressions had instigated the English in general, and the Northumbrians more particularly, to repeated revolts. The refractory spirits of these descendants from the Saxon and Danish conquerors of a former period, could ill brook the severities of the Norman sway; and having resolved upon a desperate effort to recover their freedom, they assassinated the governor of Northumbria appointed by William, together with his seven hundred followers, at Durham, and called in Sweyn, king of Denmark, to their assistance. Sweyn readily obeyed the call, and dispatched a fleet, under the command of Osbern, his

brother, who, landing his troops, was immediately joined by the malcontents, among whom were several lords of distinction, and especially Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon line, and the real heir to the throne. The Norman garrison in York, not doubting but that William would hasten to its relief, resolved to hold out to the last extremity. With this view, they set fire to the suburbs, near the strong castle that had been erected to over-awe the inhabitants by the Conqueror, to prevent the houses from being used by the besiegers for the purpose of filling up the ditches that surrounded the fortifications. But the fire spreading farther than was intended, great part of the city was reduced to ashes; when the cathedral church, together with Egbert's noble library, perished in the conflagration. The confederates without, availing themselves of the confusion occasioned by this catastrophe, entered the city without opposition, took the castle (or castles, for some authors mention two) by assault, and put not less than three thousand Normans to the sword.

But terrible was the retributive vengeance of William; who no sooner heard of the destruction of his garrison at York, than he swore, "by God's splendour," that he would not leave one soul of the Northumbrians alive. Shortly entering Yorkshire, he began the execution of



his menaces by the most horrible ravages: and at length, having bought off the Danish general, he sat down before York itself with the whole disposable force of his kingdom, and compelled the garrison and inhabitants, after suffering the extremities of famine, to surrender. Then, notwithstanding the honourable capitulation granted them by the Conqueror, the wretched citizens, and their military defenders, began to feel the full weight of his insidiously smothered resentment. York was razed to the ground, and the major part of its occupants, including nearly all who were of superior condition, consigned to death; the few who escaped the general destruction being obliged to redeem their lives with such heavy fines, as reduced them to the most deplorable poverty and distress. The surrounding country was so totally laid waste, that such of its miserable inhabitants as had escaped the slaughter, after eating dogs, cats, and even human flesh, in a vain effort to prolong their existence, at last perished by famine. "It was shocking," says Simeon of Durham, "to see, in the houses, the streets, and highways, human carcasses swarming with worms, dissolving in putridity, and emitting a most horrible stench: nor were any living to cover them with earth, all having perished by sword or by famine, or, stimulated by

hunger, having abandoned their country. Between York and Durham not a house was inhabited: all was a lonely wilderness, the retreat of wild beasts and robbers, and the terror of travellers.”\* This melancholy relation is fully confirmed by the other historians of those times: nay, Odoricus Vitalis, a Norman monk, who wrote in the reign of Henry the First, stated that above an hundred thousand human beings perished in William’s desolation of Yorkshire; adding with solemnity, “ I have no doubt in asserting, that so horid a butchery is a crime that cannot pass unpunished; for an Omnipotent judge, and most rigorous avenger, will strictly scrutinize the actions, and punish the guilt, of the highest as well as of the lowest delinquent.”†—Such was one of the vengeful acts of that Norman Duke, in reward for the endeavours of the English to retrieve their liberties, whose establishment upon the throne of England as a direct consequence of those acts, and of his previous triumph over Harold, has been ridiculously denied to constitute a *Conquest*.

William, in the year following this dreadful visitation, elevated his chaplain and treasurer, Thomas of Bayeux, to the archbishopric; when that prelate found his cathedral a heap

\* Sim. Dunelm. p. 199, &c. † Odor. Vital. lib. IV. p. 514.



of ruins. He resolved therefore to rebuild it on a larger and nobler plan; and under his auspices it arose ere long with an increase of splendour. But before the lapse of half a century, it was again almost totally destroyed by an accidental conflagration, which involved the greater part of the city in its fate. For nearly forty years following, it appeared condemned to sink under this last calamity; till at length, in 1171, Archbishop Roger commenced the rebuilding of the choir, and witnessed the completion of that part of the edifice before his death. His structure was in all probability as magnificent as the taste and genius of that age would allow. But the Norman style of the twelfth century constituted but a very trifling improvement upon what is commonly, though not very properly, designated as pure Saxon; since this latter might with equal propriety itself be called *the Norman*, having been found to have existed under as decided peculiarities in Normandy prior to the Conquest, as it had among the Saxons of this island. The arches, in this improved style, were for the most part still circular; the pillars single, and massive, with plain capitals: no canopied niches, no statues, no escutcheons, broke the dull uniformity of the wall: within, the vaulting of the roof was unadorned with the rich tracery

of a later period; without, nor spire nor pinnacle raised its tall point, or its fantastic wreath, towards heaven. No trace, however, of the characteristic architecture of the period alluded to, exists in the present cathedral: *that* was begun to be erected at the epoch of which we are now immediately to speak.

About the year 1228, in the reign of Henry the Third, Archbishop Walter de Grey erected the oldest existing part of the present edifice, namely, the *south transept*, which affords a beautiful and complete specimen of the style of architecture which had then begun to prevail. The massive pillar had given place to a cluster of slender and elegant columns: instead of plain capitals, the upper parts of those columns were decorated with luxuriant foliage: the windows were high, narrow, and pointed: and the interior of the roof was over-run with tracery. The *north transept*, having been built only about thirty years afterwards, is naturally marked with all the features of the same style: a steeple, considered handsome at that era, arose at the junction of these two parts of the building. After another lapse of thirty years, which conducts us to the twentieth of Edward the First, the first stone of the *nave* was laid by Archbishop John le Romain; but this part of the building was not finished till about 1330, the

fourth of Edward the Third, and in the prelacy of William de Melton, who completed the west end, with its noble uniform towers, as they remain to this day. Had the nave been completed by its founder, it would doubtless have borne a strong resemblance to the transepts; as architecture in the time of Edward the First was so nearly the same as in that of his Father Henry the Third, as to render it difficult to point out the marks of distinction. But by De Melton it was finished in the manner that had begun to prevail in the reign of the Second Edward: the characteristics of which were, that the vaulting was more highly decorated: the small pillars, or shafts, that had formerly been detached from the body of the column, were become of the number of its constituent parts: the windows were greatly enlarged, especially the grand eastern or western ones of the nave or choir, which were carried nearly to the vaulting; and, being divided into several lights by stone mullions running into various ramifications above, and decorated besides with painted or stained glass, containing portraits of kings and saints, or historical representations, produced a truly magnificent effect. For a nave upon so elegant a plan, the old choir of Archbishop Roger was found to be but a mean accompaniment; and a new one was commen-

ced by Archbishop John de Thoresby in 1361. The steeple at the union of the transepts seeming to bear the same inadequate character, it was taken down in 1370, and the present grand *lantern steeple* erected in its place within the ten years following. It is evident that the choir was not the work of De Thoresby alone; as the arms of several of his successors appear in parts of the structure, particularly those of Scrope and Bowet, the latter of whom did not ascend the archiepiscopal chair till the year 1405, the seventh of Henry the Fourth. In the revolution of about two centuries, therefore, the superb cathedral of York, as it now stands, was completed; affording one of the most interesting specimens of the progressive improvement of Norman architecture of which the enquirer in antiquities can avail himself, not less than exhibiting to the eye of taste one of the grandest ecclesiastical piles in Christendom.

In tracing the architectural rise and progress of this edifice to its close, we have designedly omitted all the intervening events in the general history of York; one of which, however, was so remarkable, that its narration cannot fail to prove acceptable. At the commencement of the reign of Richard the First, the annals of this city were disgraced by a transaction, which, all the circumstances considered, has



scarcely its parallel in the history of civilised nations. Following the example of the Londoners, who had signalled the coronation of the new sovereign by a general massacre of the *Jews* resident in the metropolis, the rabble of York, who omitted no opportunity of plundering and maltreating the large Jewish population of their city, attacked, ransacked, and burned the house of a late principal merchant and usurer of the Israelitish faith, who had been one of the unfortunate sufferers at London, and barbarously murdered his whole family. Struck with terror at this atrocity, almost all the other Jews in York obtained leave of the Governor to convey themselves, their families, and wealth, into the castle; which so exasperated the *christian* mob, who had calculated upon a general plunder of this unfortunate people, that they threw off all disguise, and set their magistrates and the laws at equal defiance. For a while, however, secure within the castle walls, the Jews were enabled to contemn every effort of their enemies: till it unfortunately happened that the Governor, leaving the fortress upon business, was refused admission by them on his return, from a suspicion they entertained that he had entered into an agreement with the people to deliver them into their power. Highly incensed at this usage, the

Governor proceeded to the High Sheriff of the county, who was then in York, and who, in equal resentment, directly issued his writ of *posse comitatus*, in order to besiege the castle with the whole force of his district. "Excurrit irrevocabile verbum," says Hemingford: and now was shewn, he adds, the zeal of the christian populace; for an innumerable host of armed men, both from the city and county, arose and beleaguered the fortress. Too late would the High Sheriff have recalled his mandate: no authority could now make a successful appeal to reason from the passions of the people; and many of the clergy, infuriated by their zeal, animated the efforts of the besiegers both by their exhortations and personal example. In particular, a canon of the premonstratensian order, clad in white vesture, was every where diligent; his voice being continually heard, exclaiming that the enemies of Christ should be destroyed. But, being too strenuous in his endeavours to fix the battering engines against the walls, he approached so near that a large stone, by dashing out his brains, put an end at a blow to his pious ardour and exertions.

The Jews, however, being reduced to extremity, and having already vainly offered an immense sum for the ransom of their lives, held a council, in order to devise what mea-



sures it might be best to adopt. At this conference, a foreign rabbin, who had come to England for the purpose of instructing his brethren, harangued them to the following effect. "Men of Israel!—our God, whose laws I have prescribed to you, commands that we should always be ready to die for those laws: and now when death looks us in the face, we have only to choose whether we shall prolong a base and infamous life, or embrace a gallant and glorious death. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, at their will and pleasure we must die: but our Creator, who gave us life, did also enjoin, that with our own hands, and of our own accord, we should devoutly restore it to him again, rather than await the cruelty of an enemy. This several of our brethren, in great tribulation, have bravely performed: they knew how to do it, and our situation points out to us the most decent mode of execution." But though many of the Jews acceded to this dreadful counsel of the rabbin, others chose rather to try the clemency of the christians than to follow it. The former, however, who persisted in their resolution, after setting fire to the castle towers, and consuming or otherwise destroying all their riches and effects, began the horrible tragedy by cutting the throats of their wives and children: they

then all slew themselves, or each other, the rabbin, their adviser, dying with the rest.

The scarcely less unhappy wretches who had chosen life, now applied themselves to extinguish the flames spread through the castle by the zealots their deceased companions. The besiegers renewing their assaults at day-break, these miserable men appeared upon the walls, and made known the fate of their brethren. They threw the dead bodies from the ramparts in proof of the fact they related, entreated mercy with the most moving prayers, and added the promise of all becoming christians. The people, callous to the sight of so much misery, by pretended pity obtained the surrender of the castle: but no sooner had they entered, than they massacred every one of these unresisting creatures, who to the last moment cried out for baptism. This savage exploit performed, the murderers hastened to the cathedral, wherein, as a place held sacred by the Christians, the Jews had deposited their bonds for monies lent by them to numbers of the faith of their destroyers. These obligations they committed to the flames, to the release of themselves and numerous others from the just demands upon them. The 11th of March, 1190, was the day made memorable for ever in York by an event so appalling: and as William

of Newbury reckons that five hundred men, with their wives and children, had taken refuge in the castle, it is only moderate computation to say, that two thousand persons in the whole must have perished by this horrible carnage.

It would insult our readers' acquaintance with general English history, to carry details of that nature beyond the period just mentioned: we resume, therefore, our more pleasing subject, the stupendous, the sublime Cathedral. Celebrated as it is as one of the largest structures of the kind in Europe, this edifice is not less justly so as one of the most magnificent. Enter by the great western door!—architecture has never perhaps produced, nor can imagination well conceive, a vista of more grandeur and beauty than presents itself. The florid screen which separates the nave from the choir, as it does not intercept the view of the east end, with its columns, its arches, and most superb window, only adds to the general richness of effect. Beauties of every order crowd upon us as we advance. On either side, the windows assume a rich and highly decorated character; especially that, which, on glancing behind us, is seen to occupy so large a portion of the west end, and which, when illumined by the rays of the setting sun, displays a grandeur surpassing all the powers of descrip-

tion. The choir rises superior to the nave in magnificence and beauty. The roofing displays more tracery: an elegant kind of festoon-work depends from the capitals of the pillars whence the vaulting springs: through every part is seen a greater profusion of ornament: the whole exhibiting a nearer approach to the highly florid style, which prevailed before the end of the fifteenth century. The windows of this part of the edifice shed their richly-varied light through numerous figures of kings, prelates, saints, escutcheons, and representations of sacred story; while those of the small transepts are remarkable for their height and elegance, reaching almost to the roof, and being divided into an hundred and eight compartments, each of which contains some device suggested by holy writ. But the grand east window is perhaps unrivalled in the world, for beauty, splendour, and magnitude. Separated into upwards of two hundred compartments, these filled with representations of the Supreme Being, of monarchs, mitred priests, saints, and the principal events recorded in the sacred scriptures—the effect produced by the whole must be witnessed in order to be in any degree appreciated.

Nor must we omit a more particular mention of the cross aisle; affording, as it does, a noble



specimen of the style of architecture prevailing in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Third. The circular arch, at that time not entirely laid aside, appears in the upper part, enclosing others of the pointed form. The pillars supporting the larger arches are of an angular shape, encompassed by slender columns a little detached; and the rich leafy capitals of all the columns unite to form a foliated wreath round the head of the pillar. The windows are long, narrow, and pointed; consisting of a single light, or divided into several by unramified mullions, and variously decorated on the sides by slender free-stone or marble shafts. Between the upper arches appear the quatre-feuille and cinque-feuille ornaments, afterwards transferred to the windows, and there forming the first steps towards the beautiful work which decorates those of the nave and choir. The architecture of the north and south transepts is in a similar style.

Our notice of this interesting building, must close with a brief mention of the *Chapter-house*; a structure, as magnificent as singular in its kind. It is an octagon, whose diameter is sixty-three feet, and its height nearly sixty-eight. This large space is uninterrupted by a pillar, the entire roof depending upon a single pin geometrically placed in the centre. The stalls for the ca-

nons, ranged along the sides, are highly finished in stone; and the curiously wrought canopies are supported by small and elegant columns of the finest marble. The sides of the octagon, with the exception of that by which is the entrance from the north transept, are each adorned with a window, rich in stone-work and figured glass, rising from just above the stalls, and reaching to the roof.—All here is alike airy, noble, and elegant.—So well does this portion of the grand cathedral of York, merit the eulogium bestowed upon it by the monkish legend:

*“ Ut Rosa flos florum,*

*“ Sic est domus ista domorum.*

**THE CHIEF OF HOUSES,**

**AS THE ROSE OF FLOWERS.**

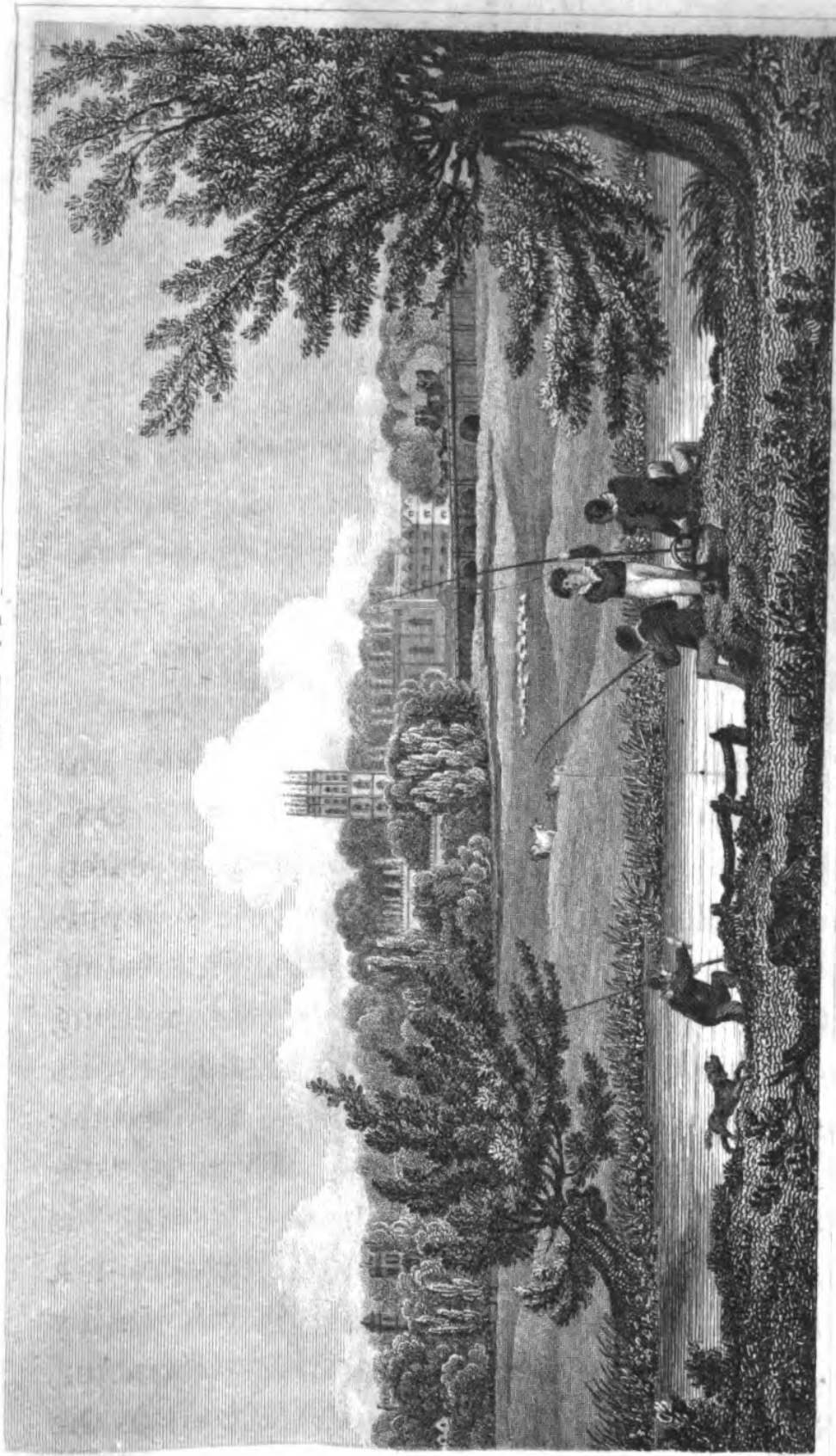


## OXFORD.

Would Clio seek the most distinguished seat,  
 Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,  
 That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,  
 Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrined,  
 Where Isis' waters wind  
     Along the sweetest shore,  
 That ever felt fair Culture's hands,  
     Or Spring's embroidered mantle wore,—  
 Lo! where majestic OXFORD stands!

WARTON.

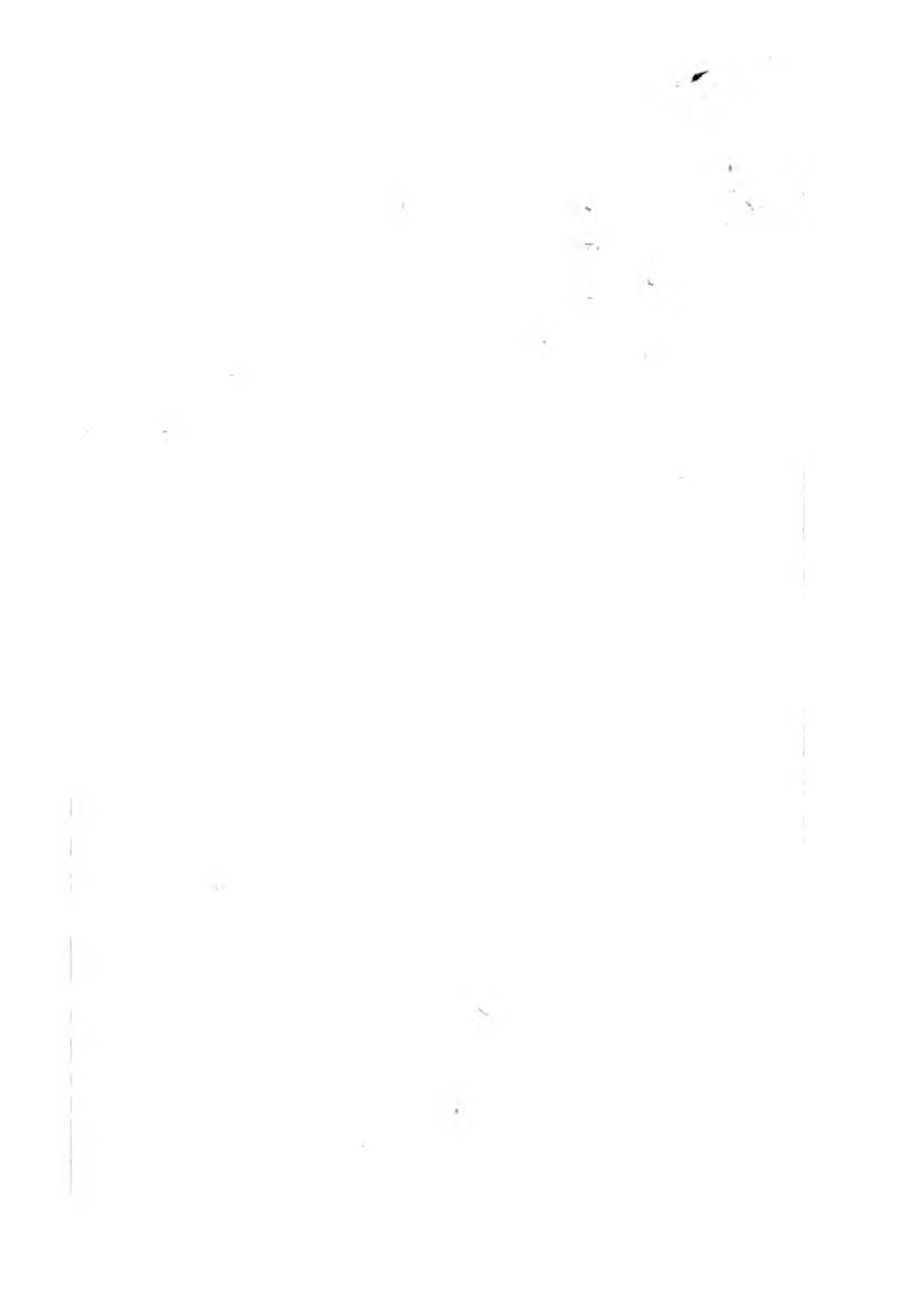
THE poet scarcely indulges in his allowed and legitimate *license* in this description. OXFORD, that city of palaces, delightfully seated on a gentle elevation, in the area of an amphitheatre of hills, presents a grand and interesting spectacle, from whichever of the neighbouring heights the spectator regards it. Its spires, its towers, and various public edifices, display the triumph of learning with a magnificence grateful to every beholder; while the rivers Isis and Charwell, encompassing it on three sides, ornament and enrich the circumjacent valley with meadows of the most luxuriant character, and the hills themselves stand as a wall to the city of the Muses, to ward from it every blast



*Drawn & Engraved by Jas. Craig.*

**D. S. F. O. B. D.**

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that might prove inimical to the health and comfort of its inhabitants.

Nor is the visitor disappointed on a nearer observation. The approaches to Oxford are nearly all characteristically striking. That on the west is by a noble causeway, crossing in its way many elegant modern bridges;—on the north by a well-built street, more than two thousand feet long, and two hundred and forty-six broad, in which are two churches, and several public buildings, besides the venerable colleges of Balliol and St. John. But the entrance by the High Street is conspicuously fine, and derives an indescribable interest from the curved direction in which it is formed. Owing to this circumstance, a fresh display of architectural grandeur takes place at almost every step. While the sides of this magnificent street are adorned by University, Queen's, and All Souls' Colleges, the embattled tower of Carfax church picturesquely closes one extremity, and a handsome bridge, in addition to the grand and lofty pinnacles of Magdalen College, completes the prospect at the opposite termination.

The assemblage of collegiate edifices in this city, is known to every one to form its principal boast: they constitute in truth a rich treasure of ancient art, as justly the pride of the *Oro-*

*nian*, and of every Englishman, as they are the universal admiration of foreigners. Our limits will not permit us in any thing like a minute description of these colleges, which are twenty in number, besides five less important institutions termed halls: but an outline of the most interesting features to be observed in them, will doubtless be agreeable to the reader.—We shall make our selection at random, as regards their relative locality at least, and we cannot proceed in a manner more agreeable to this spirit than by noticing them in *alphabetical* order.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, founded in the year 1437 by Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, consists chiefly of two spacious courts, or quadrangles, one entered from the High Street, and the other from the square in which stands the Radcliffe Library. Though the front to the street retains little of its pristine symmetry and character, that defect is amply atoned for when the interior is examined. The greater quadrangle which is one hundred and seventy-two feet in length, and one hundred and fifty-five broad, in particular deserves attention. It is truly happy in possessing that uniform grandeur of associated objects, so necessary to a full display of architectural effect. Viewed from the western side, which is a cloister, with a central entrance-gate, the two lofty



towers of the eastern division, (where are the common room and a series of handsome apartments,) strengthened and ornamented as they are by graduated buttresses, lessening at top into minarets of delicate workmanship, completely fill the eye, and engage the attention. The chapel and hall on the south side, and on the north the splendid library of the college, well support this majesty of structure; while—reversing the view—the highly-wrought dome of the Radcliffe Library seems intentionally placed beyond the cloister, to present a background of captivating magnificence, and St. Mary's taper spire, rich in Gothic ornaments, shoots above the buildings that compose the outer court. This noble quadrangle, whose style is the mixed Gothic, in respect for the manner of the original architect of the college, was erected at different periods of the last century, by means of various liberal subscriptions.

The *Chapel*, however, retains its exterior as left by the founder. The interior, as it now stands, was arranged by the combined talents of Sir Christopher Wren, (who was a student of All Souls',) Sir James Thornhill, and Dr. Clarke. Simplicity, and an appropriate sedateness, eminently pervade the whole. The objects most worthy observation are, an Assumption-piece of the founder, with figures of

different illustrious persons connected with the college, painted by Sir James Thornhill; and a *Noli me tangere*,\* in a compartment over the communion-table, by Mengs, who painted it at Rome, and received three hundred guineas for it from the college. The colouring of this latter picture is extremely fine, particularly the figure of the Saviour; and mingled joy, grief, and amazement, are felicitously contrasted in the face of Mary to the superhuman dignity and composure of Jesus.

The strikingly elegant interior of the *Hall* was constructed early in the last century, at the expence of the society, and of several gentlemen who had formerly been of the number of its members. Here are a series of casts from the antique; some paintings by Thornhill;—busts, among the latter one of the celebrated antiquary Leland, who was of this college;—and a fine statue by Bacon (for which he received four hundred and fifty guineas) of Sir William Blackstone, another inmate of All Souls', and whose well-known "Commentaries" reflect so much honour upon his memory.

The *Library*, which is perhaps the largest room of its kind in the kingdom, was indebted for its present splendour as a building to the

\* "Touch me not!"—the first words of Christ to Mary Magdalen after his resurrection.

liberal bequest of £10,000, for the express purpose of its erection, from Colonel Codrington, who, born in Barbadoes, but of English parents, was admitted a fellow of All Souls' in 1689. He left also a collection of books, worth not less than £6000, to be placed within the structure of his foundation. The first stone of the new building was laid in 1716, by the celebrated author of the "Night Thoughts;" but the whole was not completed till 1756, nor at a less expence than £12,000. In the vestibule of the Library is a tripod, found at Corinth, and considered unique, as it is formed of marble, and has some curious peculiarities in the construction of the pedestal: and an anti-library, and several subordinate rooms at the south end, contain some interesting specimens of ancient coloured glass, among which the portraits of Henry VI. and of the founder are supposed to be coeval with the foundation.

**BALLIOL COLLEGE** claims for its founder John de Balliol, of Bernard's Castle in the county of Durham, a man of much power and note in the thirteenth century, and father of that unfortunate John de Balliol who was king of Scotland. As a building, this college has all the unpleasing irregularity of architectural features, which arises from the construction of

additional parts, at various periods, with a greater regard to internal accommodation than to exterior beauty of aspect; yet it has various portions that will interest. No part of the college, as it now appears, is older than the reign of Henry VI. In the central approach to the quadrangle, which was partly built in the time of that king, and still forms the chief division of the structure, is a square Gothic tower with an embattled parapet, and an oriel over the entrance, on each side of which is a highly enriched and canopied niche. The plain weighty range of buildings to the right, was constructed in the beginning of the eighteenth century; the totally inconsistent, however handsome, extent of edifice to the left, was erected at the expence of Mr. Fisher, late fellow of the college. As to the interior of the court—the simply beautiful front of the hall, which remains nearly as left by the architect of the Sixth Henry's time; the fine florid Gothic bay-window, in the residence of the master; and the grand entrance to the chapel, highly decorated, but possessing an almost magical lightness of effect; are the chief attractions to the curious stranger and architectural antiquary.

The *Chapel* affords some interesting specimens of painted glass. The interior of the



*Hall* was entirely rebuilt a few years back, by Wyatt, in his very best manner: its windows are ancient, and embellished with the arms of benefactors.—The celebrated reformer, Wickliffe, was once master of Balliol College: and it may be considered somewhat in the light of a coincidence, that Cranmer was martyred on the paved way directly opposite its chief entrance.

BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE is said to take its singular name from a large brazen face, with a nose of disproportionate size, that was formerly affixed to the door of a very ancient hall of the institution: over the principal gateway is still placed a brazen human face, with a nose of extravagant dimensions. This college was founded about the year 1509, by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln. The original buildings have, fortunately, not undergone any material alterations, except such as were evidently conducive to improvement, though architectural keeping has been carelessly violated in some subordinate particulars. The front is an extensive range, of a sedate, massive, and commanding character; the lofty tower over the chief entrance is in a style of highly-embellished but pure Gothic. The buildings are principally comprised in a large quadrangle, consisting of a *Hall*, and ranges of apartments



for the students; and a smaller court to the south, chiefly occupied by the *Library* and *Chapel*, both of which were built in the seventeenth century, and present an unpleasing confusion of the Gothic and Grecian architectural styles. The same remark applies to the interior of the chapel, though otherwise very elegant; but the highly ornamented interior of the library was arranged, in better taste, by Wyatt.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE owes its foundation to Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of Henry VIII. The design of the founder was limited to one spacious quadrangle, with its attendant chapel, hall, and library; but various buildings have been since added for the accommodation of the increasing number of students. The front is solid and handsome, battlemented at top, and with a lofty square tower in the centre, ornamented with three canopied niches. There is much simple beauty in the entire appearance of the quadrangle. A large building for the reception of students, adjoining Christ-Church Walks, in a noble and chastely classic style, was erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Dr. Turner, who was president of the college from 1688 to 1714. The *Library*, formed and endowed by Bishop Fox, and containing

two ancient portraits of its founder, is commodious, but plain. The *Chapel* has an altar-piece by Rubens, its subject the Adoration, certainly one of the finest productions of that master: it was presented by Sir Richard Worsley, and once formed a part of the collection of the Prince of Condé at Chantilly.

CHRIST CHURCH. This magnificent foundation of Cardinal Wolsey, numbers in its buildings the cathedral church of Oxford, two spacious quadrangles, and two smaller courts. The princely revenues with which it was intended to be endowed by Wolsey, were secured to the foundation on his disgrace by Henry VIII.; and by the same monarch Oxford was constituted a Bishop's see, and the college made an appendage to its cathedral.

The great west front of Christ-Church is dignified alike by amplitude and grandeur. A stately tower, rising over the gateway in the centre, appears at once massive and beautiful: it was begun by the munificent Cardinal, but completed by Sir Christopher Wren. In this tower is suspended the far-famed bell, called *Great Tom*, whose weight is seventeen thousand pounds: it originally belonged to Oseney Abbey, contiguous to Oxford, on the ruins of which Henry erected his see: it was re-cast in 1680. The whole length of this west front is

three hundred and eighty-two feet; terminating in double turrets, with a bay-window between, at either end.

Of the grand western quadrangle, which is entered through the gate-way, the *Hall*, and *Kitchen*, (the latter the noblest building of its kind in Europe,) with the east, south, and a part of the west sides, were built during the life of Wolsey: the rest, which consists of splendid ranges of apartments for the dean and canons, was completed by Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, in 1665. The dimensions of this magnificent court, are two hundred and sixty-four feet by two hundred and sixty-one: the finely-proportioned buildings unite simplicity with Gothic grandeur. A balustrade of stone adorns the top of the entire series; while a fine terrace faces the whole line, and a basin, with a statue of Mercury, (not quite worthy of its situation perhaps,) decorates the centre.

Few rooms are more impressively august than Christ-Church *Hall*, entirely erected under the direction of Wolsey, whose statue, placed there by Trelawney, Bishop of Winchester, in 1719, appropriately surmounts the entrance. This grand refectory is one hundred and fifteen feet long, by forty wide, and its height fifty feet. The ceiling is of Irish oak, beautifully carved, with such occasional

insertions of gilding as give a lustrous relief, while they do not detract from the sober majesty that marks the general effect. The windows are of intersected Gothic, and include a remarkably fine specimen of their style in a recess on the south side. The portraits on the walls of pannelled wainscot are particularly interesting; especially an original half-length of Wolsey, and a fine whole-length of Henry the Eighth.

The architecture of the second great quadrangle of the college, called *Peckwater Court*, is classical and august, being grandly constructed in the Grecian style, with every noble accompaniment of the Corinthian and Ionic orders. Though it assimilates not in the least with the previous quadrangle, the taste would be fastidious indeed that would object to it on that ground, since the style of each is so pure in its peculiar character. Three of the sides of this quadrangle contain superb ranges of lodgings for the students, built in 1705 under the inspection of Dean Aldrich; the fourth consists entirely of the Library and annexed apartments, begun in 1716 from a design by Dr. Clarke. The expence of these buildings was defrayed by the dean and canons, in conjunction with many of the students, and several

of the nobility and distinguished commoners who had been educated at the college.

The splendid *Library* on the south side of this court, is divided into two distinct ranges; in the uppermost of which is placed one of the best collections of books in the kingdom, and the other is appropriated to the fine pictures bequeathed to Christ Church by Brigadier General Guise. Either of these collections would require a volume to describe it: the pictures, more especially, are a noble assemblage, almost entirely by the ancient masters, and were collected at an immense expence by the donor.

*Canterbury Square* is a small quadrangle, judiciously conforming in its style to that of Peckwater, with which it is immediately connected. The gateway leading to this square forms a principal approach to the college, and possesses much of the true beauty resulting from simplicity of arrangement.—The Chaplain's-Court, which is the other smaller square, consists of a few irregular ranges, completed in 1762.

A truly interesting object, whether viewed in its present connection with the college, or with regard to its original appropriation as the church of St. Fridiswida, is Christ Church *Cathedral*. The chief parts of this edifice can



be historically traced to the reign of Henry I., though it has undergone various subsequent alterations, among which must be enumerated the spire constructed by Wolsey. It is in the usual Gothic form of a cross, and was more extensive in its days of monastic celebrity than at present; it is believed, however, never to have rivalled the splendid edifice of Oseney Abbey, to whose honours and temporalities it in great measure succeeded. In the tower are hung all the bells formerly belonging to the Abbey, with the exception of "Great Tom." The entrance is by a door-way of Saxon architecture; and the pillars of the nave, beautifully executed, are in the same style. The choir is ornamented with a roof of rich tracery work, constructed either by Cardinal Wolsey or Bishop King, and was paved with black and white marble in 1630, at which time the old stalls were removed, and the present erected. The east window is embellished with a representation of the Nativity, executed by Price of London, from a design by Sir James Thornhill: in the upper compartments are portraits of Henry VIII. and Wolsey. The latter presents only a profile; a peculiarity usual with his portraits, and originating, it is supposed, in a marked defect in one of the Cardinal's eyes. The ancient painted windows of Christ Church

were chiefly removed when the internal alterations took place in 1630; and the new ones then substituted were much injured by the fanatics in the civil war. Some, however, were preserved; among which are three by Abraham Van Linge, whose subjects are, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Christ disputing with the Doctors, and the story of Jonah. Besides these must be remarked a window in the north aisle—the delivery of St. Peter from prison—executed by Isaac Oliver when at the age of eighty-four; and a portrait on glass of Robert King, the first Bishop of Oxford. This portrait was placed in its present situation, (the window immediately over his monument,) soon after the bishop's death, and removed during the rage of the civil war. The colouring is extremely vivid, and the whole piece finely executed.

*Christ Church Walks*, we must not omit to notice, are a beautiful appendage to the college: the chief walk in particular, which is a quarter of a mile in length, and shaded with elm trees on either side, is strikingly fine.

EXETER COLLEGE was founded by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, about the year 1315. It consists principally of one quadrangle, which has a front two hundred and twenty feet long. The grand entrance-gate is in the centre

of this front, and is surmounted by a tower of imposing magnificence, decorated with pilasters of the Ionic order, and crowned at top by an airy balustrade. The lateral ranges of front, however, are Gothic, with embattled parapets; and so far are productive of an inconsistency that must be lamented. The interior of the quadrangle is simple, uniform, and pleasing. The *Chapel*, a neat and solid Gothic structure, begun in 1622, and finished two years subsequently, occupies a large portion of one side; and the adjoining residence of the Rector, though a modern erection, is judiciously made to correspond with the character of the surrounding architecture. The *Hall*, a handsome Gothic structure, agrees with the other parts of the quadrangle in possessing an embattled parapet: it was erected by Sir John Ackland in the early part of the seventeenth century. The *Library* was in the original chapel until 1709; when an accidental fire having consumed the interior of that building, the present structure, a plain sedate edifice, was erected in 1778; at which time the old chapel, (the only remaining part of the founder's erection,) was pulled down. Beyond the quadrangle are gardens, highly agreeable, and disposed with much taste.

JESUS COLLEGE, nominally founded by

Queen Elizabeth, in reality owes its origin to Hugh ap Rice, or Price, a native of Brecknock, who was educated at Oseney Abbey, and afterwards became a doctor of civil law. The queen's liberality was confined to a donation of timber from her forests of Shotover and Stow: but various donations, in addition to Dr. Price's munificence, compensated for the failure of that regal bounty which was very probably anticipated, and the buildings were gradually raised to their present consequence. There are two quadrangles, for the major part in a pleasing Gothic style; but the front towards the street, rebuilt in 1756, is a heavy erection, devoid of character or interest. The *Hall*, forming an equal ornament to both quadrangles, was erected early in the seventeenth century: it is a spacious but plain room, containing several portraits, and among others one of Charles I. by Vandyke, a fine picture, but not perhaps one of the happiest of that great artist's efforts. The *Chapel*, finished in 1621, contains, as an altar-piece, a copy from Guido's well-known picture representing St. Michael's triumph over the Evil One.

The buildings of LINCOLN COLLEGE are comprised in two quadrangles, of small elevation, (as was uniformly the case with ancient collegiate structures,) and are arranged with



much simplicity. The college was originally erected, in the fifteenth century, by two successive Bishops of Lincoln; a circumstance not to be wondered at, when it is remembered for how long a period Oxford had formed a part of that diocese prior to the reign of Henry VIII. The *Chapel* was built by another prelate of the same see, in the beginning of the seventeenth century; the *Hall* by Dean Forest, in 1636; but the interior of the latter was repaired, and brought to its present state, by Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, in 1701. The whole south court, or smaller quadrangle, was constructed about the year 1612. Nothing of very peculiar interest will detain us in our examination of Lincoln College:—but

MAGDALEN COLLEGE must be regarded as taking a high place among the noblest institutions, and most interesting buildings, of the University. It stands at the eastern extremity of the city, on the bank of the river Cherwell. The side toward the High Street is ornamented by a lofty tower of beautiful proportions, with an open parapet at top, surmounted by eight pinnacles. The chief entrance is to the west, and, we lament to say, by a modern, inappropriate, heavy *Doric* portal. The greater part of the buildings, having been perfected during the life of the founder, Bishop Waynfleet, in



the fifteenth century, is nobly Gothic. The great quadrangle, which is entered by a smaller court, is composed of the hall, the chapel, the library, a part of the president's lodgings, and chambers for the fellows and demies. An air of venerable grandeur pervades the whole. A fine cloister, whose roofing is of ribbed oak, runs to the extent of each side; and no innovating hand has presumed to injure the sedate, though magnificent character of the surrounding buildings. The *Chapel* is a beautiful Gothic structure, with windows finely decorated with painted glass by Egginton: the altar-piece, by Fuller, representing the Last Judgment, is a professed but not very happy copy of the manner of Michael Angelo. The outside of the *Hall* is by no means so conspicuous for beauty as many other parts of the original buildings: the interior however, roofed in modern Gothic by the hand of Wyatt, is spacious, well-proportioned, and elegant. One side of a new and spacious quadrangle was erected in the last century, in a handsome, substantial style; but the remaining three sides have not since been proceeded with. Attached to this college are pleasure-grounds of the most inviting description, though arranged at different periods, and consequently evincing great varieties of taste.

**MERTON COLLEGE**—the most ancient incorporated establishment in Oxford, having been founded by Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, and Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry III.—will not particularly interest, farther than as regards its *Chapel*. This edifice, which arose about the year 1424, on the ruins of a very ancient pile, is likewise the parish church of St. John the Baptist. The University can scarcely boast of a Gothic building more impressively fine. It consists of a choir, a cross aisle, and an ante-chapel, and has a well proportioned square tower, with an open parapet surmounted by pinnacles. The windows of the choir are richly painted with figures of saints; and those of the cross aisle are fine specimens of the pointed style of architecture in its happiest era: the great east window is yet more striking for its exquisitely delicate masonry. The altar-piece beneath this window is a Crucifixion, attributed to Tintoret.

**NEW COLLEGE** presents one of the noblest specimens of architecture contained in the University; consisting of a spacious quadrangle, with attached chapel, hall, and library, a fine range of consecrated cloisters, and a series of buildings for the use of students termed the Garden Court. The name of this scholastic

institution, though allowed to continue to the present day, was of course appropriate only at the period immediately subsequent to its foundation. This was so long back as the year 1379; the founder being William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. The side of the quadrangle formed by the chapel and hall, is a chaste and interesting specimen of Gothic beauty; but little of Wykeham's spirit remains in the aspect of the other buildings, owing to their numerous alterations. The Garden Court, completed in 1684, is said to have been built in imitation of the palace of Versailles. Cloisters, as a collegiate appendage, were first introduced by Wykeham. Here they are ranged in a quadrangular form, and have an arched roof of oak. Unlike the cloisters of Magdalen, these solemn avenues, together with the area they enclose, are consecrated for the purpose of burial; and many distinguished members of the institution are interred beneath the pavement.

The exterior of the *Chapel* is every way worthy of the founder, and the interior is equally so of the name of Wyatt. The genius of Westmacott also is conspicuous in some small compartments of delightful sculpture, in alto-relievo, placed over the communion-table. The painted windows add yet more to the captivating splendour of this chapel; they

are the more interesting as they are of various ages and degrees of perfection, the oldest, which are in the ante-chapel, being probably coeval with the completion of the building. The great west window, for beauty of design, exquisite disposition of light and shade, and fascinating general effect, far excels every thing else of its kind in the University. It was executed by Jervais, from cartoons by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nothing but the most elaborate description could give the faintest idea of this grand specimen of the art, which it is impossible to recommend too highly to the attention of the stranger.

The *Hall*, one of the most spacious rooms in the University, contains a fine picture by one of the Caracci, of the Adoration of the Shepherds, presented by the Earl of Radnor. There are likewise several portraits, among which is one of the founder.

The collection of books in the *Library* is extremely valuable. The interior of its upper story, dedicated to works of miscellaneous literature, has been rebuilt of late years by Wyatt.

The extensive gardens of New College, separated from the modern court by an iron palisade formerly belonging to the magnificent Chandos palace at Canons, are laid out with



much taste, and enclosed by the city wall, which is preserved with care.

The front of **ORIEL COLLEGE** towards the street, is simple, uniform, and commanding. Over the gateway rises a square tower, the face of which is ornamented with a bay-window, or *oriel*. The interior of the quadrangle is eminently pleasing: its eastern side, in particular, is a fine Gothic elevation, occupied by the hall and entrance to the chapel. The *Hall* was built about the year 1637; it is a handsome room, wainscotted, and embellished in the Doric style. The *Library*, a chaste and classical edifice, was begun in 1788, under the direction of Wyatt. The *Chapel*, which succeeded a more ancient edifice, was completed in 1642, and is simple and unostentatious. Oriel College was founded by Adam de Brom; of whom little is known, except that, in the year 1324, he obtained permission from Edward II. to purchase land and premises in Oxford, to the annual value of £30, for the purposes of this institution. From a large messuage called *La Oriole*, bestowed upon the society by Edward, the college derived its name.

**PEMBROKE COLLEGE**, which took its rise from a combination of circumstances whose enumeration here might appear prolix, was founded early in the seventeenth century. It consists



chiefly of two courts, both on a contracted scale, with the usual appendages of *Chapel* and *Hall*. The latter is the original refectory of a very ancient seminary pertaining to the priory of St. Fridiswida; the former a small but tasteful building, of the Ionic order, finished in 1732 by the liberal assistance of Bartholomew Tipping, Esq. of Oxford. That famed "colossus of literature," Dr. Johnson, was a student of this college.

The grand front of QUEEN'S COLLEGE constitutes one of the chief ornaments of the High Street, rich as is that street in architectural beauties. Though it takes the sixth place among the colleges in the order of foundation, all its splendid buildings are of a comparatively modern date; and being among the finest examples of modern collegiate elegance, they afford the highest gratification to the examiner, in whose mind the magnificent solemnity of Gothic architecture is not too intimately blended with every notion of structures of this kind. All the buildings, for public and private use, are on a grand scale: and the embellishments of the *Hall, Chapel, Library, &c.* too numerous to be here particularised.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE has two quadrangles, of which the first, containing the hall and chapel, the president's lodgings, and chambers

for the fellows and scholars, is Gothic, surmounted by an embattled parapet. A similar character pervades the second—with the exception of two splendid Grecian gateways—although the architect of this part of the buildings was Inigo Jones, the reviver in England of the classic styles. There is a farther range of structure, forming a second front to the eastern division of this quadrangle, which consists of five bay-windows of delicate workmanship, supported by brackets of sculptured stone, and terminating at either end in an airy pediment, while a battlement ranges along the intermediate space. The beautifully disposed and extensive gardens spread from the base of this fine elevation.

The *Hall* of this college is a fine, well-proportioned room, the sides wainscotted, and the arched roof very chastely decorated. The *Library* boasts several interesting productions of art, besides some natural curiosities; and there are two *Chapels*, both which will give pleasure in the inspection.

The founder of St. John's College was a wealthy citizen of London, Sir Thomas White, who became its Lord-Mayor in 1553, and was knighted by Queen Mary for his services against Sir Thomas Wyatt, when that misled partisan headed the impotent insurrection in the city that took place in her reign.

TRINITY COLLEGE was founded, and most liberally endowed, by Sir Thomas Pope, who obtained its charter, in 1554, from Philip and Mary. When he arranged the settlement of his college, Sir Thomas purchased for the students some commodious and extensive ancient tenements, erected in the fourteenth century by Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, and from him termed Durham College. These consisted of a quadrangle, a hall, library, and chapel. Some improvements took place in the early part of the seventeenth century, and important additions were made in the course of the next hundred years. But the edifice is still destitute of that harmony of parts, which leads to grandeur of architectural display. The front consists of the *Chapel*, which was completed in 1694, and the entrance-tower; and is a pleasing, though not august specimen of classic elegance. The *Hall*, which is in the first court, is a plain but spacious and well-proportioned room, built early in the seventeenth century. The *Library*, in the same court, though improved by Sir Thomas Pope, is the identical room used as the receptacle of their scanty literary stores by the monks of Durham. The inner court, which has only three sides, the extensive gardens of the college spreading from its front, is entirely occupied by the scholars.

chambers. The north side of this court will interest, as the earliest effort of the modern style of architecture in the University. It was finished in 1667; but the other buildings, though the whole accord with a plan given by Sir Christopher Wren, were not completed till 1728.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE is believed to take name from its inmates having at first resided in the ancient building called University Hall, which occupied a part of the site whereon now stands Brazen-Nose College. It was founded about the middle of the thirteenth century, by William of Durham, rector of Wearmouth. Its regular and commanding front is upwards of two hundred and sixty feet in length; and is pierced by two gateways, each surmounted by a tower, leading to the two courts which comprise the principal buildings. The larger court, formed at different periods of the seventeenth century, is regularly and handsomely Gothic; the smaller is not more modern in appearance, though more recently erected, its style being judiciously consistent with the former. The *Hall*, *Chapel*, *Library*, and *Common Room*, of this college, are each well deserving the visit of the curious stranger.

WORCESTER COLLEGE was founded so late as the year 1714, in consequence of a bequest



from Sir Thomas Cookes, of Worcestershire, Bart., which was appropriated to the purchase of Gloucester Hall, a seminary wherein the Benedictine Monks of Gloucester had formerly studied under the government of a prior. The collegiate erections on this site are of a noble and chaste character. The *Library*, their most interesting part, is conspicuous in front. It is a fine structure of the Ionic order, one hundred feet in length, with the *Chapel* projecting from it on one side, and the *Hall* on the other. The buildings on the north contain three stories of commodious rooms for students, with apartments for the provost. On the opposite side is a low irregular range, which formed a part of the ancient buildings tenanted by the Benedictine Monks.

The founder of WADHAM COLLEGE was Nicholas Wadham, Esq., of Somersetshire. On its site formerly stood the priory of Austin Friars, a scholastic house of so much celebrity, that the University acts were kept, and the exercises in arts performed there, before the Divinity School was erected. The premises were demolished shortly after the Dissolution; and the site becoming the property of the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty of Oxford, of them it was purchased for the use of this foundation. The royal license for the institution was granted in 1611.



The quadrangle which comprises the entire buildings of this college, is one hundred and thirty feet square, and an attractive specimen of the modern Gothic; though, in one instance, the false taste of the era induced the violation of simplicity by the introduction of classic embellishments. The *Chapel*, and its east window in particular, are beautiful examples of the same style. The painted glass in the latter, executed in 1623, deserves to rank among the best efforts of Van Linge. The *Library* is commodious, with a fine Gothic window; the *Hall* one of the largest in the University, and, like the Library, ornamented with a window conspicuously beautiful.—The first meetings of the *Royal Society*, it is perhaps well deserving of remark, were held in a room over the gateway of Wadham College.

A very brief mention of the principal *Public Buildings* of Oxford, must close our notice of that interesting city.

The **SCHOOLS**, with part of the **BODLEIAN LIBRARY**, form a splendid quadrangle, rising to the sublime of the Gothic style, yet injured in effect in one instance by the Grecian decorations of the noble tower over the entrance. In these schools the professors read lectures in the several sciences, and the scholars are enjoined by the University statutes to perform in

them the exercises requisite for their degrees. The *Divinity School*, one of the richest pieces of Gothic architecture that has been preserved to Oxford, was completed in 1480, chiefly through the liberal assistance of the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester: it was repaired, with careful respect to the original design, by Sir Christopher Wren. The first public schools were built by the Abbot of Oseney, early in the fifteenth century; but these buildings were removed in the seventeenth, when the major part of this structure was erected. The *Picture Gallery*, which occupies the upper range of three sides of the quadrangle, contains portraits, many of them fanciful, of *all* the founders of the colleges; with copies of the cartoons, &c. The *Bodleian*, or *Public Library*, comprises three extensive rooms, disposed in the form of the Roman H. It was founded by Duke Humphrey; but had sunk into entire neglect, until Sir Thomas Bodley, with noble zeal, and unbounded generosity, effected its restoration in 1597: subsequent augmentations have probably rendered it the most valuable collection in Europe. The *Arundelian Marbles* are preserved in an apartment on the north side of the Schools; their noble collector, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, one of the most accomplished scholars of the seventeenth cen-

tury, obtained them through the medium of Sir William Petty, whom he had dispatched to Asia in quest of monuments of ancient art, and who purchased the greater part of them from a Turk. This antiquarian treasure has been said to form "the most authentic history of Greece."

The THEATRE, in which are held the acts termed the *Encænia* and *Comitia* and Lord Crewe's annual commemoration of benefactors, was one of the first works of Sir Christopher Wren, and built at the entire expence of Archbishop Sheldon. The ground-plan is that of the Theatre of Marcellus at Rome. Though the dimensions appear insufficient for that purpose, it is calculated to contain nearly four thousand persons.

The CLARENDON PRINTING HOUSE, one of the massy efforts of Sir John Vanburgh, was built in 1711, with the profits arising from Lord Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," which work was presented to the University by the son of the noble author. Besides the rooms used for printing, here is a large apartment in which meetings are held by the Heads of Houses.

The RADCLIFFE LIBRARY was founded by the eccentric, though skilful and benevolent physician, Dr. Radcliffe. The four sides of

the area in which it stands, are occupied by St. Mary's Church, (a beautiful Gothic structure,) part of All Souls' College, the Schools, and the great front of Brazen-Nose College. Here therefore is an assemblage of buildings, very favourable to grandeur of architectural effect; and the Library itself assuredly ranks among the most splendid ornaments of the University in an architectural point of view. But the Bodleian collection of *books* has ever been, and appears likely to remain, infinitely superior.

The ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, founded by Elias Ashmole in the year 1682, for the reception of rare productions, both natural and artificial, was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expence of the University, and affords a very fine instance of that architect's genius for harmony of proportion, and judicious employment of external decoration. Nor is the interior less conspicuously well-adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. The ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY is also a very elegant building, in an appropriate situation, and provided with a library, lecture-room, and an extremely valuable set of instruments. The PHYSIC GARDEN, which contains a large and valuable collection of plants, &c., comprises about five acres, and was instituted by Henry Danvers, Earl of Derby, in 1622. The grounds

are encompassed by a wall, and entered by a handsome gateway, from a design by Inigo Jones.

In closing this sketch, we record with pleasure our obligations for the greater part of its materials to the "Beauties of England and Wales," (volume 12th, part 2nd,) written, with all his accustomed taste and antiquarian information, by Mr. J. N. Brewer.



## MY TABLETS

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

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JAN. 1ST. It is a *seasonable* morning,—perfectly home-keeping,—this First of January, of the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-four: and as I nestle down by my library fire-side, with all my writing apparatus on the table at my elbow, and my whole stock of book-learning neatly ranged along the shelves around me, I mentally exclaim “Let me begin the year *hopefully!*” —Well, then, to set about it.—“Let me see,” say I again, and at the same time mechanically elevate my spectacles to my forehead, as if those sight-preservers, as the makers call them, were in reality sight impeters; “Let me see—*TIME should be improved!*”—an axiom at once so novel and so true, that, proud of its discovery, my spectacles are replaced, and forthwith it appears, entry the first for the current year, upon the virgin white of my *Tablets*.

“*TIME should be improved!*”—but how?—it is an important question, even with me, whose chief occupation it is to *scribble* as my mode

of using or of wasting it. "I will scribble to some purpose," I next ejaculate, with something of an important air; and to accomplish this, I resolve, since the suspicion has crossed me that my Tablets for past years might have derived improvement from rather more consultation of my books and less of my imagination, that I will this year occupy them in greater measure with *selections*, appropriate to the times and seasons, such as my reading may best afford me. Truly, I will select "apples of gold," if I can find such: would I could hope to set them in a "net-work of silver!" But, *ecce signum!*—

#### NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The lively French, (as I discover in all gravity from authorities now lying before me,) contrive to make of this day something more than our phlegmatic dispositions will permit us to make of it: that is to say, because it is the *first*, they ingeniously fancy it must of necessity be the *happiest* day of the whole year. They devote it therefore to a round of visitings, embracings, congratulations, good wishes, and the presenting on all hands of sweetmeats, or *bonbons*. O! the millions of cards, embossed with devices as tasteful as they are numberless, that on this day circulate in Paris! By these the senders signify to the parties receiving them,

how much they value, or how greatly they wish to cultivate their friendship. And then the *bonbons!*—relative to which, Mrs. Plumtre, in her “Residence in France,” so pleasingly tells us: ‘the shops of the confectioners are dressed up the day before with looking-glasses, intermixed with festoons of silk or muslin, and branches of ribbands or flowers. The counters are covered over with a nice table cloth, and set out with cakes, sweetmeats, dried fruits, and *bonbons*, made up into pyramids, castles, columns, or any forms which the taste of the decorator may suggest; and in the evening they are illuminated for the reception of company, who come to buy their *bonbons* for the next day. Endless are the devices for things in which they are to be enclosed: there are little boxes or baskets made of satin, ornamented with gold, silver, or foil: balloons,—books,—fruit, such as apples, pears oranges:—or vegetables, such as a cauliflower, a root of celery, an onion;—any thing, in short, which can be made with a hollow within to hold the *bonbons*. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc to fifty, the *bonbons* are presented by those who choose to be at the expence of them; and by those who do not they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but *bonbons* in some way or other must be presented.’

Such elegant trifling is characteristic of *Le Jour de l'An* in Paris, and yet more particularly perhaps in the south of France. Let us now see how it is greeted by our northern neighbours the Scotch; and in truth it should seem, that no people upon earth have been wont to welcome it with broader mirth, or more unrestrained hilarity. Still, by numbers among them, the vigil of this day is celebrated with the utmost festivity, divested of its joyaunce alone by the anxiety with which the hour of *twelve* is anticipated by the juniors of each merry party. For at that hour—his step upon the very threshold of the new year, and every sorrow thrown back upon the “bye-gane” one—the *first foot*, or favoured youth of each expectant lassie, is privileged to enter, and pour all his ardours into the salute with which he half smothers the blushing fair one. Careful has been the swain to take post at the door long ere the last stroke *o'twal*—lest a rival should anticipate him—and now, the object of his wishes delighting equally with himself in happy converse, the “gude New-year” goes gaily round, and the *het-pint*, we may readily believe, not less gaily. At a former period, one half at least of the middling and lower ranks in Edinburgh were totally unaccustomed to think of bed upon the New-year's vigil; but, having prepared

the *het-pint*, (composed of ale, spirits, sugar, and spices,) they sallied out as the clock struck twelve, to be the first foot at the house of a sweetheart or a friend. Uproarious was the din in the crowded streets, broad and bright the flashings of the lights from the innumerable lanterns: "Auld Reekie" seemed heaving under the tumultuous joys of her wandering sons; who had themselves seemed very bacchanals at best, had not innocent good humour, and merry hearted kindness, so well proclaimed themselves the goddesses of the rout. Of later years, however, the fiends of riot, and even murder, usurped the sovereignty of this happy eve, too readily availing themselves of the opportunities afforded by such nocturnal perambulations; and such disastrous consequences having once ensued, this custom has since been greatly on the wane, and much of the harmless festivity of the season has declined with it.

For England—no longer "*merry England*" in her observances of festal times, *Christmas* alone perhaps excepted—little can be said as to her mode of celebrating the birth of the Year. Meeting friends indeed, even with us, wish each other "a happy new year;" but abating that form of civility, some few dinner-invitations in our towns and cities, and some remnants of rude and rural provincial customs,



we suffer this once universal rejoicing-day to pass almost without a token. But, stay—I had forgotten *one* other English mode of celebrating the season—for

Hark! even now the merry *Bells* ring round  
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day:

and truly I ought not to be of the number of complainers that New-Year's Day in England passes with so few signals of rejoicing, being myself of the pensive turn, that, even at this moment, might lead me to exclaim with Fawcett:

Ye gladsome Bells—how misapplied your peal!  
A day like *this* requires a solemn chime;  
Infatuate mortals! why with sportive heel  
Dance ye exulting o'er the grave of Time?

Is he your *foe* that thus you ring his knell?  
That festive notes announce his awful flight?  
Tire ye of day, that sounds of triumph tell  
How swift the wing that wafts your last long night?

And then anon I moralise on “Bye-past times:” but how can I do that so sweetly as in the words of the Poet,—though his language be somewhat better adapted to a later season?—

The sky is blue, the sward is green,  
The leaf upon the bough is seen;  
The wind comes from the balmy west,  
The little songster builds its nest;  
The bee hums on from flower to flower,  
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;  
The joyous year arrives; but when  
Shall bye-past times come back again?

I think on childhood's glowing years—  
 How soft, how bright, the scene appears!  
 How calm, how cloudless, passed away  
 The long, long summer holiday!  
 I may not muse—I must not dream—  
 Too beautiful those visions seem  
 For earth and mortal man; but when  
 Shall bye-past times come back again?

I think of sunny eves so soft,  
 Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,  
 When through the bloomy fields I roved  
 With her, the earliest, dearest loved;  
 Around whose form I yet survey,  
 In thought, a bright celestial ray,  
 To present scenes denied; and when  
 Shall bye-past times come back again?

Alas! the world, at distance seen,  
 Appeared all blissful and serene;  
 An Eden, formed to tempt the foot  
 With chrystal streams and golden fruit.  
 That world, now tried and trod, is found  
 A rocky waste, a thorny ground!  
 Again I turn to youth;—but when  
 Shall bye-past times come back again!

3RD. Winter to-day is in his sternest mood,—and I like him the better for it; being mightily inclined to the sentiments so felicitously delivered on this subject by the *Opium-Eater*. 'I put up a petition annually for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely every body is aware of the pleasures which attend a winter fire-side; candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in

ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and the rain are raging audibly without, and seem to call at the doors and windows,

As heav'n and earth they would together mell;  
 Yet the least entrance find they none at all;  
 Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to every body born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement in some way or other. I am not "particular," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong that (as Mr. — says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs: but something of the sort I must have. A Canadian winter for me, or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter-night fully, if it be much past St. Thomas's Day, and have exhibited any tendency to vernal appearances: no, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and

sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas Eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray.'

6TH. So! this is TWELFTH-DAY: and many a merry little face I will have shining beneath my roof to-night. For '*I* love (not less than a certain lively writer) to see an acre of cake spread out—the sweet frost covering the rich earth below—studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeat, and hollow yellow-crustéd crowns, and kings and queens, and their paraphernalia. I delight to see a score of happy children, sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round; and the glistening eyes which feed before-hand upon the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then, when the "characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as king; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering grotesque secrets which they cannot contain, (these are Sir Gregory

Goose and Sir Tunbelly Clumsy.) The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes, but the little girls (almost ashamed of their prizes) sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth!—Ha! ha!—The ceiling shakes, and the air is torn. They bound from their seats, like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's "character." Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed, what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hand, and the glass of sweet wine "all round" drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails!

8TH. Winter to-day may be again most truly said

——— ' to rear his giant form,  
' His robe a mist, his voice a storm.

Until at length his angrier tones subsiding,

' Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
' At first thin wav'ring; till at last the flakes  
' Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
' With a continual *snow!*

The links of thought, which form what we call association of ideas, are often imperceptible. I am gazing down from my window upon a dull street, the most important objects in which



are the passing vehicles fast covering with a robe of snow, and the hastening foot-traveller, bending his head forwards as he goes, that his features may receive as little as possible of the thickening shower;—and what in such a scene can recal to my recollection the sublimities of that fine winter-piece of Coleridge, the “Hymn before Sun-rise in the Valley of Chamouny?”

— Ye ice-falls, ye, that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 —Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious, as the gates of heaven  
 Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? who with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue\* spread garlands at your feet?  
 GOD!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer!—and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!  
 GOD! sing ye meadow-strains, with gladsome voice!  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, GOD!  
 Ye living flowers, that skirt th' eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
 Utter forth GOD, and fill the hills with praise!

15TH. CORONATION (IN 1559) OF QUEEN  
 ELIZABETH. Of whom thus quaintly, though

\* The flowers of the *Gentiana Major*, which grows profusely within a few paces of the glaciers in sublime Switzerland.

forcibly, wrote the author of the "Worthies of Devon."\*

If ever royal virtues crowned a crown,  
 If ever mildness shone in majesty,  
 If ever honour honoured renown,  
 If ever courage dwelt with courtesy,  
 If ever princess put all princes down  
 For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity,  
 This, this was she, that, in despite of death,  
 Lives still adored, admired ELIZABETH!  
 Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherlands' relief,  
 Heaven's gem, earth's joy, world's wonder, Nature's grief.

20TH. A day for ever to be consecrated to the memory of HOWARD!—for it was on this day, *anno* 1790, that, falling a martyr to his glorious pursuits, he quitted every earthly scene of sorrow. It is not possible to describe the philanthropic labours of this truly great man, in language more appropriate than that of Burke. 'He visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts;—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend

\* Fol. 1701. p. 332.

to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of men in all countries.'

22ND. THE NATAL DAY OF BYRON!—the very PRINCE (it would be pure bathos to style him but the *Lord*) of modern poets. To the young aspirant for poetic bays, there can be nothing more curious, nor, possibly, more interesting, than the memorable greeting given by the Edinburgh Reviewers to the "Hours of Idleness," the earliest Parnassian wreath, twined and published during his minority, by the immortal bard. 'The poesy of this young lord,' observed these liberal and ingenious critics, 'belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water.' Insensate souls! they could write thus, after perusing (or pretending to have perused) such lines as the following, written at the age of *seventeen*, and even at that period so well pourtraying those uncontrollable feelings, that already elevated him above every adventitious circumstance of birth and wealth, and taught him all those

melancholy perceptions of the world's vanity,  
and the selfishness of men, that were the chief  
themes of his master-lyre till the very hour  
when its chords were broken by the hand of  
death!—

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,  
Take back this name of splendid sound!  
I hate the touch of servile hands,  
I hate the slaves that cringe around.  
Place me among the rocks I love,  
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;  
I ask but this—again to rove  
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel,  
The world was ne'er designed for me;  
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal  
The hour when man must cease to be?  
Once I beheld a splendid dream,  
A visionary scene of bliss;  
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam  
Awake me to a world like this?

I-loved—but those I loved are gone:  
Had friends—my early friends are fled:  
How cheerless feels the heart alone,  
When all its former hopes are dead!  
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,  
Though pleasure stirs the madd'ning soul,  
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those,  
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,  
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,  
Associates of the festive hour.

• • • • •  
Oh! that to me the wings were given,  
Which bear the turtle to her nest!  
Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,  
To flee away, and be at rest.

Was there nothing in such stanzas as these, to touch the self-constituted Scotch critics of English literature with a presentiment of Byron's future fame?—But truly their remarks on “the poesy of this young lord,” were of a piece with the sagacious prophecy set forth in another of their numbers, which doomed to *contempt* and *oblivion* the elegant and exquisitely pathetic Muse of Montgomery!

24TH. A *Robin* perches on a window-sill in rear of my abode, (I dwell, Reader, in the *environs* of the metropolis,) flying directly hither from a tall, hoar-frosted pear-tree, which grows in my neighbour's garden. I watch my opportunity—strew the floor with crumbs—gently lift the sash—retire a little—and speedily have the satisfaction to see the pretty stranger hopping about the apartment, and feasting with an air that bespeaks at once his hunger and his consciousness of practising an unwonted assurance.

From snowy plains, and icy sprays,  
 From moonless nights, and sunless days,  
 Welcome, poor bird! I'll cherish thee;  
 I love thee, for thou trustest me.  
 Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom;  
 No! freely flutter round my room;  
 Perch on my lute's remaining string,  
 And sweetly of sweet summer sing.  
 That note, that summer-note, I know;  
 It wakes at once and soothes my woe;—  
 I see those woods,—I see that stream;  
 I see—ah, still prolong the dream!



And if any additional circumstance were wanting to-day, (which is beautifully serene and open for January,) to send all my vagrant thoughts to summer and the country, it is this moment supplied by the entry of a kindly-hearted nephew of my own, who *ruralizes* at a few miles distance, and who has brought me a fresh-cut turf for my sky-lark, on a bright-green spot anear the centre of which rises that "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," a DAISY. Not that my readers may suppose me so ignorant of rural appearances, as to be unconscious of the frequent prevalence of this pretty flower, in full bloom, at this season: on the contrary, as I take leave to assure them, I can, from a perfect acquaintance with not less than an extraordinary love of the Daisy, say, with Montgomery:

'Tis Flora's page:—in every place,  
 In every season fresh and fair,  
 It opens with perennial grace,  
 And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
 Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
 The *rose* has but a summer reign,  
 The *daisy* never dies.

And I am not less prepared, from this morning's experience, to add, with Wordsworth:

When soothed awhile by milder airs,  
 Thee Winter in the garland wears,  
 That thinly shades his few grey hairs:  
 — Spring cannot shun thee:

Whole Summer fields are thine by right;  
 And Autumn, melancholy wight!  
 Doth in thy crimson head delight,  
 When rains are on thee.

It might be curious to observe, in scanning the list of our bards of fame, how many of them have delighted in praises of and apostrophes to the Daisy. Nor is attachment to this "lowly flower" the property of Poets only: perhaps *all*, who have hearts imbued with the relish of Nature, have been more or less led to contemplate and love—they scarce knew what—in it: and more especially have such prettily-tender feelings been awakened by its casual observation in a foreign clime. We have a pleasing instance of this in the attempt recorded by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the learned Baptist Missionary at Mysore, to rear the Daisy at the place of his religious sojourn. 'With great labour (he writes, addressing a botanical friend in England) I have preserved the common field *Daisy*, which came up accidentally in some English earth, for these six or seven years; but my whole stock is now only one plant. I have never been able, even with sheltering them, to preserve an old root through the rains; but I get a few seedlings every year. The proportion of *small* plants in this country is very inconsiderable, the greater number of our vegetable productions being either large shrubs, immense climbers, or timber trees.'—Reading

this extract, the enthusiasm of Montgomery was instantly awakened; and translating himself into Dr. Carey, he wrote a string of such sweet stanzas as the following:

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!  
 My mother-country's white and red,  
 In rose or lily, till this hour,  
 Never to me such beauty spread:  
 Transplanted from thine island-bed,  
 A treasure in a grain of earth,  
 Strange as a spirit from the dead,  
 Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!  
 To this resplendent hemisphere,  
 Where Flora's giant offspring tower  
 In gorgeous liveries all the year:  
 Thou, only thou, art *little* here,  
 Like worth unfriended or unknown,  
 Yet to my British heart more dear  
 Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!  
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:  
 O for the April sun and shower,  
 The sweet May-dews, of that fair land,  
 Where DAISIES, thick as starlight, stand  
 In every walk!—that here might shoot  
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,  
 A hundred from one root!

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!  
 To me the pledge of Hope unseen:  
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,  
 For joys that *were*, or *might have been*,  
 I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,  
 I saw thee waking from the dust,  
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,  
 And place in GOD my trust.

THE FIRST: 1648.—With all that unfeigned reverence which I feel for our English Liturgy, I cannot find in my heart to style the decollation of this sovereign a *Martyrdom*: though Charles, as I am free to acknowledge, with regard to nearly all the circumstances in which he was placed during the latter part of his reign, was ‘a man, more sinned against than sinning.’ I am the more disposed to insert in my Tablets for this day the following anecdote, which has an immediate connection with the tragical event, and which has Pope for its authority, from observing that MR. THOMAS CROMWELL, in his recently published “OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS TIMES”—a book condemned not even by Reviewers for its *research* and *impartiality*—has omitted to notice it.—‘The night after King Charles the First was beheaded, Lord Southampton and a friend of his got leave to sit up by the body, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. As they were sitting very melancholy there, about two o’clock in the morning, they heard the tread of somebody coming very slowly up stairs. By and by the door opened, and a man entered, very much muffled up in his cloak, and his face quite hid in it. He approached the body, considered it very attentively for some time; and then shook his head, and sighed out the words “cruel necessity!” He then departed

in the same slow and concealed manner as he had come in. Lord Southampton used to say that he could not distinguish any thing of his face; but that, by his voice and gait, he took him to be OLIVER CROMWELL.'

In the Lansdowne MSS. deposited in the British Museum, occurs a singular story relating to the unfortunate Charles, and the not less unfortunate Lord Falkland, to this effect:

'About this time there befel the King an accident, which, though a trifle in itself, and that no weight is to be laid upon any thing of that nature, yet since the best authors, both ancient and modern, have not thought it below the majesty of history to mention the like, it may be the more excusable to take notice of.

'The King being at Oxford during the civil wars, went one day to see the public library, where he was shewn, among other books, a *Virgil*, nobly printed, and exquisitely bound. The Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have his majesty make a trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, which every body knows was an usual kind of augury some ages past. Whereupon the King opening the book, the period which happened to come up was that part of *Dido's* imprecation against *Æneas*, which Mr. Dryden translates thus:

Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,  
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:



Oppressed with numbers in th' unequal field,  
 His men discouraged, and himself expelled,  
 Let him for succour sue from place to place,  
 Torn from his subjects' and his sons' embrace.  
 First let him see his friends in battle slain,  
 And their untimely fate lament in vain;  
 And when at length the cruel war shall cease,  
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace.  
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,  
 But fall untimely by some hostile hand,  
 And lie unburied on the barren sand.

*Æneid, b. iv. l. 88.*

'It is said King Charles seemed concerned at this accident, and that the Lord Falkland observing it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the King's thoughts from any impression the other might have upon him. But the place that Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny than the other had been to the King's; being the following expressions of *Evander* upon the untimely death of his son *Pallas*, as they are translated by the same hand:

O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,  
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:  
 I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew  
 What perils youthful ardour would pursue;  
 That boiling blood would carry thee too far,  
 Young as thou wert in dangers—raw in war!  
 O curst essay in arms,—disastrous doom,—  
 Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!

*Æneid, b. xi. l. 230.*

(MY TABLETS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY in our next annual volume.)

# CONFESSIONS

## OF A REJECTED DRAMATIST.

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‘ Plague o’ both your Houses.’—*Shakspeare.*

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“ THEATRE ROYAL, \_\_\_\_\_

“ *The Proprietors present their compliments to*  
“ *Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, they are greatly obliged by his preference*  
“ *of their Theatre, and have read his Piece with much*  
“ *attention, but are of opinion that it would not succeed*  
“ *in representation.*”

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ALAS! for the unlucky wight, who hath ever received, together with his *rejected* Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Farce, Melo-drama, Musical Drama, or any Drama, the melancholy billet, which forms but too appropriate an opening to my truly melancholy tale. Alas! too, and again alas! that youthful authors will *begin* by writing Tragedies—or, what is to them perhaps more difficult, Comedies—or, at least, by courting the Dramatic Muse in some mode or other. Such, gentle Reader, was the “ignorant sin” which I committed. Scarce seventeen

years had (yes, even in so brief a period) shifted full many a scene, and produced a considerable number of exits and entrances, within the sphere of my confined cognizance, upon the theatre of life, when, after preluding only by sundry rhymes, essays, and other literary fragments, I heroically sat down *to write a Play!* Ah me! little did I imagine the toils, the cares, the uncertainties, the perplexities, and, above all, the *rejections*, to which, by this first effort in dramatic composition, I was about to expose myself.—However, a Play did I write, and in five acts too; and, immediately on its conclusion, carried it to a highly esteemed literary friend, of whose favourable opinion I did not doubt, though I had the modesty to believe, and indeed to hope, that the Piece might by possibility receive improvement from his suggestions.

After allowing this gentleman what I considered a competent time for its perusal, I made my call to enquire his sentiments. I found him seated with a common friend; and could not at first help surmising, from his neglect to enter upon the topic of my dramatic achievement, that he had not been possessed of time to give it a reading. But I was undeceived in this particular, when, taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, I, with a

palpitating heart, at length ventured upon the question—"what he thought of *the PLAY?*" For he directly, and with much suavity, answered, "that he thought highly of it, *as a first production*—that, really, it did me much credit—that it had numerous merits as a composition—*BUT—he did not think it calculated for the Stage.*" Had the words which I have placed in Italics been so many stabs, they could not to me have been more terrible. In fact, they gave a death-blow to my fondest hopes; they seemed at once to have annihilated the results of all my efforts: for the idea of a play not calculated for the stage, not unjustly perhaps appeared to me as ridiculous as that of a sermon not calculated for the pulpit. Yet I rallied spirits to express a hope, that, though it were not a good acting play, it might be made one; and scrupled not to hint, that the alterations suggested by so good a judge could scarcely fail to render it all that was desirable. My friend smiled, and very frankly and good-naturedly offered me his assistance.

And here I feel my incompetence to do justice to the patience and goodness of a most worthy man, who pointed out the faults in my performance at once with the acumen of a critic, and with all the benevolent gentleness that predominates in his character. By him

directed, I altered and re-altered every act, and I believe I may add every scene; for I may be permitted so far to extol myself as to say, that I was not obstinate in retaining defects, nor insensible to the value of the corrections in so much kindness afforded me. When all was re-written upon the new model, I thought my only remaining labour was to decide as to which Theatre I should favour with the presentation.

But here again my friend thought proper to interpose with what is vulgarly called a *damp*; for which, to speak truth, I was not greatly obliged to him. He made some remarks upon the Managers' rather frequent *non-acceptance* of the pieces simply transmitted them; and upon the absolute necessity, as he conceived, of securing, as a preliminary, the introduction of some person enjoying the honour of their friendship or acquaintance. However, he made even these remarks consolatory in the end, by the information that he had connections with a very eminent BOOKSELLER of the metropolis, whose interest, for substantial reasons, was great with one of the Theatres, and who *might* be prevailed upon to use that interest for the benefit of an author properly recommended to him. Such a recommendation to the *Atlas* of Pater-Noster he himself undertook: but, un-



fortunately, failed in inspiring the bosom of his Mightiness with any sympathy for the anxious sufferings of the young candidate for dramatic honours, with any concern for the acceptance or rejection of his piece. In fact, his said Mightiness gave a very excellent reason for his indifference upon the occasion; which was this, that, did he once permit himself to extend protection to the Muse's offerings at the shrine of ——— Theatre, he might from that moment relinquish his trade in books, for the less profitable occupation of patronising successive swarms of dramatic authors. All that could be obtained from my friend's friend, the *Atlas* aforesaid, therefore, was, a permission to use his NAME with the Acting Manager of the House, together with the free grant of every advantage that might accrue therefrom.

I confess myself to have been so weakly sanguine, as to look upon the NAME thus condescendingly proffered, as little less than a perfect talisman, whose influence would instantaneously work acceptance in the mind of the Manager. Consequently, as I walked, accompanied by my friend, and the manuscript in my pocket, to the residence of H. H., Esq., I was a little surprised by an observation from my companion, "that, supposing the Play were rejected by the House to which I had

the introduction of the NAME, I should still enjoy an opportunity of *trying my success with the other Theatre!*" But, waving the recital of sundry unpleasant feelings awakened by this observation, imagine, reader, my friend and self ushered into the presence of the Manager!—the NAME pronounced—the piece deposited upon the breakfast-table—and the compliments that passed between my kind conductor and the Monarch of the House in person. For my own part, so overpowering were my emotions on the occasion, not a syllable escaped my lips, until H. H., Esq., with most engaging politeness, requested to know if my address were appended to the manuscript: to which replying in the negative, I was desired to add it to the title-page. I did so; and, after a few more compliments on both sides, and repeated assurances from the Manager of his immediate attention to the piece, departed, highly pleased with my reception. What especially delighted me, was the anxiety evinced by the arbiter of my dramatic fate, to have possession, not of my piece alone, but of *my address*; for the object of his solicitude in that respect I unhesitatingly concluded to be, that no delay might take place in forwarding me intelligence of his approval of my labours. Since that hour of felicitous though deceptive

hope, experience has taught me the more shrewd suspicion, that a Manager's usual precaution on this point, arises principally from his wish to secure himself from farther personal conference with an Author, who has once unluckily succeeded in obtaining admission to him; for, a piece but returned to its writer's domicile, he very naturally concludes he has saved himself from all farther trouble regarding it.

*Rejection the First.* How shall I paint my disappointment, when, after the lapse of a fortnight from the important interview described, and after restlessly counting every intermediate hour, I received, by the hands of a Servant in livery, my own identical Play, not a whit injured or dog's-eared by the Manager's extremely careful perusal of it, and accompanied by a brief note, whose very words my memory has indelibly retained, and which I have used in the manner of a *prologue* to my narration?—My surprise was scarcely inferior to my mortification, on observing that this note bore no appearance of having been penned by H. H., Esq., (a mark of respect, to which, after what had passed, I could not help thinking myself entitled,) but rather seemed the copy of a set form, written off in haste by some theatrical under-secretary, who was paid,

it might be, by the hundred. But, conquering my feelings as I was able, not many days had elapsed before I recollected my good friend's advice in the event of what had now actually occurred, namely, to *try the other Theatre*, which I resolved immediately to do. Accordingly, having experienced the inutility of introductions, I contented myself with penning an epistle to the powers that were at the rival House, in which I modestly stated what I conceived the just pretensions of my Piece to their favourable notice, and of course accompanied my letter by the Piece itself.

*Rejection the Second.* An answer flying. Three days had barely elapsed from the date of my epistle just-mentioned, when an ominous liveried coat (for a twelvemonth afterwards I could scarce look upon a footman without shuddering) appeared at the door of my abode, with a packet held danglely betwixt the thumb and finger of its wearer, from the *tout-ensemble* of which, notwithstanding the shortness of the period since my manuscript had been dispatched to the Theatre, I could not help entertaining the most distressful forebodings. And but too prophetic were my fears. "The *Play's* the thing!" I sorrowfully exclaimed, as I again contemplated my so swiftly restored treasure: while the impudent footman, with a



broad grin upon his brassy physiognomy, had the assurance to ask "something for his trouble."—Reward the bearer of a Rejected Drama! —I slammed the door in the fellow's face with no ordinary feelings of indignation; and retired to peruse a note appearing within the folds of the envelope, and which I expected would at least explain the why and wherefore of a rejection that seemed even more inexplicable than the former one. To my infinite astonishment, the sub-secretaries of the two Houses then appeared to have acted in concert, expressly to mortify and insult me; for I could not immediately discover the slightest difference in the language, and scarcely in the hand-writing, of their two condemnatory billets. On cooler observation, however, the very circumstance of this extraordinary similitude convinced me of the injustice of my suspicion; for, as the last writer professed equal obligations to me with the first for my "*preference of the House*" to which he was attached, it was impossible he should be aware that I had previously made my offering to the rival theatre. Besides, on actual comparison of the notes, I observed that the latest received ran "Play," instead of "Piece," in the fourth line; and that for "Proprietors," in the first, was substituted—a word, reader, to be held in immortal honour, as



designating a whole *Coterie* of theatric worthies—but which word thou wilt excuse my delicacy in not repeating on this occasion. Suffice it, that I add to the praises which this noble *Coterie* have received from so many abler pens, that of no common industry in having all “read with much attention” a production in three days, the perusal of which had cost the single Manager of the other theatrical establishment a fortnight. Nor were they less entitled to commendation for their singular care, and as singularly *clean hands*, in the process of perusing; for I do solemnly aver, that my Play returned to me as spotless and as perfect from their multitudinous fingers, as it had done from the individual reading of H. H., Esq. himself.

For two whole seasons following these rejections, I forswore the theatre, and every thing theatrical: and happy had it proved for me, had I persevered in an abstinence, for which I received many encomiums, not altogether deserved, from my more serious friends. But the fates had decreed otherwise. I was prevailed upon to witness the first representation of a Comedy, the writer of which had already obtained some dramatic celebrity: it was, taken altogether, eminently successful, and yet was visited with the disapprobation of the House

during parts of the performance. I could not help surmising, that I had received a theatrical lesson of some importance from having been present at this spectacle: I had seen, I thought, the weaker portions of this Comedy not unjustly condemned; and had traced the weaknesses themselves to their very probable sources in the mind of the author. I was so naturally led to apply the practical knowledge thus acquired to my own piece, that, on returning from the theatre, it seemed to slide into my hands, as by a species of instinct, from the topmost shelf of my literary scrap-cupboard, on which for two years it had lain quiescent. Need I relate the sequel? Comparisons between what I had just seen, and what I had long before written, led to the conception of several improvements of which my play appeared susceptible; and for want of which, I was fain to persuade myself, it had received condemnation from the theatrical censors. Animated by the idea of elevating it to the standard of perfection by which my mind was now possessed, I re-wrote the entire piece; and on completing this task, very greatly to my own satisfaction, was only dubious whether or not to acquaint H. H., Esq., to whom I determined to re-commit my fate, that it was "an old friend with a new face" which I presented to

him. This question I at least decided in the negative; though I scarcely knew how or why it occurred to me, that H. H., Esq. might fail to recollect all the circumstances of the previous introduction, even though I took the trouble to repeat them in the letter I now addressed to him, and that any such trouble on my part would be therefore nugatory. However sagacious might be some flying surmises of mine on this head, certain it is that my renewed application met with an *official* reply, precisely similar to that recorded to have been transmitted upon the former occasion: and not less certain is it, that, on following up the plan originally recommended to me, by re-intrusting the Piece to the "other House," the answer, in the name of the illustrious *Coterie*, was as wonderfully accordant with that of the august "Proprietors" as before.—In this guise rose before me the dark spirits, mantled in managerial frowns, of *Rejections Third and Fourth*.

Another season "dragged its slow length along" while I was brooding over my repeated disappointments; and the theatrical world was just as gay, and new pieces *were* produced as fast and as merrily, as though all had gone with me, and all my beloved *dramatis personæ*, to my heart's content. At length, some over-

flowings of the spirit's bitterness began to convince me that I too was of the "genus irritabile:" and it was not long afterwards, ere, like so many unfortunate dramatists before me, I caught myself exclaiming

———"s'death! I'll *print* it,  
"And shame the fools!"

In seriousness I imparted this design to an old friend and schoolfellow, to whom I had never previously discovered my propensity to dramatic composition, chiefly because it had been one of my most dearly cherished wishes to *surprise* him, and a select few besides, with an author's order for the third night. "And do you actually design," said my friend "to make your own production commit *felo-de-se*? Are you not aware, that a piece, once printed and published, is no longer your property, but, for public exhibition, any body's, and every body's, from the Managers of the winter theatres down to the Managers of strolling companies who enact in country barns?" I expressed at once my ignorance and abhorrence of so preposterous a doctrine. "Alas!" replied he, "I tell you but the truth. Such is *the law*. If you once permit the public, at a half-a-crown a-head, to peruse a play which you have written, your property in it, for every theatrical purpose, expires for ever." I urged the several rejections



I had received; and the impossibility, as it appeared to me, of a Manager's being so lost to every principle of rectitude, as to refuse the performance of a piece while in manuscript, and when for liberty to perform it he must make his terms with the author, and yet, the moment it appeared in print, to seize on it as his rightful property, without a thought of compensation to the injured being, from the labour of whose inventive faculties he is deriving a nightly emolument. "Besides," added I, "what reason have I to imagine, that a Manager who has perused my piece in manuscript, and has condemned it as unfit for representation, would entertain a more favourable opinion from its after-perusal in print?" My friend here burst into a laugh, at the expence, as I soon discovered, of my simplicity. "And do you really suppose," said he, "because your Piece has been four times rejected, that it has ever been actually *read*?"—"Read!" repeated I in astonishment, not altogether unmingled with warmth, "can it be conceived that a Manager would reject a piece *without* reading it?" At this, my friend (who was greatly given to merriment, and who, if there be truth in the adage "laugh and grow fat," had become excessively corpulent through the indulgence of his risible inclinations) renewed his mirth, and indeed



became so immoderate in his enjoyment of it, that I began to feel myself seriously offended. "My dear fellow," said he, as soon as he could at all recover himself, "don't mind my laughing at you—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I can't help it—but, so you actually imagined—ha! ha! ha!—excuse me, pray—it's too comic!" —I here took up my hat, and intimated a design of quitting my so amazingly delighted companion, until the return of an interval of composure. But, becoming grave in an instant, and seizing my arm, he cried, "my good friend, you will pardon me, I know; and especially when I tell you that I should have been as simple as yourself, had not O——, Comedian of——, who is my particular acquaintance, let me into a secret. Depend upon it, pieces are never read now, at either House, unless introduced to the higher powers through the medium of a favourite actor. But I can command O——: his interest is good at——: and if you will only entrust your Play with me, I will place it in his hands, and you need entertain no doubt of his procuring it a reading." My transitory resentment was now changed into the most grateful feelings: I squeezed the hand of my friend, and assured him I would call with the piece upon the following day. "Do so," returned he, with the happiest of

smiles upon his broad rosy countenance, “and if you can dine with me so much the better;—mind, *four* precisely;—for I expect O——, and will introduce you both.” I very readily closed with this proposal, and departed occupied with the most agreeable anticipations.

The mystery of the seeming care with which my dramatic first-born had been handled, and of the tenderness with which it had been restored to me without even the slightest disorder of its outward habiliments, was now explained. Is it necessary to say, that I was punctual the next day to the hour of my friend’s appointment? O—— had not arrived; but he speedily followed; and, surely, never was there a more facetious table-companion than he! He laughed, joked, praised his fare, filled his glass, “d—d the expence,” (which was not his own, thou wilt remember, reader,) re-filled, and, above all, played off his quiddities upon the person, house, furniture, &c. of mine host himself, in such extreme good humour with his own jests, and with such an utter disregard for the kind of humour they might create in their object, that I was in considerable pain for the consequences. However, my friend heard, and himself laughed, at all, with a very tolerable grace: indeed, I soon began to suspect, that he would have been content to

bear with much more of this rude and offensive behaviour (as my acuter feelings would have led me to consider it) than he actually received, for the sake of the honour and pleasure of entertaining so popular a performer at his table. But, highly as I valued the proper dignity of my friend in his own house, I must acknowledge that I felt yet more upon another account, and that more nearly relating to myself: for I could not but surmise, that the excessive hilarity of the theatrical gentleman would prevent all calm and sober converse upon the topic I was most anxious to have introduced. In fact, whenever my friend edged in a word that promised to conduct us to this topic, and I had prepared myself to follow his lead, O—— dexterously slurred over all consideration of the matter by expressions of his “hate of *business* when enjoying himself with his friends:” and were my own dramatic pursuits but ever so slightly hinted at, the performer seemed to shrink from me with an instinctive feeling, that extremely resembled the antipathy some persons have felt so unconquerable in themselves to the presence of certain harmless and even useful domestic animals. “Some men there are that cannot bear a cat,” I could scarcely forbear muttering to myself; and here appears to be a gentleman, who cannot endure to find



himself in danger of contact with a dramatic author. Now this was not a little mortifying to me, who had expected to enjoy nothing less than an opportunity of reading my production, or parts of it at least, under the correction of an experienced judge; from whose strictures, mingled as I trusted, with commendation, I looked for the highest gratification and improvement. At last, my Piece was actually forced upon the attention of O—— by my good friend, who seemed a little chagrined, as well as myself, at the backwardness of his guest to entertain the subject. O—— was good-natured, it then appeared, at bottom; for the play once fairly launched upon the stream of discourse, he put some questions relative to the plot, characters, &c. with apparent interest; said, in reply to the information I afforded him on these points, he thought the thing might do; and, in conclusion, urged me to lay it before the “Subs” of his Theatre without delay; observing that they were greatly in want of *good* pieces, and offering me withal his fairest wishes for my success. Not a word in all this, it will be noticed, of his own intervention with “the higher powers” in my favour: whereat my friend looked somewhat blank; and at length gravely proposed the question to him, whether performers of a certain rank in the House did



not sometimes use their interest on such occasions to the advantage of an author? O——, to do him justice, very readily took the hint; and as readily promised to exert all the little influence he possessed, to serve the friend of his friend: so that the finale of the business consisted in my seeing the Piece safely deposited in the Comedian's pocket, and in my own return to my abode with a less tiptoe step than that wherewith I quitted it.

*Rejection the Fifth.* This I had at least the consolation of receiving in most respectful form, and *viva voce*, from no less important a personage than the junior "Sub:" having, by the Comedian's advice, waited in person upon the great men, within ten days from the delivery of the Piece, resting my hopes of access to them upon the simple transmission of my card. Nothing of consequence to relate, beyond the rejection itself, occurred at this interview: and when I made my call upon the Actor from whose exertions I had at first hoped so much, to report my ill fate to him, he merely observed upon it, that I had been much better treated than himself; for that *he* had just had a Farce returned to him, after its having been *accepted* by the Management, solely owing to the caprice of an Actress who was to have sustained the principal character in it, but who had thought



proper to quarrel with and quit the House on the eve of her forth-coming in the character alluded to.

Possibly the reader may entertain some surprise, that, after such repeated failures, I should again subject a dramatic effort of mine to the censure of either House: and, indeed, accident alone occasioned the succeeding application for managerial favour. A relative of my own, who had some slight intimacy with the late celebrated statesman and patriot, Mr. Whitbread, conceived he could procure for me the patronage of that great man, whose influence at one of the theatres was at that time supposed to be paramount. At his suggestion, I addressed myself by letter to the Statesman; and accompanying my letter by the piece, committed both to the care of the friendly prompter to a step, by myself considered as too enterprising, although I was repeatedly assured that measures of this kind were frequently resorted to by dramatists, from a well-grounded conviction that "*interest, interest, was every thing.*" In about a week afterwards, my relative brought me the agreeable information, that he had placed the packet in the hands of Mr. Whitbread himself; and that Mr. W., having opened it, and read my letter, in his presence, had expressed himself greatly pleased with the style

and tenour of what I had addressed to him. Once again, therefore, my hopes arose: and yet, before another week had passed, the whole romance of expectation was destroyed by

*Rejection the Sixth*; some circumstances attending which deserve to be recorded. The established *form* was as duly preserved in this rejection as in every preceding one: and for this reason, I scarcely troubled myself to look at the theatrical underling's brief epistle, every syllable of which was to me "familiar as household words." But I did consider it singular, that the Statesman's interest, *had he exerted it*, should have obtained for me no more important a return. When, as in melancholy musing I passed my fingers among the leaves of the production so often and so carefully restored to me, a LETTER fell from the midst, which I almost started from as it dropped upon the carpet. What!—could it be possible?—had the Piece been merely sent back for *alteration*, of which this letter (from some high official personage I presumed) informed me the just reasons and occasions?—Was the underling's epistle "all a mistake?"—Or had the Statesman himself retired from his contemplations upon the national affairs, to an hour's enjoyment of a dramatic treat for his jaded faculties, of the merits of which he now most condescendingly

favoured me with an opinion? All these ideas rushed upon my mind, before I could collect myself to stoop and recover the letter still lying upon the ground before me; but which, upon actual examination of the envelope, (whose seal was already broken,) I discovered to be superscribed—"Samuel Whitbread, Esq."—and the contents as follow:

SIR,

" Having taken the liberty of addressing myself  
 " to you before, upon a similar occasion, (altho' not honoured  
 " with any answer) I apprehend I may be deemed too presuming  
 " in thus troubling you again, notwithstanding the warm recom-  
 " mendation of my friend, and your kind assurance, at the time,  
 " that his request should be attended to. I, however, can't but  
 " believe, from the circumstances then stated, that if any thing  
 " else, judged better entitled to your patronage, should be offered,  
 " it would afford you pleasure to patronise it: and as such, Sir,  
 " I have most respectfully to intreat your countenance for a  
 " *Farce*, now at Drury Lane, and which is of great consequence  
 " to me, and I trust will not be found unworthy of your notice.—  
 " It is called "The Hoax," and was sent to the Theatre about  
 " five weeks ago, in consequence of a very obliging letter from  
 " the Secretary, and his assurance that it should be attended to:  
 " but not having heard of it since, my anxiety, and a hope to  
 " interest and engage your powerful protection for it, has induced  
 " me to take this liberty, for which I have to solicit your pardon.

" I have the Honour to be, Sir,

" with due respect,

" Your most obedient

" Humble Servant

" S. S—— De ——

" —— Cottage, near ——

" 19th Feb. ——"

There were three conclusions which I now drew from *Rejection the Sixth*, accompanied, as

it was, by this extraordinary enclosure. 1st. That Mr. Whitbread, whatever pleasure he had derived from the perusal of my letter, had derived none from that of my Piece; and that he had consequently dispatched it, along with a score or two besides it might be, all of which he had read with equal care, for the verdict of the theatrical censors; making only the small mistake of putting a letter, to which I had no manner of claim, into "Act III. Scene 2." of my Play, instead of into his coat-pocket.\* 2ndly. That the aforesaid theatrical censors had at length unwittingly hit upon a method of convincing me, by nothing less than demonstration itself, of the veracity of their claims to "much attention" in reading the pieces upon whose dramatic fitness they decided: for it was impossible to suppose otherwise, than that it was by a most uncommon accident they had overlooked the two pages of the Piece in question, from between which the Letter of S. S——

\* The original of this Letter is now in the Publisher's hands, in order that "S. S—— De——," may re-possess himself of his rightful property, if he desires it, upon proof satisfactorily made of his title thereto. Or,—as the deceased Patriot was as liable to mistakes with regard to one author as another, and as it is clearly possible, therefore, that he might have placed my Letter in the leaves of "The Hoax", at the same time that he deposited this gentleman's within those of my Play,—perhaps an *exchange*, by which we might mutually recover our addresses to the said Patriot, would be agreeable to both parties.



De——, slipped into my custody, which letter, in consequence of such accident, they had not discovered. 3rdly. That my former most exalted notions of the care and nicety with which the same theatrical censors *handled* the productions entrusted to them, were now irrefragably confirmed: for had not those gentlemen minutely weighed and considered every couplet, every line, of my luckless manuscript, (the two pages alluded to alone excepted,) without disturbing the quietude of a document, which my ruder fingers, in the simple *opening* of the said manuscript, had immediately brought to the ground?

And now, reader, thou wilt conclude a very *furor dramaticus* must have obtained possession of the unhappy writer thus making a confession of his offendings, when he tells thee that all his past experience did not reform him from the “*cacoëthes scribendi*”—for the Theatres. Not but that my poor “Play” was returned to its shelf, with little idea that any future circumstances could by possibility recal it from its resting place. But the mania, most unhappily, seized on me under a new form, and with aggravated symptoms: for I, who had been content with infusing a small portion of the *vis comica* into my first drama—which in truth might have been called “Smiles and Tears” with as strict



propriety as the happy and accepted Piece performed to applauding audiences under that appellation—I, reader, was now so utterly abandoned by my better genius as to indite a **FARCE!** The consequences thou wilt conjecture: it was dispatched, in nothing short of absolute insanity thou may'st well say, to both Houses, and produced *Rejections Seventh and Eighth.*

From the period of these rejections, until nearly four years subsequently to the return of my first piece in the society of a certain epistle neither proper to its contents nor of right pertaining to its author, my Muse, finding her “occupation gone,” slumbered, or, more properly to speak, became so nearly torpid, that the every-day concerns of life at last began to possess that relish for me, which, I regret to say, during the rage for theatrical acceptance, they had in great degree lost. How the return of my distemper was brought about, though painful to relate, it becomes a part of the duty I have imposed upon myself to declare.

Calling one morning upon the friend and former school-fellow before-mentioned, among other kind enquiries after my welfare and pursuits, he asked—“Well, and how goes *the Piece?*” I frankly told him, that I had given up all thoughts of ever witnessing its performance; and then for the first time apprised him that I

had farther sinned in the production of a Farce, whose dramatis personæ, any more than those of the Play, I never expected to see actually personified. “What, my friend,” he exclaimed, “write a Play and a Farce, and not send them to both Theatres alternately every season, until one or both are accepted!” “Nay,” returned I, “you must be conscious that you are now perfectly extravagant.” “Not at all, not at all,” he replied: “remember, my good friend, how my convictions appeared to be verified, that your piece had not been *read*: though I must own myself a little out in my calculations as to the service O —— might have rendered it.—And now mark me: did you send both your dramas, to both Houses, not once but *thrice*, in each successive season, you might be confident that neither the names of the pieces themselves, nor that of their author, would ever strike the theatrical critic as having been previously before them: and thus would you receive *ex-officio* rejections *ad infinitum*, until at last—hey! my friend!—’tis a complete lottery, take my word for it; and who knows but a prize might one day turn up for you?—Believe me, I do not blame the censors so much, as, from what I have said, you might imagine me inclined to do: why, man, it would be the labour of their lives, not

excepting eating and sleeping times, to read *all* the pieces annually presented to them. Therefore, (and very wisely in my mind,) they confine their attention to such as have recommendations of a nature—which I will not assert that I precisely understand: or, if they now and then accept the production of an unrecommended author, I should conclude, from the wisdom they so commonly evince in the selection, that they adopt some such method as this:—aye, upon my life I have it:—by way of dealing fairly by the Public, they make a pile of their whole unrejected stock—upon the Stage, most likely, as no apartment in the Theatre, you know, might be capacious or lofty enough for the purpose—which done, walking blindfold round it, they draw each a piece from the theatrical Olympus; and then calling for a sub-scene-shifter, or the prompter's boy, bid him, without favour or affection, choose *one* from the number by them extracted from the awful heap; when this felicitous *one* is immediately announced for performance.

I leave unnoticed the sundry interruptions, which the laughter-loving disposition of my friend gave to the current of these his pleasant fancies, and most facetious observations, as to him they appeared, upon a subject to me of mournful interest: though I must acknowledge

myself to have been surprised into a smile by that conceit of the mountain of dramatic manuscripts, and the sage censors traversing its vast circumference and picking blindfold. It might be imagined that arguments, if such they might be called, so inflated and metaphorical as these, could be but little calculated to create an impression in their favour: and yet, strange to say, one of my first occupations on reaching home, was to turn over the well-known leaves, and here and there to peruse a scene, from my own beloved dramatic labours. Let rejected dramatists conceive my feelings, for they only can conceive them, while I was thus employed: I do not dwell upon them: it must suffice for me to tell my tale. After a long hour thus spent, I closed the valued works, and, with an elbow resting on their nicely marbled covers, fell into melancholy musing on my friend's recent conversation. Its general tenour appeared sufficiently ridiculous; still, that part of it in which he had compared the censorship to a *lottery*, struck me again and again, and ever with redoubled force. That both Play and Farce might be at least *once more* presented to the Houses, and nor form nor feature of them remembered by either Management, I had my own good reasons for supposing possible: and did even the censors commit the choice of



pieces to the prompter's call-boy, *might* he not, by some astounding turn of luck, choose **MINE**? The chance of such an event, however far removed from probability, seemed not at greater distance from it than the chance of a *prize* in that famous pecuniary speculation, annually set afloat by government for the moral benefit of all loyal subjects: and my venture, besides, would have this advantage over the pecuniary one, that it might be made without expence, whether terminated or not by profit. At any rate, the matter appeared to me to be worth *another* trial; although, not to be too hazardous, I resolved to commit one only of my dramatic children to a new ordeal. And the **PLAY**, as the elder of the two, being but properly entitled to the priority of fresh adventure, *that* was once again transmitted to the **House** over whose destinies yet presided the glorious *Coterie*, of whom worthy mention hath been already made in these Confessions.

My intention executed, I determined to let the ordinary business of life possess my thoughts as fully and exclusively, as though a fate, more important to me than that of empires, were not once again suspended in the managerial balances. In truth, my philosophy was called to no extraordinary trial upon the occasion; for so certain did I feel, if a passing reflection upon



the subject obtruded itself, of ere long receiving back my Piece, and with it the customary theatrical reply, that I rather feared than hoped for the arrival of an answer. A fortnight, the longest period I had ever previously been permitted to remain in suspense, passed away without intelligence: a faint joy diffused itself within my bosom, that my sentence was as yet delayed: three weeks expired—a month—five, six weeks—two months!—I then grew pale, and wondered. Hope, for delicious moments, painted the air around me with her day-dreams: but apprehension, again, pictured far darker things:—yes, even that my Play (of which I had no copy) was mislaid—lost—had been made property of dishonourable hands—was gone from me beyond prospect or possibility of recovery! These last ideas were too tormenting for endurance beyond the close of the succeeding week: that period having passed, my resolution was taken; and it was no other than to proceed to the House in person, and insist upon the redelivery of my Piece. Accordingly, I dressed one morning for this especial purpose; and was in the act of setting out from the street-door, when the Post-man placed a letter in my hands, whose purport proved as follows:

“ THEATRE ROYAL, \_\_\_\_\_ ,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ 12th \_\_\_\_\_

“ SIR,

“ Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ desires me to request you would  
 “ be kind enough to favour him with a call at the Theatre some  
 “ morning, and at *as early* an opportunity as you can make it  
 “ convenient.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your very hble Servt.

“ \_\_\_\_\_.”

O! the wild mountings of a hope, so long that struggled with the fiend adversity, when called, like birds from winter-sleep by spring and sunlight, to soar all-buoyant up to joy at last!—Bear with me, even in my poetics, Reader: the ecstasy of the moment in which the lines I have repeated met my view, inspires me even yet in the remembrance of it: despite the melancholy close to every bright anticipation; despite rejections still to thee untold; despite the fact, that my dramatic path was checquered, truly, by “a gleam of prosperous shine,” yet neither usefully nor permanently enlightened.—But I forget that the very ecstasy I speak of, may appear to need elucidation.

Know, then, that the “Mr. \_\_\_\_\_,” whose desires were communicated to me in the note above cited, was no other than that mighty theatrical monarch, whom to distinguish by a title worthy of himself, I would fain revive a good old

custom, once prevalent with such as talked of kings: videlicet, I would observe the form wont to be observed with one of the eighteen Louis' to whom right royally has pertained the crown of France; presuming not otherwise to speak of the said "Mr. ——," than as *His Majesty* of —— Theatre, STEPHEN *le Gros*. And to HIM was I summoned!—Could I doubt to what intent?—Was not *Acceptance* legible in every word of this brief note, to me how more transporting than that sublime of epistolary favours, a line from royalty itself?

It may be superfluous now to say, that I altered not my intention of visiting the Theatre, but only changed the object of that visit. However, I did not think it necessary to acquaint his theatrical Majesty, on my admission to his presence, of the design with which I had been possessed just previously to starting. Neither did it appear to me of any moment, to lay before his said Majesty the history of REJECTIONS ONE TO SIX, (*four* of which were from the House he governed,) in the olden time awarded to that identical Piece, which, I had now the assurance of King Stephen himself—enthroned in awful state in a vast chair constructed purposely to contain so vast a person—in his peculiar theatrical apartment—his secretary seated at a distance that expressed profundity of reverence

—his robe, of imperial purple, mantling his mighty form with a dignity in every fold—was (O! ye *gallery* Gods!) ACCEPTED—and, preparatory to its actual performance, would require only certain alterations, which his Majesty most graciously condescended to afford his reasons for putting me to the trouble of making with what expedition might be possible. And while, majestic in his style, he talked, and bade conviction follow all he said, heavens! what capacity of soul, not less than corporal immensity, appeared in Stephen, whom I so fitly, as I deem, title *le Gros!* In truth, his every word gave evidence of cultivated intellect; and came, aided by his deep sonorous voice, and eye alight with genius, with a power, peculiar, and resistless. And when, on more intimate acquaintance with this gentleman, (for whom I retain every sentiment of respect,) and with the elements of his chaotic sovereignty, I perceived him struggling in the midst of difficulties, which no human being, with powers so cramped as his, might have been enabled to subdue—invested with but the nominal rule of a Theatre, whose real governors were persons, to say the least of them, without a knowledge of theatrical affairs—a Theatre, whose very properties were less at his command than that of the law's relentless

claimants—whose performers, though many of them excellent, were become a shadow, as to numbers, of their former strength; and who were, it must besides be told, factious, discontented, and all the more considerable of them enabled to act with little respect to managerial control—when, I repeat, I saw all this, I learned to pity ability of a high order subjected to toils, that, however distressful, must needs go unrewarded by success; while I could not a little wonder at the utter disorganization, and pending ruin, of a vast and once so prosperous establishment, and entertain some boding of the consequences of such a state of things to the interests of my primal dramatic achievement.

But thoughts like these possessed me not at my first interview, from which I have wandered, with a Manager, who I knew not then was so truly to be compassionated; nor did any such reflections occupy me as I returned home, my Play once more in my possession, but O! for what an enviable purpose! The alterations suggested by *Le Gros* were soon made, and the Piece re-committed to him: when I was immediately favoured with the following, from his secretary:

“ THEATRE ROYAL, \_\_\_\_\_

“ Saturday, \_\_\_\_\_ 20th \_\_\_\_\_ .

“ SIR,

“ Your Comedy of \_\_\_\_\_ will be called in the



“ Green Room on Tuesday Morning next, at eleven o’clock, when  
 “ you will probably make it convenient to favour us with your  
 “ presence, and read the Piece yourself: and as it is intended for  
 “ production on Easter Tuesday, will you have the goodness to be  
 “ thinking of the Prologue and Epilogue? I am,

“ SIR,

“ Your very hble Servt.

“ \_\_\_\_\_.”

I was, to use a common expression, struck all of a heap by this note; and that for two reasons. In the first place, I could not imagine by what latitude of theatrical phrase my piece was styled a *Comedy*, when at least the half of its characters and scenes were of a grave description, and a few of the incidents approached Tragedy itself; besides, I was not ignorant, that, agreeably to modern acceptation, a “ New Comedy”, in the play-bills, meant a *New Farce in Five Acts*.—Would it not therefore be like condemning the Piece before-hand, to announce it by a name, from which the Public, being led to anticipate so much *fun*, would only naturally be grievously disappointed? And then, to be called upon to “read the Piece” in person!—in the presence of all the male and female critics of the Green Room!—the bare thought of sustaining such an ordeal was alarming beyond measure. However, since, from the style of the note, I concluded the author’s reading a formality of course, I magnanimously resolved to go through

with it: fortunately, an ingenious painter had not then thought proper, as he has since done, to display his talents in depicting “An Author reading his Tragedy in the Green Room;” for, as I verily believe, I should never, after the sight of that picture, have mustered the requisite courage for the undertaking.

The important morning arrived. I was at the Theatre early: partly from a wish to avoid an encounter so dreadful, as would have been that of the actors’ and actresses’ assembled regards, simultaneously directed to so inconsiderable an occurrence as my own entrance into the midst of them; partly from a desire to understand from *Le Gros* the meaning of the designation given to my Piece, previously to the reading. The Manager not reaching the Theatre until somewhat later than the hour appointed, I in the mean time expressed my surprise on this head to his Secretary, whose reply was any thing but satisfactory. It seemed to amount to this, that the Piece, if not a Comedy, *ought* to be one; for the reason, that the main strength of the Company was comic. “See,” said he, “how we have cast the characters: we have given you all our prime Comedians, except M., K., and O., who might not like—I mean, there is no part exactly adapted to them. Here are the Dramatis

Personæ." He shewed me my own list, with the names of the Performers filled up. What was then my astonishment, to find two of the most serious parts assigned respectively to that excellent *comic* actor and actress, Mr. H. and Mrs. O.,—the former of whom, more particularly, never comes upon the stage, but as it were to tell us he could not wear a grave face for the universe! Nor was I less mortified at observing my hero, whose character was of the *walking gentleman* class, given to Mr. —, who, though I disparage not his worth in melodrama, looks as though he never walked in that particular manner in his life.—And was it, reader, to compensate for blunders like these, that the part of a comic old man (which I had written with an eye to that chastest of comedians, D.,) was allotted to the only *tragedian*, who could be permitted to exert his talents in my Piece? D., it is true, was at that time absent from the Theatre; but his *Double* was performing almost nightly, yet was unthought of.

I was beginning to animadvert upon arrangements appearing to me so extraordinary, when the Manager entered. The conversation that had been going on between the performers until this moment, and which had prevented my remarks from being heard by any body but

the official personage addressed, then ceasing, what I had farther to say must have appeared personal to several of the company, and was of course not persisted in. *Le Gros* being seated, and the actors and actresses all composed to attention, the Secretary requested me to commence my reading. Possibly my mind's excitement by the previous conversation, had a favourable effect upon my performance of this task: at all events, I succeeded in it beyond my own expectations; and nothing of moment took place during the perusal. On concluding, I first ventured to raise my eyes from the manuscript, in order to observe the countenances of my auditory; and perhaps it was well for me that I had not made this observation previously. For had I done so, how should I have proceeded under a sense of the dissatisfaction but too visible in the looks of the majority, and which I was then ignorant proceeded not from any actual dislike of the Piece, but of the characters allotted them? Alas! their dissatisfaction in this particular was only too justly founded: and, as I afterwards discovered, an idea was prevalent among them, that, since nobody acquainted with the Theatre could by possibility have cast the parts in the manner they were cast, *the Author* was the person to be blamed, for what, in point of fact,

gave him far more uneasiness than they could possibly derive from it.

But how, the reader asks, looked *the* MANAGER?—did not the office of casting properly belong to *him*?—and, supposing mistakes to have been made in the exercise of that office, was it not in his power to correct them? My answers to these queries are:—to the first, that the desponding air which seemed to have become in great degree habitual to *Le Gros*, was visibly increased when the reading had terminated:—to the second, that whether the operation of casting did or did not in propriety devolve upon him, nothing is more clear to me, than that on this occasion it was none of his performance; for, on the contrary, I conscientiously believe, that the more than usual depression of spirits he seemed labouring under at my perusal's close, arose from his regrets, that, instead of executing this office in person, he had been most unfortunately reposing in a *Carr* while it was performing:—to the third, that correction of errors of this kind was not so much in his power, as to the uninitiated it might appear to be. For, as I perceived in the sequel, the performers generally were so happy to be employed, in any parts by themselves not conceived *unworthy* of their prior fame, that to divest



them of such as has been once appropriated to them, would have been an office of rather peculiar delicacy. But, again enquires the reader, could not an *exchange* of parts have been very easily effected? might not the comic actors have ceded characters so unsuited to them to the tragedians, and the tragedians have repaid the compliment in kind? Alas! the Manager of that period, perhaps, would have vainly looked around him for the *tragedians* required: for, the tragic chieftain of his Theatre being upon a country tour, Mr. R. (since deceased) wholly occupied in preparing for his appearance in a new tragedy, and Mr. B. misplaced in a comic part in my piece, (which however, he did not *then* signify any wish to resign,) it might actually appear, that my gravest characters must of necessity be enacted by comedians, or by tragic actors of such inferior rank in the House, that their annunciation for the Piece would have deprived it of all interest with the Public.

Had these difficulties struck me in their true light at the time, which my inexperience rendered impossible, it is little likely that I could have represented them to the Manager in stronger colours than they appeared in to himself. But even an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject was denied me; for he was

just then seized with a serious indisposition, which detained him from the Theatre from the period of the reading very nearly until the performance of the Piece.

The transactions of this interval I will relate as concisely as may be possible. At my next attendance in the Green Room, which was for the purpose of hearing the performers read their own parts from prepared transcriptions of them, I was literally besieged by applications to *alter* their several characters in a greater or less degree. Mr. J. was particularly liberal of his suggestions of this nature, for the benefit, as he repeatedly assured me, of the Piece: and Mr. H., not without reason, would be content with nothing less than a thorough transformation of his part: which being effected, converted him from a grave and eventually remorseful debauchee, into an intriguing but defeated dandy.—The propositions of the same kind from Mr. P. were equally attended to, and his new readings all confirmed.—Mr. B., after two rehearsals, with much prudence and propriety sought my private ear, to whisper that the part allotted him was *totally out of his line*, and to express his kind convictions, that I could not have written it with any design to murder his reputation with the Public. I frankly acknowledged that he did me only justice; and the result of our

conversation was, that, as at my request, Mr. G. was substituted. But the case of Mrs. O. was the most pitiable. Her face, by nature decked alone with "wreathed smiles," and her manner, that is her own only in the simple and naive graces of an artless servant-girl, or cottage damsel, were now to assume the forms of a dark and malign spirit, tortured by the discomfiture of its own evil purposes into despair and insanity. Much, that was set down for her, was, at her earnest solicitation, omitted: but still much remained, that could not be subtracted without rendering the plot unintelligible, and yet that was wholly opposed to her customary style of acting. Besides, parts of her character were so mixed up with that of a gentleman, who, contrary to the example of his compeers, would hear of no material alteration as affecting what he had to deliver; (because, as he said, "he would not have his speeches cut up and spoiled,") that it became absolutely necessary to retain them; for, otherwise, the speeches to which this gentleman paid me the compliment of so much attachment, must have been somewhat ludicrously spoken as soliloquies, instead of queries and responses in the dialogue.—And from the decisions of the gentleman alluded to, there was no appeal; not for that he was the constituted *hero* of my

Piece, (although of manners the least heroic of any gentleman's I ever witnessed upon or off the Stage;) but for a much stronger reason—even this—he was of *Managerial Blood*; a distinction, but naturally of as much importance in a Theatre, as that of the *Blood-Royal* is at Court. Of the few actors or actresses, besides the hero, who were content to take their characters as they found them, Mrs. W. stood pre-eminent: while Mrs. A., as though determined that her conduct should be as opposite to the lady's last-mentioned as the situations of their respective initials in the alphabet, gave up her part in toto, in a note addressed to the Manager, informing him of her sudden illness, which would render her unable, as she declared, to re-appear at the Theatre for a fortnight. Perhaps we may be permitted to admire this lady's accuracy of presentiment, as to the duration of her illness on that particular occasion: but, certainly, the part designed for her was infinitely below her *hereditary* talents, and, upon her secession, was with much greater propriety given to Mrs. H. Relative to the cast of the remaining characters, it is important only to remark, that a certain old man was assigned to a second Mr. H., when, as the whole House asserted, he ought to have been appropriated to a second



Mr. P.: and that a Scotch character was made over to a Mr. ———, for the choice of whom the very excellent reason could be given, that, though no actor, he was a Scotchman.

The rehearsals of the Piece being productive of yet other changes, it became at last a matter of no little difficulty to me to imagine the effect of the whole in representation. One thing, however, I felt but too assured of—that the sweeping alterations effected in particular scenes, and with regard to particular characters, not being supported by corresponding alterations where those first made of necessity required them, a motley and patch-work appearance would inevitably attach to the entire production: and impressed by this belief, the approach of the first night was by myself contemplated, (as some of my more intimate friends can well testify,) with nothing short of deep and unfeigned affliction.

I will not dwell upon an Author's usual feelings, however aggravated in my case by what possibly were very peculiar and extraordinary circumstances, on the night of actual performance. Let me but repeat the simple fact: the Play was—*SAVED*—for in this manner only can I speak of the indulgence extended towards it by a most good-natured audience, who liberally applauded whatever in the dia-



logue or incidents appeared to merit favour, and who seemed less disposed to condemn than to wonder at whatever was misplaced and incongruous. I must however do myself the justice to say, that the applause was principally bestowed upon such portions of the Piece, as had been permitted to remain as at first written:—in particular, the exertions of Mrs. W., whose was the solitary part in which not the alteration of a word had been effected, were honoured throughout with distinguished approbation:—and I drew from thence a melancholy consolation in reflecting what *might* have been the success of my production, had it been performed as its author had originally constructed it, or at least with such judicious alterations only as were suggested by the Manager. As it was performed, I was, and yet continue, unaffectedly surprised that it escaped utter condemnation.

What farther relates to this unhappy first attempt, may be told in few words. The reports of the representation in the newspapers, were more favourable than I could have ventured to anticipate: the *Times* alone called the author a fool in little less than plain terms; never dreaming that the anomalies in the Piece it growled over, had been produced by operations behind the scenes, which none more sincerely lamented than that unfortunate author

himself. But it was not in the power of the Press, in any very considerable degree, to prejudice or favour my dramatic *debut* at a Theatre, literally on its last legs as regarded the career of its then management, and which by no novelties or attractions of any kind could at that time command an audience to reimburse its nightly expences. So that the ill-starred "Comedy" producing *nil* to the House and Author, was withdrawn after its third representation, by an arrangement to which the Manager and the same Author were equally consenting parties.

And now, "brief let me be:" indeed, my farther dramatic history may be comprised in little space. Its main facts are these: I have written, since the unfortunate production of the "Comedy," a Musical Drama, and a Tragedy, whose fate is bound up in *Rejections Ninth to Thirteenth!*—That is to say, a rejection was awarded me from each Theatre for the first-mentioned piece, and two from one House, (under different managements,) and one from the other, for the last. The circumstances of these several rejections, shall be very simply and shortly related.

The Musical Drama was first submitted to the talented Manager, who has had the happiness to restore Old Drury from the dust; and

my note to him was not improperly expressive of the satisfaction I felt at the success of his commencing exertions, and at the prospects re-opening for our first national theatre under his auspices. His short answer merits a record for its friendliness and urbanity, as much as its assigning a *reason* for the rejection it conveyed, gave an example deserving both of praise and imitation.

“ T. R. D. L.

“ FEB. 19th., 1820.

“ SIR,

“ I return your Musical Drama with reluctance,  
 “ because I should be happy to make my Stage the medium of  
 “ your success.—The insuperable objection to its production is  
 “ the *political allusions*, which every prudent Manager ought  
 “ to avoid.

“ I am very sensible of your kindness, and

“ beg to assure you

“ that I am yr. well wisher,

“ and obedt. Servant,

“ R. W. ELLISTON.

“ Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

“ &c. &c. &c.”

Whether or not the Manager of the other Theatre entertained a similar opinion of the “ political allusions,” I am ignorant; as I was favoured from that Theatre with no other than the customary official reply. But I must observe, for my own justification, that the politics of the Piece consisted in an *Outlaw's* denunciations of the forms and constitutions of civilised society in general, and bore not the slightest reference to persons, things, or passing events,

of the year 1820. But as the period was one of almost universal political ferment, it may be that Mr. Elliston's knowledge of the extreme readiness of audiences to apply what is delivered from the Stage to the prevalent doctrines of the day, justified his precaution on the occasion.

My Tragedy was composed in the Autumn of the year just spoken of. Time, and some little theatrical experience, far from confirming that confidence in my own powers with which I had commenced dramatic author, concurred to render me diffident of the general merits of this last Piece; and I was led to ponder on the desirableness of obtaining the opinion of some competent judge, previously to its transmission to either Theatre. In my cogitations of this nature, a gentleman occurred to me, with whom, it was true, I had no other than a very slight epistolary acquaintance; yet some knowledge of the qualities of whose heart and head induced me to imagine that he would peruse cheerfully, and report impartially, any dramatic or other attempt I might submit to him. It would be improper to name this gentleman; still, it will be but opening a field for a little harmless conjecture, to say that he is himself a successful dramatic writer. The very small portion of his reply, after

favouring me with the perusal requested, which it will be no breach of confidence or decorum to include in my narration, I have much pleasure in repeating verbatim.

\* \* \* \*

“ All, then, I can say of your Tragedy, that it would be of any use to say, is, that I read it with more interest, felt myself carried on with the plot with a keener sympathy, than I felt in the perusal of any one of the Tragedies that have been brought out in my recollection—and that I find nothing, in the style, sentiment, or imagery, that seems to me likely, or calculated, to contravene its theatrical merit.

\* \* \* \*

“ Sincerely wishing you the success, to which I believe your Drama entitles you, \* \*

“ I am,

“ dear Sir,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ \_\_\_\_\_.”

“ \_\_\_\_\_

“ 30th SEPT. 1820.”

I will not disguise that I felt flattered by the expression of these sentiments, coming as they did from one, who justly ranks with the most eminent of our living authors, and who could not be biassed by partiality to a writer, with whom he never had (nor yet has) any personal acquaintance. I really did imagine that such sentiments, coupled with the *name* of the gentleman from whom they emanated, (and which he very handsomely permitted me to use with the Manager of either Theatre,) would procure favour for my Tragedy: but it proved otherwise: the piece was rejected by both Managements.



From the House *not* under the government of Mr. Elliston, it was returned in *two days* from the time of my putting it into the hands of a friend—who confided it with a friend of the Manager—who deposited it with the Manager himself. So that *my* friend having given it to *his* friend on the evening of the day on which I parted with it, and the latter having left it with the Manager on the afternoon of the next day, the Manager paid such singular attention to the Piece, and was so industrious in perusing it before he slept, as to be enabled to return it at an early hour next morning!

But the reign of H. H., Esq. (the Manager alluded to) was then shortly to terminate; and that of his successor, Mr. Charles Kemble, had not long commenced, ere, having sought and obtained an interview with him at his own residence, I submitted my Tragedy to his judgment. He received me with that politeness, which uniformly marks his deportment; and engaged that the Piece *should be read*, if not by himself, by a gentleman to whose opinion he very frequently referred on such occasions: his practice in that respect, as he assured me, being rendered absolutely necessary by the vast number of manuscript Dramas that were continually pouring in upon him. The result I was unacquainted with until about two months

afterwards: but I then received back my Tragedy, with a note, in which the cause of its rejection was not stated. However, on examining the Piece itself, the following words—written, I presume, by the theatrical critic to whom Mr. Kemble had committed it—appeared in pencil on the title-page.

“ This Tragedy possesses considerable merit, but its *religious character* would, in my opinion, prevent its success in representation.”

Spite of rejection's pangs, I could not forbear a smile on reading this laconic sentence. Twice, then, as it should seem, had I innocently provided a bar to the acceptance of my own dramas: in *politics* had I offended the notions of the one house, and in *religion* those of the other. “ 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,” considering that I had neither religion nor politics in my head, when I composed either of the dramas in question: and may not the melancholy results privilege me to add, “ 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful?” But “ the very head and front of my offending,” in the Tragedy at least, shall appear:—and thus it was, reader. The subject of this Piece is the destruction, in the ancient days, and in a neighbouring kingdom, of an imperious, unbending, almost Satanic spirit, embodied in a High Priest of Paganism, through the success of a great national revolu-

tion, which, though accomplished in the name, and by the agents, of the true faith, is worked throughout by machinery purely political. There are no religious dogmas contended for by the opposed parties: the dispute is, *prima facie*, for power, and the royal succession, and the continued supremacy, or fall, of an arch-minister to his own ambitious ends, who riots in human blood, and forges superstition's chains for the equal slavery of the monarch and the people. There are even fewer religious *sentiments*, than I have myself heard, and witnessed applauded, in an abundance of theatrical representations. There is love, and there is war, and the dethronement, setting-up, and deaths, of kings: and there are processions, and chorusses, and a banquet, and as full scope as modern Manager could desire for martial pageants and for magnificent scenery. So that, be the faults of my Tragedy monstrous as they will—and I contend not for a feature just particularised as constituting the shadow of a *beauty*—assuredly it was no “Sacred Drama of Miss Hannah More” which I presented to the Houses, nor one from whose production their managements could with justice tremble for the orthodoxy of their nightly visitants. But the star of rejection, if such star there be, was in the ascendant at my nativity: and,

bowing to its resistless influences, I here close "my ower-true tale:" trusting that, THIRTEEN REJECTIONS sufficing me, no possible temptation will prove of strength hence-forward to make me a party in adding another to the list.

I had nearly forgotten to enumerate among my dramatic misfortunes, the long absence from its rightful owner of a *Farce*, formerly spoken of, which I entrusted some five years since to a member of the late Sub-Committee of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, who has not yet found it convenient to return it. As, from not knowing this gentleman's present residence, I am unable to renew those solicitations for the re-possession of the Piece, with which for the space of two years I was occasionally wont to trouble him, I avail myself of the opportunity now afforded me—since I think it more than possible that these Confessions may meet his eye—to request him, if he has by this time quite perused the two acts of the *Farce* spoken of, to deposit the manuscript with my Publisher. And lest it should be necessary, from the length of the period elapsed since I held converse with the same gentleman, to refresh his memory of myself, and production committed to him, by the mention of such circumstances as may tend to restore his recollections of both—I beg leave to remind him,

that he is himself the identical "Sub," who, within the walls of Drury, returned me, as *rejected*, a Drama, which shall here be nameless, and who was in consequence led to honour me with his remembrance on our subsequent accidental meeting at the house of a knighted bookseller:—furthermore, that, at the meeting last spoken of, he made me the munificent donation of a free admission to the Theatre of which he was then a co-proprietor; at the same time that he most politely offered those services in the production, at *his* House, of any dramatic effusion I might consign to him, which were the occasion of my placing in his hands the Farce alluded to.



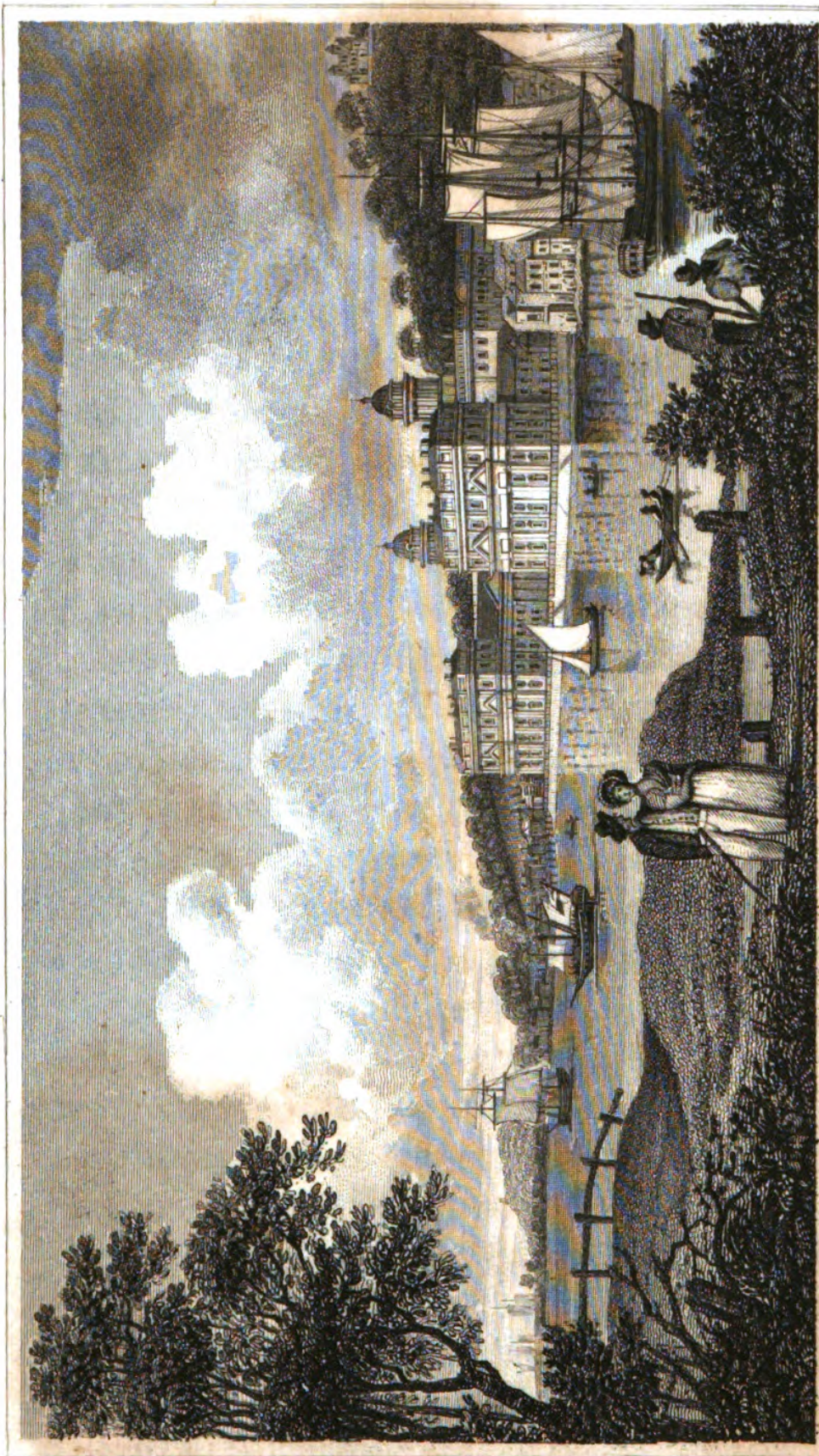
## Leading Charitable Institutions OF BRITAIN.

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FOREIGNERS have remarked of our island, that its *Hospitals* are Palaces, and its *Palaces* Hospitals. Whatever may be the quantum of truth contained in the latter half of this observation, certain it is that very many of our charitable institutions make good the former. Indeed, the foundations for the relief of distress, or the recompence of sufferers in the public defence, in this country, are justly ranked among its proudest boasts: and of such, whether as regards external appearance, or the national honour and utility, none can be entitled to more worthy mention, than

### GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

This noble structure, as an *Institution for Invalid Seamen*, the purpose to which it is at present devoted, was founded by William and Mary; but a part of the buildings is of the age of Charles II. It stands on the south bank of the Thames, at the distance of about five miles from London Bridge; and, viewed from



Engraved by W. Walker

**GREENWICH HOSPITAL.**

Printed by J. Evelyn N<sup>o</sup> 28 Newchurch Street Oct 10 1824

Drawn by J. Saward





the river, presents as striking an assemblage of architectural beauty and grandeur, as the world perhaps can parallel. Its elevation on a fine terrace, near nine hundred feet in length, greatly contributes to this majesty of effect; but the disposition and general style of the buildings yet more. For though the edifice in fact consists of four completely insulated parts, each magnificent in itself, a general harmony and connexion are beautifully perspicuous in the river view: and the eye (when immediately in front) passing through the grand square to the Park in the back-ground, there happily rests upon a bold eminence crowned by the Royal Observatory, (a structure in the *Vanburgh* style commenced by Charles II.) which forms, by situation and general effect, an appropriate termination to the prospect.

The four distinct piles of building alluded to, are each quadrangular, and distinguished by the names of King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's. The interval between the two first-mentioned, which are the most northern, or nearest the river, forms the grand square, and is about two hundred and seventy-three feet in width. In the centre of this area stands a well-executed statue of George II., by Rysbrach, chiselled from a single block of white marble which weighed

eleven tons. This block was taken from the French by Admiral Sir George Rooke; and the statue presented by Sir John Jennings, Knt., at that time Master and Governor of the Hospital, as a mark of respect and gratitude to the sovereign who had distinguished him. The pedestal bears a Latin inscription, expressive of these feelings, on each side.

The structure on the west side of the great square is called KING CHARLES'S BUILDING, its most eastern part having been the residence of Charles II. This edifice was erected after a design by the celebrated Inigo Jones: it is of Portland stone, and rusticated. In the middle is a tetrastyle portico of the Corinthian order, crowned with its proper entablature, and a pediment; and a pavilion completes each end, sustained by four pilasters of the same order, with their entablature, and surmounted by an attic with a balustrade. The tympanum of the pediment bears two sculptured figures, representing *Fortitude* and *Dominion of the Sea*. The north front of this building, which is towards the river, presents the appearance of two similar pavilions, connected by a portal, each having its proper pediment, supported by a continuation of the range of Corinthian columns, and their entablature. In the tympanum of the eastern



pediment, which was part of the palace, is a sculptured representation of *Mars* and *Fame*; and the frieze has the inscription

CAROLUS II. REX.  
A. REG. XVI.

The south front of King Charles's building is an elegant elevation, though in a less elaborate style. The west front was originally of brick, and called the Bass Building: but this was taken down in the last reign, and rebuilt of stone, in a manner corresponding with the east and north fronts, with the exception that it is somewhat less ornamented. Corinthian pilasters, with their entablature, sustain the range of this elevation: and the centre, which is supported by six columns, bears the following inscription:

GEORGIVS. III. REX. A. REGNI. LV. A.D. MDCCCXIV.

QUEEN ANNE'S BUILDING, as we have said, stands on the other side of the great square, and has its west, north, and south fronts nearly similar to King Charles's just described; except that sculptures have not yet been placed in the tympana of the pediments. The east or rear-front is of stone, but inferior in its general appearance to the others.

The buildings known by the names of the royal founders, *King William* and *Queen Mary*,

are the most striking of the four. They advance on either side from the grand ranges of front presented by the other two, so as to leave but an area of one hundred and fifteen feet wide; but this, instead of detracting from, greatly adds to the general effect. For, owing to this arrangement, the principal fronts of all the buildings are taken in by the eye at a glance; and the entire space included by both areas is comprehended in the same view. The opposite elevations of these two structures are of uniform appearance; each being faced by a noble colonnade of more than one hundred and fifty Doric columns and pilasters, with an entablature and balustrade at top. The colonnades are three hundred and forty-seven feet in length, and have return pavilions, seventy feet long, at either end. An elegant dome, surmounted by a turret, rises over that projecting angle of each building which is immediately before the spectator; and gives the sort of finish to the whole, that immediately proclaims it the work of Sir Christopher Wren. The tambours of the domes are formed by circles of columns duplicated, of the Composite order, with projecting groups of columns at the quoins.

KING WILLIAM'S BUILDING is the westernmost of the two, and contains the *Painted Hall*, with its vestibule, the great dining-hall of

the pensioners, and many other apartments. The rear-front of this building is of brick, relieved by quoins, window-cases, &c. of stone. Its architect was Sir John Vanburgh, who was Surveyor to the Hospital. In the centre is a tetrastyle frontispiece, of stone, of the Doric order, the columns of which are nearly six feet in diameter, and of proportionate height. At each end of this front is a pavilion crowned with a semicircular pediment; the tympanum of that at the northern extremity containing sculptured groups of marine trophies, with other devices. The north and south fronts are entirely of stone; the windows of the latter decorated with architraves and imposts rusticated, and the walls surmounted with cornices.

QUEEN MARY'S BUILDING, in which is the *Chapel* of the institution, is so nearly similar in external appearance to King William's, that the description given of the latter will almost equally apply to both. Indeed it has been seen, that both these structures are but parts of a single plan. We must, however, except from this remark the east front, which, though of stone, is in a very plain style as compared with the rest, and totally at variance with the corresponding elevation in the opposite building.

The *Entrances* to the Hospital are, at the north, or river front, by a plain iron gate, but

of a handsomer character on the east and west sides. The east gates, with their piers, form a noble breadth of iron-work; and the west, with their piers of stone, rusticated, and surmounted by stone globes of extraordinary size, are equally ornamental and appropriate. These globes are each six feet in diameter, the one celestial, the other terrestrial. On the former are inlaid with copper the equinoctial, ecliptic, tropics, and polar circles, with twenty-four meridians; and on the latter, the principal circles, with the parallels of latitude to every ten degrees in each hemisphere. They are obliquely placed, to agree with the latitude of the spot where they are elevated, and were delineated by Mr. Richard Oliver, formerly mathematical master of the academy at Greenwich.

The principal objects of interest in the interior of the Hospital, are, the PAINTED HALL, the CHAPEL, and the COUNCIL ROOM; which we shall proceed to describe.

The PAINTED HALL is approached by a vestibule, in the cupola of which is represented a compass, with all its points duly bearing; and in the covings, in chiaro-scuro, the four winds, with their attributes. Over the three doors are compartments, in chiaro-scuro,—supported by boys, supposed to be sons of poor seamen,—containing the names of the

several benefactors to the Hospital; and above, in a niche, is Charity. In the vestibule also is the model of an antique ship, presented by the late Lord Anson: the original, executed in marble, was found in the Villetta Mattea in the sixteenth century, and now stands before the church of Santa Maria at Rome, from hence called Santa Maria in Navicella.

From this vestibule, a flight of steps leads to the grand Saloon, or Hall, which is about one hundred and six feet long, fifty-six wide, and fifty high; ornamented throughout with a range of Corinthian pilasters, standing on a basement, and supporting a rich entablature. Between these pilasters, on the south side, are the windows, in two rows, the jambs of which are ornamented with roses empanelled: and in the corresponding recesses opposite are painted, in chiaro-scuro, the allegorical figures *Hospitalitas*, *Magnanimitas*, *Liberalitas*, *Miserecordia*, *Generositas*, *Bonitas*, *Benignitas*, *Humanitas*. The frieze round the Hall bears the inscription—

*Pietas augusta ut habitent secure et publice alantur qui publicæ securitati invigilarunt regia Grenovoci Mariæ auspiciis sublevandis nautis destinata regnantibus Gulielmo & Maria, MDCXCIV.*

Over the great arch at the west end, are the British Arms, supported by Mars and Minerva, finely executed: and beneath this arch stands



that mournful remembrance of British heroism, the *Funeral Car* of Nelson. The *Ceiling* is so fully described by Sir Richard Steele, in his *LOVER*, that it were impossible to do better than repeat his language:—

“In the middle is a very large oval frame, painted and carved in imitation of gold; the oval is fastened to a great suffite, adorned with roses in imitation of copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantic figures of slaves, four on each side, as though carved in stone: between the figures, thrown in heaps into a covering, are all manner of maritime trophies in metzo-relievo: as anchors, cables, rudders, masts, sails, blocks, sea-guns, sea-carriages, boats, pinnaces, oars, stretchers, colours, ensigns, pennants, drums, trumpets, bombs, mortars, small-arms, grenades, powder-barrels, fire-arrows, grappling-irons, cross-staves, quadrants, compasses, &c., all in stone colours, to give the greater beauty to the rest of the ceiling, which is more significant.

“About the oval, in the inside, are placed the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The six northern signs, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the north side of the oval; and the six southern signs, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, to the south; with three of them

in a groupe, as composing a quarter of a year. The signs have their altitudes, and their draperies are varied and adapted to the seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue;—the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, the red and flame-colour to the dog-days and Autumnal season, the white and cold to the Winter;—likewise the fruits and flowers of every season, as they succeed each other.

“ In the middle of the oval are represented King William and Queen Mary, sitting on a throne under a great pavilion, or purple canopy, attended by the cardinal virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice.

“ Over the Queen’s head is Concord, with the Fasces; at her feet two doves, denoting mutual concord and innocent agreement; with Cupid holding the King’s sceptre, while he is presenting Peace with the lamb and olive branch; and Liberty, expressed by the Athenian cap, to Europe, who, laying her crowns at his feet, receives them with an air of respect and gratitude. The King tramples Tyranny under his feet; which is expressed by a French personage, with his leaden crown falling off; his chains, yoke, and iron sword, broken to pieces, cardinal’s hat, triple-crowned mitres, &c., tumbling down. Just beneath, is Time bringing Truth to light: near which is a figure

of Architecture, holding a large drawing of part of the Hospital, and pointing up to the Royal Founders, attended by the little Genii of her art. Beneath her is Wisdom, and Heroic Virtue, represented by Pallas and Hercules, destroying Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Detraction, Calumny, with other vices, which seem to fall to the earth, the place of their more natural abode.

“ Over the royal pavilion is shewn, at a great height, Apollo in his golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, attended by the Horæ, and Morning dews falling before him, going his course through the twelve signs of the Zodiac; and from him the whole plafond, or ceiling, is enlightened.

“ Each end of the ceiling is raised in perspective, with a balustrade and elliptic arches, supported by groupes of stone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the Hall: in the middle of which gallery, (as though on the stocks,) is seen in perspective the tafferil of the Blenheim man of war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c.; to one side of which is Victory flying with spoils taken from the enemy. Before the ship is a figure representing the City of London, with the arms, sword, and cap of maintenance, supported by Thame and Isis, with other small rivers offering up their treasures

to her. In the gallery, on each side the ship, are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great Archimedes, many old philosophers consulting the compass, &c.

“ At the other end, as you return out of the Hall, is a gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is a stern of a beautiful galley filled with Spanish trophies. Under which is the Humber, with his pigs of lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her; with other lesser rivers. At the north end of the gallery is the famous Ticho Brahe, that noble Danish knight, and great ornament of his profession and human nature. Near him is Copernicus, with his Pythagorean system in his hand: next to him is an old Mathematician holding a large table; and on it are described two principal figures of the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton, on which many extraordinary things in that art are built. At the other end of the gallery, to the south, is our learned Mr. Flamstead, Reg. Astron. Profess., with his ingenious disciple, Mr. Thomas Weston. In Mr. Flamstead’s hand is a scroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipse of the sun that will happen in April — 1715:\* near him is an

\* It will be scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that Sir Richard Steele wrote towards the close of the seventeenth, and in the early part of the eighteenth centuries.



old man with a pendulum, counting the seconds of time, as Mr. Flamstead makes his observations, with his great mural arch and tube, on the descent of the moon on the Severn, which at certain times forms such a roll of the tides, as the sailors corruptly call the *Higre*, (instead of the *Eagre*,) and is very dangerous to all ships in its way. This is also expressed by rivers tumbling by the moon's influence into the Severn. In this gallery are more Arts and Sciences relating to Navigation.

“In the four angles of the ceiling, which are over the arches of the galleries, are the four elements, Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, represented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele, and Neptune, with their lesser deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, &c.

“At one end of the great oval is a large figure of Fame descending, riding on the winds, and sounding forth the praises of the Royal Pair. —“The whole raises in the spectator the most lively images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much passion and emotion.”

From the Saloon thus described by the pen of this celebrated writer, we ascend, by a second flight of steps, to the *Upper Hall*, the ceiling and sides of which are likewise adorned with paintings. In the four corners of the ceiling, are the arms of England, Scot-



land, France, and Ireland; between which are Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with the emblems and productions of each. In this ceiling also appear Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, accompanied by various emblematical figures. On the left hand, as we enter, is a painting in imitation of basso-relievo, representing the Landing of William III.; and on the right and left of the entrance are allegorical pictures of *The Public Weal* and *Public Safety*. Over the chimney, is the Landing of George the First at Greenwich; and, at the farther end of the Hall, portraits of the same monarch and his family; with many emblematical figures, among which is a portrait, introduced by himself, of the painter, Sir James Thornhill.

The whole of this grand series of Paintings occupied from 1708 to 1727, or nineteen years, in the execution, and cost £6685; estimated at the rate of £3 per yard for the ceiling, and £1 per yard for the sides.

The original interior of the CHAPEL was destroyed by fire on the 2nd of January, 1779; and was consequently restored, in the most elegant style of Grecian architecture, from designs by James Stuart, Esq., then Surveyor to the Hospital, and author of the "Antiquities of Athens." The entrance is by an octangular

vestibule; in which are four niches, occupied by statues, from designs by West, of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Meekness, executed in artificial stone at Coade's manufactory, Lambeth. By a flight of fourteen steps, we ascend to the chief portal, over which, in letters of gold, is that appropriate passage from the Psalms:—“*Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy.*” Within, this portal is seen to consist of an architrave, frieze, and cornice, of statuary marble, the jambs of which are twelve feet high, in single pieces, and enriched with excellent sculpture. The frieze, by Bacon, consists of two angels, with festoons, supporting the Sacred Writings. The folding doors are of mahogany, highly carved. A portico of six fluted marble columns, fifteen feet high, with Ionic capitals and bases, after Greek models, completes the interior view of this entrance. The columns support the organ-gallery, and are crowned with an entablature and balustrade, enriched with suitable ornaments.

At the sides of the organ-gallery are four grand columns; their shafts of Scagliola, by Richter, and their capitals and bases of statuary marble. At the opposite end of the chapel are four similar columns, which, together with the four first, support the arched ceiling and roof.

These columns are of the Corinthian order, and, without their pedestals, are twenty-eight feet in height.

Against the sides of the Chapel, between the upper and lower ranges of windows, are the two galleries, in which are pews for the officers of the institution and their families; those of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, which are opposite each other, being distinguished by the naval crown, and other suitable insignia. Underneath these galleries, and the cantilivers supporting them, are ranges of fluted pilasters. The cantilivers are decorated with antique foliage; the entablature over the pilasters with marine ornaments; the interval between them with festoons, &c.; and the pedestals of the balustrade in front of the galleries with tridents and wreaths. The tablets in the middle of each balustrade contain the hospital arms, by Coade, and the frieze below is carved with foliage in the Greek mode. Over the lower range of windows are paintings, by Rebecca and other artists, in chiaro-scuro, of the principal events in the life of our Saviour, which are accompanied with the ornaments of candelabra and festoons.

Above the galleries is a richly-carved stone fascia, on which stands a range of pilasters of the Composite order, their shafts of Scagliola,

and appearing, jointly with the eight great columns, to support the epistylum which surrounds the whole chapel. This epistylum is enriched with angels, bearing festoons of oak-leaves, dolphins, shells, and other suitable ornaments. From this rises the curved ceiling, which is divided into compartments, and decorated with foliage, golochi, &c. in the antique style. In the recesses between the upper pilasters are painted, in chiaro-scuro, the Apostles and Evangelists.

At each end of the galleries are concave recesses, the coves of which are ornamented with coffers and flowers in stone; and in these recesses are the doors of entrance to the galleries, decorated with enriched pilasters and entablatures, and a group of ornaments, consisting of the naval crown, wreaths of laurel, and tridents. Above the doors are circular recesses, containing paintings, in chiaro-scuro, of the Prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Moses, and Daniel.

The Communion-table is a semi-oval slab of statuary marble, nearly eight feet long. The ascent to it is by three steps of black marble, on the uppermost of which is fixed an ornamented railing, representing festoons of ears of corn and vine foliage. The table stands on a white marble base, and is supported



by six cherubim, executed by Coade: on each side are two elegant candelabra. Above is a painting by West, in a superb frame, representing *The Preservation of St. Paul from Shipwreck on the island of Melita*.

This picture is twenty-five high, and fourteen wide, and consists of three principal groups. The first, or fore-ground group, represents the mariners and prisoners bringing on shore the various articles which have been preserved from the wreck. Near them is an elegant figure, supposed to be a Roman lady of distinction, clasping with affection an urn containing the ashes of her deceased husband, who had fallen in the wars of Judæa: and before her is an aged, infirm man, carried in the arms of two robust younger ones. The chief group occupies the centre of the picture: and here we behold St. Paul himself, shaking into the fire the viper that had fastened on his hand; the brethren who had accompanied him; his friend the Centurion; and a band of Roman soldiers, with their proper insignia. The figures above, on the summits of the rocks, form the third group; and consist of the hospitable islanders, lowering down fuel and other necessaries for the relief of the mariners. The sea and wrecked ship, (which at this point of time are to be considered as an episode,) appear in



the back-ground: the whole combining to form a scene, that can scarcely fail in its due effect upon the minds of sea-faring men; impressing them with a sense of their past preservations, and their present comfortable situation and support in this noble asylum for naval misfortune and naval worth.

On either side the arch which surmounts this grand altar-piece, are angels of statuary marble, of the full size of the human form, by Bacon; one bearing the cross, the other the emblems of the eucharist. Still above, in the segment between the great cornice and the ceiling, is a painting of the Ascension, designed by West, and executed, in chiaro-scuro, by Rebecca; forming the last of the series of paintings, of the life of our Saviour, which surround the Chapel.

The middle of the aisle, and the space round the altar and organ-gallery, are paved with black and white marble, in golochi, frets, and other ornaments; having, in the centre, an anchor and a seaman's compass.

The pulpit is circular, supported by six fluted columns of lime-tree, with a richly carved entablature. In the inter-columns are alto-relievos, designed by West, and executed by Coade, on scriptural subjects. The reader's desk is square, with columns at the angles, an entablature similar to that of the pulpit, and

alto-relievos of the same description in the inter-columns.

The Chapel altogether is one hundred and eleven feet long, and fifty-two broad, and capable of conveniently accommodating one thousand pensioners, nurses, &c. exclusively of the pews for the Directors and Officers.

The COUNCIL ROOM adjoins the Governor's apartments in King Charles's Building, and is so called as being the room in which a *council* is held weekly by the Officers of the Hospital, and in which the Directors occasionally meet to regulate its affairs. In this room are several paintings, of which the most important are the following:

George the Second, in his robes, by Shackleton.

King William, and Queen Mary, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Edward, the first Earl of Sandwich, by Sir Peter Lely.

Head of a venerable Old Man, one of the first Pensioners admitted into the Hospital.\*

Representation of the burning of the Royal James, of one hundred guns, in the Battle of Solebay, 1672. Supposed by Vandevelt.

\* John Worley, a native of Wales, admitted in 1704-5, died in 1721, aged 97.

Engagement between Hawke and Conflans, Nov. 20th, 1759. Serris.

The *Anti-Chamber* to this apartment contains a bust of Lord Hawke, and various paintings of naval exploits. The most remarkable of the latter are two large pieces, representing engagements, in the reign of Charles II., between Captain Thomas Harman, of the *Tiger* frigate, and the Dutch: in the first of which the English commander is successfully repelling the efforts of eight privateers to deprive him of a large fleet of colliers placed under his convoy; and in the other he is capturing a Dutch man of war, which he towed into the harbour of Cadiz, in sight of a squadron of the enemy's ships there riding.

The parts undescribed of this extensive fabric, include the commodious apartments of the Officers, and the various wards of the Pensioners and Nurses. The Pensioners comprehend boatswains, mates, and private seamen; to the first of whom is allowed, weekly, 2s. 6d., to the second 1s. 6d., and to the last 1s., for pocket money: the present number of these within the walls, is about two thousand three hundred and fifty. There are besides an indefinite number of Out-pensioners. Of the Nurses there are about one hundred and fifty on the foundation, who are all widows of

seamen, and are required to be at least forty-five years of age at the time of their admission. The Hospital diet is liberal, and the general appearance of its inmates, particularly of such as have not received any extraordinary wounds in the service, remarkably healthy.

Admission to this grand national institution may be obtained daily, the hours allotted to Divine service on Sundays only excepted: and a small fee to the proper attendants secures a sight of every object worthy inspection within the different buildings.

MINUTES  
OF A  
POST-TOUR FROM PARIS TO NAPLES:  
COMMUNICATED IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

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[Publication was unthought of by the writer of the following Minutes. They profess not, as will be obvious at once, to convey a regular description of a single place or object. They disclose simply the current of the narrator's thoughts and feelings, as he travelled, almost without intermission, through a wide and highly interesting tract of country, of which he had more reason to regret what he could not, than to be pleased with what he could see. Yet their easy but *piquant* style gave a pleasure in the perusal to the Editor, which he is anxious to communicate to his readers.]

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*Naples, 21st June, 1824.*

MY DEAR S——

I am then absolutely separated from you all by an interval of nearly fourteen hundred miles!—divided by the sea, the Alps, and the Apennines!—with I know not how many states of different denominations, kingdoms, dukedoms, popedoms, republics, lying between us. During my long journey, performed in the short space of nine days and a half, I have seen divers curiosities of nature



and art, with many fair cities and goodly prospects. You will not imagine, however, that I had much time to devote to the examination of the interesting objects which presented themselves to my eyes, like water to the lips of Tantalus, and disappeared almost ere I could cast a glance at them: the cities, mountains, plains, and all that I have seen, passing before me as in a panorama, have left my imagination and memory in a state of confusion: I will endeavour, notwithstanding, to collect my scattered ideas, and give you a sketch of all my adventures.

To begin then with the outset. Exactly as the deep-toned bells of the ancient towers of Notre Dame announced that the 7th of June had terminated and the 8th of June commenced, I stepped into the carriage charged with the high office of conveying me and sundry other valuable effects from the residence of the Baron \_\_\_\_\_ at Paris, to that of his brother Baron at Naples, transformed for the occasion (for what important purposes you know) into an *Austrian Courier*, and furnished with that most indispensable article for foreign travel, a huge passport, recommending all authorities to render me aid and assistance. I had three companions, viz. an attendant Courier, and a green parroquet, and black English terrier, belonging

to the Courier; all in high spirits—much more so than myself. At a quarter past twelve, the Rue d'Artois re-echoed the *claquement* of the postilion's whip, and we were *en route*: the day had been very fine, and the moon shone with silvery brightness. I was unromantic enough to gaze on the lofty mansions, and the trees, as we rolled down the Boulevard, hardly caring about the moon beyond the convenience of her light, and without one single poetical image crossing my mind, which however was far from unoccupied. On quitting Paris, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and composed myself to sleep in a corner of the vehicle: if you will take your map, you may join me at Melun in the morning, or else at Montereau, where we stopped ten minutes to get a cup of coffee. Of these halts, during the journey, I availed myself to procure, though sometimes with difficulty, a basin of water and a towel.

We continued our journey through a flat country, tolerably pleasant, without any remarkable features, watered by the Youne, a wide but shallow river, beside which the road runs for a considerable distance. We passed through Sens, a considerable town, with a cathedral, not apparently very interesting, but that might have delayed me an hour had my journey been one of pleasure. We were now

entering the plains of Burgundy; which however can hardly be called plains with propriety, as they consist in fact of gently rising slopes, all clothed with vines, and presenting a most luxuriant picture. We stopped to dine at Villeneuve le Roi; where is a very good inn, with a fine garden, for both which the host is desirous to reimburse himself. He charged us for dinner sixteen francs, about 13s. 4d. English, including four francs for a bottle of Beaune wine, not very good, and quite new. This is a proof of the excessive *cheapness* of every thing in France!—you will remember that we were not travelling as *Milords Anglais*, or we should in all probability have paid more. Our route still lay through a country principally occupied by vineyards, accompanying the river, to Joigny, a large good-looking town. Here the Canal de Bourgogne joins the Yonne, and the road, turning to the left, continues by its side through Tonnerre and Nuits, both celebrated for their wines. Near the latter place we passed about midnight by a most venerable-looking but deserted Chateau, the immense stables of which are converted into the Poste aux Chevaux: the road ran across the lawn, the old grey building, and the noble trees in which it was embowered, forming altogether a most magnificent picture in the still moonlight, while

the silence of night was only broken by the rolling of our carriage. With regard to vineyards, those of France would probably disappoint your expectations in point of beauty, the vines being kept only about the height of two or three feet from the ground, and looking exactly like currant-bushes. The country now becomes more hilly, and a long and steep descent conducts to Val Suzon, a small town, the site of which resembles the bed of a deep lake, whose rocky shores have been forsaken by the waters. The road by which we left it, is still more steep and difficult: after nearly an hour's climbing, with two additional horses, always upon the borders of a precipice, the town was still below us, apparently so near that we might have thrown a stone into it from the brow of the hill.

This day we did not stop to breakfast, but arrived about one o'clock at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy. This city, formerly so rich in objects of architectural interest, suffered much in the Revolution; the ancient tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, formed of Parian marble, having been totally destroyed, while the cathedral and other buildings suffered great injury. Here I was led to expect the finest steeple in Europe: the French are pretty careless as to what exists elsewhere, when their own productions are in question. I recalled my remembrances of



Salisbury, in order to judge how far inferior it might be to this at Dijon, which is said to be three hundred and seventy-five French feet in elevation, besides another in the same city of three hundred. I suppose however that these steeples were hidden by some *high buildings*; for I only saw one, which was neat, but could not be that which they describe as “à coup sur la plus belle flèche qui soit en Europe.” I should have taken it to be about one hundred and eighty, or perhaps two hundred feet high. I would willingly have passed a day or two at Dijon,—but we dined, and hurried on.

Towards evening we passed through the finest avenue of poplars I ever saw; indeed, almost the finest avenue of trees of any description that I have seen: its length could not be less than three miles, and its line perfectly straight; the trees not less than two feet in diameter, of amazing height, and planted at equal distances. We were now entering the Jura Mountains, and passed at midnight a most frightful-looking town called Salins, built apparently before architecture was invented. Here four horses dragged us with difficulty up the hill by which the road passes: and we were thence jolted over an infamously stony way, quarrelling all the while with rascally



postillions, till we arrived in the morning at Pontarlier, where we breakfasted.

The frontiers of Switzerland were now not far before us, and the country was beginning to assume a Swiss aspect. The road ran through deep defiles, amidst lofty pine-covered mountains, their sides gushing with springs, while the summit of a Swiss mountain, crested with snow, rose in the distance. We arrived at Jougne, where is the last French custom-house. It is a place that seems designed by nature for a frontier-town, an immense perpendicular wall of rocks enclosing it to the north and south, and through them being the only visible inlet and outlet. The number of travellers *via* Jougne is generally small; but there happened this day to have been more posting than usual. Consequently, no postillion being procurable, the post-master, after some delay, agreed to drive us. He appeared, forming one of the most ludicrous figures imaginable. He was a tall, well-looking, fat man, clothed in a nankeen jacket and trowsers, without waistcoat or neck-cloth, and his shirt-bosom open. Over his trowsers he had put on a pair of *leggings*, which, in consequence of certain straps being deficient, were curiously laced with string; and on his head he wore an enormous flat straw-hat. Altogether, previously to casing his lower limbs

in leather, he looked like a caricature of a West Indian planter in the Jamaica dog-days; and when mounted, even the natives stopped to eye him with surprise, particularly after a heavy shower had added numberless shades of colour to his nankeen habiliments. He drove rapidly down the rocky steep which leads from Jougne, to a flat slip at the foot of the hills belonging to France: here a stone marks the boundaries of the two countries, and the air I breathed in passing it seemed more pure and free.

In place of arguing with lovers of monarchy,—such as are the French,—I should like to lead them through the borders of France and Switzerland. In the rich, luxuriant provinces of the former, the poverty of the inhabitants contrasted strongly with the wealth of the soil: in the latter, comparatively poor in natural productions, the people seemed easy and independent. The country wore an English appearance; and the physiognomy of the Swiss themselves, I thought, resembled the English much more than it did that of their neighbours. Instead of the wide, neglected roads we passed over in France, the ways were here only of sufficient width, but in excellent order, and running between well-cut hedges and comfortable looking houses. Indeed, excepting the wilder features, the whole, both in cultivation

and general aspect, bore a close resemblance to England.

It was not long ere we entered upon a most charming, a most grand stretch of landscape, to whose features I cannot pretend to do the remotest justice in description. Behind us, forming part of a circle to the right and left, were the dark hills we had passed, with their black waving fringe of wood. Below, lay the fertile plain of the Pays de Vaud; beyond which, the Lake of Neufchatel extended till it mingled with the horizon: while, to the right of the Lake, the huge mountains of Savoy rose in every fantastic form, here mixing with the clouds, there glittering in the sun, their summits all covered with snow, except where an enormous brown peak projected in parts from the white masses, having been either cleared by the winds, or being too steep to receive the general mantle of its fellows. At one o'clock we reached Orbe, and stopped at the *William Tell*, whose statue adorns the market-place. I know not whether the fine prospects, &c. &c. were additional stimulants, but certainly I had an excellent appetite for a good dinner, and an equally good glass of wine.

Here we were delayed by want of horses, in consequence of the great number of English on the road, and were obliged at last to make two

stages with tired ones. These brought us to Lausanne, a delightful-looking town, with numerous charming country-seats around it, and the noble lake at its foot. The road hence took the entire north side of this magnificent expanse of water; and the hills which bounded it were covered with vines, growing on little terraces, which form their sides, as it were, into so many staircases, every little patch of ground being taken advantage of. The wind was high, and the lake seemed fretting and swelling as in imitation of the ocean. I have heard that there are sometimes pretty violent storms upon its surface; and that while such were raging, it was an especial delight of Lord Byron to sail upon it.

We now crossed the "arrowy Rhone," not far from the place at which it falls into the lake, and, as it is said, traverses it without mixing with its waters. The road turning to the left, we entered the valley of the river, for whose "blue rushing," and the road beside it, the lofty mountains in some parts barely leave room. Near St. Maurice, a magnificent cascade is formed by the Salanche, a less important river, which falls in a vast sheet of foam and spray from a perpendicular height of about three hundred feet. Here we were in the Vallais, and stopped to breakfast at Sion, the



chief town, not remarkable except for those miserable objects called *Cretins*, the very lowest class of idiots, some of whom are insensible even to blows. We saw also many persons afflicted with the *goitre*. Above the town, on a lofty rock, stands an old castle, and, on another rock, the ruins of a second, wearing the appearance of much antiquity, and which I would fain have visited.

This was the fourth day of our journey. We had experienced extreme heat in Burgundy, but the weather was now become very cool, and heavy rain fell the whole day. Our route still lay between towering mountains, snow-capped, the Rhone constantly by our side, although we crossed it four or five times. This valley was the principal scene of the brave but unavailing struggle made against the overpowering numbers of the invading French in 1798. In summer the reflected heat here is very great: the fruits almost of the torrid zone ripen within view of eternal ice and snow. Some have attributed the *goitre* and cretinism to the stagnant air confined at the bottom of these valleys. In this part of the country, German, or a sort of German, is spoken; but as the traveller is not supposed to be provided with it, French is preserved for his use. At one of the Post-houses I noticed the inscription, "Post à Shi-



val;" the latter word being, as I imagined, a Germanico-Helvetico mode of writing *cheval*. The Rhone here at times becomes a marsh, while at others it is a rapid torrent; and the valley at some places opens so as to admit of its being skirted by a few meadows, at others contracts so as scarcely to allow it to pass. The sides of the mountains are clothed with wood and vineyards up to the very limits of vegetation; and studded with white cottages and cabins at almost every height—frequently in situations, which, to any one but a Swiss mountaineer, would seem absolutely inaccessible—nay, how some of them can be reached, except on hands and knees, I am at a loss to conceive. I was amused by my companion the Courier's applying the common French colloquial expression, "*la-bas*," to a house perched some thousand feet above our heads: but, with a Parisian, every position, high or low, is "*la-bas*."

About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Brigg, a town at the foot of the mountains of the Simplon, the most tremendous of the passes between Italy and the north of Europe. Here we halted to go through the ceremony of dinner, which, in travelling, one acquires a habit of performing every day, at least if opportunities offer. At Brigg, the

gigantic elevations which had hitherto afforded us a passage between their bases, closed in a semicircle before us, as if to form an insurmountable obstacle to our farther progress. On looking however to the right hand, southward, we perceived a road lying and winding like a thread round the side of the mountain, till it was lost in a black forest of pines. This is the celebrated work of the Simplon, one of the most striking proofs of the contempt in which Napoleon held what common mortals call impossibilities. The road he found here was practicable only on foot or on horse-back, in many places presenting only a foot-width between a precipice and a perpendicular rock; and travellers were carried along it by Alpine chairmen, or by mules whom it was necessary to abandon to their instinctive prudence. At present, the heaviest carriages pass by a magnificent highway, cut as a shelf on the sides of the rocks, which are in several instances pierced by a sort of grotto, or gallery, to afford a passage. I regretted much that it was so late as four o'clock in the afternoon when we began to ascend: the rain, however, which had fallen heavily the whole morning, was obliging enough to disperse: I was happy therefore in an opportunity of escaping from the carriage, and walking by its side for an

hour, which enabled me to enjoy the prospects to more advantage. They were magnificent beyond description. All around were mountains piled on mountains, their summits presenting peaks and plains of snow, which dazzled the eye by reflecting the sunshine; while half-way down hung precipices, rocks, and woods, mingled in wild confusion; and, far below, lay the valley we had traversed, the Rhone looking like a silver line, and the town of Brigg resembling a collection of play-thing houses, which one might have fancied could be taken in the hand. The evening closed in as we were still climbing, to my extreme annoyance.

About midnight we had reached the greatest elevation of this grand road, which is, I believe, nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The rain had again begun to fall in torrents, enveloping us as in a sheet of the thickest mist or cloud. When this had cleared, the effect of the entire scene around us was indeed awfully impressive. My fellow-traveller, (who was on his forty-fourth journey between Paris and Naples,) was comfortably asleep; and the postillions were walking beside their horses, guiding them by low moaning cries: but, for me, I was wholly absorbed in the wild grandeur of the surrounding objects, which,

but half visible beneath the faint light of the moon, presented just such a mixture of illumination and obscurity, as is in the highest degree favourable to the sublime. Snow having fallen the day previously, the huge mountain rising almost perpendicularly on our left was mantled with it to its summit, which was lost in a wreath of clouds. On the right, a precipice of snow gradually darkened into a black yawning abyss, whose horrid depths the eye sought in vain to fathom. The mountain torrents, swollen by the rains, were thundering into the valleys around with deafening clamour; some from above, some from below, some from beneath the masses of snow beside us. Beyond the hideous clefts we were toiling round, the sight was carried over long whitened plains, or met by the black side of a mountain wholly devoid of vegetation, against whose towering mass the patches and lines of snow created an infinity of forms. My fancy made of them gigantic figures of monks and spectres, armed warriors, and dames in flowing robes; and had the Alps been the country of Ossian, I could have *named* as I imagined them starting into life, indignant that such puny beings as ourselves should intrude within their savage haunts.

We passed the summits, and, after descending for a while, reached the village of the



Simplon, at which, I am told, is one of the best inns in the country. I needed no such recommendation, in order to long to take up my quarters at it, and thence wander at will amidst the surrounding wonders of nature. Here we changed horses, and descended towards Piedmont. I should have mentioned, that, near the highest point, we passed a noble building commenced by Napoleon, and intended by him as a hospital for travellers:—it has remained untouched since his time. Near are the ruins of a convent, which was formerly appropriated to a similar purpose.

During the winter the pass of the Simplon is little frequented by travellers, who at that time generally take the road by mount Cenis and Turin: but there is a great traffic the year round of horses and mules loaded with merchandise. The depth of the snows, or the falling of avalanches and vast fragments of rock from the mountains, frequently obstructs the passage for days together; and the road is already in want of more efficient repairs than are now bestowed upon it, notwithstanding that there is a turnpike at which a large sum must be annually collected. I think we paid about twenty francs toll. The works on the north side were executed by French engineers; those on the south by engineers of the kingdom of Italy



under French command. The latter had greater difficulties to contend with than the former; the rocks on the southern elevation being much harder than the northern, and the descent less winding and more rapid.

Near Gondo, a village on the descent, a chapel marks the boundaries of Switzerland and Italy. At Isella we arrived at the custom-house of the King of Sardinia. From thence to Domo d'Ossola, the road is accompanied by the most wild and terrific scenery that can be imagined. Between two walls of naked rocks, of immense height, there is just sufficient space for it, and a torrent which foams, tumbles, and chafes over large fragments that have fallen into its bed, or around huge points projecting into its waters. Heaps of stones, lying in the way, reminded us that the passenger is sometimes in danger of being crushed by their fall; and the frightful rocks, towering on both sides, seemed to have *yawned* into the cleft we were traversing, in order to close again and crush us ere we could reach its outlet. In truth, it is difficult to conceive any thing more horrible than these gorges; which, however, before reaching Domo d'Ossola, widen occasionally so as to admit, on either side, patches of ground, with a few white cottages and vineyards. The vines here are trained to the height of six or

eight feet from the surface, from square stone pillars.

At Domo d'Ossola, our passports were carried to the Commandant, who was still in bed, it not being much past five o'clock. He gave his *visé* as we were couriers: otherwise, he said, we must have waited till he rose at seven. Here we looked back upon the mountains from which we had issued; and proceeded to enter upon a well-cultivated country, with numerous vineyards, the peasants every where leading their cattle to pasture by the road-side. Many of these country people were *goitreux*: having throats as large as that of a moderate-sized bull in England; and every one, man, woman, and child, carried an enormous cotton umbrella.

Passing over two handsome bridges, and paying toll at each, (a custom, you perceive, not peculiar to England,) we reached the borders of the delightful Lago Maggiore. At the inn where we breakfasted, were two or three English carriages; and we observed various other traces of English travellers. The road coasts the Lake, and gives a fine view of the Borromean Islands, floating, as it were, upon its glassy surface. On the right were cliffs, crowned with verdure, which supply the north of Italy, particularly Milan, with magnificent materials for architecture: on one of these

stands a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromée. We now met with the olive-tree; and found the inhabitants busily employed in stripping the mulberry-trees of their leaves, for feeding silk-worms: after undergoing this operation, the naked boughs contrast strangely with the full-leaving of the trees around them, as not a twig is left covered.

After making half the circuit of the Lago Maggiore, we crossed the Tessin, by a ferry, close to its opening into the lake, and landed at Sesto Calende, in the Italian dominions of Austria. Our road thence lay across a perfect level, whose southern boundary was the horizon, increasing in richness and luxuriance at every step. Beggars here were abundant, and the inhabitants in general appeared in a wretched state of poverty, in spite of all the wealth of nature surrounding them. The roads were excellent; notwithstanding which, we proceeded with less rapidity than on any day since our departure from Paris.

The spires of Milan cathedral were at length before us, and we entered that city between six and seven in the evening. Here we were delayed two or three hours, before the necessary formalities of the passport could be gone through; and having now an opportunity, after five days' privation, to avail myself of the use

of the razor, &c. &c., those luxuries were appreciated by me in their fullest extent, as they can only be by such as have been similarly situated. Notwithstanding the lateness of my arrival, I was pleased with so much as I could see of Milan. It appeared a fine city: the streets narrow, but very clean, and the houses noble and lofty. The paving is rather peculiar; the carriage-way having lines of flag-stones for the wheels to run upon, so that they proceed with little resistance, and almost without noise. The streets were crowded with people, particularly before the fronts of the coffee-houses; and the guitars, and the singing, in every corner, would have sufficed to announce to us that we were in Italy.

Leaving Milan about nine o'clock, we reached Lodi, famous for the *affair* (as the French call it) of Buonaparte with the Austrians; and, early in the morning, crossed the Po by a ferry which floods at times render impassable. This brought us into the dominions of the Ex-empress of France, now Duchess of Parma and Piacenza. Piacenza, which we entered immediately upon crossing the Po, is a large, dull city, built of brick, and wearing a forlorn and deserted appearance. The ducal palace is a vast, and very lofty, but strange-looking edifice.

We continued our route through a plain. The vines here are trained in the manner usual in Italy, that is, in festoons from tree to tree, and form a very rich picture. Crossing several fine bridges, over rivers that are nearly dry in summer, but swell to torrents in the winter, we passed through Castel Guelfo, whence the party of the Guelfs, and the present royal family of England, are said to have taken name. The Alps, now lying far behind us, still were at so short a distance in appearance, that we seemed almost at their feet. On our right was the chain of the Apennines, which, though it accompanied us to the end of our journey, we shaped our course to avoid as much as possible. I had heard of the beauty of the Italian peasantry, of their fine figures, elegant mode of dress, &c.: but though I saw *some* good-looking girls, the women in general, worn and disfigured by the scorching sun, and hard labour in the fields, were not such as I was blessed with the taste to call handsome.—We breakfasted at Parma, a fine city, celebrated for its theatre, but more interesting to the bibliomaniac as the residence of Bodoni, the printer, whose productions are among the most magnificent that ever issued from the press of any country or any age.

Entering the dominions of the Duke of Modena, and very speedily arriving at his



capital, we honoured him so far as to dine at a very handsome inn, his property. On the stair-case was an inscription, (not, I hope, intended to be addressed to the English,) warning the guests that the laws of the country prohibit water from being thrown from the windows. Modena possesses a noble library, and a university: a fine collection of pictures, which formerly embellished it, was sold to the King of Poland. The territory of this mighty Duke did not afford us a very extended journey: long before evening we reached its boundaries, marked by several large square buildings, at which his dignity and finances require the establishment of corps-de-garde, douane, passport-offices, &c. It is really ludicrous to see these little states, with their pomp, their armies, and all the other encumbrances of great nations, distressing their subjects for the maintenance of a body of troops, who might serve a detachment of an English or French army for breakfast. But the armed force is the only instrument for keeping order, of which the least idea exists on the continent: I am only astonished that their judges do not wear swords on the bench.

A Dogana, bearing the Keys and Triple Crown, announced that we were entering the temporalities of the successors of St. Peter; which, however, we should very soon have

learned, from the increased number of priests and beggars, and from the appearance of the inhabitants, even more ragged and miserable than that of any we had previously seen. Pursuing our journey, through a country growing more rich and fertile as we advanced, we reached Bologna late in the evening,—the most learned city in Italy, large, old-fashioned, with piazzas on both sides its streets, and, it is said, a very agreeable place of residence for strangers. The brother of the king of Naples had arrived here in the morning, and was to take the road to Florence next day. He required sixty post-horses; so that the stations on the other roads were deprived of theirs', to reinforce those by which he passed. No private traveller was allowed horses that day from Bologna, but an exception was made in favour of *couriers*. There are various remarkable objects in this city, such as one looks to meet with in Italy; towers, churches, tombs, pictures, &c. The cathedral contains the celebrated meridian drawn by Cassini. Leaving the place, I was astonished to find myself accompanied on both sides of the road by an arcade, three miles in length, leading from the city to a monastery.

We passed in the night through several handsome-looking towns—Imola Faenza, Forli, &c.—and reached Rimini in the morning.

Here are considerable remains of antiquity, which I vainly sighed to examine. Our road now lay near the Adriatic Sea, and we reached Pesaro to dinner;—a decent town, but greatly infested with beggars. Near this place we passed the villa for some time occupied by the late Queen of England; a noble mansion, with fine grounds, and charmingly situated; close by is a house inhabited by Bergami. Farro, now a dirty and poor-looking sea-port, would have repaid a short stay, had that been possible, by its vestiges of ancient Roman splendour.

We could no longer avoid the Apennines. Our road lay to the right, quitting the sea, by the ancient *Via Flaminia*. Ere long we reached the heart of the mountains, by the tremendous pass of the Furlo, a prodigious monument of the power and enterprise of the Romans. The rock is cut by the chisel to a vast extent; and although the mountains could not compare in point of altitude with the Alps, there was a boldness in the entire scenery, which produced almost as great an effect on me as the passage of the Simplon. There was generally a parapet between us and the precipices, which skirted the road, with every where a torrent at their feet: but, parapet or no parapet, the postillions, (four horses being necessary through the mountains,) all drove like madmen, up hill

and down hill, in the bottoms, round huge projecting rocks,—almost constantly at full gallop. This lasted the whole night. We changed horses at some wild-looking towns, and in the morning reached Foligno.

Here we got something they called coffee, but which we could by no means drink, being happy to procure sour wine in its place, together with good bread, for breakfast. We were in a fine country, wild, but containing rich plains and delightful prospects; every where, too, presenting objects of interest to the antiquarian. I had for some distance past remarked the beauty of the oxen, which alone were employed in drawing the carts and heavy carriages: they were all of a kind of grey, or whitish mouse-colour, and most of them had horns of extraordinary size. I forgot to mention the immense number of glow-worms, which, during the night, covered all the banks; as well as the fire-flies, that were darting in all directions, like scintillations from fire-works, producing a most brilliant appearance. I was not before aware that the fire-fly existed in Europe.

We passed Spoleto, and, with the assistance of two oxen, climbed the highest mountain of this part of the Apennines, the Somma: whence we descended into a rich plain, covered with olive-trees, and reached Terni. At this place



we received the *pleasing* intelligence, that two Austrian officers had a short time before been attacked, at no great distance, by eight or ten banditti; and that, though they succeeded in beating off the assailants, one of them had been severely wounded. We advanced, however, by Narni, Otricoli, &c., and arrived, about five o'clock in the morning, without meeting with any brigands, and inconvenienced only by jolting over bad roads, at Rome.

And now can you figure to yourself how I was annoyed by the consciousness, that I must hurry from a place so rich in all that could excite associations of the highest interest, in at most five or six hours, that is, so soon as the signature of the Neapolitan minister could be affixed to our passports?—Determining, however, to make the best possible use of the time afforded me, it was not long ere I stood, breathless with haste and eagerness of expectation, before St. Peter's! Full was I of recollections of descriptions, and prints, and views; and not less so of Mr. Eustace's account of the enthusiastic veneration with which he trod the Basilicon, with its colonnade, and its obelisks, and its fountains. Will you believe me?—I was disappointed. Mr. Eustace's book seems written principally as an eulogium on the catholic churches of Italy; and his account



of St. Peter's is the most exaggerated description I ever read. Do not mistake my meaning: St. Peter's is a most sublime object: but I had formed higher conceptions of it than were met by the reality. I did not remain long in the court, but hurried into the interior; for, though still not much past six in the morning, mass was performing in various chapels. Within, I had no time to look at objects singly: the gorgeous decorations, the paintings, the marbles, the gilding, form a mass of richness almost beyond imagination: in that respect, all my previous ideas were surpassed. But it was as a building that St. Peter's did not answer my expectations: nor am I quite singular, I think, in considering St. Paul's its superior in point of architectural effect. You cannot, as in the glory of Protestant Europe, embrace the vast mass of St. Peter's in a single idea; and this circumstance detracts very much from its apparent magnitude. The dome is much larger than that of St. Paul's: and yet, when standing under it, I could hardly persuade myself that such was the fact, or at least that the difference was so great as it really is. Among the crowd of objects in the interior, each requiring to be separately viewed, I had only time to single out the High Altar, the bronze statue of St. Peter (whose toe is worn

flat by the kisses of its adorers,) and one or two tombs, including that of Cardinal D'Yorck, the last of the Stuarts, which was erected, I believe, at the expense of the present King of England. I left St. Peter's, as a hungry man who at a sumptuous dinner had just snapped a crust of bread, and hurried to the Pantheon, rushing into a church or two by the way.—And the Pantheon, though diminutive in comparison with St. Peter's, with its moss-grown granite columns, marked by the hand of time and barbarism, produced an effect on me infinitely beyond it. But, wanting leisure to indulge reflection, I hastened away to the columns of Trajan and Antoninus—to the Barberini Palace—to another church or two—to the principal Street, the Corso—and thus completed my view of Rome. At half-past twelve, our pass-ports being ready, and dinner dispatched, (for I had been *gourmand* enough to leave antiquity-hunting in time to satisfy my appetite,) we were again upon our way.

The Coliseum was passed, (not without a deep sigh on my part,) in our leave-taking. The country beyond Rome interests in no common degree by its monuments of departed grandeur, though it presents a lamentable contrast in all that regards its present state. In summer, the immediate vicinity is rendered

almost uninhabitable by the *mal aria*, which however does not extend so far southward as Albano, a most charming spot, the summer retreat of many of the citizens. At Velletri are some fine modern buildings, and a delightful country. Hence the road approaches the mountains, and is frequently infested by banditti, notwithstanding that there are guard-houses, distant not more than a quarter of a mile from each other, all the way to the Pontine Marshes. Conceiving ourselves valuable articles, we procured an escort at Velletri of two of his Pontifical Majesty's dragoons; good-looking fellows, possessing apparently every qualification for capital soldiers, except, as I was inclined to suspect, the rather necessary one of courage: however, if ten, or twenty, or even thirty banditti had fallen upon us, they would have been able to ride away to alarm the next post. The late Cardinal Gonsalvi rendered travelling here somewhat more safe, by cutting down all the woods to some distance from the road-sides: so that the robbers cannot now lurk in readiness to spring upon passing carriages, but, in the day time at least, must be perceived before they can make their attack. We reached the Pontine Marshes in safety in the evening—thanks to the terrors inspired by our valiant escort.

The Pontine Marshes present a very extraordinary view. An avenue perfectly straight, and without visible termination until it unites with the horizon, extends in front : on the right, a dark forest intervenes between the spectator and the sea : and on the left, at the distance of about two miles, runs the chain of the Apennines. After a while, the road proceeds betwixt two canals, which carry off a part of the stagnant waters that render the air almost pestiferous. Yet the marshes are not quite so noxious to human life as they were formerly, some small progress having been made in draining them. Still, however, the inhabitants, few in number, resemble animated corpses : and travellers, going post, always proceed at full gallop, in order to avoid inhaling more of the deleterious atmosphere than is absolutely necessary. I had been warned not to sleep in the passage of the marshes, as a practice entailing almost certain destruction ; yet, in spite of this caution, I fell into a slumber some time before reaching Terracina, the last papal town, at which we had a grand dispute with the Pope's custom-house officers and centinels. These gentry, throughout Italy, are so ill paid by their respective governments, that the principal part of their subsistence is derived from the pillage of travellers.



At the frontier-post, which is about five miles farther, an old castle, and a wooden gate, deter the Pope from all thoughts of encroaching upon the territory of the King of Naples. Here we arrived between twelve and one o'clock, and were informed, much to our dissatisfaction, that the Austrian corps-de-garde, under whose protection the road had been perfectly safe, had been withdrawn from it. Having again had dragoons from Terracina, we in this dilemma requested them to accompany us as far as Fendi, no Neapolitan escort being to be had,—possibly because few travellers might think a Neapolitan escort worth the having. The dragoons consented to our wish: but, for some reason remaining behind after we had crossed the frontier, I was on a sudden startled by the apparition of ten or a dozen men, in long cloaks of different fashions, slouched hats, and armed with long guns, some occupying the road, and others lying along the bank of the lake beside it. The nearest of them calling to the postillion as we approached, my immediate impression was that we were on the point of an attack from banditti: but this idea was as quickly removed by the familiar answer returned: and I then found that the suspicious-looking strangers were the peasant-guard who replaced the Austrian troops, and that their call to the postillion was to slacken



his pace, in order that they might accompany us. At this moment, however, our valiant horsemen arrived; and the offered protection of the peasantry being thus rendered unnecessary, we proceeded, attended only as before, to Fendi.

Near this place is the famous pass, at which the Neapolitan army *talked* of disputing the advance of the Austrians, and which in truth might have been defended by a thousand men against fifty times that number. The magnanimous Neapolitans, accordingly, being numerically superior to their foes, here fired two or three shots, and then—alarmed, it might be, at the noise of their own valorous discharges—ran away *prestissimamente*. As noble a stand was made at the other pass, still more defensible, near Rieti;—so Naples was unfortunately conquered, with the loss of some fifty killed and wounded.

We next saw Itri, a wretched-looking place;—Mola di Gaeta, a pleasant village, near which are several antiquities, and among others some remains of Cicero's villa, in whose vicinity he was assassinated;—St. Agatha, situated in a delightful country;—the once haughty and luxurious Capua;—and, on the afternoon of the seventeenth, reached the grand object of our journey, Naples. After passing nine days and a half in the carriage, you will easily suppose

that I was not ill pleased to find myself at liberty to take up a more stationary place of residence: yet I was not at all fatigued, having become so accustomed to my flying domicile, as to sleep in it at night quite as a matter of course.—I have swelled this letter to a most unconscionable length, so shall reserve some remarks upon Naples for another occasion.—God bless you.—Believe me ever

Your affectionate

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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial statements. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income.

In the second section, the author details the process of reconciling bank statements with the company's ledger. This involves comparing the bank's records of deposits and withdrawals with the internal records to identify any discrepancies. Regular reconciliation helps in detecting errors and preventing fraud.

The third section covers the preparation of the income statement and balance sheet. It provides a step-by-step guide on how to calculate net income and total assets, ensuring that all necessary adjustments are made. The author also discusses the importance of reviewing these statements regularly to assess the company's financial health.

Finally, the document concludes with a summary of key points and a reminder to stay organized and diligent in all financial reporting tasks. It encourages the reader to seek professional advice if needed and to maintain a clear and concise record of all financial activities.



*Columbus.*

## SELECT MEMOIRS.

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### CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE claims of Columbus to the discovery of the fourth quarter of the globe, though so long and almost universally acknowledged, are powerfully controverted in the Biographical Dictionary by Dr. Chalmers, in favour of Martin Behem, a native of Nuremberg. And certain it is, that the public records of Nuremberg state the fact of the discovery by their towns-man in 1484, which was eight years prior to the expedition of Columbus. Yet every one will admit, that Behem must have been gifted with either taciturnity or modesty to an extraordinary degree, if, having made such a discovery, he allowed the knowledge of it to slumber during those eight years; which, allowing the justice of his claims, he must be supposed to have done, since neither Columbus, the court of Spain, nor Europe in general, appear to have had any information of the wonderful event. We are therefore content to take the opinion of the world at large upon the point; conceiving as we do besides, that



the facts detailed in the following narrative contain much inherent testimony to their truth.

Christopher Columbus was born in the year 1442. Though nothing is certainly known with regard to his connections, it is generally believed that his family were in indigent circumstances, and that his father was a wool-comber. After applying himself in his boyhood to the study of geography and astronomy at Pavia, he entered upon the sea-faring profession at the age of fourteen, and made his first voyage in the Mediterranean. Nothing remarkable occurred for the six years following: but, at twenty, he undertook a voyage to the northern seas, and displayed his enterprising spirit by penetrating the Arctic ocean to the distance of many degrees beyond what had been attempted by any previous navigator. Soon after his return, he entered into the service of a famous sea-captain of his own name and family, who at that time commanded a squadron against the Turks and Venetians; and at this period he established his character for skill in naval affairs, bravery in action, and coolness and presence of mind in crises of danger. During an engagement which took place near the harbour of Lisbon, the ship in which he served took fire: destruction to all on board appeared inevitable: but Columbus plunged into the sea,

and, partly by swimming, partly by the assistance of an oar which he found within his reach, gained the shore in safety.

Quitting his warlike employments, he now became a resident at Lisbon, and there married the daughter of Bartholomew Perestrello, a young lady of good fortune. At this period the Portuguese were anxious to establish a regular communication by sea with the East Indies, in order to avoid their tedious over-land journies with the produce of the Spice Islands; and they proposed to accomplish this object by sailing eastward, after doubling the southern point of the continent of Africa. It occurred to Columbus, from considerations of the spherical shape of the globe, and the vast distance eastward at which those islands are placed, that a course due *west* would be the nearer of the two; imagining that he could sail in this latter direction in a *straight line*, whereas no method could be found of obviating the difficulties and delays that must result from the opposite passage round the coast of Africa.

He communicated his ideas on this subject successively to the governments of Portugal, Genoa, Spain, and England; but he had the mortification to find them treated as chimerical by all. At length, however, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain consented to furnish him with

three ships, upon a compact signed between them, by the articles of which he was constituted viceroy of the countries, and admiral of the seas he should discover, and granted an eighth part of the commodities he should bring back with him, in consideration of his paying an eighth of the expence of the equipments. He set sail on Friday the third of August, in the year 1492, a little before sun-set, from the port of Palos, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, who offered up their prayers for the happy issue of the voyage, though they rather wished than dared to hope for his success. The fleet reached the Canaries on the eleventh; and, after some delay, its voyage of discovery commenced, Columbus then stretching into unknown seas, and leaving the track of all former navigators by shaping his course due west.

Every method that could be devised to secure a prosperous event to his enterprise, was now adopted, and with matchless constancy persevered in, by Columbus. He regulated every thing by his sole authority; superintended in person the execution of every order; and, devoting a very few hours to repose, was at all other times on deck. The sounding line was continually in his hands; he paid minute attention to the tides and currents; watched the flight

of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of every thing that floated on the waves; and still, though so incessantly occupied, found time to make a regular entry of the most apparently trifling occurrences in his journal.

On the twelfth of September, he was one hundred and fifty leagues west of Ferro, and the next day, having run fifty leagues farther, he perceived the needle varying half a point towards the north-east;—a discovery which gave him some alarm, and struck terror into the hearts of his sailors. Considering themselves in the midst of a boundless ocean, whose trackless waves no ship had till then traversed, their only friend and guide had seemed the compass, and that appeared as if about to forsake them. Columbus, however, with no less quietness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to his crew as to dispel their fears.

Numerous were the subsequent apprehensions of the Spaniards, and repeated their manifestations of a mutinous disposition, ere Columbus arrived in sight—not of the Spice Islands to which he had formed an idea of penetrating by a western passage—but of the island by him called St. Salvador, one of the group now generally denominated the West

Indies, and which may be considered in the light of adjuncts to the great continent of America. No sooner was this discovery made, than the same Spaniards, who had hitherto proved so dissatisfied and refractory, worshipped their leader almost as a god, and joyfully swore to obey him as the representative in the new world of their majesties of Spain. After a short stay, to gratify the curiosity of his people, and refresh them after the fatigues and anxieties of their voyage, he visited several of the other West India Islands, and, having settled a colony in Hispaniola, set sail for Spain, where he arrived, (in the port of Palos,) on the fifteenth of March, 1493.

Astonishment and admiration followed the intrepid navigator wherever he went after his return. Ferdinand and Isabella honoured him with a private audience, at which he was solicited to narrate his most remarkable adventures, and treated him with the most marked distinction. Yet, not long subsequently, having carried over, by the royal authority, a number of colonists to his discoveries, he was sent back by them in chains, on a charge of cruelty in the administration of his government. Though permitted to prove his innocence, and consequently liberated, he was now deprived of all power, and never could obtain from the throne



of Spain the fulfilment on its part of the compact, in virtue of which he had first prosecuted his enterprise. Stung with this injustice, and the slights of his original patrons, he died May the twenty-fifth, 1506: when their Spanish majesties, as though to make some amends for their past neglect, directed his interment with funeral honours in the cathedral of Seville; in which edifice an epitaph records his addition of "a new world to the kingdom of Castile and Leon."



**PETER THE GREAT.**

Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, a man of truly wonderful composition and character, was born May the thirtieth, 1672, being the son of the czar Alexis Michaelowitz by a second wife. He was raised to the throne, on the death of his father, when only ten years old, in conjunction with his brother John; but the latter, a very weak prince, dying eight years afterwards, he became sole monarch.

This most extraordinary of sovereigns was tall in stature, well formed, and of a noble, animated countenance: his constitution robust, and fitted to endure every species of exertion and fatigue; his mind endued with the sound and discriminative spirit, that is the foundation of all true talent, and which, mingled as it was in him with unbounded activity, led him to dare every thing and accomplish every thing. He owed much less to education than to genius: the interest of those who early surrounded him, was to leave him in ignorance, and abandon him to the excesses, which youth, his daring turn, the influence of custom, and the hereditary dispositions of rank, rendered him but too soon familiar with. Yet, in spite of pleasure, he applied himself to



*Peter the Great.*



acquire the arts of war and government; and, almost without masters, learned so much of the German and Dutch languages, as enabled him to understand and write them intelligibly. The Germans and the Dutch were in his eyes the first of nations: the former, because they already exercised in Moscow (at that time the Russian capital) the arts which he wished to make native to his empire; the latter, on account of the superiority of their marine, he having even then begun to perceive the importance of naval excellence to the well-being of the state. Another trait of his youth deserves recording: he derived from nature the strongest aversion to water, and he plunged into that element repeatedly in order to conquer it:—his aversion changed into a rooted partiality to swimming, and the use of the bath.

Such were the dispositions that grew and strengthened in him, notwithstanding the allurements by which he was surrounded. Becoming sole czar at the age of eighteen, he had every thing to fear from the violence of the factions still prevailing, not less than from the turbulent humours of the strelitzes, (the janissaries of the Russian state,) whom he afterwards gained the power to abolish: added to which, was the care of an almost constant war with the Tartars of the Crimea. He subdued all these difficulties,



by an army, and a fleet, both which he may be said to have created rather than raised; and, in the midst of his multifarious occupations, found means to naturalise all the arts most useful to government, in the hitherto barbarous country of his birth.

When his singular resolution was taken, to see various states and their courts in his own person, he placed himself in the suit of his own ambassadors, just as, after his victory over the Turks and Tartars, he had placed himself in that of his generals at his triumphant entry into Moscow. It was an event new to the history of the world, when a powerful monarch, at the age of twenty-five, abandoned his country, and the theatre of his rising glory, for the purpose of learning how to reign better. In Holland, and in England, he wrought with his own hands, incognito, yet known and venerated by every body, in the yards of the most scientific ship-builders, in order to acquire both the theory and practice of their art; and, not content with this knowledge, became a proficient in mathematics, astronomy, surgery, and various other branches of useful knowledge. He then visited Germany; and had determined to proceed to Venice, when the news of an insurrection in his own states made him hasten homeward.

Arriving at Moscow about the end of the year 1699, he executed terrible vengeance on the ringleaders; and having got together, in the following year, a body of thirty thousand infantry, the vast projects with which he had been so long occupied, were put in a train for execution with all possible dispatch. In the same year, being strengthened by an alliance with Augustus king of Poland, he made war upon Charles XII. of Sweden; from continuing which, he was not deterred by the ill success of his first campaigns: observing, " I know that my armies must be overcome for a great while, but their enemies will teach them at last how to conquer." And the event justified his predictions: for, in 1709, he gained a most signal victory over the Swedes at Pultowa. Even six years previously, his acquisitions, at the expence of Sweden, had been so important, that he had been enabled to lay the foundation of Petersburgh, as a port and fortress, on the Baltic.

The king of Sweden having been obliged to fly from Pultowa to Bender, in the Turkish dominions, for refuge, the czar availed himself of his absence to make a complete conquest of Livonia and Ingria; and Petersburgh then speedily rose into a large and powerful city. In 1714 he completed his triumphs over the

Swedes by a *naval* victory; after which he entered triumphantly with his fleet into the haven of his own founding.

It would be endless to enumerate all the various establishments, for which the Russians are indebted to this great emperor. Fontenelle has recorded some of the principal of them, which are: 1. A body of one hundred thousand foot, as regularly disciplined as any then in Europe. 2. A navy of forty ships of the line, and two hundred galleys. 3. Fortifications in all the towns of consequence, and an excellent civil government in the great cities, which until his time had been as dangerous by night as the most unfrequented deserts. 4. An academy for naval affairs and navigation, to which all the nobility were obliged to send some of their children. 5. Colleges at Moscow, Petersburg, and Kiof, for languages, polite literature, and mathematics; and schools in the villages, in which the children of the peasants were taught to read and write. 6. A college of physicians, and a noble dispensatory at Moscow:—until his reign there had been no physician but the czar's, and not a single apothecary in the Russian dominions. 7. Public lectures in *anatomy*—a word till then never pronounced in Russia. 8. An observatory, which also served as a repository for natural curiosities.

9. A physic garden, stocked with plants, not only from all parts of Europe, but from Asia, Persia, and even the distant parts of China. 10. Printing-houses; in which he abolished the use of the old barbarous characters, that, through the multiplicity of abbreviations, had become almost unintelligible. 11. Interpreters for all the languages of Europe; as well as for the Latin, Greek, Turkish, Kalmuc, Mogul, and Chinese. 12. A royal library, composed of three very large collections, which he purchased in England, Holstein, and Germany.

These, and many more, were particular institutions and establishments: but he besides made general reformatations, to which the others were in truth only subservient. He introduced architecture, painting, and statuary, to his dominions; reformed religion, and established a general liberty of conscience; and, when on his death-bed, corrected the mal-administration of justice, by limiting the determination of all causes to the period of eleven days. Neither must it be passed over that he composed several pieces upon naval affairs; and thus added his name to the short catalogue of sovereigns, who have favoured the world with their writings.—The slightest reflection upon the interruptions, difficulties, and even dangers, that must unavoidably have occurred in civil-

ising and reforming a vast and barbarous empire, will convince every one, that the czar Peter (with such justice styled **THE GREAT**) was a being so gifted and endowed, as has but rarely been permitted to appear in mortal mould—He died of a strangury, caused by an imposthume in the bladder, Jan. the twenty-eighth, 1725, aged fifty-three.







*Leo 10.<sup>th</sup>*

## LEO THE TENTH,

Born at Florence in December 1475, was the second son of Lorenzo de Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, and was in baptism called John. He was a Pontiff, whose history is intimately blended with that of literature and the reformation; but of whose life scarcely any sketch will be deemed satisfactory, after the very luminous and interesting work of Roscoe. Being destined by his powerful father for the church, he was promoted before he knew what promotion meant; received the tonsure at the age of seven years; then two rich abbacies; and, before he ceased to be a boy, was invested with other preferments to the number of twenty-nine; and thus early imbibed that taste for aggrandisement, which never afterwards left him.

Upon the accession of Innocent VIII. to the pontificate, John, then only thirteen years old, was nominated to the dignity of a cardinal: and, having thus secured his promotion, his father began to think of his education. On his nomination to the cardinalate, it was made a condition that he should spend three years at the university of Pisa, in professional studies, before he was formally invested with the purple. In 1492 this solemn act took place, and he imme-

diately took up his residence at Rome as one of the sacred college. Circumstances rendered his retirement to Florence expedient some time after his father's death; but, about 1500, he again became an inhabitant of the papal capital. In 1505, he was appointed by Pope Julius II. to the government of Perugia; and entrusted with the supreme direction of the papal army in the Holy League against the French in 1511, with the title of Legate of Bologna. Being made prisoner, the year following, at the bloody battle of Ravenna, he was conveyed to Milan; but effecting his escape to Florence, he remained in that city till the death of Julius II. in 1513, when he was elected Pope in his stead, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

He now assumed the title of Leo X., and ascended the throne amidst very general manifestations of the public good will. Having secured external tranquillity, he consulted the interests of literature by numerous examples of munificent patronage. He restored to its former splendour the Roman gymnasium, or university; and founded a college of noble Grecian youths at Rome, for the purpose of editing Greek authors: a Greek press was also established by him in that city. Public notice was circulated throughout Europe, that all persons who possessed MSS. of ancient authors would be liberally rewarded on bringing or sending them to the

**Pope.** Besides which, he founded the first professorship in Italy of the Syriac and Chaldaic languages in the university of Bologna.

With regard to the politics of the times, Leo had two leading objects in view: the maintenance of that balance of power, which might protect Italy from the overbearing influence of any foreign potentate; and the aggrandisement of the house of Medici. To effect these ends, and to consolidate his own power, it must be confessed that he stopped at no measures, however rapacious or unjust, at no line of conduct, however treacherous or criminal. Yet he regarded with little less than contempt, (and in this respect his sagacity may be fairly questioned,) those beginnings of the Reformation under Luther, which afterwards produced such important consequences throughout Europe. Even when his interference with the doctrines promulgated by the German doctor was at length deemed necessary, he was inclined to adopt a lenient course. It was during the progress of that future contest which he justly viewed in a more serious light, that he conferred on our Henry VIII. the title of "Defender of the Faith," for his appearance on the side of the Church as a controversial writer. But, in the very midst of polemical and political warfare—in the full indulgence of his tastes for art, learn-



ing, and magnificence—and in the unmitigated thirst for aggrandisement, both as regarded his see and family—he was seized with an illness, which put a period to his life in a few days, on the first of December, 1521, when in the forty-sixth year of his age.

It must not be denied that this Pontiff, however worthy (from circumstances unconnected with his moral character) to appear prominently in the pages of biography, was stained with many of the worst vices, and practised several of the worst crimes, that had disgraced his predecessors. And it has been not improperly observed, that even his patronage of learning wanted justice and discrimination; since it excluded Ariosto and Erasmus, two of the greatest men of the age, and included such worthless characters as Aretin and Niso, not to speak of a number of less known writers, whose merit rose no higher than that of being able to pen amorous Italian sonnets, or panegyric Latin verses. With respect to the arts, too, it has been very justly remarked, that when he ascended the papal throne they were at their meridian. He found greater talents than he employed, and greater works commenced than he completed. Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raffaello, performed their master-pieces before his accession; Bramante, the architect of St. Peter's, died in the second year of his pontificate;

and Da Vinci and Michael Angelo shared none of his favours. It is from his attachment to Raffaello, that he derives his strongest claims as a patron of art; yet even some part of his conduct towards this artist makes us question if he had a very refined taste. Raffaello made thirteen cartoons of religious subjects, to complete the decoration of the Hall of Constantine; and had sent them to Flanders, to be returned in worsted copies, without any care to preserve the originals; neither was any inquiry made concerning them after the subjects were manufactured into tapestry. By accident, seven of these cartoons are yet to be seen in this country, and may enable us to appreciate the judgment in painting of the Pontiff who could so easily forget them. Yet Leo must not be deprived of the merit that really belongs to him. He did much for the age, and for posterity, by drawing together the learned of his time; forming eminent schools; and, above all perhaps, by promoting the art of printing, at that period of incalculable importance to the advancement of literature. In these respects, and on account of the share he had in precipitating the Reformation, his short pontificate of eight years and eight months must be allowed to form one of the most interesting periods in papal history, and well worthy the elegant illustration it has (from Roscoe in particular) received.

## RECOLLECTIONS

### OF ENGLISH ANTIQUITY.

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GREENSTEAD CHURCH, (near Chipping Ongar) Essex. Is perhaps the single remaining example in the kingdom of the *wooden churches* of Saxon times. This singular edifice is entirely composed of wood; the walls, the tower, and the porch, being alike constructed of that material. The walls are formed of the trunks of large chesnut trees, split or sawn asunder. These are set upright, close to each other, being let into a rill and plate, and fastened at the top with wooden pins. On the south side are sixteen of these massive timbers, and two door-posts; on the north twenty-one, and two vacancies filled up with plaister.—There is a tradition among the inhabitants of the village, that the corpse of a king once rested in this church. Such popular oral records frequently deserve more attention than is bestowed on them. Let the antiquary but clear his brow, and consult his store of *recollections*, and he may discover that more is

conveyed than “meets the ear” in this simple saying of the villagers. In a manuscript preserved in the library of Lambeth Palace, we are told that “in 1010, St. Edmund was taken by Bishop Aylwin to London; but in the third year following, was carried back to St. Edmund’s Bury, and that a certain person, at Stapleford, received his body on its return.” Another manuscript, cited in the *Monasticon*, relates this circumstance; “St. Edmund’s body was received at Ongar, where a wooden chapel, erected to his memory, remains to this day.” Now it is to be observed, that the ancient road from London into Suffolk lay through Greenstead and Stapleford; and Greenstead is contiguous to Ongar. It seems not improbable, therefore, that this rough and unpolished fabric was first erected as a sort of shrine for the body of St. Edmund, on its return from London to Bury: and that, being permitted to remain in memory of that event, it became, with the subsequent additions of the porch and tower, a parish-church. Though the places mentioned as those at which the body was received, and the chapel erected, differ in these manuscripts—and though neither of them speak of Greenstead—inaccuracies in the ser respects might easily arise from the contiguity of the several spots, and other circumstances which

will easily suggest themselves to the antiquary, but which we omit because argument upon them would be tedious.

**ORIGIN OF MANORS AND PARISHES.** Manors were, undoubtedly, in their original state, so many distinct portions of land, having each its peculiar lord. By these lords, principally, were our first churches erected; each, in his own district, providing a place of religious worship for his tenants and dependants: and hence it came to pass that *Parishes*, in the present sense of the word, and *Manors*, were originally commensurate with each other; the former term being indeed no other than that used to express the *ecclesiastical*, as the latter did the *territorial* precinct. But the extent of these manors rendering it impossible, in some cases, for all the tenants to resort to the same place of worship, the lord was induced to erect a second; and thus his tenants, though still remaining one and the same *territorial* body, would become divided into two *ecclesiastical* or *parochial* ones:—in other words, what was still one manor would become two parishes. Again: wherever a *sub-infeudation* took place, by the alienation of part of a manor, with its services, there would arise one manor out of another, which henceforth would be distinct from it: and thus there would occur not only



two parishes in one manor, but, frequently also, two or more manors in one parish. Further: it sometimes happened, to manors more than ordinarily extensive, that the subdivisions themselves were of such magnitude, as to become each erected into one or more parochial districts: and then we began to have several parishes in a mere part of that original manor, which, taken altogether, was at first but one.

NORWOOD, Surrey. A survey taken in 1646, describes this tract as containing "eight hundred and thirty acres, in which the inhabitants of *Croydon* have herbage for all manner of cattle, and mastage for swine without stint." Norwood, observes the *Magna Britannia*, "is said to have consisted wholly of oaks; and among them was one that bare misselto, which some persons were so hardy as to cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out. But they proved unfortunate after it; for one of them fell lame, and the other lost an eye. At length, in the year 1768, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it upon the account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after brake his leg. To fell oaks hath long been counted fatal; and such as believe it produce the instance of the Earl of Winchelsea, who having felled a curious grove of oaks,

soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea by a cannon-bullet."—These superstitions, no doubt, originated in the ancient doctrines of the Druids.—At no very remote period, the whole of this waste appears to have been entirely covered with wood.

**GROTESQUE FIGURES IN PARISH-CHURCHES.** The prevalence of very extraordinary figures, as ornaments to edifices for divine worship, in very numerous country churches, must have struck every observer. It is imagined that these did not entirely originate in the gross taste of a former age, but were derived, in many instances, from such circumstances as the following. The *regular* and *secular* clergy of popish times, were distinguished by the residence of the former in community, and the non-adoption by the latter of that mode of life. Between the two classes the most implacable animosity long subsisted; owing to the regulars, where churches formed part of their endowments, having applied nearly all the emoluments arising from them to their own uses, allowing to the seculars, for performing the duty, very scanty stipends. For this mode of proceeding, as it much oppressed, so it also greatly exasperated the seculars, and led them to expose and ridicule the indolent and luxurious man-

ner of living, in which the regulars indulged in their monastic retirements. And as, in process of time, the *regulars*, through their *ir-regularities*, were expelled in numerous instances, and the seculars became their own masters, these latter, continuing their opposition to and ridicule of the still existing monasteries, had recourse, among other methods, to that of placing, both within and without their churches, figures of goats, monkeys, foxes, wolves &c., playing on fiddles and other musical instruments, in allusion to the vices of the monastic life; and, with the same intent, they introduced, in the carving of the roofs, human faces, with distorted features, and painted with florid, bacchanalian countenances.

CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS: (Charlewood Church, Surrey.) A. D. 1519. "Paid making the Easter Light, 2s. 4d. *Rome-scot* at Reigate, 2s. 4d. Watching the Sepulchre, 4d. Bering the cross to Reigate, 4d. Wages, a carpenter and man each per day, 3d. A Preeste for singing for the soul of Burningham a quarter of a year, 1l. 13s. 4d."—1542. "Bought a pair of organs at Lingfield for 1l. 5s. the carriage home cost 1s. 8d."—1545. "My expense to Cobham to deliver the money for the *defence of the faith*, 10d."—1546. For wasteing of torches for the buryal of my ladye's Grace

Prest, 1s."—1578. "Paid for ringing for the Queen, 17. Nov., 6d."—1579. "At the Visitation of St. Mary Oversey's, for our dinner and horse meat, 6d."—1580. "Charges at ditto, when Comfield was excommunicated, 8d."—1581. "A quart of wyne, 7d. ditto Malmsey, 10d."—1648. "An hour-glass for the church, 7d."—1665. "A prayer-book used on the days of humiliation against the plague, 1s." (*Extracted from the parish-books.*)—In the time of Charles I., when it was customary for the different parishes to find carts and horses to carry wood, &c. for the king's use, CHARLEWOOD compounded for this duty by paying 2s. for every twenty acres.

CLERK. Originally meant a *clergyman* simply, but became afterwards used to distinguish any learned person, and the officers of justice in particular, being supposed to be men of letters. In process of time, every one was accounted a clerk, and consequently admitted, if guilty of any criminal act, to the *benefit of clergy*, who could read. The Statute 4. Henry VII. c. 13. therefore distinguished between *lay-scholars* and *clerks in holy orders*; a distinction which then became the more necessary, as being after the invention of printing.

CUSTOM IN OCKLEY, Surrey. It was formerly a custom in this village, that if either of

two contracted parties died before marriage, the survivor planted roses at the head of the grave of the deceased. This practice was very probably derived from the Romans, who were much in this neighbourhood, and who, as well as the Greeks, considered it in the light of a religious duty, and often in their wills directed roses to be strewed and planted on their graves, as appears from ancient inscriptions at Ravenna and Milan. Hence Propertius—

et tenerâ poneret ossa Rosâ :\*

and Anacreon, speaking of the custom, says,—  
“ it protects the dead.”

**FIRST ENGLISH DEED.** The earliest instance known of the English language being used in a deed, is that of an indenture between the Abbot and Convent of Whitby, and Robert the son of John Bustard, dated at York, in the year 1343.

**BLESSINGS OF OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY.** In a court-roll of the manor of *Coulsdon*, Surrey, are the following curious particulars, not frequently to be found in such documents. 19. Richard II. (1396.) “ *Johes atte Brome refused to sell ale without shewing a sign: therefore he is in mercy.*” 3. Henry VI. (1425.) “ *John Syrede, of Croydon, husbandman, espoused Agnes, daughter of William Toller, one of the*

\* Lib. I. Eleg. 2a



lord's villans in gross, *without license* (i. e. of the lord): *he came and paid 6s. 8d.*" 9. Henry VI. (1431) "Alice, daughter of Richard Colgrymme, one of the lord's villans in gross, remains at Chalvedon with Richard Aleyn, without chivage,\* and without license: *they are ordered to be seized.*—Thomas Basset came, and gave to the lord, for the chivage of William Colgrymme, the lord's bondman, for license to stay with him till the Michaelmas ensuing, 8d."

ANCIENT CRYPTS IN LONDON. There are still remaining in the metropolis, (notwithstanding the destruction of their superstructures,) a number of those ancient stone-vaulted chapels, denominated Crypts. This term *Crypt* is derived from the Greek, and signifies a hollow place under-ground; whence the German *Kroft*, or *Croft*, a corruption of crypt. Among ecclesiastical writers it was used to signify a subterranean church; whence the famous St. Faith's Church, under St. Paul's, was called *Ecclesia S. Fidei in Cryptis*; and most cathedrals still have them beneath their choirs. In imitation of these, there appear to have been subterranean chapels, or oratories, attached to several great mansions in former times, particularly in London. The following is an account

\* *Chivage* was money paid by a nief, or bondman, for leave to go out of the manor.

of the most curious of those now extant in this ancient city.

The oldest of the religious buildings alluded to, is that called the *Prior of Lewes' Chapel*, situate in Tooley Street, Southwark, nearly opposite St. Olave's Church. This is of massy Norman architecture, and still very perfect. Stowe and Maitland both describe the spot to have been the site of the town mansion of the Priors of Lewes, in Sussex, who had here, (says the former,) "one great house builded of stone, with arched gates, which is now a common hostelry for travellers, and hath to sign the walnut-tree:" In Maitland's time it had become a cider-cellar, and is thus described by him. "Opposite St. Olave's Church anciently stood a spacious stone building, the city mansion of the Priors of Lewes in Sussex: the *Chapel* of which, consisting of two aisles, being still remaining at the upper end of Walnut-tree Alley, is converted into a cider cellar or warehouse, and, by the earth's being greatly raised in this neighbourhood, it is at present under ground."—There are two entrances to this very curious crypt. By the northern one, we are led to a large semi-circularly arched vault, thirty-nine feet and a quarter long, by eighteen feet wide. On one side is a well, from which water is at present conveyed to the houses above;

and towards the farther end is a door-way, leading to another vault, semi-circularly arched like the former, thirty-one feet long by thirteen feet ten inches wide. Another passage conducts us to the principal apartment of this ancient building, the whole length of which is forty feet six inches, by sixteen feet six inches in width. At the farther end of this apartment are two windows, two feet and a half wide each; and on one side are two more of the same dimensions, with a passage, leading to another chamber, but now blocked up with stone and bricks. This latter chamber consists of four groined arches, supported on curious columns, each four feet ten inches in diameter. Beyond it extends another vault, in length upwards of twenty-seven feet, partly arched as in the former instances, and partly groined. The flooring of these vaults is of earth and brick rubbish, which has accumulated so as to bury, in great measure, the pillars which support the building. The height, inside, in general, is not more than eight or nine feet; but that it was originally much more considerable, was recently proved by digging in prospect of converting the crypt into a cemetery for the use of the parish. The principal occupant of this interesting architectural remain, is, or was lately, Mr. Hewitson, a painter and glazier; the oratory being let as

store-cellars, or for any other purpose. The principal apartments of the superstructure, which is called Southwark House, are converted into billiard-rooms.

The handsome Gothic crypt, termed *St. Michael's Church by Aldgate*, which is situate between the east ends of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets, under the houses fronting Aldgate Pump, still remains entire, and exhibits a beautiful specimen of the pointed style of architecture. It measures, north by south, forty-six feet in length, and east by west, seventeen feet in breadth; and, from the floor to the vertex of the arch, eleven feet eleven inches; but as the capitals of the pillars at present appear only four feet from the ground, the original altitude may have been eighteen or twenty feet. This crypt is divided into two aisles, by two handsome intersected pillars, supporting the three elegant stone arches that form the roof. The entry was by a door on the east side, in which were besides small windows, as there were at the ends: and adjoining the oratory, on the west side, are the remains of a square stone building. To what use this was originally appropriated cannot be now ascertained, but it was probably a vestiary or withdrawing room. The walls of the entire structure are of squared pieces of chalk, in the manner of Rochester

Castle; and the arches and pillars, which are of stone, exhibit as skilful masonry as is to be met with in the present age of refinement.

The crypt to be next mentioned, forms part of the cellarage of the large linen-draper's shop, which stands at the corner of Leadenhall and Gracechurch streets, opposite the entrance to Cornhill. The Gentleman's Magazine, many years since, published a print of this; from which it appears to have been a fine stone-vaulted edifice, supported by pillars, and divided into aisles: but both its original extent and form are now difficult to be ascertained, from its having been greatly curtailed, and otherwise materially altered. It is still, however, a very curious architectural fragment.

It has been doubted whether the buildings mentioned, and others at present subterranean, were originally such, or whether they have not so become through the vast rise of the ground surrounding them, which it is supposed may have accumulated from the many destructive fires that occurred in London in early times;—particularly that recorded to have taken place in 1136, which began in the house of one Ailward, near London Stone, and destroyed all the houses east to Aldgate, and west to St. Erkenwald's shrine in St. Paul's Cathedral, together with London Bridge, which was then



constructed of wood. And this conjecture seems to gather weight from a circumstance mentioned by Stowe.—Namely, that, near Billiter Lane and Lime Street, three new houses being to be built, in 1590, in a place where was a large garden plot, enclosed from the street by a high brick wall, on pulling down this wall and digging for cellarage, *another* wall was found directly under it, with an arched gateway of stone, and remains of gates closing in the midst towards the street. The timber of these gates was consumed, but the hinges of iron remained attached to their staples on both sides; besides which, there were square windows in the wall, with bars of iron on each side the entrance. The wall was above two fathoms under ground, and was supposed by Stowe to be one of the remains of the conflagration just mentioned. An arched room, ten feet square, and eight deep, was afterwards discovered near the same spot, with several arched door-ways round it stopped up with earth. Still, though the supposition be correct, that some crypts of the religious character, and of very early date, have become subterranean through the accumulation of soil derived from such causes, the idea will not apply generally, as the mansion of the Priors of Lewes stood over the chapel described almost within me-

mory, and the architecture of this chapel is of as remote a date as the Norman times; whereas the two crypts last noticed are in the (later) pointed style. It seems fair to infer, therefore, that both these, like the first, were oratories, belonging to some considerable mansions of which we have now no account.

But besides crypts for devotional purposes, there are others yet existing in the metropolis of a different character, and which, from the uses they are known to have been applied to, might be termed cellars, but that their size, and the beauty and regularity of their construction, forbid so humble an appellation. The crypt of this kind beneath *Crosby House*, in Bishop's-gate Street, is perhaps one of the most complete, extensive, and beautiful, now in being. It consists of a central vault, (supporting the hall,) fifty-four feet long, and twenty-seven broad, with wings, shorter, but of a correspondent breadth; and a line of vaulting at the south end, running nearly to the new City of London Tavern. The whole is constructed of stone, without pillars, and terminates at top in a fine flat-pointed arch. These vaults were undoubtedly built with the house, and were depositories for the vast quantities of merchandise belonging to its founder, Sir John Crosby, who was a grocer and woolman in the reign of Edward

IV., and of such great wealth, that his mansion, style of living, and bequests, were altogether princely.

In point of magnitude and elegance, the next most important crypt of this description, is that well-known one beneath *Gerrard's Hall*, in Basing Lane. This is supported by sixteen pillars, which divide it into aisles; but, having been frequently engraved, it needs not a more particular mention. The house over it, now *Gerrard's Hall Inn and Tavern*, was inhabited by Sir John Gison, Lord Mayor in 1245, and is said by Stowe to have been built over these arched vaults, of stone brought from Caen in Normandy; which makes it probable that its foundation took place not long after the Conquest. The vaults are at present used as wine-cellars.

Another fine Crypt, but whether originally appropriated to religious or domestic uses is not known, stands partly under the house formerly *Bloxam's* banking house, in *Gracechurch Street*, and partly under an adjoining seed-shop. Above this, in ancient times, stood the town mansion of the Earl of Ferrers, which was afterwards converted into the *George Inn*. The original form and dimensions of this Crypt cannot now be ascertained; but from the

description of mansion it once supported, it was probably large.

Several other mutilated portions of crypts remain in different parts of London; but as they contain little worthy notice, their enumeration would prove uninteresting.

*( To be continued. )*

# THE PEDESTRIAN.

NO. 1.

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DULWICH COLLEGE & PICTURE GALLERY.

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DR. JOHNSON extolled the luxury of a *Post-Chaise*:—but Dr. Johnson was heavy, unwieldy, and by constitution indisposed to activity:—for myself, being light-made, in tolerable health, and withal somewhat younger than the literary colossus at the period when he could solace himself with *posting*, I prefer travelling, on every occasion where it is practicable, as a *Pedestrian*. 'Tis true, I travel not often: and my excursions (though not many years back thirty miles *per diem* were no great exertion to me) have been shorter latterly, having seldom extended beyond three or four miles from the metropolis. Luckily for the Londoner, who enjoys as I do the exercise of his walking powers, the environs of the metropolis afford a great variety of charming rambles: of which the latest I indulged in was to the pretty village



of DULWICH, and included a visit to its *College*, and delightful *Picture Gallery*.

The approach to this very pleasing village, by the winding road that conducts to it from the line of citizens' boxes on Herne Hill, has all that *trimness* in the midst of rural appearances, that generally distinguishes the country to some distance from the immediate neighbourhood of great cities. The village itself presents a pretty combination of houses at irregular distances, with numerous trees, and a broad and well-kept road-way. The College is at its farther extremity, facing the spectator as he advances, and, though without architectural graces of any kind, has an aspect that immediately creates interest. It looks, as it is, a building of various dates: ancient as to its foundation, modern in every approach to embellishment and handsome appearance.

*God's Gift College* (for by that name it is called) was founded in the year 1619, by Edward Alleyne, a *Player* of much celebrity in his time, characterised by Heywood as

“ Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue;”

and who, by the exercise of his profession, had acquired means to purchase the manor of Dulwich, and shortly afterwards to erect this institution. He conveyed the manor, with

other estates, to the use of the college for ever; and admitted upon his foundation a master, warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six sisters, and twelve scholars:—the exact number of each of which description of inmates has been religiously preserved to the present period, notwithstanding that the original revenues amounted annually to about eight hundred pounds, and may now net not quite so many thousands. According to the statutes, the master and warden must be of the *blood* and *surname* of the founder, or, for want of such, (as in the case of those officers at present,) of his *surname only*:—a proviso, by which the said founder gave an example of that laudable ambition to shew posterity that *he had done as he pleased with his own money*, which has been seen to prevail in such a multitude of similar institutions.

The principal front composes three sides of a quadrangle, approached by an ornamental garden, and contains the chapel, the school, and the Fellows' and Poor Brethren's apartments. In the rear-front are the Master's and Warden's apartments, looking upon their and the Fellows' very tasteful private garden. But the building that principally demands attention, is that whose rear runs nearly along one entire side of the last-mentioned inviting pleasure-

ground, while its front faces the road to Norwood. This, though contrived, on its erection about ten years back, to comprise the Poor Sisters' apartments, is, in all its main features, the *Gallery*,—and a structure, in every part of which is legible,

SOANE, ARCHITECT,—

although it is one, which, to my poor taste, presents abundantly little (if I may so Hibernianize in expressing myself) to admire. Within, however, the construction of the edifice, with reference to its peculiar purpose, merits every praise; nor are there many collections more felicitously brought before the eye of the spectator, than the Dulwich.—I proceed to express my admiration as I best can—without much regard to the order of arrangement upon the walls—of a very few out of the three hundred and fifty-six more or less delicious examples of the pictorial art here deposited.

The landscapes by Flemish artists are among the chief riches of the collection; and perhaps the richest of these are the works of *Cuyp*—“the elegant-minded, the imaginative, the poetical *Cuyp*—poetical and imaginative notwithstanding the absolute truth with which he treated his subjects, and the exceedingly limited range of them.” Here, particularly in the first

room, are many of this painter's most charming efforts, "suffused with a rich golden light, and steeped in a thin air, glowing and flickering with the heat which has rarefied it"—light, water, and sky, blended together, and melted into each other—distances stretching away, till they seem to quiver through the mist—as objects appear to do when seen beyond an extended, open space, from which the heat is rising—and at last uniting with the atmosphere in such a manner that scarcely a visible distinction is left between them. Next to these in interest, in the first room, are the pictures of Teniers, of a tone, though cold, exceedingly sweet and silvery. His representations of domestic and rural subjects appear not to have any thing like *colour* upon them—they seem the objects themselves, only "in little." A piece (numbered 10) by Adrian Brauwer, also takes the fancy exceedingly: it represents the interior of an ale-house, with Dutch Boors regaling. Every successive *grade* of inebriety is here admirably expressed; from the first rise of the mirthful mood, to the glorious height of drunkenness, and the stupid calm of complete satiety.

The finest things in the second room, are some yet sweeter delineations, in his most peculiar style, by Teniers; an admirable por-



trait of the Earl of Pembroke, and an exquisite Madonna and Child, by Vandyke; Sampson and Delilah, by Rubens; some charming little pieces by Wouvermans; but, above all, *Jacob's Dream*, by Rembrandt,—“perhaps the most purely poetical picture he ever produced. Nearly all over this picture, except the centre, is spread a thick, black gloom—deep as the darkness of night, and yet so transparent, that, after looking at it for a while, you see or seem to see down into it, as if you were looking into deep clear water. In one corner of this darkness lies Jacob, sleeping; his arms stretched beyond his head, and one knee bent up, in the most inartificial attitude that can be conceived, and altogether representing a rude shepherd-boy. In the upper part of the sky an intense light is bursting forth; and it descends slantwise, and widening as it descends, till it reaches the sleeping youth—gradually decreasing in splendour as it recedes from its apparent source: and, at different intervals of this road of light, winged figures are seen descending.” In the contrasts between this darkness and this light, consists the effect of the picture, which, without doubt, is exceedingly fine; yet, in my own humble opinion, a little exaggerated by the writer of the description just quoted. Speaking of the repre-



sentation of the angels in particular, he says, "as a delineation of superhuman appearances and things, I conceive it to be finer than any thing within an equal space in existence." As *poetical creations*, they are certainly superior to the most perfect delineations of beauty in the human form, with a pair of wings to make it heavenly, that could have proceeded from the pencil: yet they are as certainly defective in this, that they require a degree of distance to make them appear any thing but actual *daubs*; which, though it gives *them* their due effect, considerably detracts from that of the rest of the picture. In truth, although I most unfeignedly admire this work of Rembrandt's, I cannot, with the ingenious and sparkling author alluded to, conceive of it as, "upon the whole, the finest in the collection."

In the third room we continue among the Flemish schools, but we meet also with a few Italian, French, and Spanish pictures, as well as with some attractive portraits. Of these latter, "A Girl at a Window"—a *portrait*, undoubtedly,—“for there is an absolute truth about it that no memory or invention could have produced”—is “as purely natural and forcible a head as Rembrandt ever painted.” Archduke Albert, by Vandyke, is in his finest manner. So Rubens' Mother, by that artist,

is one of his most interesting productions.—But Rubens should never have even *sketched* such a subject as “The Graces.” A little landscape, by Both—a sunset—“steeped in lighted air”—is exquisite: the reflection of the light upon the rustic vehicle in the centre, and the pure truth with which that vehicle occupies its position in the road, are especially admirable.

The Poussins in the fourth room are of the number of its greatest treasures; and there are also some of the loveliest productions of the pencil of Claude. There is, too, a “Venus dissuading Adonis from the Chase,” by Titian,—a favourite subject with that painter—and of which there are repetitions in the Angerstein and several other collections. But Murillo’s Portrait of a Girl with Flowers, pleased me best: indeed, for my own poor part, I cannot but esteem the works of this Spanish artist, as, even beyond comparison, the great ornaments of this gallery.—A portrait of Philip the Fourth, of Spain, by Valasquez, will elicit the more admiration the oftener it is examined.

The fifth and last room includes some of the very finest pictures here assembled. The Spanish Peasant Boys, by Murillo, is truly a “miracle of successful art, beyond all praise and all price:” and there is an Assumption of the Virgin, by the same artist, only less

worthy the most enthusiastic commendation. The expression of Mary is the simplicity and truth of nature itself—perhaps a little *too* simple—but the face of the child is more full of super-human intelligence than Vandyke's.—On the very contrary, “Mars, Venus, and Cupid,” by Rubens, is replete with the crying faults of that painter, and exceedingly repulsive: “the Venus looks like a Dutch courtesan, the Mars like a rough soldier of the League, and the Cupid like nothing that ever was in the shape of a human infant.”—On the contrary again, the Judgment of Paris, by Vanderwerf, is one of the most exquisite delineations of elegant beauty in the female form, that the hand of painter or statuary ever created.—Guido's Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, though somewhat cold, is a very fine picture.

Closing these very brief remarks, I with pleasure again advert to the writer, from whom the passages placed between inverted commas are quoted; and refer the reader, for a more full, and exceedingly clever and spirited description of the treasures of art here collected, to his little work, entitled “Beauties of the Dulwich Picture-Gallery,”—a work, which he will find a very pleasing companion on visiting these pictures. I could shew my sagacity by giving a shrewd guess at his *name*—indeed, there is that

in his peculiarly *flashing* style, which, to many readers, would betray it—but I forbear, as he himself chooses to appear anonymously in this instance before the Public.

The Dulwich (or Bourgeois) Gallery, it will be proper to observe in concluding this article, was originally founded by Mr. William Cartwright, a celebrated comedian and bookseller in London; but derived its chief consequence from the bequest of Sir Francis Bourgeois, a painter of some eminence, who died in 1811, and left the whole of his pictures to the institution, besides £10,000 to keep them in due preservation, and £2,000 to repair the gallery, which was then situated in the west wing of the original building. He besides transferred to the Directors of the College, as residuary legatees, the rest of his property of every description. The late Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans were also munificent contributors: and, in consequence of these extensive liberalities, the Directors raised the present gallery, to which access may be obtained by any respectable person, on presenting a ticket, procurable from the principal print-sellers of the metropolis. A *mausoleum*, which projects from the centre of the edifice, contains the ashes of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans, in stone sarcophagi, painted to resemble porphyry;

together with busts of Sir Francis and Mr. Desenfans. The interior of this mausoleum is the architect's happiest effort here. It is chaste, and appropriate: with the single defect, perhaps, that, though the light is mellowed by its transmission (from above) through stained glass, the pervading character, as adapted to the chamber of death, is still too lightsome: glass of a darker stain might have had a better effect.

There have been, and still are, in this country, more costly galleries, than the Dulwich, but it might be difficult to speak of any one, taken altogether, as more pleasing. As specimens of the enormous sums that have been paid for collections in England, I quote the following:—1779. the Houghton, two hundred and thirty-two pictures, £40,555. 1798. the Orleans, two hundred and ninety-six pictures, £43,500. 1824. The Angerstein, (now the National,) thirty-eight pictures, £57,000.



## CHOICE SCRAPS.

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### WHIG AND TORY.

“THIS year,” (1680,) says Hume, “is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventiclers in Scotland, who were known by the name of Whigs. The Country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of Tory was affixed. And after this manner these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented.”

Bailey, in his very curious and still valuable Dictionary, gives the following as the origin of these terms. **TORY**: a “word first used by the Protestants in Ireland, to signify those Irish common robbers and murderers who stood outlawed for robbery and murder; now a

nick-name to such as call themselves high church-men, or to the partizans of the Chevalier de St. George.”—“WHIG (Sax.) Whey, butter-milk, or very small beer: also a name first applied to those in Scotland who kept their meetings in the fields, their common food being *sour milk*: a nick-name given to those who were against the court interest in the times of King Charles and James, and to such as were for it in succeeding reigns.”

In the “Review of the British Nation” by Daniel Defoe, we have—“The word Tory is Irish, and was first made use of in Ireland in the time of Elizabeth’s wars there. It signified a kind of robbers, who, being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon their country, without distinction of English or Irish.” And he proceeds to ascribe the invention of the term to *Titus Oates*. As to the word Whig, he tells us little more than that it is Scotch.

The first application of *Whig* to an English political party, is said to have arisen out of the following circumstance. The Duke of Monmouth, returning from the Battle of “Bothwell Brig,” was received with marks of displeasure by Charles II., on account of the mercy he had displayed towards the Covenanters (the Scotch Whigs) after his victory. Lord Lauderdale, it is added, increased this angry

feeling, by telling the King, with an oath, that Monmouth had been "so civil to the Whigs, because he was a Whig himself in his heart." This stamped it for a court-word; and it was not long before all the supposed partisans of the Duke obtained the name of Whigs.

—Possibly, about the year 1925, posterity will be amusing themselves with disquisitions on the supposed origin of the term **RADICAL**.

#### MEN OF GENIUS:

Men of Genius, in all ages and countries, have been remarkable for their want of prudence, or rather for their want of attention to their pecuniary interest,—an attention incompatible with their very natures. Acting from enthusiasm and feeling, rather than from calculation and caution, they overlook the vulgar yet indispensable requisites to worldly comfort and prosperity. Genius may be compared to Atalanta: it suffers itself to be distanced in the race by men infinitely inferior in point of intellect, but who possess the cunning to secure to themselves the prize: unfortunately, however, the baits which tempt Genius to turn aside from the course, and suffer competitors to outstrip it, are *not* golden ones. THOMAS MOORE. (*Speech at the Literary Fund Dinner, May 12, 1824.*)

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

I asked the Heavens—"What foe to God hath done  
 This unexampled deed?"—The heavens exclaimed,  
 "'Twas MAN: and we in horror snatched the sun  
 From such a spectacle of grief." Ashamed,  
 I asked the Sea. The Sea with fury boiled,  
 And answered by her voice of storms—" 'Twas MAN:  
 My waves in panic at the crime recoiled,  
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."  
 I asked the Earth. The Earth replied, aghast,  
 "'Twas MAN: and such strange pangs my bosom rent,  
 That still I fear and tremble at the past.  
 To MAN, gay-smiling MAN, I went,  
 And asked him next.—*He* turned a scornful eye,  
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

ANON.

## "SAYINGS."

Were it possible for our Divines to adopt the practice of taking one of the Poets for a *text-book*, in lieu of the Bible, certainly no one of the tribe would afford them so luxuriant a field for apt and striking quotation as SHAKSPEARE.

The talent of an Author is best displayed in the body of his work; his *good sense* in the Preface.

He who is contented with himself must certainly have a bad taste. (*Zimmerman.*)

Genius should ever seem superior to its own abilities. (*French Author.*)

Love is an episode in the life of man, but the history of woman. (*Anon.*) LACONICUS.

## ORIGIN OF DUELLING.

Montesquieu clearly proved that Duelling originated in the barbarity of feudal manners, and gave a ludicrous picture of the extravagances of feudal jurisprudence. "The accuser (he says) commenced by declaring before the judge, that such a person had committed such an action: the accused party replied by asserting the accuser to be a *liar*: upon which the judge ordered a duel to be fought by them. Thus it became a *legal maxim*, that when any one had been told he lied, a duel must follow as matter of necessity." (*Spirit of Laws.*)

## TROY WEIGHT

Takes its name from the ancient town of *Troyes*, the capital of the modern department of the Aube, in France. It appears that *Troyes* was celebrated in the middle ages for its great fairs, at which merchandise was sold by a peculiar weight here current, and which from hence was spread throughout Europe under this denomination.

## TOLERATION INJUSTICE.

Man has *no right* to TOLERATE the way,  
 His fellow-man selects to praise and pray.  
 To each, the globe around, by God 'twas given,  
 To choose the path he thinks will lead to Heaven.  
 If Toleration's self then 'scape not blame,



What fiends shall write fell PERSECUTION's name?  
*Spirit of Cain the murderer!*—the first  
 Author of blood!—of every spirit the worst;  
 More brutish than the beasts, than demons more accurst.  
 NEARCHUS.

CONSEQUENCE OF DISJOINING LINES  
 IN POETRY.

When Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms was commonly sung in churches, it was usual for the clerk to give out the lines *singly*, and they were thus sung by the congregation: (this is a practice, upon which there is still room to say, that it were "more honoured in the breach than in the observance.") A sailor stepping into a church one Sunday, heard the clerk give out the line,—with a full nasal pause at its termination,—

"The Lord will come, and he will not."

Upon which he stared: and next hearing the words,—delivered with corresponding solemnity of tone,—

"Keep silence, but speak out:"

the honest tar left the church, judging the people to be out of their senses. Reading the two lines *together*, would have saved all his wonderment.

PRESERVING THE BALANCE IN IRELAND.

Irish miles are longer than English ones, by

a difference that is very readily appreciated by the weary and foot-sore pedestrian. An English soldier, travelling on a sultry day, laden with his arms and accoutrements, along one of the worst roads in the county of Kerry, was at once struck with this peculiarity in the country, and greatly *bothered* to account for it. In fact, he was just arriving at the conclusion, that the *mile-stones* in the sister-kingdom were as liable to blunders as the people, when he met a peasant. Accosting him in no very gentle tone, he demanded "why the miles were so plaguy long in Ireland?" The Irishman acutely replied: "Plase your honour, the roads, you see, are but bad—*but we give good measure!*"

IMPROMPTU TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO LOSE HER TEMPER.

Lady! lady! change thy mood,  
Or else thy plight's a sad one:  
None ever lost a temper good,  
But soon acquired a bad one.

SALE OF EFFECTS—AND A WIFE.

"1822. Received of Edw. Gale, the sum of Four Pounds Ten shillings, for goods and chattels, and also a black mare and Mrs. Naish, as parting man and wife. Agreed before witness Dec. 8. 1822. Witness the mark of Edw. Pulling X

The X of Mary Gale and George Lansdown

The X of Edw. Gale.

Settled the whole concern by the X of John Naish."

[On Friday, July 11th, 1823, the *Buyer* made application to the Bathforum magistrates, stating the circumstances of the case, and that Naish *wanted his wife back again*, notwithstanding that he, the said Buyer, *liked her very well*, and did not wish to part with her. The magistrates told him he had no legal claim to the woman, and advised him to give her up to the husband; to which he very reluctantly consented.]

*Inscription on a board in the grounds of a Naval Officer on the Rochester road.*

This is the best world we live in,  
To lend, to spend, or to give in.  
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,  
It is the worst world that ever was known.

A wit was asked, "What is the best way to make all the Women run after you?" He replied, "Run away with their *looking-glasses*."

Boileau said that the best epigrammatic epitaph upon record, was the old French one—

"Cy gist ma femme : ah! qu'elle est bien  
Pour son repos, et pour le mien."

Which may be thus freely translated :

Here lies my wife :—I can't repine :  
She gets her rest, and I get mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE MUSE'S WREATH.

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## SONG.

(ALTERED FROM PARNELL.)

MY days have been so wondrous free,  
The little birds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree,  
Were but as blessed as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
Of mine increased their stream?  
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
I lent a sigh to them?

But now soft tremors in my breast  
My vagrant thoughts controul:  
The fair Emilia stands confessed,  
The favorite of my soul.

Each charm, each grace, her heart that binds,  
In city or the grove,  
And gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
And zephyrs, whispering love,

With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design:  
O, teach a young, unpractised heart,  
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate;  
My truth shall never err:  
Nor wish I to be rich or great,  
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
 Is mixed with soft distress :  
 But while the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

CONTENTMENT.

(ALTERED FROM THE SAME.)

LOVELY, lasting *Peace of Mind*,  
 Genuine wealth of human-kind,  
 Whither, O! whither art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek, contented head?  
 Ambition searches all his sphere  
 Of pomp and state to claim thee there :  
 Insatiate Avarice would find  
 Thee in his golden heaps enshrined :  
 The bold Adventurer ploughs his way,  
 Through rocks, and mid' the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love, and then perceives,  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart, that grief assails,  
 Treads lonesomely the verdant vales ;  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
 Amusing thought,—but learns to know  
 That Solitude's the nurse of woe.  
 Nor real happiness is found,  
 In trailing purple o'er the ground ;  
 Nor e'en in Science, ranging high  
 The circuit of the awful sky,  
 The course of every star to know,  
 Or nature's varied forms below :  
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.  
 —Yet, lovely, lasting *Peace*, appear!  
 For e'en this thorny world so drear,



Were once again with Eden blest,  
Did man but hold thee in his breast.

Thus, as beneath the shades I stood,  
I sang my wishes to the wood ;  
And, lost in musing, not perceived  
The branches whisper as they waved.  
It seemed as Nature, still at peace,  
Confessed the Genius of the place.  
I heard his voice :—“ Go, rule thy will ;  
“ Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
“ Know GOD—and bring thy heart to know  
“ The joys that from religion flow :  
“ Then gentle Peace shall prove its guest,  
“ And crown thee with unfading rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ  
With sense of gratitude and joy ;  
Raised, as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer ;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleased and blest with GOD alone ;  
—Then, while my garden takes my sight  
With all the colours of delight ;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song ;  
I'd lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And THEE, great SOURCE OF NATURE, sing!

The sun, that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day ;  
The moon, that shines with placid light ;  
The stars, that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas, that roll their countless waves ;  
The woods, that spread unnumbered leaves ;

The fields, whose ears conceal the grain,  
 The yellow treasure of the plain;  
 All, all my ardent eyes could see,  
 Should be sung, and sung by me:  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, mortals! search your idle dreams,  
 Your busy or your vain extremes,  
 And find a life of equal bliss:  
 —It is the *next* begun in *this*.

#### A SIGH.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,  
 Vapour from a secret fire,  
 Which by thee itself discovers,  
 Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest note of whispered anguish,  
 Harmony's refined part;  
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,  
 Full upon the listener's heart.

Softest messenger of passion,  
 Stealing through a crowd of spies,  
 Who constrain the outward fashion,  
 Close the lips, and watch the eyes.

Shapeless Sigh! we ne'er can shew thee,  
 Framed but to assault the ear;  
 Yet ere to their cost they knew thee,  
 Every nymph, may read thee—here.

#### A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,  
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obeyed,  
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame  
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame;

From angry heaven when fire avenging flies,  
 And fervent heat dissolves the melting skies ;  
 Thou still shalt be—still as thou wert before—  
 And know not change though Time shall be no more.  
 Yea, as a drop in the wide ocean tossed,  
 So Time shall in Eternity be lost.

### THE HORSE AND THE SERPENT.

#### A Fable.

IN those vast, verdant, southern plains,  
 Where Spring in green perpetual reigns ;  
 Those plains from Andes that descend,  
 And lengths interminable extend ;  
 A Horse had left the grazing herd,  
 To wander wildly o'er the sward ,  
 Unconscious that each joy must flee  
 From *solitary* liberty.

His fellows roam by hundreds still,  
 O'er grassy slope, and heathy hill ;  
 While vainly he would pleasure find  
 In vagrant foot, and steps unkind.  
 Sudden the sky's with clouds o'er-cast,  
 In threatening gusts arrives the blast.  
 He snuffs the gale, and starts, and stands :  
 Just then, unwreathing all its bands  
 Of hideous coil, a Serpent grew  
 From out its nest of leaves to view ;  
 And, raising all its horrors, stood,  
 With tongue of fire, and eyes of blood.

Terror the Horse at once subdues ;  
 Flight and escape he cannot choose ;  
 The foe's too near:—a moment gone,  
 The dreadful snake has fastened on  
 His jutting chest:—the poison reigns  
 That instant in his throbbing veins :

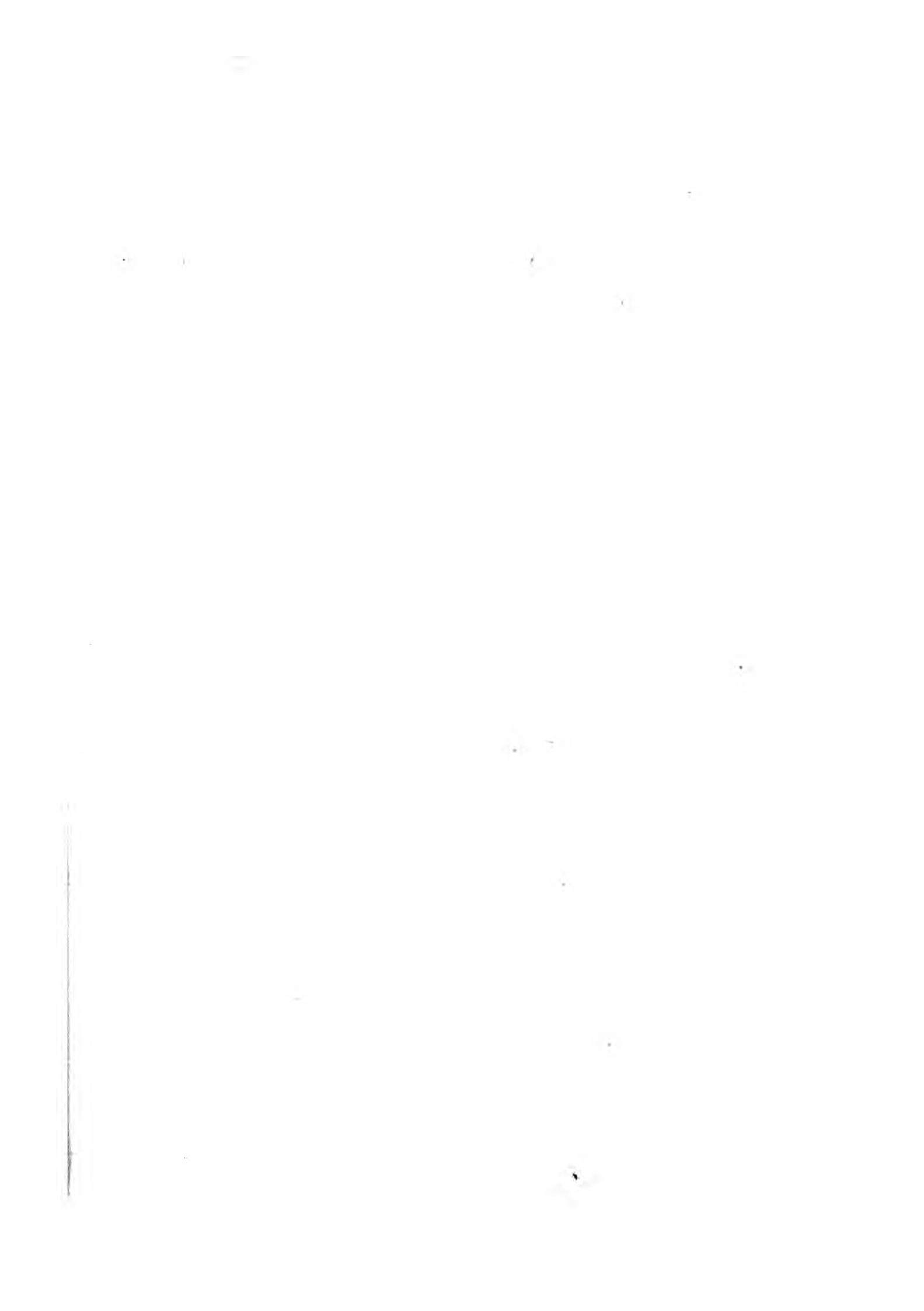




*Drawn & Engraved by J. Greig.*

## THE HORSE & THE SERPENT.

*Pub<sup>d</sup> by J. Poole 8 Newgate Street, Oct<sup>r</sup> 10. 1824  
and Simons & Marshall Stationers Court*





While glorying in his horrid feat,  
 The Serpent skulks to his retreat.  
 Racking with pain, the Horse retires;  
 Darts to the stream to cool his fires:  
 In vain; the cooling waters give  
 No healing power to bid him live:  
 Then rushes where his fellows throng,  
 Writhes the astonished herd among,  
 And dies, this counsel on his tongue.

“ My comrades, see me dearly earn  
 “ The wisdom you with ease may learn.  
 “ If prudent, you will never roam;  
 “ Safety and peace both dwell at home.  
 “ Your hoofs innumerable far had scared  
 “ The subtle beast with sting prepared;  
 “ And subtler man himself, we find,  
 “ Can snare alone our straying kind.  
 “ Remember, then, your strength must be  
 “ In friendship and in unity:  
 “ And vainly they for pleasure rove,  
 “ Who break the bonds of social love.”

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## Poetics

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF NEARCHUS.

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SCHOOL SCENES RE-VISITED:

A SKETCH.

To taste that joy which all delight to taste,  
 And after-thought ne'er sighs o'er as misplaced;  
 When years had flown, I saw, with musing mien,  
 A *Stranger* tread the Academic Green.

The village slept in morn's young lustre grey;  
 The dewy grass in twinkling stillness lay;

Nor careless whistle of the early swain,  
 Nor drowsy horse-bells of the labouring wain,  
 Nor cow-boy's carol, (borne from copse unseen,  
 The fitful gale's own melodies between,)  
 Broke the soft silence of the tranquil scene.

Lo! how, with 'wildered and still changing pace,  
 Now faltering foot-falls in the verdure trace  
 His devious path—and now his steps pursue  
 With eager haste, and dash, the scattered dew :  
 While, ever restless-seeming thought, by turns,  
 His cheek, yet youthful, blanches both and burus!  
 O! why that paly tint, and mantling glow?  
 What mingled feelings in his bosom flow?  
 Whence the expression of that tear-filled eye?  
 That pensive look of tender interest why,  
 As, loitering long amid the beauteous scene,  
 He still, still treads the Academic Green?

Those scenes among his early childhood strayed;  
 That roof his shelter; on that turf he played.  
 Yon sacred portal still each sabbath day,  
 Had duly oped for him to praise and pray :  
 Each neighbouring mansion, and each cottage low,  
 Whose panes were glittering in the matin glow,  
 Had oft received him; and he now was come,  
 Where all was kindred still, and all was home.

#### ADOLESCENCE.

BEHOLD the youth, whose brow has just began  
 To wear the mingled mien of nobler man!  
 While, conscious-glowing with his ripening powers,  
 Bright Science leads him to her cultured bowers;  
 And Fancy's ever rainbow-varied ray,  
 And Hope's sweet smiles, around him dart and play;  
 Sorrow perchance some rising joys may chill,  
 Yet Life's best bliss is his, augmenting still.

Changed is his mind!—for he could once peruse  
 With tasteless apathy a Milton's muse :  
 And he could slight *That Book*, in mercy given,  
 Whose words, life-beaming, light the path to Heaven.  
 No light its leaves among he then could see,  
 Nor mark its grand, sublime simplicity :  
 No import vast, unspeakable, appeared,  
 The sacred strains if e'er he read, or heard ;  
 From grateful reverence rose no trembling prayer,  
 Nor seemed his own eternal interests there !

Bright as the dawning of the orient day,  
 Fair as the soft hues kindled by the ray,  
 When, glory bursting from the curtained night,  
 A new creation glows upon the sight ;  
 And trees, plants, flowers, their sparkling vestures raise,  
 Glistening resplendent with a dewy blaze ;  
 So, mildly lustrous, on his altered eye,  
 From manhood's dawn when childish shadows fly,  
 —By TRUTH dispelled—as mists from morning roll—  
 Kindling beneath that day-star of the soul,  
 The Sacred Scriptures beam ; and pearls divine,  
 (Like orbs forth starting from the night-clouds,) shine,  
 —Rayless till then,—and flash from every line.

True, radiant ever as the orbs that lie  
 Profusely studded in the glittering sky,  
 Those pearls of life had shone—yet ne'er till now,  
 To him e'en glimmered their celestial glow.  
 True, Nature's sweets, ere smiled the joyous day,  
 Lived, though unkindled by the rising ray :  
 Yet, ere the shadowy veil of night had flown,  
 Those myriad sweets lay valueless, unknown :  
 No gem could twinkle in the dew-drop fair,  
 Amid' the gloom—though still the gem was there ;

And hues on hues were embryo beauties vain,  
Had day's blest dawning streamed not o'er the plain.

Pure as that dawn, and lustrous as its fire,  
The light, the glow, that now his thoughts inspire,  
Yes, 'tis a holy transport fills the youth,  
As break thy rays around, O sacred TRUTH!  
The deathless lightnings of thy hallowed flame  
Dart to his soul, and thrill his throbbing frame;  
Rush, all impassioned, to his heaven-ward eyes,  
—There melt, in silent, tearful extacies.

By Thee upborne, in thought his spirit soars  
Far through blue ether to the empyreal shores;  
Regions of worlds enraptured walks among,  
And joins the angels' throne-surrounding song.  
By Thee, he sees those worlds anear him roll,  
And still their loftier, greater, sees—his SOUL.  
Approaching HIM, that awe-fraught soul who made,  
Worlds, systems' selves, awhile revolve in shade!  
—Earth binds the Spirit then—its wish denies—  
Or, like the lark just fluttering on the rise,  
Trembling 'twould strive to reach its kindred skies.

### THE CONTRASTS.

#### Albert.—*Matin Scenery.*

THE sun looked out, and morning smiled;  
The dews were fresh, the air was mild:  
And, pensively as ALBERT roved,  
Arose the thoughts most ALBERT loved:  
Thoughts, the young bosom, pure as his,  
Must ever love—a source of bliss,  
Drawn from the laughing earth and sky,  
When, ruddy from the orient, fly  
The day-star's heralds, all unfurled  
Their banners, to relume a world.

Oh! his seems many a feeling high;  
 There's in his gait an ecstasy:  
 And dreams of virtue and of worth,  
 Mingling with all, in air or earth,  
 Touched by the sunbeams' height'ning glow,  
 By magic chain connecting, grow,  
 And build a heaven for mind below.

Now, far and wide, his looks pursue  
 The landscape to its skirt of blue.  
 High on the wild ridge is his stand:<sup>11</sup>  
 O'er hundred plains he holds a hand!  
 And, mark!—o'erwrought in rapture now—  
 Half rises to his lip the vow,  
 That ne'er for him shall human sin  
 Seem fair such fairer world within:  
 And, wondering half that fevered care  
 Should covet aught that all might share,  
 He turns, so visioned, to survey  
 Each thing re-living in the ray.

Beneath the huge hill's verge, and far  
 Sweeping its base, a sylvan bar,  
 The sombrer view was wild woods all:  
 O'er many a hillock, many a fall,  
 Abrupt and harsh, and darkly green,  
 Those wild wood-tops were straggling seen.  
 Wide o'er their misty, giant arms,  
 —At glimpses too 'twixt hoar trees stern,—  
 The roaming eye might pleased discern  
 Nature's all sunned and glowing charms:  
 And, 'mid the leafy light and shade,  
 Ruled by the breeze that flickering played,  
 The simple hut by peasant reared,  
 Crowning some heathery slope, appeared:



While by the umbered path-way's side,  
 That clomb the upland's steepy pride,  
 On verdant turf the lone ox browsing,  
 No sound his ruminations rousing,  
 From herdsman free, securely fed,  
 All undisturbed his stilly tread :  
 Save when some sauntering woodland boy,  
 Waked cheerly to his first employ,  
 With careless step the brakes among,  
 Would chaunt aloud his cottage song ;  
 And oft the idly-gathered blade  
 (Smiling the while in boyish glee)  
 Fling to the light airs o'er his head,—  
 Meet emblem of Simplicity !

But, lo !—till now unmarked—where stood,  
 Just skirted by the sheltering wood,  
 And where the boughs' re-burnished green  
 Had caught the glorious solar sheen,  
 A village, and its steeple low,  
 Whose humble height scarce topped the glow,  
 Reflected, and reflecting, flung  
 The cottage attic panes among.  
 Ah ! that fair scene he joys to see !  
 It minds him of his infancy ;  
 And of each pastime of the boy ;  
 And how—e'en then his dearest joy  
 Blest Liberty—all lone he'd roam  
 Around his own as rural home.  
 'Mid such a scene, or swift or slow,  
 Still varying, would his footsteps go :  
 And, climbing now the monarch-tree  
 Of all the grove, he'd laugh to see  
 The glittering vane upon the spire,  
 (Mantled like yon he sees in fire,)  
 Than his own breeze-rocked height no higher.

Thought he then, wearied with the glow,  
 How, seeking some sweet nook below,  
 On a sloping bank reposing,  
 Gentlest sleep his eyelids closing,  
 He dreamed perchance of objects dear,  
 Of childish joy, or childish tear;  
 And slumbered till some insect's hum,  
 Marring his visions light, would come,  
 And send him, pretty truant! home.

**Night.—The Robber.**

'Tis gentlest eve: and that soft beam,  
 To towns that gives its silvery stream  
 On tiled roof, and turret-stone,  
 More sweetly, tranquilly, now shone  
 On the low village, and its trees,  
 And whitened spire, and vane that flees  
 In quick pale flashes from the breeze,  
 Where, blest to own romance's power,  
 Walked ALBERT in the morning hour.

How lave the woods, and sleep, in light!  
 Even their nodding glooms, to-night,  
 Seem all too fair to harbour ill—  
 And lo! from wild-wood path who darkling climbs the  
 hill?

His wary track is stilly wound  
 The bright-tipt ridge's base around,  
 His foot-steps yet in shade:  
 He pauses—starts—looks o'er the dell:  
 All hush—some neighbouring sheep-cote bell  
 Alone had murmur made.  
 He gains the height; but deems too nigh  
 The loveliness of Luna's eye:  
 Descends—and stalks the travelled road—  
 The hedge-row covert won, no farther strode.

Who ALBERT knew in earlier day,  
 And marked him on life's morning way;  
 Perchance had wondered, when a youth,  
 Whose brow was light, whose features truth;  
 Whose inmost thought seemed ever holy,  
 Who chiefly wooed lone melancholy;  
 Whose mild warm look would still express  
 Deep thought, and deeper tenderness;  
 Whose ardent accents, too, would seem  
 As stol'n from heated Poet's dream;  
 And who, when lawless pleasure lured,  
 As though in joys more prized secured,  
 As passion-free, and vice-exempt,  
 Repelled in cool tho' haught contempt;—  
 Ah! such perchance had wondered, when,  
 In lone by-path, or woodland glen,  
 That self-same youth, so changed, was seen,  
 Desperate of hand, and fierce of mien,  
 His life disporting on the cast  
 Of the *Road's* venturous game at last.

Little 'twould boot the boy to scan,  
 To see if hopes, so marred in man,  
 Were genuine promise of the flower,  
 That withered ere the ripening hour;  
 Little 'twould boot, unless some eye,  
 Young as was ALBERT's then, should spy  
 A faint resemblance in the page,  
 To aught may mark his own green age:  
 And learn—if he will deign to learn—  
 That feelings, proudly prompt to spurn  
 At vice, and virtue laud and love,  
 Have, haply, yet that hour to prove,  
 When, fairer far than he has painted,  
 Vice shall smile out—nay, pure and sainted,

Like Virtue's very self, appear,—  
 And Virtue's borrowed vesture wear;  
 —Till every passion racks with every war,  
 And faint and fainter gleams his once-thought guiding  
 star.

There is a Phantom walks beneath  
 The pure bright sky, and brighter sun:  
 'Tis arch as Satan, strong as death:  
 What myriads hath the Fiend undone!  
 In open day it stalks the earth,  
 Besets each mortal from his birth;  
 And holds a mirror to the view,  
 Reflecting each his form untrue.  
 Who has not proved that Phantom's prey?  
 Who walks not SELF-DECEPTION'S way?

Yet, erringly if Youth pourtray  
 One brightly-pure and beauteous ray;  
 If one soft flame, and one alone,  
 The ardent stripling make his own;  
 And all too fondly deem it fair,  
 Until he scorch within the glare;  
 Yet be that venial fault forgiven,  
 For Love, true Love, 's a light from heaven!

Oh! ALBERT'S love was pure and high:  
 That love, so like to piety,  
 That oft its portraiture it takes,  
 And, till the strong illusion breaks,  
 Its sky-raised language so it speaks,  
 The small-skilled votary's self believes,  
 And every friend the fraud receives.  
 And were the blame, the after-doom,  
 Her's, whose gay scorn gave Albert's gloom;  
 The doom for powers distorted, turned  
 From right, for right that only burned;

For that wild vacancy of thought,  
 Her cold repulse in ALBERT wrought;  
 That vacancy, whose deadly chill  
 Makes ope the breast to good, or ill—  
 To aught,—will rouse, and warm, and fill;  
 —There were a fearful reckoning here,  
 Might teach the light coquette to fear.

But, votary too of that fond pride,  
 To virtue, and to vice, allied;  
 That pride, which ever still is glowing  
 With o'erstrain'd, o'ersublimed good,  
 With wild, romantic rectitude,  
 To truth and good alike unowing;  
 Yet, sinking still far, far below  
 The pure plain dues to both we owe,  
 He roams, at last its victim, where  
 Destruction, gapes, and fiends ensnare.

For when upon that fated night,  
 He wandered 'neath the soft moonlight,  
 And sudden at that village stood,  
 Where forms, for earth too fair and good,  
 Had wrapt the holy morning hour  
 In dreams that spoke but fancy's power,  
 And only led where crime and ill  
 Had warped, and won, and claim him still;  
 —Some ready demon stings his rest;  
 Some maniac fury fills his breast;  
 And that same tube, whose dreadful aim  
 Has tinged his soul with murder's shame,  
 He lifts:—he rears his anguished brow  
 To heaven—but not with holy vow—  
 'Tis done!—and what is ALBERT now?



Proud sacrifice to proud remorse,  
 No hallowed mound may deck his corse ;  
 But rustic to the traveller tell  
 The cross-road, where he lies—and fell.

### LINES

*Suggested by the approach of Soldiers.*

Hark! hark! 'tis the bugle-note, swelling from far—  
 And the clang of the trumpet—from squadrons advancing!  
 —How repeat the prond strains all the glories of war!  
 While the banners wide wave, and the plumes are all  
 dancing!

List! the sprightly fife and drum  
 Nearer still, and nearer come :  
 Cymbals, mingling clash and ring,  
 Beating to the soldiers' tread ;  
 Swords, that meteor-flashes fling,  
 Gleaming o'er each horseman's head :

Now, O! now, the tide of story  
 Memory bids in floods to roll!  
 Now our fathers' deeds of glory  
 Fill the thought, and fire the soul!

Swift as pass the tramping lines,  
 Fancy glows, and, panting, turns :  
 Distant soon the pageant shines—  
 Still she muses, still she burns.  
 —Hark! that roar—the rushing fight!—  
 Battling armies are in sight!  
 See! 'tis Albion's fire that glows!  
 See! 'tis Gallia dares oppose!  
 Sons of Albion! Britons! on!  
 Hurl your ardour on the foe!  
 Rout their legions!—Joy!—'tis done!  
 Sons of Albion! mercy shew.

—Cease, cease, my flushed bosom, these dreams of the  
battle!

O! canst thou see joy in the war-tempest's rattle?  
And canst thou exult in the red tide that flows  
With the blood of thy brethren—or e'en of thy foes?  
Say, shouldst thou not rather, with awe-restrained breath,  
Contemplate in tears the wild congress of death?  
Ah! shouldst thou not weep and lament to the cry  
Of the vanquished and wounded that groan and that die?

Furl, furl the proud ensigns, that float o'er the plain;  
Nor clot the green turf with the gore of the slain:  
And bare not the steel, with its meteor-like rays,  
Affrighting still ether, terrific that plays;  
For mine eye can no longer delight in its blaze.

For now—O, list!—sad moans the breeze,  
From the battle-field afar:

And there, amid the ensanguined slain,  
In far-strewn heaps that press the plain,  
I see, I see pale Horror stand,  
Aghast, and mute,—then lift her hand,  
And dart with shuddering haste to seize  
The withered wreath of War.

And, hark! again! the battle-breeze, whose swell  
Sighs o'er the field the warrior's woes to tell.  
It tells that the sunbeams, so brilliant that played  
On the falchions and helms of the gay cavalcade;  
Of the banners and plumes that emblazoned the pride,  
Shone as bright on the arms of the thousands that died.  
It tells that those beams fell as clear on the day,  
When the warrior slept on his death-bed of clay:—  
And again sighs the breeze, as oppressed with the groans,  
Which the voice of the dying had mixed with its moans.

Ah! long by the hearth of the warrior's home,  
His children shall listen, and wish he were come;

And his wife heave the sigh;—but the warrior no more  
 The threshold shall tread of his own humble door:  
 No more let such wish to each bosom be dear,  
 No more in each eye let it combat the tear.  
 Bereft of the soldier, whose arm was your stay,  
 Now sorrow shall press on the future's dark way;  
 And tears of affliction shall bitterly flow,  
 And nights of despair shall bring mornings of woe.  
 When poverty all but denies the raw shed,  
 And pale want and disease ghastly glare round your bed;  
 And past hours rise in contrast, all gay with delight,  
 Say, what will *ye* think of the “glorious fight?”  
 Will *ye* too exult with the Conqueror?—No!  
 For his laurels are cypress, his victory woe:  
 And the trophies ambition so joyous would rear,  
 Are the widow's lament, and the orphan's lone tear.  
 These, these are the sorrows, that flow from the battle:  
 Then heed not, my fond soul, the heroes of story:  
 And pant not, my bosom, to join the war's rattle;  
 Nor so proudly beat high with wild visions of glory.

### LINES

#### *Descriptive of a Night Voyage.*

As outward bearing from the bay,  
     We met the foaming tide;  
 And the watch-tower blazed, and the shrilly lay,  
 That the night-breeze sang to the parting day,  
     Freshened o'er ocean wide;  
     How gaily then our merry men  
     Their gallant labours plied!  
     Our vessel's prow  
     Now high, now low,  
 And the white surge o'er her side.

High musing strings the pensive soul,  
 From each weak terror saves :  
 Like the billows' unbidden burst and roll,  
 (Meet image of breast that o'erswells controul,  
 Nor bends—but breaks—and braves,)  
 Its thoughts, more wide than ocean-tide,  
 Mute as its deep-down graves,  
 On, onward still,  
 Roam at wild will,  
 And break like the fragmentless waves.

From the waters' verge the night-orb grew,  
 And a long, long radiance cast :  
 And the air was lit, and each billow blue,  
 As the beauteous light well-pleased it knew,  
 Right gladly sparkling passed.  
 How freely now, on moonlight bow,  
 I breathed the spray-dewed blast!  
 While the cordage rang,  
 And the sea-boy sang,  
 High poised on the creaking mast.

Sleep stills the weltering waters' roar,  
 To those whom sleep can please :  
 And soon, too soon, our voyage o'er,  
 Our bounding bark we safely moor  
 In the shadowy bay at peace.  
 Of the land we left though all bereft,  
 Few lost their spirits' ease :  
 And a glimpse of the oar,  
 Or a sail, or the shore,  
 Sends my thoughts to the moonlight seas.

#### ELLEN'S LOVE.

GLIMMERS now each silvery star,  
 Sinks each sound upon the gale ;  
 Save the rural bells afar,  
 From the steeple in the vale.

Once as Ellen wandered there,  
 Edwin met the musing fair :  
 " Ellen ! sister ! whence that sigh ?  
 " Heaves that pensive bosom why ?

" Does a gentle passion pure,  
 " Artless, angel-holy, move  
 " Ellen's breast, her heart allure—  
 " Sister Ellen ! is it love ?

Sighs, suppressing now their swell,  
 Edwin marked—a tear too fell—  
 " Ellen ! whence the half-formed sigh ?  
 " And the tender tear-drop why ?"

"Twas not love. Too long the maid  
 Edwin's open, noble mien,  
 Sickness' hue had seen o'ershade,  
 Death's approaches silent seen.  
 Sorrow held her bosom's sway :  
 But fond Ellen could not say  
 " Brother ! 'tis for thee I sigh :  
 " Dearest Brother ! wilt thou die ?"

On his cheek life's sunset glow  
 Lingered, ere the spirit fled :  
 Some sad months have passed, and now,  
 Ellen, Ellen too, is dead !  
 Trav'ler ! while their native bells,  
 And the tale the shepherd tells,  
 Claim thine ear, bedew thine eye,  
 Think each sinking peal a sigh.

TO \* \* \* \*

I dreamed my love had flown for ever :  
 "Twas but a dream ; I love thee yet :  
 Vain the resolve to soften never,  
 And years of effort to forget.



I see thee: and again that form  
 Of lightest ease, of loveliest grace,  
 That eye—that smile—renew the storm,  
 Despair had hushed in seeming peace.

Ah! *seeming*; for the features' change  
 From healthful bloom to sickly fair;  
 And vacant eye's scarce conscious range,  
 Had *tranquil* looked, though death were there.

I see thee: and the sight has told me  
 What pride had vainly long concealed:  
 I can but love, if I behold thee!  
 —A love, in heaven alone revealed.

### SONG.

#### THE ROSE TO ISABEL.

HIDE me, Isabella dear!  
 Hide me in thy 'kerchief's glow:  
 The wind blows bleak, though June be near,  
 And warmer is thy bosom's snow.  
 Let me nestle, Isabel!  
 And lurk, where love himself might dwell:  
 My breath as sweet as sigh of youth,  
 Dearest to that pure bosom's truth.  
 'Twas his hand that plucked me, Fair!  
 Shrinking in my early bloom:  
 Kindly plucked—the ruder air  
 Soon had wrought me harsher doom.  
 Happy fate the Rose shall prove,  
 Recalling Isabella's love;  
 Yes—I die—but on thy breast,  
 Sinking in scented sighs to rest.

## SONG.

## MARY'S EYES.

FROM Mary's eyes, with azure beaming,  
 Though liquid tenderness distil,  
 'Tis but their softened lustre streaming  
 From orbs that pity's dew-drops fill.  
 E'en like some modest star, that, gleaming  
 Through heaven's serene, at eve appears;  
 More lovely, robed with halo, seeming,  
 More sweetly radiant, dressed in tears.

And as the sympathetic sorrow  
 Flies, like the nightly clouds that stray  
 Through ether, lovelier tints to borrow  
 From sunshine, the sweet smile of day;  
 So Mary's eyes a jocund morning,  
 A sunny dawn of smiles, will prove:  
 Each gentle look with joy adorning,  
 And all the cloudless light of love.

## LINES

## SUGGESTED BY THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BEAUTEOUS memento of one long too loved!  
 Fair chronicler of faith too dearly proved!  
 Thou lovely likeness—if I see HER not,  
 Whom thou too oft restor'st—when best forgot—  
 Thou hast but mocked her still!—She's not more fair;  
 Scarce heaves *her* breast with happier swell;  
 The robe—why, aye, 'tis passing well;—  
 And I do see pourtrayed, with nicest care,  
 The ring, the brooch, I gave, and chaplet in her hair;  
 —Yet all expression's soul is wanting there!  
 Too cunning Artist, in the idle show  
 Of what I valued not, nor cared again to know,

Farewell!—and if again some angel-face,  
 And form thus rich in every speaking grace  
 Should claim thine art, thy *neat minutia* spare—  
 The flower, the jewel—but let MIND *be* there!

THE MANIAC TO HIS DOG.

YES, yes, Gentle Brute! that art sleeping reclined  
 On my rush-woven seat, *thou art* faithful and kind:  
 Yes, give me my Dog! and the universe tell,  
 It will ne'er give a thing I shall love half so well.

And who cried “Enthusiast”?—Poor worldling! was't  
 you?

Thy brethren were traitors; my Dog here was true.  
 Men, men were my foes: for my Dog still I'll say,  
 That Fido could never deceive nor betray.

Once the world I was roaming: each vale and each hill  
 Smiled in sunshine, and drew my fond steps to it still.  
 It was but youth's yesterday!—frown they to-day?—  
 My Fido, as ever, looks gratefully gay.

The blithe mates of my childhood, who pictured life's  
 hours

All summer—our business here plating its flowers—  
 What! cold as those fancies? slight-memored? away?  
 —Now Fido's my playmate, and ever he'll stay.

But hark! there was one promised truth to life's end:  
 Him I yielded my bosom's key, called him *my friend*.  
 Hark again! there was one a *soft flame* seemed to move:  
 —And my friend proved a fiend, and a false one my love!

Up, Fido—that thought!—sooth this bosom so torn:  
 Nay, but fawn not! 'tis like the base world we've for-  
 sworn.

Still, still, honest Fido?—Poor Friend! have thy way;  
 For thou art a friend that will never betray.

## THE HOURS THAT HAVE PASSED.

ON the Hours that have Passed, or in Friendship or Love,  
 Can the heart feel delighted to dwell?  
 With the shades of those hours as in vision to rove,  
 While remembrance repeats but their knell?  
 Yes, sweet is the joy-blended sorrow, whose thrill  
 Gives us back the gay glance, and the tongue's magic  
 sound ;  
 And dear to the heart pensive Memory still—  
 Though she pierce to its core, she has balm for the  
 wound.

Fond Memory, yes! let the spirit expressed  
 In the smiles of life's frolicsome Spring,  
 Dance its wont with young Mirth in his holiday vest,  
 And its light and its rapture yet bring.  
 I will muse on those smiles, I will muse on the song  
 From the heart of congenial tone ;  
 Nor droop, while by Fancy borne lightly along,  
 HOPE, cloud-seated HOPE, is my own.

Then come, ye soft shadows of joys that have been!  
 Return, as in vision, ye Hours !  
 Come—welcome to me as May sylphids in green,  
 Returning with sunshine and flowers.

For sweet is the smile-blended sorrow, whose thrill  
 Gives us back the gay glance, and the tongue's magic  
 sound ;  
 And dear to the heart pensive Memory still—  
 Though she pierce to its core, she has balm for the  
 wound.





