MADRID IN 1835.

Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula, by a Resident Officer. *In 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.* 1836.

At a crisis like the present it is singularly fortunate to obtain a book of authentic reference such as 'Madrid in 1835.' This work gives what we may fairly presume to be an extremely correct view of the state of Spain so recently as a year since. We do not know any volumes of travels that surpass these in interesting and accurate description; and very few that come up to them. They are rich in interest and information. There is not a doubt of their popularity. The author is perfectly acquainted with his subject, and is a profound as well as an acute observer; a student of individual character no less than of national peculiarities; a vivid describer, and a philosophical generaliser. It is only by the combination of such qualifications that a writer can convey clear conceptions of the real condition of a great country; and no era of any country requires more depth and discrimination in an historian to pourtray than that of its fallen greatness or impending ruin.

The daily occupations, the manners, customs, and amusements of all classes of society, combine to show the habitual state of feeling or moral sense of a people; and we are convinced that no political institutions can be permanent which do not wield a power in accordance with that moral sense. Institutions act upon the national character powerfully, it is true, but slowly; and force alone can maintain them when they are opposed to that character. A conviction of this truth has hitherto been the most subversive of our hopes concerning the regeneration of Spain. Her friends have been used to hear, without the power of contradiction, such opinions as these,—'Spain is a priest-ridden country,'—'her people are ignorant and oppressed by a degrading superstition, which will continue to preserve the despotic power of the monks,'—'monkish influence is akin to the Holy Inquisition, and destructive of all liberty and improvement,' &c. But our author holds a different language altogether, and it is satisfactory to find that he has good grounds for his opinion. Admitting the utter degradation of the grandees, the gross corruption of the clergy, and the vices of the government, he yet bears testimony to the nobleness of the peasantry, and to a sturdy strength in their nature which may indeed retard the

progress of improvement in some respects, as it has resisted that of corruption in others; but which presents a grand foundation whereon to base the future destinies of a country.

"Madrid and the provincial capitals may possibly give some evidence of the action of a liberal government upon the manners and habits of their inhabitants. But it will require centuries to obliterate from the minds of the peasantry their ancient traditions, and to make them change their old and cherished way of life. In some respects this tenacity does them honour; and I trust that, whatever modifications the 'lights of the age' and the 'march of intellect' may effect in the general state of Spain, her noble peasantry will never relinquish either their graceful garb and bearing, or their singular disinterestedness and integrity. Spain is an original and racy land, full of quaint prejudice and 'auld lang syne' memorials, which lend to it a mellow and attractive hue, and invest it with peculiar charms to all who, like myself, are fond of wandering among the ruins, and living with the traditions and recollections of the past.

"If this age of regeneration succeed in working out the happiness and comfort of a noble race, whom centuries of oppression and misgovernment have failed to debase, I shall hail its advent with delight."—Preface, p. 8.

The power which the monks have been able to wield over this people, the author shows to be that of fear, not of love. The plan is certainly far from novel. But he maintains that in Spain it is the dominion of wealth over dependent poverty, not of superstition over the prostrate mind. The former hold is insecure indeed when compared with the other; it is an outward circumstance instead of an inward influence; its removal is within the power of the legislature, and its pressure once taken off, the spell will be utterly broken. It is here stated that the majority of the secular clergy are well affected to a liberal government, but the monks are perfectly conscious that they have preyed heavily on the "flocks" of their country, and that they cannot expect much forbearance on the part of the "shorn." Hence their support of Don Carlos, which has been their last "mortal combat," and hence, through their influence, the support of his cause by the people. The following passage, which relates to the civil war, is illustrative of the author's opinion as to monkish power:—

"It must not be supposed, however, that the close union between friar and peasant exhibited in this instance, any more than in others, arises from the influence of kindness and fatherly care on the part of the former, calling forth the respect and attachment of the latter; fear, I have already said, enters far more into their conduct. The monks stand precisely in the shoes of rich proprietors or powerful landlords with regard to their tenantry. A great proportion of the soil of the country being ecclesiastical property, the resident inhabitants, who are employed by the monks in the cultivation of their lands, naturally look

up to them as their landlords and masters, on whom is their sole dependence. They know these masters too well not to be aware that a refusal to obey their orders, or any sign of disaffection to their cause, would be certain to deprive them of their whole means of existence.

"That this is the real tone of feeling of the peasantry in general towards the friars I am fully convinced. There may be here and there exceptions, produced by family ties, when friends or relations have put on the habit; but it may be safely asserted, that the great majority are actuated by such motives as I have stated. Even in the kingdom of Navarre,—that classic land of Levites and their admirers,—it is well known that at least half the young men comprising the insurgent forces are pressed into the ranks, and they are only kept there by the dread of the most terrible chastisement. A man's life never weighed a feather with their redoubted chieftain, Zumalacarregui. He would order a village to send a certain number of recruits, threatening, in the event of their non-appearance, to confine and bastinado the father and mother of the parties. In case of desertion, the menaces of burning the house that sheltered, or shooting the friend who concealed him, were most religiously executed."—Vol. ii. p. 135, &c.

We find it stated in a note, that the 'Biscayans and Guipuzevans are, to a man, pressed into the service of the Pretender.' This is quite contrary to the current notion, and it is gratifying to have that point set right by such an authority as the author of these volumes.

The power of the monks may be appreciated were it only by the extent of their possessions. We learn that, according to the estimate of Garay, who is here mentioned as "the ablest financier Spain ever boasted," the property yielded a revenue of a million of dollars more than the national yearly budget! This is the smallest computation; according to some, it yielded five or six millions more. The author remarks upon this:—

"The '*Delenda est Carthago*' is here of all necessity. The church, as at present constituted, *must* be reformed, otherwise the establishment of order, and anything like good government, in Spain, are impossible."—Note, vol. ii. p. 146.

The constant interference of the priesthood in every passage of life, from birth to death, has been a most potent influence, but we are assured it is impatiently endured, and would be willingly cast off. It has been so great as to make it scarcely conceivable by us, well as it is described:—

"The unfortunate Spaniard is doomed to feel the griping influence of cowl and cassock, from the moment he sees the light of this harlequin world until he be duly laid in his grave."—Vol. ii, p. 178.

Even before his birth the priest is in readiness in the house, to enjoy the "chocolate, sugar, coffee, *torrones*, generous wine, and other comforts," and to baptize, cross, and bless the "screaming infant." The churching of the mother follows. At five or six years old the boy is again committed to the care of "the cloth,"

and there he remains till about thirteen, by which time he is initiated in what the author characteristically designates the "*manual exercise* of his religion," and possessed with a thorough detestation of all true knowledge. During his youth the cowl is constantly before his path, like the moving scare-crow of humanity; while royal edicts, like the wanton and pettish tyranny of spoiled children, are continually pouted forth, threatening punishment for crowding the church-porches, uttering unorthodox oaths, irreligious expressions, and so forth. If he be seized with illness, the priest is at his bed-side, to scare, appal, exhort, confess him, and play off the mummeries and devilish tricks of his "order." Every Spaniard marries, whether old or young, rich or poor, and in married life the padre is the almost daily visitor of the family; hence, what with births, christenings, secrets, quarrels, and confessions, the "man of God" is constantly getting paid for eating, drinking, and meddling in all affairs. During the Carnival he is busy in dispensing indulgences; during Lent, in watching for the smell of the forbidden flesh-pots. At Easter all the consciences have to be sponged, like naughty boys' slates, and every one's penitence and communion certified by a ticket—a sort of duplicate, without retaining which there can be no hope of redemption. Nay, to make sure of both sides of the grave, all who seek public employments in *this* world must be able to produce the aforesaid documents, and it is stated that a traffic in them was carried on by many regular agents, among whom were some young clergymen, who sold them at the rate of from six to twelve reals a piece. Then, at all seasons of the year, the priest has some emergency ripe with the love of heaven, or an exigency ready ground and pointed for use: an altar-cloth is wanting for his church, or a new dress for Our Lady, or a becoming mantle for her shoulders; or masses must be said for some patron saint, deceased relative, or righteous will-maker; or the candlesticks want gilding, and a large supply of candles is needed, that wax may be "looking up!" An individual, perhaps, feels himself crossed and stopped in his career by some mysterious influence; and when youth and health have been consumed in vain efforts to succeed in life, he discovers the cause to have originated in a *peculiar* cross that has been secretly set against his "irreligious" name. Wives beg and pray of their husbands to be prudent and wise, and frighten their children with an 'Ave Maria! mind what you do!—the familiar is watching you!—the padre is coming!' Thus, with the powers of wealth in their hands, and those of Darkness in their tongues, the priesthood rule the people. It is of no use to cry "beware of man-traps" where all "premises" belong to those who set them.

"Brought up with these impressions from his earliest years, a Spaniard conforms, externally, in all points to the ceremonies of his faith; not

from the force of inclination—not from his conviction of their necessity to prepare him for another world—but from the fear and trembling with which the 'holy men,' who watch so strictly over his salvation, have inspired him. Since the action and re-action in the Peninsula, produced by the French invasion in 1808, and the war of independence, the restoration of Ferdinand, and the fall of the constitution in 1814, the re-establishment of a constitutional government in 1820, and its second overthrow in 1823, and the ultimate fits of persecution and lenity which marked the subsequent course of the late reign, a feeling of suspicion, of jealousy, and mutual hatred, has become rooted between a large proportion of the Spanish laity and their ghostly instructors: the latter are fully aware of the frail and insecure tenure by which their immense worldly possessions are held, in the event of a firm establishment of a liberal government. From the bottom of their hearts they detest all whose opinions have a leaning that way, and regard their faith and morals as equally suspicious. The layman, on the other hand, hates the priesthood, both generally and particularly. He knows them to be, in far too large a proportion, men of gross and pampered and sensual habits and propensities—profound hypocrites and dissemblers, having nothing of religion about them but the habit. But they are his *incubi*, his fate, whom he knows he cannot shake off, and is therefore compelled, externally, to treat with deference and respect, while, internally, he vows that, if ever the day shall arrive, he will exact ample interest for all old scores."—Vol. ii. p. 189.

Here are causes enough of enmity, but the greatest grievance, of all the host inflicted by the church, remains behind. It seems to us that nothing can exceed the intolerable oppression which forces the dying, whatever be their faith, or their want of faith, to listen in their last moments to the exhortations of an order they perhaps despise, and to become the subjects of ceremonies they perhaps ridicule. The author has given an illustration of this most hateful tyranny in the story of Don Augustin ***, an old friend of his own. It is told with affecting truth and power, and is enough to make the heart sick that such things should be done and suffered. Don Augustin had been pursued by that vindictive hatred with which the priests visited all who had bought any of the forfeited church lands: he had held situations of trust under the constitutional government, and his career had been long and honourable in both military and civil appointments; but he was hunted from province to province, *impurificadoed*, frequently in a state of starvation, and obliged to conceal himself from the researches of the secret police of the clergy. He had a proud and independent spirit, and the impression this treatment made on him was deep.

"'There are some men in this world,' (he would say, naming them) 'and the clergy in general, on whose account I would renounce my hope of Paradise for ever, rather than run the risk of meeting them there. Not only myself, but my forefathers have been their victims. They have

tracked me through life, nor can I hope to leave it without having my last look blasted by their presence.' "—Vol. ii. p. 197.

He had to endure the heavy trial upon his death-bed. Knowing that he should expose his children to dishonour, persecution, and an exclusion from every career, by manifesting his disgust, he was obliged to confess himself and go through the ceremonies they prescribed for his soul.

"He must resign even his antipathies in this last bitter draught of mortality. He must humble himself before an ignorant, stupid monk, the personification of all the disasters of his life. 'Ah, my friend!' he would say, 'fly from this land of woe and oppression. Thank heaven that you are alone in the world, that you have no children who bear your name. You, at least, may save yourself this extreme pang, and die in peace, and after your own fashion!'"

"The confession is begun: but the penitent has not even touched upon that which his ghostly father considers the most heinous of all crimes. 'Have you nothing else to accuse yourself of, my son? Poise it well; God is merciful to those who do not mock his forbearance. There is yet time. Does your conscience bear no other deadly burthen? Speak!'—'None!'—'What, *hermano!* have you not dipped, or, better to explain it, plunged, into the sacrilegious sea of crimes and vexations directed against the servants of God, by a spirit emanating from hell? Are your hands pure of the blood of those defenders of God's anointed, and of his holy faith? Hast thou not entered and laid waste *the Lord's vineyard*, sharing it with reprobates? Didst thou not covet its fertility, converting such to thine own sinful uses? Yes! Son, descend into the depths of thy heart,—ask an humble pardon of God, and of his church, for these greatest of all offences—for thy wild subversive opinions—for this yearning after the goodly possessions of the tabernacle!'

"This was torture to the ulcerated memory of Don Augustin; he groaned aloud. 'Aye, brother, this is well! God hears the voice of repentance—the effusions of a contrite heart. Great, indeed, has been thy guilt. God will pardon thee, as we do. Amen.'

"Large drops of perspiration stood upon the dying man's burning forehead; his eye was blood-shot, and nervous contraction altered the usual expression of his countenance. The instrument of torture had ceased its action, but its effects remained. The sorrows and misreckonings of his whole life had been concentrated into one pang by the ministry of a monk, the last boon reserved for him by the church. 'Leave him,' said I, 'he requires repose.'"—Vol. ii. p. 199.

The visit of a second priest, who raved over the dying man, is given with equal force. The wretch actually shouted "the devil is on the watch, to seize your soul on its passage!" Want of space alone prevents us from extracting this scene, as well as the fine description of the approach of the procession bearing the *viaticum*, to confer extreme unction. We pass on to the death scene.

"The apartment having been cleared of idlers, to receive the *viaticum* with due respect, I was for a moment left alone with my unfortunate friend. '*Epifanio!*' murmured he, squeezing my hand; '*este mundo es*

una jaula de locos!' (this world is a cage of fools!) 'Rejoice with me that I am leaving it, though I suffer sorely. What lights are those? The *viaticum!*—ah, true!—let it come!—other fools coming to see a comrade off!—this is as it should be. Let them come! let my children be grateful to me for it!'

"The clergy now entered the chamber, which was soon filled with the smoke of torches and the fumes of frankincense. The *viaticum* was administered with due solemnity, and the holy oil and ointment administered immediately afterwards, seeing the few hours the *moribund* had to live. The benediction is given—the pilgrim is ready for his journey—the ties which bound him to this world are snapped asunder: like the balloon inflated, he begins to spurn the earth, panting to be borne along on the breezes of eternity.

"During the performance of this ceremony Don Augustin's countenance would have appeared to an indifferent observer as indicative of a most serene and placid state of mind. But the eye of friendship could plainly read, in the play of his features, in the slight contraction between his eyes, and in his compressed lips, how painful to him was the part he acted in that scene. As the priests, and monks, and acolites retreated through the gallery, when the rustle of the last surplice was heard on the threshold, and the last torch flickered along the walls and across his features, they assumed an expression of satisfaction. He looked at me—'My good friend, it is all over! the farce is played—they are gone!'—then, after a pause, raising himself in his bed, and rallying into one effort the last ebbings of existence, while his dark eye shot forth a glance of corresponding meaning, he exclaimed, 'Esto para ellos!' (this for them!) accompanying it with the gesture which of all others is, with Spaniards, the most expressive of withering contempt.* He fell back exhausted; the death-rattle was heard so loud as to bring the capuchin back into the room, and to the bedside; the *padre* throws himself on his knees, and recites the prayer for the departing spirit. A loud cry escapes the sufferer; his eyes, for some minutes fixed on vacancy, undergo a quick convulsive motion; his features become distorted; he is dead!"—Vol. ii, pp. 207-209.

This story is stated, in a note, to be "true to the letter, as all its circumstances were witnessed by the writer." It is sufficient by itself to prove the truth of the position, that the clergy of Spain have made themselves hated, and that their influence is not attributable to one particle of respect or love.

In cases such as this, confession becomes nothing more than an irritating bondage, but it is well known to have been a most powerful instrument of abuse in the hands of the monks, and frequently wielded for their own purposes. In 1835, the number of monasteries in Madrid amounted to thirty-nine, and the number of nunneries to thirty-three. Some very interesting information regarding them is given in these volumes.

* This gesture, termed a *corte de mangas* (literally, a cut of the sleeves), consists in clapping one hand forcibly against the inside of the elbow-joint of the other arm, which is suddenly raised, with the fist clenched,—the countenance at the same time expressing, with the utmost energy, the sentiments meant to be conveyed.

To the story of Inéz, *la hermosa, la sin par* (the beautiful, the peerless), we would especially refer our readers.

We have said that the author bears his testimony to the degraded state of the Grandees of Spain. He describes them as, even in physical endowments, a pigmy, deteriorated race, with intellectual powers and capabilities pretty much on the same scale; with no remains of their ancient importance, except an inflated, puff-cheek opinion of their own dignity, and a rigid, high-starched attention to state and etiquette, which has a very ridiculous effect, and induces a careful avoidance of any alliances out of their own order, as they pick their way through families with marriageable daughters. They hold places in the court, but they have no political influence, and by their exclusion from the Chamber of *Proceres*, they seem reduced to a nullity—"*a vox et prætereа nihil*, a thing which men have heard of, but which no longer exists." They are, with few exceptions, overwhelmed with debts and mortgages, and their vast possessions are lying waste. By far the greater part of Spain is uncultivated, and the noble mansions throughout the country are becoming ruinous; but, unlike the human owners, there is grandeur in their decay, and sense of old memories, and deep lament of soul for the high hopes that have become air, and the mighty things that have returned to indistinguishable dust, and are now in themselves as nothing.

"Not a few of the ancient family seats of the grandees are superb models of Gothic or Moorish architecture. Placed on the bold summit of some mountain's brow, over some rocky pass or wooded defile, they command a wild, and rich, and heart-stirring prospect; their time-struck battlements still rise proudly to the heavens, while their vaulted hails and tapestried chambers attest, on every side, the absence and neglect of their lord. The spacious stables of the Andalusian war-horse, or far-famed barb of the desert, are crumbling to ruins, and now afford only a precarious shelter to the goats or asses of the wandering *gitanos*. A few thousand yards apart, perched on the topmost pinnacle of the ridge, the *atalaya* rears its tall square tower—a trusty sentinel keeping watch and ward for Moor or Saracen,—

"'A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days.'"—Vol. ii, p. 111.

Accurate and graphic descriptions, such as the foregoing, are of frequent recurrence in these admirable volumes. We may instance the first view of Madrid approached by the Bayonne road, when, after the eye has become wearied with the wild, sterile aspect of the country, the domes and minarets, and high tapering steeples of the capital "spring from the earth as at the touch of a magician's wand;" and the view of the *Prado* at night. The account of the interior of the city conveys to the mind a most lively idea of its general appearance. We seem to see the whole with its striking peculiarities;—the infinite variety of costume, foreign, native, military, and monastic; the strange contiguity of splendour and

wretchedness, gaiety and gloom, silk and rags; the irregularity of the houses; the near neighbourhood of the ruinous hut and the marble palace; the group of *caballeros ladrones* (robber cavaliers, *Anglicè*—swell mob,) assembled in an advantageous position to note all arrivals and departures, and afterwards to sally forth to their calling; the troops of dogs, and their rendezvous near the market-place, which is apt to end in a general *mêlée;* the arrival of the '*galeras*' from the country, the matted awnings, mud-clodded wheels, wild looking mules and drivers, the misanthropic dog posted between the wheels, and the iron pot lashed on behind, telling loudly "of bad roads and plains, and uninhabited regions, requiring both food and kitchen to travel with;" the independent dealers who habitually take their stand and deposit their wares in the passages of the regular shops, or entrances of the houses, cooking their beans and lard, which form their soup and olla, in an earthen vessel, fitted to a little iron tripod, containing a few live embers; the *rusticos*, or country people, who come in to dispose of their wares, then prepare and eat their dinners, roll themselves up in their *mantas*, take their *siesta* and return, as independent as Arabs of the desert; the numerous guitar players, surrounded by a crowd the moment they are heard by this music-loving population, but deserted before the concluding couplet, when the hat goes round, and encounters but "thin air," or the elbow of some passenger in a hurry; the long dead walls of the convents, with here and there the shaven poll and bright eye sinister of some anchorite at the window of his cell, near whom the curious observer may discover the existence of 'a green bottle of amphoric form, vulgarly called a Donna Juana,' reposing on the window stools during the cool of the morning and evening, to mellow and call forth the perfume of the *supernaculum* contained within it; the nunneries, with ample store of latticed windows, whence the sisters may see without being seen; the butcher's horse, like a moving market, with six sheep hideously suspended on each side by large iron hooks to the wooden pack-saddle, and protruding their awful heads and limbs to the imminent danger of ladies' cloaks in the narrow streets, the owner himself mounted in the middle, and a chained mastiff trotting by the side, scowling defiance at all the dogs who faithfully accompany the tempting *cortége* in its progress; the astounding rush of the twenty or thirty asses returning from their day's work at the lime-kilns, their driver with his rattan behind, and their empty sacks flapping at their sides, enveloping them in a cloud of lime-dust, as they clatter at a desperate pace along the pavement, or dodge between horsemen and carriages; the professor of fencing giving his lesson in the open air; the pointed, murderous flint stones of the pavement; the chains hanging in festoons over the gateway of some mansion, marking that "our lord the king

has deigned to honour it with his presence;" the ladies with their light graceful forms, dark languid eyes, little feet, and elegant costume, not forgetting the fan which they know so well how to use; the equipages of all shapes and sizes; and the venders of fruits, cigars, sweet cakes, and of cool water, the favourite beverage of all classes at Madrid. The manners and habits of the people are described with equal minuteness and graphic truth:—

"The tone of society in the middling and highest classes is absolutely the same; the only difference consists in those who are richer than their neighbours wearing more expensive dresses, and going in a carriage, instead of on foot, in the primitive way, lighted by their man or woman servant with a resin flambeau, to avoid ruts and pools, or by the more ingenious device of a trained poodle, bearing two equipoised lanterns on a stick between his teeth, and trotting out friendly before the family. In point of manners and information, the class of private gentry, bankers, and private merchants, have a decided advantage over the grandees."—Vol. i. p. 271.

A note adds the following explanation:—

"It is perhaps necessary to elucidate more fully the distinction between 'middling classes' and the *grandeza*. Every body, or almost every body, is noble in Spain, *i. e.* tacks the *Don* to his name, and has a coat of arms engraved over his door, be he but a peasant or an artisan. I do not include them in the middling class in Spain. This, according to English notions, embraces the minor nobility, men of good family and some property, the higher ranks of the magistracy, military men, bankers, and principal merchants. Education has made much greater progress among them than among their superiors in rank."—Vol. i. p. 272.

The style of society is easy, and not expensive. No extravagance is displayed in houses, or in the furniture, which is generally mean and shabby; and the common practice is to live in floors or suites of rooms, several families being contained in one house. The dinner hour is always early, between one and three. The two hours' *siesta* is followed by the walk in the *Prado*; refreshment at a *café*; the theatre or some public place, and then the evening party, or *tertulia*, as it is called. About six families in Madrid have a *tertulia* each evening, to which the friends go almost uninvited, and without ceremony. Dancing, and sometimes gambling, are the amusements, and glasses of sparkling water generally the only refreshment. From the specimens given of the conversation, it will be found to bear a close resemblance to that which usually transpires at such social meetings in England; plenty of gossip, some little scandal, and a due proportion of that species of love-making aptly denominated "flirting;" mixed with more free and frequent discussion, both among men and women, of public characters and measures than we are used to find here. The Spaniards of all classes have a passion for dancing, and for masked balls in particular. The drama is in a very abject state, and the management of the theatres disgrace-

fully low—almost as bad as in London. "The amateurs of the gentle pastime of bull-fighting," says our author, "are infinitely better accommodated in their pleasures than the lovers of the drama." The national passion for bull-fights, he tells us, remains unimpaired; they are attended by all ranks, and by women as much as by men. "Toros! nos morimos por los toros! The bulls!—we are dying for the bulls!" This is a most brutalized appetite; but before we vent our righteous disgust let us look to the needful reform of our own stupid vulgarity.

"The *Aviso al Publico* (advertisement), announcing that the 'Queen, our mistress, whom God preserve! has been graciously pleased to concede a bull-fight in the morning and evening, to the loyal inhabitants of the very noble and heroic city of Madrid,' is a universal and infallible panacea for all the cares and chagrins to be found within the fourteen *barrios* of the capital, and more especially for those weighing upon the lower classes of the population. Work may be scarce, employment of every sort scantily remunerated, but the dollar for the bull-fight and accompanying expenses must be found, or borrowed, or earned, or stolen."—Vol. i. p. 305.

This is the way in which they draw off the people's attention from their own affairs, is it! The Tories have long since taken the hint, and sent forth the Duke of Wellington as a *matador* against John Bull; but it would not do. The whole description of the sport in Spain is given in the author's animated style: we can only extract his vivid picture of the great amphitheatre of Madrid crowded with "twenty thousand spectators:"—

"In the gaily-adorned boxes, galleries, and pit, are to be seen every gradation of toilet, from the rich aristocratic mantilla, or Gallic bonnet, of the ladies of rank,—whose enjoyment of the sport is betrayed by gentle undulation of their embroidered cambric handkerchiefs, in honour and encouragement of the bold *picador*, or cool *matador*,—to the black glossy hair of the young *manola*, a silver-gilt bodkin ornamenting her head, a well-formed bust carelessly concealed by a showy kerchief, the silk mantilla bound with black velvet, thrown backward as a scarf upon her shoulders and neck, encircled with a coral-bead-chain, and large gold ear-rings hanging to the shoulder,—posture erect, and arms a-kimbo. In her behold the admiration of '*manolos*,' the arbitress of the plaudits or hisses to be distributed to the performers below.

"Soldiers, citizens, and provincials, from all parts of Spain, fill the lower benches, and make up in noise what they want in elevation. The Church, also, sends its representatives. Many a full-fed dean and friar places himself in a *corrida de toros*—always, however, with proper precautions, such as they are wont to use when enjoying, from the corner of their eye, the lavish display of female attractions in the seats beneath them."—Vol. i, p. 311.

We necessarily pass over the remainder of this description, and many more, all full of fine sketches and information.

With a priesthood, and a race of grandees such as previously

described, each order monopolizing a vast proportion of the land, the difficulties of any government must be great enough. The vices of the one existing at the period are very forcibly described. The ministry, who had acquired the name of the "six kings of Spain," possessed irresponsible power; "the royal mantle, like that of charity, covering their multitude of sins;" their first idea when in power being to provide as well as possible for themselves and their families (not a very novel idea); their next, to reject all the plans, however good, of their predecessors, because, as they did not originate these plans, they would get no credit for them with the public. The shoals of placemen and pensioners prove their success in the first attempt, and the numbers of grand undertakings begun and left unfinished, throughout the country, show the truth of the second assertion respecting them. In short, our author hits, and would he could disable, several birds with one stone.

"Place-hunting is carried on in this (?) country with an energy and perseverance nowhere else to be met with: if one man is turned out, another is ready immediately to step into his shoes, and they or he are so accommodating that the shoes always fit the man as if his measure had been taken for them. Afterwards he tries if he cannot shift them for a better pair, but in the sequel he also is tripped up by the heels: no fear of an interregnum or vacancy; it is like the succession of the kings of France—*le roi est mort! vive le roi!* You are out, I am in;—it is just as it should be. Long live *Pepa!* let flies come now! Burst if you will; you've had your turn, now it's mine; St Martin's day comes round to every one; my good friend, what's to be done? Patience, and put up with it."—Vol. ii, p. 36.

This kind of language, says the author, is very explanatory of "a Spanish view of men and things." The minister's levee, crowded with expectant petitioners, is extremely well drawn; the conversation and anecdote introduced is excellent, and the same may be said of the "*exeunt omnes.*"

"The crowd gradually diminishes; a few old hands, always endeavouring to remain the last, with a generous self-denial, engaging those behind to take precedence. Convinced by long experience that his excellency does not retain a syllable of all that is said to him by the multitude, they imagine that the last speakers have a better chance of his recollecting them. It is amusing to observe the various ingenious devices put in practice to secure this supposed advantage,—some pretending to have forgotten or mislaid some important paper, for which they fumble every pocket; while others affect an absent fit, and keep looking fixedly out of the window until their turn passes. Rivals for the same, or similar objects, insist on every body going in the same order they held in the file: perhaps the only instance where the first desire to be last, and the last are anxious to keep their station. The minister receives their memorials, puts them into his hat, or on the table against which he leans, and assures the claimants that they shall be looked to in due time and course. He

sees his last bore vanish with delight, rings the bell for the *mayor*, to whom he delivers all the trash he has gleaned, and shuts his door against all further intrusion, until another week brings him back an hour or two more upon his legs."—Vol. ii, p. 76.

The following extract is of general application. It embodies a main point in the history of social abuses ever since the many were governed by the few for the good of themselves.

" To the numerous host who derive their living from the taxes and sinecures squeezed out of the hard earnings of the people, it is a matter of great indifference who reigns, or what is the form of government, so long as their salaries are paid. Once attempt to reduce them, and to suppress the useless places,—' aye, there's the rub.' This is the great rock on which a patriotic and pure executive is likely to split ; and they can never hope to achieve a reform of this kind unless seconded by the firm determination and support of the sound fraction of the nation. That a strenuous effort must be made to shake off the reptiles that have been so long preying on the vitals of this unhappy country is certain ; what will be the result time only will shew. Whatever may be the fate of the experiment, the ministry that ventures upon it must be considered to have deserved well of their country. If it succeeds, Spain may once more be a nation, and resume her proper place among the powers of Europe ; if it fails, her name will continue a bye-word for baseness and degradation."—Vol. ii, p. 123.

The cause of liberty in Spain has once more revived. The contest there has now changed its character, and the interest with which it will be regarded is proportionally increased. The struggle is no longer between a prince who avows despotism as the prime jewel of his crown, and a government which professes only a limited degree of respect for liberal principles, and troubles itself still less about the practice ; the question now at issue is, whether the will of the people or the ambition of Don Carlos shall be triumphant.

The Queen's body-guard at St Ildefonso, incited by the people of Spain, or by a knowledge of the popular feeling, have compelled the Queen to accept the constitution of 1812. This manifestation of determined political energy proves that the principles of liberty once planted among them have taken deep root. Twice already has Spain attempted to burst her bonds, and as often has she been thwarted, and her efforts crushed by royal perfidy and by foreign interference. France was once more the point to be dreaded, but Louis Philippe seems at last to have thought that his subjects will not sanction such renewed betrayals of the popular cause.

The constitution of 1812 is certainly far from perfect, but it carries within itself the principle of progression, as it is founded on the basis of an extensive popular representation, and makes no provision for a second chamber.

It may be expected that we should say something of the recent contest in which our countrymen have engaged, so many of whom have fallen, while so few will return with any other compen-

sation than their experience. That they have behaved gallantly, there is no doubt; that they have produced, directly of their own force, no important effects, or laid the ground-work of any permanent advantage, seems equally clear; but that they have, at the very least, deserved honourable treatment of the government whose cause they espoused, and the just fulfilment of its contract, does not admit of a single question. They will find *no* honour in the government.* "There is no money," it will be said. Then, without alluding to the large promises painted forth in rich perspective, the Spanish government has played the part of a political swindler—obtaining men on false pretences—since it was bound in all honesty not to enter into engagements for a certain rate of pay without having funds for the purpose, and more particularly when this pay was absolutely needful to procure the majority the necessaries of life. It was a pretty thing truly to see whole regiments with empty bellies, rags on their backs, no shoes, no money, but with money due to them, reproached for objecting to fight or suffer any more for their unreasonable debtor! All this was to have been foreseen. We did not wish to throw a damp on the cause, but we could not resist expressing our opinion in several popular publications, that those who volunteered in the service would save themselves much dissappointment by making up their minds to be as disinterested as possible. The patriot-services all bear a close resemblance to each other in their organization and general conduct. Those individuals who have served in the Columbian, the Brazilian, the Venezuelan, or the Mexican services, all tell very much the same tale. The majority of the volunteers are undoubtedly mercenaries; but as they fulfil the terms of their contract, and are thus far men of integrity, they expect their employers should do the same. Among them there are a few men of honour and character, who give up a certain position in their own country, and a few younger volunteers, who are enthusiastic in the cause. Except on compulsion, as in the instances of Lord Cochrane and Captain Napier—the threatened or actual sale of your own ship being the only means of obtaining prize-money for the ships taken, or fair settlement of pay from the government—the officers and men engaged in patriot services have scarcely ever met with any just remuneration. In the land-service the troops are much worse off, having no property as security in their own hands. The government, having had its ends answered, generally gets rid of all the foreigners in a cavalier style, snapping its fingers, through the medium of some irresponsible officer, at all agreements. Sometimes they also manifest a misplaced feeling of the vindictive. Thus: we may be sure in all these cases (and it is just the same in all regular services,

* Unless through the "honest face" of some loan from England.

only there is not a similar opportunity of manifestation), that among the adventurers there will be some thorough-going rogues, who, having received the two or three months' pay in advance, take the first opportunity of decamping without seeing a shot fired, and before they even land in the country. The said governments are apt to visit this swindling trick upon the very men who go through the whole campaign, and stand by them to the last. Rogues find a booty in patriot services, and the patriot governments swindle the honest men to make up for the deficiency. This is just what the Mexicans did in 1825 and 1826: Through the intervention of foreigners, chiefly English, the Mexicans established their independence with the fall of the Castle of St Juan Ulloa, the last strong-hold of the Spaniards in that country. No sooner was this accomplished, than captains and colonels and generals, who had never even seen an army of one thousand men, and commodores and admirals who were literally only competent to manage a small boat, and for the most part had never once set foot upon the deck of a square-rigged ship, became numerous in the gold-laced streets of Vera Cruz. But towards the handful of the survivors who had actually effected the reduction of Ulloa, they manifested neither gratitude nor common honesty. We are not ashamed to confess that we were personally engaged in this struggle, but we are ashamed of the Mexican government. The history of this expedition would, however, be found to bear a strong resemblance in principle, or the utter want of principle, to those of the others we have named, and to the treatment of the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain.

R. H. H.

TO THE MEMORY OF CLAUDE LORRAINE.

THE sacred silence of heaven's depth, far shown,
Thro' molten sun-set's subjugated beams;
The waves that glisten where keen lights are thrown,
And from the distance bear long spreading gleams;
Soft groves and wooodlands, where some lover lone,
Or grey-hair'd prophet, may review his dreams;
These are thy pencil's empire, and its sway
Gives loveliness and peace, from dawn to sinking day.

OH NATURE! if thy breath awakes earth's flowers
With many-tinted smiles and odours rare;
If thou with beauty deck'st the glades and bowers,
Building brief temples in the clouded air;
Or shedding gleamy gold on antique towers,
And edging bright the mountain's forehead bare;
Over Claude's Tomb thy soul of beauty pour,
Who fixed those visions pure, that man might love THEE more!

THE LETTERS OF RUNNYMEDE.*

Our readers may perhaps require a reason of us for noticing a work which, having originally appeared in the columns of a Journal of unenviable notoriety, and being on some accounts not unworthy of its place there, may be thought little entitled to any further attention than that which it has already received.

We have a reason which shall be stated presently; first premising, that we do not review "Runnymede" in the character which he assumes of the champion of Toryism. There is no intellectual identification between him and the party. No doubt the Tories think it a fine thing to have such a fine writer in their interest; they take his magniloquence for magnificent eloquence; they wonder at his parade of history, and repeat his repetitions of their catch-words; and they are in especial glee when he grows scandalous. But as to his reasonings, theories, and speculations, they accord with them in the same spirit, and with similar comprehension, as the Bristol trader who appropriated the splendid speech of his colleague on the hustings by merely adding, "I say ditto to Mr Burke." And they will say *ditto* to any speculations that tend to help their party to place, and its retainers to pickings. This hope lights them on a little way into the book; but it is a delusive meteor; and were the truth told, they would confess that their intellects soon were sorely swamped in the marshes of Runnymede.

Nor do we notice this work on account of the truthfulness of the writer's spirit, or the goodness of his feelings: qualities which are sometimes conjoined with theories almost as wild, and arguments almost as fallacious, as his own, but which always command respect. For the very reverse of these qualities we need not look beyond the dedication to Sir Robert Peel. The writer there asserts that, of the measures of reform projected by Ministers at the commencement of the session, "*not one has been carried.*" A back date to the dedication will not help him out of this glaring falsehood. The connection fixes the meaning to an assertion that they were lost. Now, foremost amongst these measures were the English Church Bill, the Dissenting Marriage Bill, the Registration Bill, and the Tithe Commutation Bill. We speak not of the worth of all these measures; the first seems to us a very bad one; but these are four of the promised reforms, and all of them are carried. With like contempt of truth he says, "the Dissenting organs denounce even the projected alleviation" of their grievances "as a miserable insult." The Dissenters certainly are not satisfied that their other claims should

* 8vo. Macrone. 1836.

be postponed, but nothing have they denounced "as a miserable insult" in the Marriage and Registration Bills, unless it be the clauses that were amended or added by the Tory peers.

As a further instance of what, in any man conversant with the topics of which this writer treats, we know not how to characterize except as wilful falsification, take the following sentence:—

"Even the Stamp Act, through the medium of which the Whigs, as usual, have levelled a blow at the liberty of the press, has not passed yet, and in its present inquisitorial form can never become a law."

Now the Stamp Act has passed; and inquisitorial enough many of its enactments assuredly are. But be it remembered that those inquisitorial enactments have passed by means of the Tories in both Houses; that, but for the Tories, they would have been thrown out in the Commons; and that, in their worst features, they are not new enactments, but simply the embodiment of existing laws which were fixed on us by Tory tyranny. So much for the honesty of this representation.

We know the term "inquisitorial" has been rather wrongheadedly applied to the clause, expunged by the Lords, for registering at the Stamp Office the partners in a newspaper. But that clause, whether good or bad, did not give its "form" to the Bill; it was an addition forced upon Ministers; it only put newspaper proprietors on a level with many other trading partnerships whose names there is much less reason for rendering ascertainable; and for *that* to be singled out as exclusively "inquisitorial," and a "blow at the liberty of the press" by the advocates and re-enacters of the *Code Castlereagh*, implies no common hardihood.

Referring to the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, and the discussions on the Pension List, and on Military Punishments, the writer thus continues his exultation over baffled Whiggism:—

"What then, I repeat, have they done? They promised to break open the prisons like Jack Cade; but as yet the grates are barred; the pensions are still paid; and the soldiers are still flogged."

We cannot stay to comment on the imputation to Ministers, as measures which they promised, of motions which were made in opposition to them, and were overpowered by their hostility. This was notoriously the case with the Pension List, and the Abolition of Flogging in the Army. In the language just quoted, the falsehood is a trifle in comparison with the utter heartlessness. We forget Whiggism and Toryism in the outrage upon our common humanity. He rejoices that the cruel system which exposes the merely unfortunate to an useless incarceration, has not been mitigated by a measure, of which the only inconvenience to any class was, that it somewhat trenched upon the impunity of privileged dishonesty, and made it more difficult for tradesmen to be cheated and laughed at by a sponging aristocracy. This is the

real objection to the Imprisonment for Debt Bill. It established the liability of landed property. It laid all kinds of property open to the claims of the just creditor; and having done so, it forbade the vindictive retention of the debtor's person in prison. And this law against propertied rascality on the one hand, and against useless savage revenge on the other; this measure of justice and humanity, presents as hateful a spectacle to the Tory advocate as Jack Cade freeing the felons. That such a Bill should have been thrown out by the Lords, is scarcely more lamentable than that such a writer should glory in its rejection.

Most ungrateful is his triumph over the Whigs on the topics of pensions and military flogging. They have, unfortunately for their own characters, secured to his party for the present all the satisfaction which they can reap from either. They shall still hear the "*music of the chink,*" even though it be the wages of prostitution, political, literary, or personal; and may still regale themselves by beating time to the strokes of the cat upon the soldier's bare and bleeding back. It has not been told out before how much these sounds administer of glee and gladsomeness. The blind joy which forgets their obligation to Whig help in its overflowing gratulation, shews how dearly both are prized. We come here to the heart, or rather to the core, of Toryism. To prey in idleness upon the hard-earned means of the industrious; and to keep down, not only parliamentary inquiry by votes, but popular feeling by a hireling soldiery, whom the lash has sufficiently brutalized for that purpose, are its cherished aims—its heartfelt purposes. It feared that a Whig Ministry would be too honest, or too popularity-seeking, to allow of either; and finding that they are safe, throws up its cap, and hurras over the very allies that won its infamous battle. "The pensions are still paid; and the soldiers are still flogged!" No matter for friend or foe; no matter for suffering and oppression; crush the heart's blood out of the overtaxed labourer, and flog the soldier into a hardened villain, who will murder at command; the peril is passed; whip in hand and money in purse, we defy the world; "the pensions are still paid; and the soldiers are still flogged."

And if common rumour or internal evidence is to be trusted, this is the author of "Vivian Grey," of "Contarini Fleming," and of the "Revolutionary Epic!" Even if they are not to be credited, it is still the language of "a man as good as he;" of a man of noble capabilities, and formed by nature for high purposes. Of this the volume affords abundant proof. And this is our reason for bringing it before our readers; this is the fact on which we desire to fix their attention; and having done so, our main purpose is answered.

Of all the evil workings of the system by which the nation has so long been governed, and from which it is now only, like the lion

in Milton's Creation, "pawing to get free," one of the worst has been that, while every attempt was made to cherish and act upon the ignorance of the great mass, many of the superior minds which nature *will* produce, and which should enlighten and elevate the rest, have been subjected to an appropriate process of corruption, and rendered agents of yet worse degradation. In spirit-stirring times, such minds are naturally turned towards politics; the aristocracy has ever courted young men of talent for its tools; and, once enlisted, there is no conceivable baseness to which it has not bowed them. Unhappy Burke! how dearly he paid for his paltry secretaryship and paltrier pension. The Crokers and Lyndhursts suffer less, because the coarser metal of their natures is, from its very coarseness and natural baseness, less capable of debasement by pollution. Runnymede perceives the kind of process to which we refer. When he says "there is a sublime sentiment in genius, even when uncontrolled by principles, that would make it recoil with nausea from what this man has to undergo," he speaks a language which, if it come not now from his heart, may perhaps be the reminiscence of a prophetic feeling in the days when he was not yet in the trammels of faction. Canning was the most illustrious of these victims, because the power of self-redemption in him was unextinguished. Happy, could his life have been cut down to his first and last days, and all the dreary interval be annihilated. Formed to be the generous leader of a generous people; so fervent and yet so playful: so magnificent in conception and so brilliant in expression; to what dirty jobs, and sophistical pleadings, and most ungracious deeds, was he not reduced. And when he dared rebel, how envenomed was oligarchical vengeance. Runnymede has read the lesson. He has learned humility. "The ambition of Mr Canning deprived him of the ablest of his colleagues." (p. 101). Ambition, indeed! Is it thus that a man of talent records the assassination of a man of genius by the low pride of aristocracy that could not brook his superiority? Canning knew his own proper position; and to prevent mistakes, Runnymede gives a pledge beforehand to the mindless masters of the faction, that he knows his own position also. He has no forbidden aspirations.

For intellect to serve the cause of Toryism, it must needs lend itself to the distortion of historical facts, and the subversion of political principles. Numerous specimens of both may be found in this volume. But there are two false assumptions which most entirely pervade it, and on which we shall briefly comment.

The first is, that the spirit of Whiggism is essentially oligarchical, and that of Toryism aristocratical. The truth is exactly the reverse. It is Toryism that only exists as an oligarchy; Whiggism is entirely aristocratical. The Tory peerage is yet in its nonage. Pitt was its great creator. He could no more

form an aristocracy than he could build an ancient castle. Of some successful soldiers and sailors, and of a host of party lawyers, lucky contractors, boroughmongers, and the like, he formed, not a venerable senate, but a privileged legislative club. And as is the head, such is the body. Why all this struggle on behalf of the old corporations? They were not the nests of aristocracy, but the nurseries of corruption. Torvism abhors majorities wherever the people are concerned. It abhors them because they are destructive of oligarchical power and profit. Public Trusts and Corporation Funds are the pabulum of the party. It has fattened on them, and fights for them to the death. To retain this power of the purse in the hands of a minority, and that minority with no other claim than possession, is the avowed object of the great stand made last session by the Tory peers. And what now saves the Lords from such a storm as would pelt them into submission? The tenderness of the Whigs for every form of aristocracy. They "stand by their order," even though the influx of new men has vitiated its character. They are aristocratical to the blindest superstition. Why did they pass the Septennial Act, and why do they now refuse its repeal? In both cases, from the fear of democracy. In their appointments, continually do they sacrifice the interests of their party to their respect for station. Look at the state in which they allow the Lord Lieutenancies of Counties to remain! Were Toryism so hampered, it would soon show that it prized a new partizan above an old nobleman. The Whigs attempted to restrict the suffrage to property. The Tories claim it for paupers in order to bribe them. Wherever the two principles part, the Whigs adhere to the aristocratical, the Tories to the oligarchical. The author does not remark how frequently they coincide. In the pursuit of a misty theory he overlooks a substantial affinity. Aristocracy ever tends to oligarchy; and continued oligarchy grows into aristocracy.

Whether his laudations of Toryism rest on the one character or the other, makes little difference to us. The evil of oligarchical ascendancy is the most debasing and irritating; that of aristocratical domination the most wide-spreading and enduring. Nor, should we convince the author of his mistake, will it be at all difficult for his ingenuity to make out as plausible a case for the one as he has done for the other. The idolater of aristocracy is prepared to shine as the eulogist of oligarchy.

In fact he is so already, at whatever expense of consistency. Forgetting the basis of his whole argument, he breaks out into the praise of minorities as the depositaries of power. "I deny that a people can govern itself. Self-government is a contradiction in terms. Whatever form a government may asssume, power must be exercised by a minority of numbers." (p. 208.)

Nay, led on unwittingly by the mention of the ancient republics, he tells us in a breath, that "they were as *aristocratical* communities as any that flourished in the middle ages. The Demos of Athens was an *oligarchy* living upon slaves." The truth slips out. The identification is confessed. The nominal objects of the most glowing praise and of the fiercest vituperation are blended together, in a confusion which never happened to the expression of real feeling.

We alluded to a second assumption which pervades this publication. It is, that "The House of Commons is not the House of the People; that it never was intended to be the House of the people, and that, if it be admitted to be so by courtesy, or become so in fact, it is all over with the English Constitution." (p. 207.) Whose house, then, is it?—if we may be permitted to ask such a question, without being deemed too inquisitive into private concerns? The author condescends to inform us that the "Commons" are not the commonalty, the people, or the nation, but a "privileged order," as much so as the Lords, only rather more numerous, and so they meet by their representatives. And to these "two orders" the English Constitution "has confided the Legislature of the realm." It was very kind, no doubt, of the English Constitution to make this provision for us. It has "done good by stealth" for many an age; and will perhaps "blush to find it fame" in the pages of "Runnymede." How well the secret has been kept! The author assures us that his Majesty's present ministers are in ignorance of the fact; and we believe him. Nor did the Tories know till he told them. Moreover, now that he has told them, and demonstrated the constitutional right of the minority to rule and tax the majority, he lets out that they do not exactly know what to make of it. "There are well-disposed persons that tremble at this reasoning." "Believe and tremble," we presume, like certain Tories of old. Former Whigs, former Tories, former Legislatures, and all previous writers on the Constitution, lived and died in blank ignorance of this grand revelation. The irregularities of the system were always palliated by some talk about "virtual representation," or "identity of interests," or "trusteeship and responsibility of the electors;" pleas all founded upon the heresy which Runnymede has arisen to explode. Holding, ourselves, with royal Edward and his annual Parliaments, that "laws which bind all should be assented to by all," we ask, in our author's words,—"some 300,000 individuals sent up, at the last general election, their representatives to Westminster; well, are these 300,000 persons the people of England?" And with him we answer, *No.* For ourselves we add, except by a legal fiction; which legal fiction is a constitutional principle that has made some advances towards becoming a literal fact, and will in time complete the transforma-

tion. When it shall become so, it will be "all over" with oligarchy and aristocracy.

Our references have chiefly been to the Essays on "the Spirit of Whiggism," which conclude the volume. They are less known, we believe, than the "Letters," which occupy the largest portion of it. In these letters there is little of either theoretical or practical politics; no national question is argumentatively discussed; but individuals are cleverly abused, in a smart and pointed style, and there are occasional passages of considerable power. The description to which O'Connell's name is prefixed, is the most concentrated specimen of virulence we ever remember to have met with. And surely the author goes too far in denying him any "learning," and more than a "little reading." The man who discovered the name of the thief that reviled Christ on the cross, must have some claim to erudition.

From the motto on his title page, it might have been supposed that "Runnymede" was very indifferent to detection, and only adopted his pseudonym for the sake of convenience in controversial warfare:—

> "Neither for shame nor fear this mask he wore,
> That, like a vizor in a battle-field,
> But shrouds a manly and a daring brow."

His letter to Lord Stanley conveys a different impression. He there says that his name, "in spite of the *audacious* licence of frantic conjecture, has never yet been even intimated, can never be discovered, and will never be revealed." We shall not be sorry if this purpose be kept. We affect not to have discovered his secret, nor desire to pry under his vizor. It is no "frantic conjecture," but a sober inference, that he possesses powers whose right direction may confer fame on himself and benefit on his country; and we wish he may seek them in his own person, with abundant success, leaving to less-gifted but more congenial minds the hopeless advocacy of a doomed Faction.

F.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Infant! I envy thee
Thy seraph smile—thy soul, without a stain,
Angels around thee hover in thy glee
A look of love to gain!

Thy paradise is made
Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice
Is music rich as that by spirits shed
When blessed things rejoice!

Bright are the opening flowers—
Aye, bright as thee, sweet babe, and innocent,
They bud and bloom; and straight their infant hours,
Like thine, are done and spent!

Boy! infancy is o'er!—
Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,
Let thy bright eye with yon far laverock soar,
And blithe and happy be!

Go, crow thy cuckoo notes
Till all the greenwood alleys loud are ringing—
Go, listen to the thousand tuneful throats
That 'mong the leaves are singing!

I would not sadden thee,
Nor wash the rose upon thy cheek with tears:
Go, while thine eye is bright—unbent thy knee—
Forget all cares and fears!

Youth! is thy boyhood gone?—
The fever hour of life at length has come,
And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
While sorrow's voice is dumb!

Be glad! it is thy hour
Of love ungrudging—faith without reserve—
And, from the Right, ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve!

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lives on earth,
And rich in pure sincerity to go
Rejoicing in thy birth!

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest—has unveiled her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree
In love's first fond embrace!

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give;
The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream:
Live, happy dreamer, live!

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
And falsehood and impurity and sin,
The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
Comes sweetly, sweetly in!

'Tis o'er!—thou art a man—
The struggle and the tempest both begin
Where he who faints must fail—he fight who can,
A victory to win!

Say, toilest thou for gold?
Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold,
Which Mammon makes thee lose?

Or waitest thou for power?—
A proud ambition, trifler, doth thee raise!
To be the gilded bauble of the hour
That fools may wond'ring gaze!

But wouldest thou be a Man—
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart, and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal;—
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-souled freeman or a fettered slave,
The Mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon grave!

God doth not man despise,
He gives him soul—mind—heart—that living flame;
Nurse it, and upwards let it brightly rise
To Heaven, from whence it came!

Go hence, go hence, and make
Thy spirit pure as morning light and free!
The Pilgrim shrine is won, and I awake—
Come to the woods with me!

REASON IN DUELLING.

(After the elementary manner of the Old Italian Novelists.)

A COUNTRY banker, whose property depended chiefly on his own exertions, had a violent dispute on politics with a certain captain of fifteen hundred a year, who belonged to the handsomest phaeton and pair that had ever been seen in the place. The captain argued in a rude knock-you-down style, and displayed

his ignorance to the highest advantage. The banker kept his temper for a long while, till the *manner* of the other became so insolent and over-bearing, and his arguments so consequentially inconsequential, that the banker could stand it no longer, and called him a bullet-headed fool. The captain, being much the stronger man, was about to use personal violence, but those who were present interfered, from a general feeling that the epithet exactly illustrated the fact.

Next morning the banker received a challenge, written in a lightning-like hand, upon thunder-coloured paper, and sealed with red and black wax. It was far from being legible, but as it smelt strong of powder there was no misunderstanding it. So the banker buttoned up his coat, and went straightway to the captain.

"Sir," said he, "I am not at all ashamed to confess myself wrong in using the expression which has given you offence, and I am come to apologize for it."—"You must meet me all the same, sir," replied the captain: "had I knocked you down at the moment, an apology might now have been accepted; but as I was prevented, it comes too late. Name your time and place, and go home and settle your affairs."

The banker considered awhile. "Very well, sir: if it must be so, meet me to-morrow at two o'clock, in the large field north of the town, with one friend and two pistols?"—"Enough, sir!" said the captain, and they parted.

The parties met as agreed. The captain was accompanied by the senior major of the regiment—a man old enough to have known better—and the banker by a gentleman attired in rusty black, of the equi-vocal profession, who on this occasion was his second. As they approached, the major suddenly stepped before his principal and addressed the banker's second in a hasty, though very gentlemanly tone; "Sir," said he, "what can be the meaning of this? It was perfectly understood between the parties that pistols were to be the weapons employed upon this occasion, and you have brought a blunderbuss under your arm!"—"I beg your pardon, major," rejoined the other, drawing it forth, "it is a telescope."

The major was ready to laugh at his mistake, but suddenly checked himself: "I sincerely trust, sir, that this is not meant as an insult: explain yourself in few words." Hereat the banker stepped forward—informed the major of his previous and present readiness to apologize, and assured him and his principal that no sort of offence was intended, and that he was anxious to explain. The apology was declined, and the explanation demanded.

"In the first place," said the banker, "I earnestly beg that you, captain, will condescend to look through this telescope?"

"I, sir!" ejaculated the captain.—"Gracious devils!" exclaiming the major, adjusting his sword-knot, "what informality!"

"It is most serious and important to the question," interrupted the banker's second. "I request then," said the banker, "that you, major, will so far oblige me,—I assure you that I cannot give the captain the satisfaction he demands unless this be complied with, and I put it to your feelings, as a gentleman and officer, if there is any offence in the request."

"Nay, sir," said the major, with an air of courteous remonstrance, "I do not, at present, discover any distinct offence—but what a breach of all customary forms!"—"Here, sir—only an instant—there—in that direction!"—"Where?" said the major, and carelessly, applied his eye to the telescope.

"Egad!" said he, "I see a very fine woman, walking about a grass-plot at the back of a house, with a little trot of a child in one hand, and two others pranking round her: but what is this to the purpose, for God's sake!"—"Everything," responded the banker, with a serious and severe face. "That lady is my wife—those children are mine and her's—and we are all mutually attached."—"But what is this to *me?*" said the captain, extending both hands, like a free man.—"You should have thought of all this before:" said the major rather gravely, for he himself was a family man.

"I know it is nothing to *you*, sir," said the banker, addressing the captain, "as you have no wife or children—I believe I am correct in saying that you have no wife or children? Now then, I ask, *do* we meet upon equal terms?"

"Why, no—certainly not," interrupted the major; "but you see, sir, the reflection comes too late—the informality of this discussion—here, upon the very ground,—is really quite—quite"—and he took a large many-sniffing pinch of snuff to fill up the simile.

"I warned you, sir, to settle all your affairs!" exclaimed the captain reproachfully, and with all the rapidity of a sudden bright thought.—"True," answered the banker, "but I could not settle my wife and children—I have settled everything else!" His second now ventured to observe, that as the major had admitted the terms upon which the opponent parties met were very unequal, and as the captain had declared his opponent's wife and children to be "nothing to *him*," he, the second, begged to state his opinion, that the terms should be *made* equal, or as near as possible, before the commencement of actual hostilities; and this could be effected in no other way than by placing his friend's wife and children in such a position as to be 'something' to the captain?

"I grant," said the major, "there's reason, and all that sort of thing, in what you say."—"There is also justice and honour in

it, major:" interrupted the banker.—"True, sir, true; but how in the name of Jove is it to be effected?"

"Nothing easier," exclaimed the little gentleman in rusty black; "your friend the captain has an independent income of fifteen hundred per annum, and no family; my friend here has property, to be sure, but his income depends mainly upon his own exertions, and he has a wife and three children. Now, if the captain should shoot him, he ought to make over five hundred a-year to his family, and thus the parties would be upon equal terms."

"Putting affection out of the question;" added the banker.

The major looked surprised and puzzled; the captain *all* astonishment!

"It would only be putting down your phaeton?" rejoined the banker's second calmly.

"Oh sir! ah! yes, indeed!" ejaculated the captain, reddening up to the ears.

"But supposing I acceded to this most irregular proceeding," said the major, "there is no time for it now, as I cannot withdraw my principal from the field without an exchange of shots."

"That need not be," observed the banker calmly; "this gentleman is my attorney." Whereat, quick to the word, the said personage whipped out a parchment, ready filled up, and wanting nothing but the signatures.

The captain and the major exchanged looks of perplexed rage. "The absurdity of this proceeding!" exclaimed the captain—"put down my phaeton indeed—a pretty joke!"—"An attorney acting professionally instead of backing his man!" muttered the major, and they both walked to and fro in high mood, adjusting their collars and things.

"Major," said the attorney with sarcastic composure, "my client is a good client; he must not be lost so easily. I would far rather see both of you shot while acting professionally."

At this the major paused, excessively irritated, fixing his eye upon the attorney; and if he had been a man of any "mark or likelihood," that is to say, if he had possessed a fine portly body, a handsome black coat, an imposing air, and a strong voice, the major would certainly have called him out that instant.

"Permit me to ask you, major," said our country banker, "whether I may not justly consider it as something more than a merely 'absurd proceeding,' and a 'pretty joke,' to be *put down*, and leave my wife and children to penury? Give me leave to add, that I am perfectly aware the captain is a rare shot, and has snuffed many a candle without putting it out,—which latter circumstance might not be suitable to my case. In what I ask there is nothing unjust; but everything that is equal and fair, as far as worldly matters are concerned. Nay, I have still the worst

of it, inasmuch as my life may be said to be pitted against a phaeton and pair! Again, gentlemen; if I should be killed, my wife and children will absolutely need the money; but if I kill the captain, his property is absolutely of no sort of use to him, after his funeral expenses are paid! Nor is the proposition without precedent—many a noble precedent, I am happy to say, for the credit of human nature. Upon these occasions, some men of refined honour and high courage have thought they could never do enough. When Best shot Lord Camelford, his lordship, on his death-bed, left his antagonist, who was in so-so circumstances, a handsome income, rejoicing, no doubt, that he lived long enough to do such an act of magnanimity and finished honor. I never fired at man or mark in my life. I am sure to be shot."

"Oh, but!—yes, but!—you, sir—I, sir," ejaculated the captain.—"Really, captain," said the major, biting his lips, "I begin to think, that as men of finished honor, we must accede to the proposal."

The banker now flatly refused to fight on any other terms, putting it directly to the major as the most refined point of duelling honor that could be manifested on the occasion, till the two officers, though excessively provoked and annoyed, could no longer refuse their consent. The parchment was handed to them by the attorney, who saw it properly signed, and the principals took their stand at fifteen paces distance.

The banker had the first fire. Not wishing to be banished his country, or get into prison, or any other scrape about so foolish a business, we may be sure he took care to aim at no other object, and away flew his ball, like a humming-bird, over the fields.

"Now!" ejaculated the major, in a quick undertone—his face reddening, his lips protruding with excitement, his eyebrows drawn close down, and his eye glistening and growing small and narrow, with the sense of a keen aim,—"Now, you've got him!"

"Got him!" stammered the captain—his face turning blue, his mouth opening, his jaw falling, his eyebrows uplifted, and his eyes becoming large, round, and vacant, with the full sense of a fearful dilemma—"Got him—hit him! put down my pha– – pay five hundred a-year for being called a bullet-headed fool, and so prove it! Will *you* pay the money if I hit him?"

Of course the captain missed his opponent, though, by the bye, he was deuced near killing the lawyer, who had forgotten to have a similar agreement for himself in case of accidents.

Δ

THE WATER LILY.

A LOTUS Lily laid upon the waters,
On the clear shadow that the white leaves shed
Beneath its floating—a shadow like deep love's,
That darkeneth the eye e'en with the soft reflex
Of the full flower upon life's ocean tide.
And that fair flower was gathered to my grief,
For it had grown a thing breathing glad days,
Which it was poetry to gaze upon,
In the pure beauty claiming kindred
With sweetest thoughts of our humanity,
Opening with morning till its crowned heart
Lay visible;—even as one blessed day
The hearts of them that love shall be more known,
And their exceeding beauty dwell unhurt
Of ignorance and scorn, on Heaven's earth,
Like this pure Lily in the morning hours.
At even hour it closed, all folded in,
Like a pale lady in her robes to rest;
And they that gather'd it gave it to me.
So in a white sea-shell I bathed its leaves,
Loving it pityingly. Once more it closed
On the dim twilight's coming, and I thought
I ne'er should see its gloried heart again.
'Twas very mournful to me—a real sadness—
A strange grief—as I felt all unforgiven
Of the sweet spirits of those so fair flowers,
For that enclosing death.
But 'twas not dead;
For it died not so gently—and I saw
The bright heart that the dying leaves laid bare,
Turn dark and dead and desolate! O then,
Again, I turned me to that human heart,
Which is the fountain spring of all my song,
And wept for all the sorrow there hath been.
O 'tis the *heart*-death which is terrible,
The change come o'er the spirit that was bright!
When sweet things die most lovely, 'tis not sad
With sorrow that approacheth *this* chill grief.
While love doth keep its golden heart, what is't
That men with their wild words send it to rest,
Beneath the foldings of the leaves of death,
Till sweeter mornings rise up o'er the sea?
But ye that tear the flowers from the heart,
And hold them in your bondage, look ye here,
And pray and weep with agony—if so
Ye may become as children at the last,
Worthy to smile upon sweet things again.

PAULINE.

THE RATIONALE OF RELIGIOUS ENQUIRY.

Or the Question stated of Reason, the Bible and the Church. By James Martineau. *Whittaker.* 1835.

THE object of this work, in reference to theology, is similar to that, with relation to ethical science, contemplated by Dr Hampden in his admirable 'Lectures introductory to the study of Moral Philosophy.' In both cases the student is directed, not to a system, but to the best mode of forming his own conclusions, and arriving satisfactorily at principles. And the two works have other qualities in common. Both are remarkable for clearness of expression, elegance of composition, evident fullness of information in connexion with the subject (although neither of the authors burdens his book with quotations or appeals to authority); and a happy ingenuity of thought. Mr Martineau has one advantage, in a frequent richness of poetical and pictorial description, which those who only read extracts from his work may suspect to be inappropriate, but which, in the perusal of the volume itself, will be found to contribute materially to its luminousness and its logic, as well as to its beauty. In Dr Hampden we cannot regard the absence of this quality as a fault; but in Mr Martineau we must feel it to be an excellence. We should observe also that the lectures of the former were delivered to University students; those of the latter to a popular auditory.

The introduction of Mr Martineau's first lecture is one of several passages, which the foregoing remarks must bring to the recollection of those who are already acquainted with the work. We give it at length, because it is not only very beautiful in itself, but so constructed as vividly to present the great question to be discussed.

"Near the eastern margin of the gigantic empire of Rome lay a small strip of coast, which had been added to its dominion by Pompey the Great. The accession had excited little notice, eclipsed and forgotten amid the crowd of greater acquisitions, and in itself too insignificant to excite even the ready vanity of conquest. The district had nothing in it to draw towards it the attention of a people dazzled by the magnitude and splendour of their own power. Remote from the existing centres of opulent and cultivated society, with a language unknown to educated men, destitute of any literature to excite curiosity, or specimens of art to awaken wonder, it would have lain in exile from the great human community, had not the circulation of commerce embraced it, and self-interest secured for it a surly and contemptuous regard. It lay between the fallen kingdoms of Egypt and Assyria, but derived no distinction from its position; it seemed covered with the dust, without sharing the glories of their ruined magnificence. Its inhabitants were the most unpopular of nations;—a people out of date, relics of a ruder period of

the world,—having the prejudices of age without its wisdom, and the superstitions of the east without its loftiness—they had long been deserted by the tide of civilization now flowing on other shores, and were left without the refreshment of a sympathy. And as hatred stimulates ferocity, and contempt invites men to be mean, they retreated into the seclusion of all unsocial passions. They detested, they despised, they suspected, they writhed under authority, they professed submission only to obtain revenge: they had no heritage in the present: content with nothing which it brought, they had no gratitude to express: their affections were for the past and the future: and their worship was one of memory and of hope, not of love. Fair and fertile as were the fields of Palestine, it was held to be the blot of the nations, the scowl of the world.

"In a hamlet of this country, sequestered among the hills which enclose the Galilean lake, a peasant, eighteen centuries ago, began to fill up the intervals of worldly occupation with works of mercy and efforts of public instruction. Neglected by his own villagers of Nazareth, he took up his residence in the neighbouring town of Capernaum: and there, escaped from the prejudices of his first home, and left to the influence of his own character, he found friends, hearers, followers. He mixed in their societies, he worshipped in their synagogues, he visited their homes, he grew familiar with their neighbourhood, he taught on the hill side, he watched their traffic on the beach, and joined in their excursions on the lake. He clothed himself in their affections, and they admitted him to their sorrows, and his presence consecrated their joys. Their Hebrew feelings became human when he was near; and their rude nationality of worship rose towards the filial devotion of a rational and responsible mind. Nor was it altogether a familiar and equal, though a profoundly confiding sympathy which he awakened. For power more than human followed his steps; and in many a house there dwelt living memorials of his miracles; and among his most grateful disciples there were those who remembered the bitterness of the leper's exile, or shuddered at the yet unforgotten horrors of madness. That the awe of Deity which was kindled by his acts, and the love of goodness which was excited by his life, might not be confined to one spot of his country, twelve associates were first drawn closely around him to observe and learn, and then dispersed to repeat his miracles, report, and teach. They were with him when the recurring festivals summoned him, in common with his fellow-citizens, to leave awhile Capernaum for Jerusalem. They beheld how his dignity rose when his sphere of action was thus enlarged, and the interest of his position deepened; when the rustic audience was replaced by the crowd of the metropolis, and village cavillers gave way to priests and rulers, and the handful of neighbours in the provincial synagogue was exchanged for the strange and gaudy multitudes that thronged the vast temple at the hour of prayer. In one of these expeditions, the fears of the established authorities, and the disappointment of a once favouring multitude whose ambition he had refused to gratify, combined to crush him. It was soon *done*; the passover at Jerusalem was its assize too; the betrayal and the trial over, the execution was part of the annual celebration, a spectacle that furnished an hour's excitement to the populace. But there were eyes that looked on with no careless or savage gaze; of one who knew what he was in childhood; of many that had seen his recent life in Galilee. The twelve, too, lingered closely around the event;

and they say that he came back from death, spake to them oft for forty days, and was carried before their view beyond the precincts of this earth.

"Here is a series of events deeply interesting indeed to those who were immersed in them; but of which, even on the spot where they occurred, it might have been expected that, within one generation, their very rumour would have died away, lost in the stir and cares of life. A few months began and ended them; an obscure recess of the world was acted upon by them. They concerned one of a social class, which is beneath the proud level of history, and whose vicissitudes, after a few years, are added to that dark abyss of forgotten things, above which gigantic vices and ambitious virtues struggle to be seen. They are, moreover, the simple record of a private life, coming in almost at the death of ancient history, and overshadowed by its pageantry,—the miracles themselves rendered insipid, except for their benevolence, by its prodigies. Yet this fragment of biography did not die; it not only lived, but it gave life; it recast society in Europe, and called into being a new world.

"Providence then sent out these events upon a mission. They had some function and office, *what were they for?* To enquire after their end, to go in quest of the design which they were to accomplish, is to seek a reply to the question, *what is Christianity?* If we discover the purpose of Christ's life, we have found Christianity."—p. 1—7.

How this discovery is to be effected; what the materials are, and in what mode to be employed, are enquiries which follow; they come with augmented interest after such an introduction; and the reply to them is the task attempted in the lectures.

The first treats of the Scriptures, their contents and authority; the second investigates the claims of the Catholic church; the third those of Protestant churches; in the fourth the rights of reason are asserted, and its province in religion defined; and the last two are on the relation of natural religion to Christianity, and the influence of Christianity on morality and civilization.

In the estimation of the writer of this notice, the author's views are not less sound in their foundation than lucid in their statement, and in the reasonings by which they are supported. His views, we mean, of the method of theological investigation, the 'Rationale of Religious Enquiry;' for as to his own belief, or any other forms of doctrine, they are not involved in the discussion, nor obtruded on the reader. The professed object is steadily pursued; and it is one of paramount importance. It is the great "previous question." Anterior to its settlement no other question can be satisfactorily disposed of. The laws of enquiry and controversy must be ascertained before we can be sure that enquiry is not wasted time and trouble, or controversy anything better than "a contest in the dark." The work is, therefore, valuable for all classes, Christian or Unbeliever, Protestant or Catholic, those who are engaged in the formation of

their own opinions, and those who are in collision with others. It is a road-book, and a very excellent one, which guides us to the gates of the Holy City; and then leaves each for himself to try the solidity of its structure, measure its walls, "count the towers thereof," and ascertain the conditions of admission within its eternal portals.

F.

A WAIL.

I.

THE joy from my heart is gone:
I die; for I live alone,
Drearily!
The wings of the hours are broken;
The sleepy years crawl, half-woken,
Wearily!

II.

O, what is this breath, call'd Being,
Which still with slow gasp is fleeing,
Wearily?
And why, when its pant is past,
Must we lie in the grave at last,
Drearily?

* W *

ROSSINI AND WALTER SCOTT, GENIUSES OF THE SAME ORDER!

TAKEN FROM THE ITALIAN.* BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "HECTOR FIERAMOSCA."

I KNOW not whether the idea of placing in comparison the two highest geniuses that for nearly twenty years past have divided between them the Dictatorship over the beautiful kingdoms of Music and the Belles Lettres, will not be numbered amongst the extravagances which for some time appear to have usurped the right of tickling the fancies of the Italians, and still more of the French and English. A composer of music and a writer of romance are two beings who might very well arrive at the apex of

* This dissertation, by Signor Varese, the accomplished author of "Sibilla Odaleta," &c., appeared in Italy shortly before Sir Walter's death. It was prefixed to one of the Signor's later romances, which are not so well known in England as they ought to be.— *The Translator.*

renown without knowing one another better than by name: nor would it be impossible that Rossini never read a page of Walter Scott, and that the latter never heard (excepting from barrel-organs in the streets of London or Edinburgh) a single *arietta* of the magician of Pesaro. This being granted, the following proposition, which is to form the basis of the present dissertation, may appear still more strange than it really is; but it is only an opinion of mine; and as in the matter of opinion every one must be allowed to have his own, so the courteous will not be enraged against me if, as is exceedingly probable, the one which I am about to unfold should not obtain from him the favour of a hearty adoption. Here then is my proposition: *Walter Scott is the Rossini of literature; and Rossini the Walter Scott of music.*

There exists not a cobbler boasting a pair of ears to his skull, who has not been *malgré lui* fascinated by the melody of Rossini's notes, and who has not whistled them in his stall by way of accompaniment to his stitching and waxing; so likewise, there is not a chandler's boy, blessed with the school-knowledge that two and two make four, who has not at least half-a-dozen times fallen upon some romance of Walter Scott. In a word, the successes of these two popular geniuses partake of the marvellous: "*c'est un engouement*," say the French, adding, with a trifling but expressive phrase, "Rossini and Walter Scott are the *coqueluche* of all nations:" in fact, the worship rendered to them amounts almost to idolatry and madness.*

But, as it happened even to Trajan and to Titus, the best and most beloved among princes, the reign of the two sublime characters concerning whom we are now treating, is not without some opposition. Amidst the crowd of adorers, there is not wanting, now and then, some detractor who exclaims against usurpation—against bad taste! who prognosticates through their means the decline of art, the dawn of mannerism, the age of Marini! It is not my intention either to examine the strictness of these charges or the extent of the danger which, according to these gloomy prophets, threatens the two fields in which grow the dearest joys of civilized life; others have done this; others have demonstrated the irrationality, I might almost say the absurdity of such fears. But in order to come to what I have taken upon myself, I must needs say some little about these dangers, and particularly something respecting the nature of Rossini's music and Walter Scott's writings. As I am not *learned* in the science of music, the reader will please to content himself by my taking for my guide an excellent article

* It seems hardly a compliment to identify them either with the "hooping cough" or the pageds of fanatics; but we suppose that it is necessary to allow something for the eccentricity and grandiloquence of the ingenious Italian?—Ed.

in a magazine, having for its title 'On the character of Rossini's compositions.' As to what relates to the Scotch romance writer, being a writer of romances myself, I will only speak of the feelings experienced by myself; I shall thus endeavour to establish a parallel between these two minds, which seem to me twins, though born under such different skies.

The favour which is awarded by the public to one man—to one thing—to one work of genius, draws its origin from secret germs which are found not only in the disposition of the age, but still more in the natural disposition of the man. The crowd are contented with giving the merit of it to *Fashion*; and nothing is more common than to hear it said, "Rossini's music is *fashionable* music"—or, "Historical Romance is the *fashion* of the day." Let it be so if you will: but, what you call *fashion* is nothing less than the measure of the inclinations of the age; that is to say, of those modifications to which an aggregate of civil and political circumstances gives birth. Let us suppose that Rossini had made his appearance in the world seven centuries ago, when all Europe, possessed with the rage for conquest, precipitated itself into Asia: would those little airs (marked *allegro con brio*) which strike and delight us so much by their brilliancy, supposing him to have been able to compose them, would they then have obtained the favour which they now enjoy? Was the character of that age in unison with that of a fantastic and unbridled genius, accustomed to range through all the notes of the scale with a variety and masterly precision sufficient to awaken in the heart's chords all the vibrations and emotions that the Lyre of Timotheus awakened in the heart of Alexander? The vivacity and inexhaustible *correvolezza* of Rossini's movements, which form the chief merit of his music, do not seem ingredients very well adapted to the wants of men anxiously begging for indulgencies, or panting for the honour of kissing the dust of the Holy Land, and moistening it with their blood! If we transport Sir Walter Scott also to that age in which Italy, France, and Spain had a rage for knight-errantry and perilous adventures, to that age in which the Courts of Love sent forth the decrees which we find registered in the Code of Andrea; if Sir Walter Scott had then written on Sorcery and Witchcraft with that freedom of his, so far from attaching to the subject the species of sacred halo in which the Cavaliers and Dames were accustomed to involve themselves and it,—would he then have been reverenced as the most fascinating magician of polite literature? I am not inclined to think so.* But, if men give the impression to the age, the age gives an impression to men; the physiognomy of the one constitutes, as if by reflection, the physiognomy of the other; and what we call *Fashion*, includ-

* He would have been burnt.—Ed.

ing almost the frivolities of dress, is better than a momentary and senseless caprice: it is a step, either retrograde or progressive, whose impulse is given by a complexity of circumstances that escape the attention of the multitude; by the form of governments, for example, by the greater or smaller influence of the ladies;* by conquests, victories, and peace, by the patronage or neglect of literature in princes, and by a thousand other causes of less consequence. Thence it is that, placed in the ages of which we have spoken, Rossini and Scott might have been the first of their times, one in music and the other in the poetry of romance, supposing each to have followed his bent; because, endowed as they are with an exquisite organization, they would have managed to possess themselves of the sceptre. But this sceptre would have come into their hands in a very different manner from that in which they have now obtained it: for, the Psalms of David, the Litanies of the Saints, the Chaunts of the Crusaders, and above all the superstitious and fanatical spirit of the age required notes, tones, harmonies, and cadences of an entirely different *colour* from those of "the Barber of Seville:" as also, the last groans of Feudalism, mortally wounded by those same Crusaders, the institution of Knight-errantry which for some time held the place of it, and the mystified veneration with which the fair sex was regarded, would not have been satisfied with the historical variety of Walter Scott, and much less with the profane levity (if I may so speak) with which he rambles through those fields into which our ancestors, like Egyptian priests, allowed no one to enter with a smile of irony on his lip.

It certainly does not yet, from what I have said, appear very clearly that in the two geniuses, of whom we are speaking, there is that principle of identity, the existence of which I have undertaken to demonstrate. Perhaps what I am about to add may spread brighter light over an argument, the validity of which cannot be very easily or satisfactorily established from its being founded on *supposition*, a species of intricate wood, out of which it is rather difficult to make an exit, although every row of trees may have the appearance of pointing to the shortest path. By transplanting Rossini and Scott into an epoch of a different physiognomy, and by demonstrating that they could only have obtained the command over it which they exercise over the present one, by forming their genius (so to express myself) upon a different model, I have intended to establish that, resembling *each other* in almost every thing, they by no means resemble *others* who, like them, have received from heaven splendid talents in that degree which constitutes exalted genius. To make this idea more intelligible, let me be permitted to continue my suppo-

* He means educated women.—Ed.

sitions, and to transplant into the same situations geniuses of equal *sphere*, but of a different kind; Michael Angelo, for example, Dante, Tasso, Canova, &c. &c.* Is it not true that these exalted men might have commanded the veneration of men of all ages, and particularly of the ages above referred to, without in the slightest degree varying the character of their genius? Costumes, manners, actions, crimes, superstitions, miracles, victories, defeat .... Knight's-errant, enchanters, astrologers.... What times! Michael Angelo would have lived joyfully in them, as in his proper element; Dante would have vented torrents of bitter and generous bile; Tasso would have gathered twice as many laurels as he did in a later age; Canova would have found there the models which he has formed by the energy of his mighty intellect; those were ages created most favourably for the severe colouring of the painter of the Last Judgment, for the sublime imagination of the Florentine poet, for the majestic pencil that drew the character of Godfrey, for the hand which with the same chisel, extracted from a block of marble the Hercules and the Venus, the Laocoon and the Psyche! Nor would geniuses of the most noble nature remain half-way, because the times did not run in their favour: let the reader only take the trouble of fancying Raphael, Petrarch, or Ariosto, or any other he pleases, transported to another age, and let him see if they would not have forced themselves up to the exaltation, where they now are, without restraints upon or sacrifices of their primitive disposition! All, *except Walter Scott and Rossini.*†

It is said that the following is Rossini's favorite maxim; "*Mantenete il movimento.*"‡ Thence it is that he makes such frequent use of the musical figure called *Terzina*, not to mention other rhythms imitative of it, which do not allow the ear time to accustom itself to the monotonous and uniform movement of such notes as have not a measured accent sufficiently clear, or as it is called, *prononcé.* The learned assert that he employs this artifice also where the subject will not bear it; a charge into which I shall not enter, except to shew that Walter Scott likewise follows the same system, and splits upon a rock of the same sort, if indeed this predilection for a particular measure be after all really worthy of censure. I will not be so bold as to affirm that Walter Scott has ever said, like Rossini, "*Mantenete il movimento;* but certain it is, that the carrying this maxim into practice is one of the principal secrets, and perhaps the chief origin of the prodigious success of his works. In truth it is the secret of all; for in works of imagination, it is not only necessary

* We confess we do not see the *equality* of sphere among all these men. Michael Angelo and Dante are of a different kind and quality from Tasso and Canova.—Ed.

† The plot thickens.—Ed.

‡ Freely translated "Onward—keep moving!"—*Trans.*

to excite the curiosity, but to keep it in a constant state of excitement until you think proper to satisfy it with the catastrophe; but no one has known how to use this powerful engine with such skill as Sir Walter Scott.* There is never any tediousness in his chapters, except, perhaps, in some opening ones, where he enters by stealth into the dominion of history. But when he ranges without restraint the azure space of the ideal, he is a despot, a tyrant who drags you along in spite of yourself; he is like Destiny: "*volentes ducit, nolentes trahit.*" His dialogue, so animated and natural, is in fact exactly the *rhythm of the Terzina*, with all its artificial gradations. He carries it to an extreme, like Rossini frequently, and, like Rossini, frequently scatters roses and carnations, where the syntax of the heart would but require some pale jessamine. "This likewise," some say, "is a great defect." Perhaps it may be, if you judge of it coldly by rules deduced from Aristotle's Treatises; that is, if, bringing into a system the feelings of the heart, you establish that it is proper, whenever you speak of one who is dead, to draw up from the depths of your chest a tremendous groan, and exclaim in a voice quite hoarse and choked with anguish, "*requiescat in pace.*" But very often the thing is really quite different in practice; it grieves me to say (and perchance some one may take occasion from it to pronounce me more wicked than I am) that except in a few cases, as every one knows, the chords of the heart are never in fact stretched to a very extraordinary degree; and when they are, refreshment of some sort oozes in from many quarters, which soon softens the grief, and brings back tranquillity if not joy. It may be all very laudable, that unlimited confidence in the fidelity, innocence, friendship, and grief of relations and domestics—in short, in the whole catalogue of virtuous qualities. Heaven forbid that I should break a prism of such enchanting colours! But it is a dream of the golden wings of early youth; and let him who has arrived at manhood say, whether he has not sometimes in "sad experience seen it dissipated." My conclusion then is, that although Walter Scott may perchance occasionally offend, like one dancing in a cemetery, yet he does but too certainly paint human nature as in truth it exists. Ideal perfection is more than rare. Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa Harlowe, lived only in Richardson's imagination; and according to my opinion, in order to produce a brilliant effect, without going into exaggeration, it is necessary, in the present day at least, to abandon perfectibility, and to draw men with their vices, which are many, with their weaknesses which are still more numerous, and with their few virtues, which, although in such a small quan-

* All dramatic writers being out of the question, we presume? But other novelists have known as well as Scott, though they may not have had such extensive practice.—Ed.

tity, have the faculty of cancelling in the eyes of him who knows human frailty, the greater part of the defects that debase it.

Whatever judgment then, may be pronounced on this confession, which will not perhaps be approved by all, we will confine ourselves to establishing that the constitution of men in general does not tolerate for any length of time the *lachrymose* style. In music, as in poetry, the *mournful* and *piteous* very soon cause *ennui*, if not disgust; the *sentimental* can be supported (perhaps I may say enjoyed) rather longer: not, however, beyond certain bounds, which are not very extensive in Italy, but a little more so in Germany. Nevertheless, even in Germany, if one of the tender compositions of Mozart or Gluck draws applauses from a hundred hands, Rossini's "*Largo al factotum*" draws them from a thousand. The 'Werther' of Goethe may delight a youth of eighteen, Jacopo Ortis, or Young's Night Thoughts may elicit the admiration of some enthusiast almost arrived at manhood: but the style is false—it is plainly unnatural*—it cannot live long. We may then pardon Rossini for having almost wholly banished from his compositions mournful measures, which were never those of truth; and, above all, we may pardon him, in that he has eluded the difficulty by an artifice of rhythm; for, in the end, the much which we gain by this innovation of his is infinitely more precious than the little we should lose, even though by means of it a fatal anathema should happen to be sent forth, banishing the above-mentioned style, *pro tempore*, from our theatres.

That Sir Walter Scott likewise has trodden the same path, and unmasked (I may say), the same truth in a manner rather humiliating to man's hypocrisy, one may easily convince himself by reading over those scenes in which a German author would, in compliment to his subject, have taken the opportunity of exciting to a morbid excess the tender feelings of the heart. Take, for example, the catastrophe in the beautiful romance of 'Kenilworth' —one of the most novel and terrible that the imagination of a poet ever invented—is it not evidently described with the artifice already spoken of? The death of Amy Robsart, meditated and planned in the infernal dialogue between Forster and Varney—should we not say that it is related *alla Terzina*, if I may so express myself, that is to say, with the self same artifice the use and abuse of which is charged against Rossini? The catastrophe of Lucy, in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' taking place amid the gaieties of a wedding banquet; that of Clara Mowbray, who expires in the arms of the whimsical hostess, and more particularly the consolations which the surgeon called in to attend her, offers to Tyrrel;

* Not so: it is quite suitable to some natures, of whom abundance may be found in all countries, particularly in Germany. 'Werther' has gone to the heart of many a nation. Of course the majority prefer mercurial spirits.—Ed.

all the dreadful scenes in the latter chapters of the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' the murder of the Duke of Rothsay, the suicide of the infamous Henbane Dwyning, the punishment of Ramorny, the combat and slaughter of the two Highland clans—all is related with an atrocious indifference, all is painted with the highest colours, all is described *alla terzina* with *dotted* and *skipping* notes, "with that musical figure whose bold and animated movement gives to the composition an activity, a bustle, and a vivacity" which do not always belong to the subject, or at least which the subject would hardly seem to bear. I can prove to demonstration, multiplying examples *ad infinitum*, that the artifice of the two writers is precisely the same, that is, as far as analogy *can* be established between a thought expressed by words and a thought expressed by musical notes.

The author of the Magazine article above alluded to, observes that "the compositions of Rossini excel in extraordinary plainness of *construction*, in uncommon *clearness and intelligibility*, in *fullness of melody*, and *harmonious colouring*, and in remarkable simplicity."*

Now, if I substitute the name of Walter Scott for that of Rossini, there is not a syllable that need be added to or taken from this eulogium. Who will deny the plainness, the clearness, the intelligibility of plot characterizing the romances of Sir Walter? I am acquainted with children of twelve years of age, who lose not a single thread of the magic woes which that consummate genius spreads out before his readers! Then, as to fullness of melody and harmony of colouring, there is scarcely a page of his writings which does not overflow with these beauties. Whether he paints the civil wars of his country, or leads you through the obscure labyrinth of policy; amidst the magnificence of courts, or into the humble abode of the artisan. Whether he presents to you virtues, public or private, vices, crimes, or weaknesses, whether, in short, he appears as an historian or poet, a man of law or a gallant; whether he speaks like a sovereign or a mendicant; whether he penetrates into the cabinet of a minister or a lady's bower; whether, in fine, he walks the earth like a common mortal, or ranges through infinity like a pure spirit,—his *colouring* is always *harmonious*, his *tints* are always proper to the subject,† and above all, true to nature. Then, simplicity of plot in Scott's Romances is a quality which, in spite of the ornamental work abounding in them, is so conspicuous, that to comprise an accurate analysis of one of them in the space of twenty lines

* Whatever may be the simplicity in fundamental construction of Rossini's music, the term cannot be generally appropriate to so ornate a composer.—Ed.

† This, at all events, cannot be said of Rossini. Some of his overtures, and many of his songs are as little suited to the subject as can be deliberately imagined. The *Gazza Ladra* is, however, a fine exception.—Ed.

would be the easiest thing in the world. Since I have alluded to *ornament*, I beg to remark that even this, whether it be considered a merit or defect, he has in common with Rossini; and, like the latter, makes use of it to such a degree as to lay himself open to the paradoxical charge of *poverty*, when in fact it is caused by real *richness*, of fancy. The fine carvings and fretwork, the arabesques, the gildings, abound in each, but they never conceal the beauty of the original conception; when one of them appears almost suffocated with flowers, you see him, nevertheless, in all his simplicity; exactly as you recognize the massy trunk of a proud oak in spite of the ivy and wild vine which cling around it in a thousand forms, and envelop it as with a verdant net.

Rossini not unfrequently abandons his theme in order to seize a passing thought apparently unconnected with it; and these leaps and starts sometimes strike you as rather fantastic, and not sufficiently smoothed down by regularly-modulated transitions. But rules were not made for genius: genius can break through, or modify, or entirely alter them; and it is the *result* which decides whether such a bold course deserves applause or hisses. Rossini never involves himself in the intricacies of insignificant transitions, as those are accustomed to do, who toil in vain to conceal their want of inspiration or melodious ideas, under cover of useless modulations and false colouring—Rossini's jumps, though unaided by the transitions required by rule, never occasion a shock of disgust: on the contrary, every one* is pleased at his eccentric starts; they are the *oases* of the desert, beneath whose shades the traveller reposes for a moment in order to renew his journey with fresh vigour. Now, if there be an absolute analogy between created things, I do think there exists one here between the genius of Rossini and that of Scott. Like the Italian musician, the Scotch romance writer disdains all vulgar, artificial regulations, and leaps sometimes from the melancholy gloom of a funeral into the gaieties and delights of a ball or banquet. The transition appears at first sight rather abrupt, certainly; but a moment's reflection discovers the concatenation of ideas; indeed, reflection is useless, for the web unites of itself as if by enchantment; and you perceive at once that the fabric, which you might have thought would be torn beyond repair, except by a bungling patch, has been restored to perfection, presenting to your eyes an elegant figured sprig, increasing the value of the tissue.†

Perfection appertains not to things of this world: accordingly the works of Rossini and Scott have not the privilege of exemption from certain little blemishes which many persons have taken upon themselves to point out; we shall only refer to some

* Except the fine counterpointed ear of the *learned* listener.—Ed.
† This is most ingenious tailoring.—Ed.

of the principal ones for the purpose of showing how these two geniuses resemble each other even in their errors. Rossini is accused of *mannerism*. This word, taken in its moderate sense, is intended to signify the peculiar and marked characteristics of the productions of a master, by which he may be easily distinguished from his fellows, as an exotic is recognised amongst a host of indigenous plants. This, however, does not suffice to constitute mannerism in its vicious sense. When these peculiarities of colouring or style are repeated a little too often, and with a sameness, occasionally carried almost to affectation, then mannerism is a defect, and calls for censure. Identity of style and manner must always be recognised in the works of Rossini: the *terzina* of which we have spoken, and the *crescendo* (which remains to be discussed) constitute, if I may use the term, the mechanical art of Rossini's music; they are the favourite colours in which our musician's ideas are clothed, and, it must be confessed, colours more brilliant may be sought for in vain in the works of the old masters; nevertheless, their constant repetition or redundancy sometimes causes weariness, and when weariness commences, there, also, is the commencement of vice.

Having previously attempted to demonstrate (as well as the nature of the subject will admit) how Walter Scott has abused the introduction of the *terzina* in his dialogues, I proceed to observe that the effects of the *crescendo* are not unknown to him; but I do not charge it against him as a *mannerism*, for it is not one: in literature this word has less circumscribed limits; and to be mannered, it is necessary to plunge into the hyperbolical or the absurd. I shall speak here only of the *crescendo*, as applied artfully to produce a great effect in music and romance.

Whoever has perused Scott's descriptions with any sort of musical disposition, will confess that the magic effect produced by them is mainly owing to that rapid crowding of images one upon another, like the successive introduction of musical instruments into a concerted piece; to those bold touches on the original subject, like the accented notes of music; in short, to that urging on of the ideas towards the utmost bounds of truth and grandeur so as to constitute the *ne plus ultra* either of the sublime or the ridiculous. Many will not understand me. I shall not say to them, like a certain king of old, "but I understand myself:" I only entreat them to lay the blame of these obscurities partly on me and partly on a subject which cannot be explained with much clearness.* I had better have recourse to examples. All know the air, *La Calunnia*, in the "Barber of Seville," and all must have noticed the *crescendo* going on progressively with the words, that is to say, from the

* Oh, don't become prudish at the eleventh hour! You are getting on as well as possible. Proceed to the "artillery."—Ed.

whisper of the breeze to the tempest and earthquake, reaching its climax with a deafening crash of instruments imitative of a tremendous storm, and concluding with a burst of heaven's artillery! So far every one understands the use and abuse of the favourite *crescendo* in music; but I fear I shall not easily succeed in making evident the same abuse as it exists in the pages of Walter Scott. I throw myself however on the reader's indulgence, and beg to present to him, as an illustration of my meaning, a scene from the novel of 'Kenilworth,' selected for my purpose without much trouble. The Earl of Leicester having been exposed to serious dangers by the sudden appearance of Amy Robsart at Kenilworth, has retired to his own private apartments accompanied by the wretch Varney. Well aware of the terrible consequences that might ensue from Elizabeth's anger at discovering him to be Amy's husband, the noble Earl gravely thinks on the means of resisting the impetuous Queen, and writes down the names of all the individuals who are likely in such an extremity to become his partisans. Varney ventures to show him the folly of open resistance, and proves to him that Elizabeth's throne is not to be shaken. Leicester angrily casts away the list of names, and commands his favourite, in resolute terms, to admit his friends into the Castle, and place them in readiness to master the Queen's guards. The wicked Varney professes obedience; but, to save his master (on whose fate his own depends) from committing a rashness that might drag him to inevitable ruin, he warily begins by throwing out insinuations against the young damsel, for whose sake Leicester is so ready to plunge himself into an ocean of troubles; then he plausibly makes those insinuations appear strong suspicions and acquire the semblance of truth; afterwards they become as it were certainties: every word of the infamous adviser is a *semitone* more acute than the preceding one, a *phrase* more emphatic and accented, and contains an artifice which gradually augments the tone and multiplies the force of sound and the number and velocity of the notes. Leicester is led on from incredulity to surprise; from surprise to grief; from grief to rage, despair, and revenge: he is a tempest roused by the breath of a zephyr; an avalanche, whose *nucleus* was a snow-ball! In short, the scene is a true musical *crescendo*, in the widest sense of the term.*

Again; Rossini has been accused of *plagiarism*; not, to be sure, in the sense which constitutes piracy, and exposes him to legal tribunals. But we shall not examine the matter too narrowly; otherwise it would not be difficult to point out, in the most original of all authors, some thoughts which, by their analogy to other thoughts, would establish a true case of plagiarism,†

* Very cleverly made out.—Ed.

† Not exactly; it should be plain that they are the *same* thoughts, and without a new and important application.—Ed.

unless it is held that the crucible of the poet possesses, like that of the goldsmith, the faculty of cancelling, as it were, the original character of the metal, in order that the hand of the artist may afterwards give it those elegant and graceful forms which increase its value an hundred fold. In a certain sense, Tasso is a plagiarist of Virgil, and Virgil of Homer; Monti of Dante, and Dante of the Prophets: in short, one age is a copyist of a preceding one; and one nation plagiarizes its neighbour if the latter happen to be a little advanced in civilization. Manzoni has remarked, that amongst the various expedients invented by men to perplex one another, the most ingenious of all is that of having, on almost every subject, two maxims diametrically opposed to each other, and yet held as equally infallible. "You must be original"—and "you must do nothing for which the great masters have not left you an example." This is a precept enforced most rigorously, as applied to poetry and the fine arts. And every one must perceive it is a recommendation very difficult to follow. But I would ask, did Generali, Cimarosa, Krommer, and others (from whom it is said Rossini has borrowed the materials of many of his compositions), ever succeed in awakening an enthusiasm almost amounting to madness or idolatry? Had those airs of theirs (supposed to form the foundation* of many well-known songs of Rossini), ever a universal popular celebrity? There was something wanting in them, then, to complete their character as first-rate geniuses. Who will deny the exquisite originality of Ariosto? Yet Morgante Maggiore, Orlando Innamorato, and other poems, furnished him with the idea of his Furioso.† We may conclude then, that true originality does not consist *entirely* in the creation of a certain sort of things, or in a beautiful conception of them; but this creation and conception must have their elements of originality disposed so as to produce a grand effect, even though it be by a fortuitous, if inevitable, combination.‡ Unless this were the case, we should pronounce many a work and author original, by no means entitled to the distinction. A block of Carrara marble contained within it the elements of the Venus of the Pitti Palace;§ yet, without Canova's chisel, that block would not have been worth three *livres*.

Having thus determined the idea of originality and plagiarism, I must give it as my opinion that Walter Scott is original and a plagiarist, precisely in the same sense in which Rossini is also. And, if I am not mistaken, the works of Shakspeare are the very

* Answerable to the *notes* appended to each chapter of the latter edition of Scott's works.—Ed.

† But he did not *fill it up* with their ideas.—Ed.

‡ This is not very clearly expressed, and moreover, rather blinks the question. The writer forgets the force of the word "entirely." Invention and compilation are not convertible terms.—Ed.

§ No such thing; its elements were contained in the imagination of the sculptor.—Ed.

magazines from which the Scotch Romance writer has helped himself by handsfull. Shakspeare is an inexhaustible mine of treasures; but those treasures are sometimes mingled with impure *scoria*, tending to debase them. Walter Scott has given them such an exquisite purity and polish, that in truth it is necessary to regard them closely before we can say, "all that diamond belongs to Shakspeare."* Be it known, however, that I do not here allude to the history or fable of Scott's Romances, but to characters and personages. The eras described by Shakspeare are precisely those through which the great novelist has ranged with the utmost delight. With but few exceptions, as where, for instance, he has enchanted his readers by selecting scenes from the more than chivalrous enterprises of the Crusaders, the England painted by him is the same England on which the Great Tragedian cast such a blaze of light. The conflicts and controversies of the reformers of religion; the depositions of a powerful, barbarous, yet magnanimous nobility; the commonalty ignorant, lawless, tremendous; the pomps of the florid reign of Elizabeth; the iron despotism of Henry VIIIth, who cut the throats of all whose faith happened to be greater or smaller than his own; the wars and political dissentions of the two Roses; then the great revolution; a dynasty brought low, murdered, revived, banished, victorious, and at last annihilated for ever! What ages of vigor, of glory, of debasement, of adventures! On the one hand, rude and ferocious manners and customs, inconstancy and desire of change; awful conflicts of earthly passions, of religious fanaticism, of abject and cruel superstitions; prodigies of valor and cruel sacrifices, which would have been incredible had not their ages been so near our own! On the other side, the finessing, the exquisite artfulness and profound cunning of courtiers and statesmen educated in the Machiavellian doctrines more by instinct than by meditation; then the "ladies," already in possession of a sceptre whose prerogative seemed to partake of magic. In short, ages truly dramatic, ages whose customs and characters had no predominant colour, but which produced, as a *tout ensemble*, a *coup d'œil* so strikingly picturesque as to allure the gaze even of the most fastidious; a species of panorama in which all the extravagances of human nature were displayed, sometimes separate, sometimes together, as if for the purpose of confounding the minds of posterity, and making it almost impossible to discern the thread which connected such events!

Such was the England of Shakspeare; such that of Walter Scott; and these two most powerful geniuses found there an inexhaustible fount of poesy. Shakspeare trod in the path of truth, he had for his prototype nature in action; he accumulated

* Pooh! pooh!—Ed.

facts and events, and depicted them with those gradations of coloring that distinguish the historian from the chronicler. Walter Scott found these materials collected by his diligent predecessor; they were stores of inestimable value; he shaped and set them with new and indescribable skill, and formed out of them those edifices, which, like the enchanted Palaces of Armida, shine with the pure light of rubies and diamonds.*

To conclude, the enthusiasm which Rossini and Scott have awakened in the breasts of men, has extended beyond the bounds of civilization—a rare case, but one in which their mutual resemblance is striking. It is well known that the Turks have always been indifferent to music, yet even the Turks have become *Rossini-ists*, since Donnizetti has taught the Sultan Mahmoud's military band some of our great musician's best airs; and it is said that the glee of this Mussulman chief is so complete when his band plays '*Largo al factotum*,' that he forgets for whole hours the beauties of his harem, who then sigh in vain for one of their lord's glances!

But if the melodies of Rossini extend beyond the confines of Christendom, the romances of Scott likewise overleap the most arduous barriers ever raised by nature to separate man from man. I have read somewhere that a traveller entering a hut in inhospitable Lapland, found there a volume of one of Walter Scott's novels, and its owner pointed to the book, exclaiming emphatically, "Sir Walter Scott—the greatest man that ever lived!" I shall not go quite so far, well knowing what claims the *utile* has in comparison with the *dulce*; but, addressing myself to those in whom intellectual pleasure is a want, who regard the recreations of the mind as more dignified than many are disposed to grant, I may abandon myself to enthusiasm, and exclaim with the Laplander, "Walter Scott was one of the most splendid geniuses of his age."†

* And yet there are not two Shakspeares, but one Shakspeare. We do not discover "handsful" of him in Scott. But the author does not appear at all aware of the abundant, accurate, and interesting characters of Scottish life, contained in the writings of Scott, and no where else.—Ed.

† We have inserted this paper as a literary curiosity. It may not display the *depth* of Godwin and Mozart (we do not purpose, through the parallel infection, to insinuate a resemblance of genius between these two great men) but the novelty of the conception, and the ingenuities of the argument, are not a little amusing.—Ed.

ON FIRST TASTING AN OLIVE.

THOU fetid Plum! adown whose livid sides
The green juice oozes, wherefore art thou here?
One gripe alone—of thy astounding taste
Unconscious—these my teeth have given thee;
But that one did suffice: suffice to prove
My hatred of thee, and my wonder great
How thou canst dare, immodest thus and bold,
Thy form on human appetite obtrude!

Yet thou art ever present, fetid Plum,
At table of the great, and all rare feasts;
Nay, often press'd the fairest lips between!
Lips chaste no longer from that hour, methinks!

Oh wondrous proof of nature's varied powers
In palates, and diversities of taste!
To this a frog; to that a soup of snails;
To these boil'd tripe; to those a crawling cheese;
Green turtle-fat, sheep's heads, an unctuous smash,
Rank venison, lamb's tails, or the parson's nose!
But in perversion's scale light weigh such freaks—
Life hath its olive-eaters! Direful thought!

Oft hath the Fair tobacco-quid decried,
And "nasty" for cognomen, eke bestowed;
Oft hath she search'd the pouch of sleeping spouse
For snuff-box, meerschaum, or the snug cigar,
Turkey, canaster, long-cut, short-cut, shag,
And toss'd the vile prize to the winds of heaven!
How delicate! how wholesome! and how pure
That weed malign'd, compar'd to a wretch like thee!

Foul Pickle! may I never more endure
Thy loathsome presence, and the constant fear
Lest some sweet object o'er whose loveliness
My senses wander in a dreamy trance,
Should suddenly the ecstatic charm dispel,
By eating with deliberate gustful smack
Green horrors! Let the raw, still knock-knee'd youth,
When frequent razor hath induced a beard
And idler whimsies fool'd him into man,
On thee next try such manhood!—I resign:
I leave the field—shrink back with mouth'd dismay,
Nor will endeavour a base thing to love,
Of taste so hideous—nondescript, or worse—
Whose sentence, judgment-seated, I pronounce—
"Committed nuisance, leave the festal board!"

O. O.

THE PAST SESSION.

In the past Session a vast benefit has been achieved. Instead of mourning over its utter sterility in the fruits of Reform, we see every reason to rejoice in its indefensible misdeeds. The Ministers have amply enlightened the people. They have done far more themselves than the freest press could have effected without their aid, in rendering their own deserts conspicuous to the country. They have dispelled the delirious confidence of the past, and have henceforth rendered trust in their promises equivalent to fellowship in their designs. Whoever, for the future, avows affiance in their professions, and vindicates their conduct, is one of them, and must participate in their repute.

We rejoice in the palpable evidences of evil-mindedness the Whigs have exhibited. JUNIUS has well said, that "we owe it to the bounty of Providence that the depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving." The morals of the Ministry are indeed arrived at that "maturity of corruption" which renders them innoxious to the cause they would otherwise discredit. The fraud of their pretension to the character of true Reformers is now so plainly proclaimed, that the blame of the defeats of the past Session must rest solely on those who have palpably pandered to the powers of misrule. Honest reformers owe no small measure of gratitude to the Noble Lord who, representing in his own person the soul of the Reform Ministry, has recorded his conviction that the plethoric wealth of the Church is good as a means of enlisting its Ministers on behalf of the Government of the day! This deliberate avowal of the principle which actuates the Ministry admits of no mistake, and bars out the possibility of further delusion or disappointment on the part of those who might have otherwise clung to their accustomed affiance in the fidelity of a Russell to the cause of Reform.

The People now clearly see that from the Ministers there is no hope of redress.

Not merely have the defunct measures which have "fallen still-born" on the table of either House evinced the impotency of the Ministers in furthering their own measures, but we are of opinion that so attenuated was the merit of nearly every one of those Bills, that had they passed, in all their unabridged efficiency, into law, the PEOPLE would have reaped scarcely any important benefit from the entire legislation of the Session. Not only has the Government failed in overcoming the hostility of the Lords to improvement, but it has not dared to attest its

own will, by the mere proposal of measures adequate to the fulfilment of their recorded purposes and pledges. We repeat it, the Government Bills thrown out by the House of Lords would have done the country but little good, had they been passed into law. Whatever, then, has been proposed during the session, of large practical benefit, of plenary evidence of principle above the mere policy of rival parties—has been thrown out by the Whigs and not by the Lords. Of these are the Ballot—the removal of Bishops from the legislation—the abolition of unmerited Pensions—the abolition of Military Torture—and the abolition of Primogenitive inheritance. These measures were rejected by the Government. Among those proposed by themselves and rejected by the Lords, we have, foremost, the Irish Tithe Bill, of which the only portion that in the least affects the real grievance to be removed, is of so purely abstracted a character, that it is exceedingly doubtful if it would have any existence whatever in practical operation.

The Tithe Bill was the next most important measure of the Whigs. Is this a boon to the people? It is at least a benefit to the Clergy, whose incomes will be increased thrice where they are lowered once. The Irish Municipal Corporation Bill—the first—was indeed a well-principled measure. But on the first show of resistance by the Peers it was so cruelly crippled, and rendered so incapable of any great benefit, that the Whigs fully expected it would have been accepted by the Lords.

The Bill by which the Whig Reformers have secured to his Grace of Canterbury, four times over the salary paid to the Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in the reign of Charles X;—this Bill, which provides lawn and purple for the followers of the fishermen of Galilee, at the cost of 160,000*l.* per annum, in a land eminently Protestant;—this Bill is one of the measures which the King has been especially directed by the Ministry to hold up for the admiration of the country as a feat of theirs, of which they are peculiarly proud.

The Marriage Bill, which allows Dissenters to be married when they have had the consent of the Poor-law Board of Guardians, is another happy piece of Reform legislation—a meet evidence of the wishes of the Whigs to remove the grievances of Dissenters.

There are also several other enactments, like the Prisoners' Counsel Bill, the County Polls (Election) Bill, and the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, all of which the Ministers have allowed the Lords to pass into law, after their own fashion of lop-sided legislation; and which it was rather the duty of the Whigs to have rejected. Since, imperfect remedy of an abuse is the exchange of an abuse with the chance of its speedy abolition,—for the same abuse minutely diminished, with the certainty of its endurance.

It is far better to continue an evil in a degree so intolerable that its own viciousness must compel its removal, than to make it just endurable enough to be preferred to the labour requisite to its extinction. This is a principle on which the Whigs have never dreamt of acting. The most unprejudiced and mature reflection on their past conduct will be found necessarily to lead to one of these two conclusions;—either they believe their passive permanence in office essential to the country, and that it is their duty to adopt any course which may secure it; or, caring nothing about duty, they adopt the best means merely of securing their own salaries. To conceive that men, gifted as they all must be, more or less, with common sense, can honestly believe the former is wholly absurd; we are, therefore, constrained to adopt the latter view of their conduct.

This pitiful truckling demeanour towards the Lords has now been carried through a second, nay a third session, utterly lost to the existing generation, who anxiously await the fruits of labours and exertions which have already characterised the century. Mr Bell, at the Sheffield election, has pithily put the Whigs in the following dilemma—"Either they are able to cope with the Lords, or they are not; if they are not able to cope with the House of Lords, they are swindlers for taking pay for a thing which they cannot do; if they can, then they are traitors for not doing it."

Perhaps the most palpable evidence of the bad faith of the Ministers is to be found in the melancholy equivocations put forth by Lord John Russell, on the subject of Church-rates. Lord John Russell has less excuse for delay or shuffling on this point, than on any other in the whole range of his misdeeds. He never had more than one solitary idea on the subject; and but one hopeful escape—he now finds it is no escape—from the difficulties his timid servility has encompassed him in—and that is in levying Church-rates on the Consolidated Fund. He knows perfectly well that he hit upon this ingenious scheme nearly two years ago; and he is, at any rate, now thoroughly convinced that it will *not* satisfy the Dissenters, or any part or portion of them. He may save himself the discredit of any equivocation, and the trouble of any further preparation on the point.

His scheme will not do; neither will *he* do—neither will any of them do—for the spirit of the times that are at hand! The progress of social regeneration is just as little to be aided by the mental, as by the bodily powers, of such a meagre gentleman as Lord John Russell. But if it cannot be advanced, assuredly neither will it be long retarded by him.

In the interim, whilst the intellect of the masses is maturing all its energies for carrying out the principles which promise

real and permanent relief to the wants of the times, and whilst the public mind and feelings are being well moulded by many a gifted spirit of our days, and fashioned in purpose, and confirmed in rectitude, by the mighty prowess of the out-pourings of the periodical press, it is perhaps matter for rejoicing, rather than for sorrow, that in our ancient recollections of the glorious models of bye-gone patriotism, we may be able the more readily to appreciate the great-mindedness of the PYMS, the HAMPDENS, and the SYDNEYS, by contrasting them with the pigmy patriots of present times.

We have ever sought freedom from antipathies, and hold with Shaftesbury, "that the face of truth is not less fair and beautiful for all the counterfeit vizors which have been put upon her;"—yet, as nothing is wholly useless, we are prone to think that a modern Whig may be among the number of those beacons of deformity in the moral world, by contrast with which it is permissible to mete whatever is just, and honourable, and great.

J. C. S.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A History of British Quadrupeds. Illustrated by a wood-cut of each species, and numerous vignettes. By Thomas Bell, F.R.S. F.L.S.

IT may be superfluous to say that anything of this kind, emanating from the pen of Mr Bell, is valuable to the science of natural history. The wood-cuts and vignettes are excellent for character: we have scarcely ever seen any drawings of the kind, at all comparable to them, and some are inimitable. We especially refer the reader to the *bats* in Nos. I and II, where the eccentric expressions in the heads of these odd creatures, seen from different points of view, are most accurately and sharply given, with the decision of a fine draughtsman and close student of nature. The head of the *mole*, in No. II, is equally fine, and looks as if it had just been thrust up through the ground, and was sniffing the unencumbered air.

H.

Graphic Illustrations of the Life and Times of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

DR JOHNSON has not so many devout admirers as he had some twenty years ago, but there are still enough to give this publication a fair chance; moreover, whatever difference of opinion may now exist about the "great bear," everybody must take an

interest in the times in which he "growling shone." The houses connected with his name are neatly executed, though we care little about them, and the numerous autographs are no doubt sufficiently accurate. The portrait of Warren Hastings, in No. II, is, however, a highly-finished and interesting engraving. But we prefer the sketch of James Oglethorpe, as being admirable for character, and not altogether unworthy of an exellent man, whose memory ought to be well preserved. In No. III we give the preference by far to the fine engraving from Sir Joshua's admirable, truth-like portrait of the good-tempered, honest-hearted P. Warton, of Oxford celebrity. We are informed that he was elected to "the *office* of Poet Laureate," and that it was "offered at the express desire of his Majesty"—an excellent judge of poetry! and that "he filled it with credit to himself and to *the place*." All this must read very oddly both to reformers and lovers of poetry. H.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice, M.P.

To make the British Museum the means of as much good as its capacity will allow, is without doubt a great national object. Why it is not so at present will be no matter of wonder to any one who reads Mr Millard's pamphlet. The fault, he says, is neither in the want of funds, nor of means of aggrandizement, nor in the parsimony of government, nor in the apathy of the people; but—

"In the existing constitution of the establishment, composed, as it is, rather of an aristocracy of rank and wealth, than, as it ought to be, of an aristocracy of science and intellect."—p. 5.

"If I may draw an inference from the practice of 1832, 1833, and 1834, I shall be justified in stating, that the *principal* management of the establishment is confided to Lord Farnborough, the Bishop of London, Mr George Booth Tyndale, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who are occasionally assisted in their labours by some distinguished members of the aristocracy, and by the presidents of the learned societies."—p. 11.

The plan of management proposed by Mr Millard appears exceedingly judicious. One of the conditions would be—

"A Council to be appointed by the Government, to consist of twenty persons, all distinguished in the different branches of science and learning."—p. 18.

This, it must be allowed, would be the proper kind of management. Under the head of "Accommodation to the Public," he proposes—

"1. The Museum to be opened daily, throughout the year, from ten o'clock A.M. till half an hour before sunset; except on Good Friday, Christmas Day, and on Sundays. To be opened on Sundays from two o'clock P.M. till half an hour before sunset; proper notice being given of

the time of opening and closing. The Gallery of Antiquities to be opened on every day, throughout the year, except on Sundays, &c. for the admission of artists and others at a very early hour in the morning, varying according to the season of the year.

"2. A School of Design to be established for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures.

"3. The Reading Room to be opened every day, except on Sundays, &c. from nine o'clock A.M. till half an hour before sunset.

"4. A distinct fire-proof Reading Room to be erected for evening readers, to be open from six to eleven P.M."—p. 19.

We particularly observe here, as worthy of praise, the proposal to open the Museum on Sundays, and the reading-room in the evenings.

But there is one point of considerable importance which should never be omitted in any remarks connected with the reform of the British Museum;—we mean that of obtaining increased facility both as to finding in the catalogues the books you want, and in obtaining them from the under librarians and attendants. The latter difficulty will probably disappear with the former, and the best method consists chiefly in giving the public *classed* catalogues instead of the old and voluminous alphabetical form in which they now stand. But although a London bookseller of character has offered to print and publish *classed* catalogues at his *own* expense, new and almost interminable alphabetical catalogues are preparing by the Museum authorities, which will be an immense expense to the *nation*, and, as usual, of very little use!

An Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther. By Charles Villiers, Esq. Translated by James Mill, Esq., and abridged by the Rev. W. Marsh, M.A. London. 1836.

This essay, we are told, obtained the prize from the National Institute of France in the year 1802. It was written on the question—"What has been the influence of the Reformation of Luther on the political situation of the different states of Europe, and on the progress of knowledge?" To concentrate so vast a field of thought and enquiry into the compass of a prize essay was sufficiently difficult, and here we have an "abridgment" of the original work. The result is what might be expected; there is not sufficient room for amplification and illustration, and the attention frequently becomes wearied in following a bare detail of facts, which the memory vainly strives to retain. Notwithstanding this fault, the philosophical spirit in which the whole is conceived renders it valuable, particularly as matter of suggestion. Passages too, of considerable power and eloquence, are scattered throughout, and serve to enliven the monotony of the historical

portions. The following is an instance, where the author joins the names of the reformers in religion with those of all the great men of their time, whether in poetry, the arts, philosophy or science, and says of them all:—

"Those eminent men, the organs of the universal spirit, expressed correctly the thoughts which brooded in the minds of a great number of their cotemporaries; and they satisfied at once the wants of their age. From their genius, as soon as the spark escaped, the flame ready to appear broke forth in all directions. What had only been an immature, a vague conception, floating privately in the minds of a multitude of men, became clear and steady, made an open appearance, was communicated from intellect to intellect, and an uninterrupted chain united all thinking minds together. Such is the natural progress of that tacit conspiracy which presides over all reformations."—p. 258.

This is the true theory of all great and apparently sudden improvements. Single minds, of power and genius, probably exist at all periods, but meeting with nothing akin to them, they live unheeded in a world as yet unworthy of them, and in which they find, perhaps, no place of rest except a grave. Yet they neither live nor die in vain. They form the "forlorn hope" of the moral world. "Their works follow them," and their concentrated influence unconsciously, but surely, operates upon the mass of humanity, which at length becomes ripe to start into new life at the voice of some master-spirit, falling on more fortunate times.

The reverend Mr Marsh has apparently published this essay in its present form to display the evils of Catholicism, and the superiority of episcopacy; yet there are some passages in it which would seem likely to startle a member of the "religion by law established." A Protestant is described as

"A man, whose leading principle it is to maintain the right of every reasonable being to examine, to use his reason freely, and to keep himself exempt from all authority."—p. 205.

This definition scarcely agrees with a submission to the Creeds, and the Thirty-nine articles.

There is a strange mistake about the foundation of the United States of America, which is here attributed to William Penn, and the declaration of Independence to his followers; the facts being, that Virginia and New England had become flourishing colonies half a century before William Penn commenced his noble career as a legislator, and that his followers were on principle opposed to the resistance which led to American emancipation.

We are inclined to think that the spirit of the original has been altered, in that portion which relates to the contest between Charles I and his Parliament. It is given very inaccurately and partially, and being so, presents a contrast to the rest, which is distinguished by an enlightened liberality. M.

Finden's Ports and Harbours.

THIS is a beautiful publication; the designs are effective and the execution very fine. We are particularly struck with the grandeur of Tynemouth Castle, and the stormy gloom of Cullercoats, in Part I; and with the brightness, force, and nature, of Bamborough and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Indeed of all the engravings contained in Part II., we have seldom seen any plates that surpass the one of Newcastle-upon-Tyne for clear, vivid truth, and distinct, though crowded beauty of design. It is worth the price of the whole Part; the work, however, is singularly cheap—too cheap, we fear, for the good of the Fine Arts.

The British Museum—Egyptian Antiquities. Vol. II. Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

IT contains a minute description of this fine collection of the antiquities of Egypt, illustrated by woodcuts, which are very good indeed. The dissertation on the Pyramids and Tombs will be interesting to those who are not already conversant with their wonders.

Peter Parley's Tales of the Sea. Tegg.

PETER PARLEY is too well established as a juvenile classic, and too worthily, to require criticism. The getting up of this volume is excellent. The graphic illustrations are quite in the spirit of the narrator.

Homœopathy and Allopathy, or, Large, Small, and Atomic Doses. By David Uwins, M.D.

AFTER having been scared away from our shores by a burst of laughter so loud as to drown all chance of a hearing, Homœopathy has quietly returned, silently seated herself in the metropolis, and is gaining over one medical practitioner after another to her cause. It is not for us, of the unlearned, to say how this will end. Whether it be only an evanescent fancy, or whether there be a medical revolution at hand, we leave to prophets of greater skill and boldness to predict. Of one thing we are sure, that the respectable name of Dr Uwins must ensure respectful treatment of a theory to which he extends his favour; even though his support be of a very modified character, so that he is rather a semi-homœopathist than one who goes the full length of the orthodoxy, or heresy, of the theory. The fact is quite enough to make us suspect that there must be something in it. But we can do little more in aid of the enquiry than recommend to our readers this production of a cautious reasoner and experienced practitioner.

On a recent occasion, a brief account of the principles of Homœopathy was inserted in our pages. We add Dr Uwins's antithetical view of the system:—

"The allopathic mode, reader, is the one hitherto admitted as legitimate and tenable; the homœopathic mode is that which first suggested itself to the mind of a German physician, more than thirty years ago, while engaged in the translation of Cullen's Materia Medica. Homœopathy may, for our present purpose, be translated 'like loves like, or birds of a feather do well together;' it announces by a term that what creates disturbance and disease, in all its apparent anomalies and varieties, will, in different proportions and in due adaptations, prove a remedy for that disease; that poisons, like punishments, are 'mercies in disguise;' and that to create a commotion in the frame of a contrary nature to that already established; to practise, in other words, allopathically, is bungling in design and too often fatal in consequence; that nosology is nonsense; that to conceive of disordered conditions as abstract essences, is downright absurdity; and that nomenclature, as hitherto constructed, is mere verbiage."—p. 5-6.

The Doctor adds a generalized illustration of the theory in a note to the foregoing passage:—

"I shall be laughed at for intimating that something like this law of agency may be traced through all circumstance and all being, theological, moral, metaphysical, and physical. 'L'homme empoisonné avec le fruit de vie,' says Chateaubriand. 'Lust, through certain strainers well refined, is gentle love,' &c. says the master-poet, at once of good sense and genius. High conceptions, not duly balanced, constitute insanity; and arsenic, even allopathists allow, is at once a violent poison and an excellent restorative."—p. 6.

We commend him for pausing in his extract from Pope's libel on women, who even in the sentence as thus partly purified shewed as little "good sense" as, in our apprehension, he ever did of "genius." Not that we mean to deny that Pope was an illustration of Homœopathy. There is no surer cure of a taste for Pope than more Pope. It is as he says,

> "Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again."

For the best summary of this celebrated theory, "at a very little expense and trouble," Dr Uwins refers us to a publication on the subject by the Rev. Thomas Everest. His own partial adoption of it, is thus guarded:—

"In the present tract I am not, however, intending anything like a direct advocacy of all this assumption; I do not mean even to go into the fundamentals of the doctrine of homœopathy in an argumentative or even illustrative manner. I am disposed, indeed, to think that some of its positions and inferences are open to strong objection, and that a total discarding of allopathy constitutes one of its fallacies. The design of this tract is merely limited to an announcement (upon the strength of a few recitals) of the high value the *similia in similibus* theory of medicine has proved in *imparting a power to the medical practitioner which he never possessed before*, and in helping to take off that weight from the mind of

a conscientious physician which must necessarily connect itself with public appreciation beyond conscious desert."—p. 7.

The pamphlet then details a considerable number of cases, some of which are very striking, while a few seem to us to be not much to the purpose, and scarcely worth being introduced. Altogether they certainly seem to shew that much practical use may be made of the new views by the skilful physician. For these cases we must refer to the publication itself. Towards the conclusion the author gives an additional caution:—

"My late friend Dr Reid, in his brunonian fervor and desire to express himself *pointedly*, used to call the *Lancet* 'a minute instrument of mighty mischief;' but in the atoms of homœopathy, if they are misapplied, may lurk still more minute instruments of still more mighty mischief. No individual ought, upon any system, to prescribe powerful medicines unless he be well acquainted with anatomy, physiology, and indeed every branch which in their whole combination are named *medicine*. And as to remuneration, let every medical man scout the notion of his being a tradesman. It is high time that medical skill and science should be otherwise appreciated. General practitioners, as they are called, are rewarded too little, but they are rewarded in an improper manner. It is here that reform is required. Everything else would find its own level without legislative interference."—p. 33-34.

We trust that the author's anticipation, "that few will hear and fewer heed the strain," will not be realized. The subject is one, literally, of *vital* interest, and on which his claim for attention is fully established.

F.

Memoirs of the Wesley Family; collected principally from original Documents. 2 vols. London, 1836. By Adam Clarke, LL.D.

THESE two volumes form the commencement of a cheap as well as elegant edition of the miscellaneous works of Dr Adam Clarke. The Wesley family is chiefly interesting on account of the celebrated founder of Methodism, but we have no memoir of him here, with the exception of a very short notice. It appears that Dr Clarke always intended to write a separate character of him, but never accomplished that intention. It is stated, however, that many anecdotes and much important information concerning John Wesley will be embodied in the memoirs of Dr Clarke, which are to accompany or immediately to follow the present edition. In the meantime, those who like to observe the varieties of character which result from one uniform system of training applied to many natures, will find material for thought in the circumstantial description already published. The father of John Wesley was a clergyman of the Established Church, originally educated among the Dissenters, against whom, after his desertion of them, he was a very bitter writer. It is supposed that he would have had good preferment if Queen Mary had lived, but during the subsequent reign of Queen Anne he lost his interest at Court, and was frequently involved in difficulties,

which is not surprising, considering he had nineteen children and only £200 a year. He was a voluminous author and a poet, and is said to have originally held a place in the "Dunciad," though it is certain his name never appeared in any of the printed editions. He was a rigid disciplinarian, being a high church divine, and a severe and almost Chinese asserter of the paternal authority. He was a man of some humour, and an anecdote is here related in proof of it:—It appears that he was distressed at perceiving in his clerk a great degree of vanity and self-conceit, so great as to fancy himself only a *degree* below his master; whereupon he determined to humble said clerk. It was his practice to invest this unlucky wight with his own cast-off wigs, of which, though much too large, John was extremely proud. One of these wigs was made the medium of mortification. Mr Wesley, on a particular Sunday, when John's head appeared unusually lost in its canonical attire, gave out for singing the psalm which commences, "Like to an owl in ivy bush!"—and when the clerk proceeded to the following line in his usual twang, and sung "That rueful thing am I!"—the congregation could not avoid perceiving the similitude, nor refrain from laughter. This gave unto our rector a full measure of satisfaction, "for John was mortified and his self-conceit lowered."

The rector ought to have felt some compassion for poor John as a brother poet. It was he who, when King William returned to England after one of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth Church, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composing:"—

> "King William is come home, come home,
> King William home is come;
> Therefore let us together sing
> The hymn that's called "Te D'um."—Vol. i, p. 358.

We have said that Mr Wesley was a rigid disciplinarian; Mrs Wesley however went beyond him. The details of her mode of educating her children are extremely curious. They slept, ate, played and prayed by rule. They were early taught "to fear the rod and cry softly," and their "wills were soon effectually broken." It is chiefly in the observation of the results that these volumes will be found interesting. Most of the daughters were distinguished for their misfortunes. The unhappy and talented Mrs Wright was the principal "victim" among them, because she had the finest and most sensitive nature. Many specimens of her poetry, some of them exquisitely touching, are here preserved. The engravings from the portraits of John Wesley and his father are well executed and very characteristic.

M.

A Catechism of Elocution. Illustrated by various Exercises in Prose and Verse. By W. Roberts, Teacher of Elocution.

We do not like this book at all. It is not without some mechanical ingenuity, and the author seems as convinced of the success of his plan, as a carpenter would be in "projecting" certain new slides for a table. But we are equally satisfied that nothing at all resembling real eloquence could be taught by it; and, more-

over, that the individual who could either inculcate or voluntarily practice such rules, could have no degree of eloquence in his nature.

Old Toby's Addresses to his Friends.

THIS little book contains a series of good-natured sermons, or moralities, in the shape of an old man's reflections and conversations while seated in his easy chair. They bear a close resemblance, both in style and spirit, to the mixture of good sense, humanity, economy, trite proverb, and we must add, "twaddle" of poor Richard's sayings.

The Biblical Companion, a Comprehensive Digest of the Principles and Details of Biblical Criticism, Interpretation, Theology, History, Natural Science, &c. By William Carpenter.

THIS able, erudite, and elaborate production, fully exemplifies its important title in every branch. We have previously had the satisfaction of reviewing other publications of the same class, by Mr Carpenter, and have only to add that the present volume is the most complete "companion" to the study of the Bible that has yet appeared. We recommend it accordingly both to laymen and clergymen, and certainly no "order" of men need it more than the latter.

A Compendium of Natural Philosophy; being a Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation. By John Wesley, A.M. A new edition, edited by Robert Mudie.

WE do not see the good of multiplying compilations of this kind. It is going again and again over the same ground that Derham, and Tucker, and Ray, and Sharon Turner, and Mather, and Paley's compilations, and Brougham's compilations from Paley, and various theologians and natural philosophers, have all gone over before, leaving us the results of their labours. What we want is a concise and masterly digest of all these works, with the addition of the latest discoveries in science. The present work falls very short of this; neither are we sure in any case that the plan of teaching religion and of conveying feelings of adoration and love towards the Deity is half so well accomplished by drawing minute and mechanical attention to his physical works, as it would be by endeavouring to fill the mind with loftier notions of intellectual and moral grandeur, and of the destiny of man, and its advance towards a higher condition of mortal as well as immortal being.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.—We highly approve of the erection of this statue. It is one of those things which will perpetuate the character and deeds of a man whose example we cannot have too often before our eyes; and it should receive the subscription or applause of all lovers of their country. There will eventually be an eloquent and no less appropriate inscription underneath, setting forth his great talents as a farmer and cattle-broker; the loss of America, and the "enormous bliss" of the national debt. The head of *a horse* has been sent about as a specimen of the statue. We do not see the resemblance to his late Majesty. His head and face bore a much more striking affinity to two other animals we could name. As a recipe for the concoction of an historical memorial—of course not meaning the gentleman in question—we should say, take the heads of an ox and an ass—pound them in a wooden mortar, and cast the mixture in the skull of a *carib*, to be finished on the outside by fifty years' exposure to the weather. We must be permitted, however, to express our deep regret that the back of the horse was not longer. It might not have been so beautiful, but the age is decidedly utilitarian, and it would be a great saving of expense if the next statue which "the loyal" get up for George IV were seated on a pillion behind. Nay, by making the back longer still, and adding according to the demand, it might become a family-horse, thereby saving the nation some thousands of pounds, and manifesting at the same time the degree of taste in the Fine Arts which characterises our crowned heads.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—We are happy to see the reproduction of a work of native genius at this theatre, and to find that it still holds its deservedly high place in the public feeling. The sterling merit of the composition is the occasion of this, and not the style in which it is brought out. Miss Shirreff undoubtedly sings the music very charmingly, though she does not "look or act" the Mountain Sylph so well as Miss Romer. Of the tenor we may speak in praise; but of the bass—the part of Hela being as much "a principal" as either of the other voices, and perhaps yet more important as an acting part, we cannot but remark that Mr J. Bland's nightly attempts constitute a series of the most impudent and offensive failures we ever witnessed. The constant hisses with which he is received throughout, would have opened the eyes of any management possessing common sense, to the propriety and decency towards their public patrons, of getting a competent singer. They well know where to find one besides Mr H. Phillips; but so long as the public do not "tear up the benches" as of yore, they e'en let Mr Bland proceed with his abortives. That Mr Barnett's opera continues attractive, in spite of this gross insult to all lovers of his music, can only be attributed to the merits of a composition, which has placed him at the head of English composers, and for which—while successive managements have filled their pockets—he has received little or no remuneration. It is said that the mountebank Bunn has "got" the English Opera, as well as Drury Lane, and that he has engaged a *German* company for the aforesaid *National*

English Opera House—built expressly, as the ever-gulled public were informed, for the encouragement of native talent, and as the proper field for the presentation of its works!

THE LONGITUDE.—The following letter, from the Duke Duhamel, appeared in the columns of the *New Weekly Messenger;* and as we consider it important, and take an interest in the subject, we gladly give it insertion:—

"Sir,—Permit me, through the medium of your Journal, to communicate to those persons who have read a pamphlet I published in 1832, on the problem of the Longitude, the reasons which prevent the maritime powers from yet making trial by sea of the theories I have therein proposed. In the work alluded to I have challenged all the scientific men in Europe to prove me in error. In France two Commissions have been appointed to examine these theories; also, one in Holland, and another in Sweden; but, unfortunately, this matter has to be judged by individuals whose private interest is opposed to the success of my work, which would eventually render their appointments unnecessary, thus saving to the respective governments considerable sums, and greatly assisting commerce in general. These gentlemen are well aware that if my theory be put in practice, it will be easy, within a short time, to rectify the error of the longitude of every place. This point once attained, we want no longer hydrographers. There are likewise two other classes who would suffer by the discovery; viz. those in charge of the Nautical Almanacs, and Chronometer-makers. The first of these would not only find that seamen have no longer need of their Almanac, but also that its errors would appear. The second are sure that seamen would easily discover the defects of their time-keepers, and that the exorbitant prices they fetch at present must be considerably reduced. After this explanation, Mr Editor, you, and the public in general, must perceive the reason why I obtain no encouragement. Permit me, then, to prove the utility of my discovery, to which purpose I give the following example:—On the 29th of June last, at Madeira, it was ascertained that a chronometer, which was gaining in London $3''\frac{1}{4}$ daily, gained there only $2''\frac{1}{2}$. Another, which was losing $4''\frac{1}{2}$ in London, lost there $5''\frac{3}{4}$. At the moment it was 12 o'clock in London (mean time) the first Chronometer shewed 1h 7′ 45″, and the second, which was losing, shewed 1h 1′ 30″. *Now let me ask, which is the true longitude of Madeira? If any Member of the Board of Hydrography can solve this problem, they will ascertain that there is an error of* 1′ 52″ *in the longitude of Madeira. If it is demanded of me, do I know on which side the error lies: my answer will be positively—Yes.* But I do not feel myself bound to make it known for the benefit of those who, regardless of my eighteen years' incessant labour on this important subject, would turn it only to their individual advantage. Hoping, through your impartial and widely-circulated Journal, to engage the public attention to this discovery, I have the honour to be, &c.

July 27, 1836. LE DUC DUHAMEL.

DUELLING.—France has lost one of its first men, and the attendant circumstances are almost as painful as the loss. We say France, for in the party of which he was so valuable a leader, the only

hopes of that country must be placed. Fine intellect, varied knowledge, energy, fortitude, and unimpeachable integrity, amidst startling changes and temptations, and the good of his country, all have been thrown away and sacrificed to false notions of honour! Armand Carrel must have known the value of his life to France, and we cannot help mingling our regrets for his loss, and at an age when he might have looked forward to many years of patriotic labours, with a degree of reproach to his want, in this important instance, of that moral courage which characterized his conduct through life, and should have supplied the place of a vain-glorious test, which proves nothing but that want, and has caused his death. The vicious remains of a military education were at bottom of his conduct, and too plainly manifested from the moment he received his wound. There is, however, a strong feeling of this kind in the French nation, owing to similar circumstances, and accordingly we find many of their newspapers speculating on "the warrior" and "the hero" and "the general" he would have made had he not been "restricted to the simple province of thought!" Simple eulogists! There would have been less moral courage required in not sending or receiving a challenge than he manifested in declaring on his death-bed that he would have "no priest —no church!" It was his last blow at the hypocrisy and chicanery of fleecing the people in the name of heaven, and that he made this blow when on the very brink of the grave, proves him more of a hero than if he had successfully arranged the butchery of thousands.

But our literary men, albeit without the "benefit of a military education," seem disposed to indulge in similar displays. The by-gone affair of Dr Black, however, was by no means so "close a shave" as that of Dr Maginn. The latter gentleman writes a cutting-up review of the novel recently published by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, and takes upon himself to recommend a certain nobleman to horsewhip the author, coolly assuring him he may do so with perfect impunity! G. F. Berkeley accordingly calls on Mr Fraser, in whose magazine the review appeared, and on his refusing to give up the name of the writer, administers a sound thrashing. Dr Maginn leaves his card at Berkeley House, and a hostile meeting ensues. They fire three times each; Dr Maginn's balls wounding the ground at less than half way each fire, those of G. F. Berkeley whizzing so close to his opponent as to make him jump clean up into the air. We congratulate the Doctor on his very narrow escape; not only from the pistol of a known "shot," but from those of his two brothers, who we have not the least doubt would have taken their turn in some way or other, had G. F. Berkeley fallen. As it happened otherwise, the parties leave the field; G. F. Berkeley joins his brothers, who, in the fullness of gentlemanlike morality, are quite surprised and ashamed that he did not "bring down his man," and Dr Maginn drives off in a coach, embracing and embraced by Mr Hugh Fraser! What is gained by all this? The statements in the novel and in the review of it remain just the same, and "go for what they are worth." If any good can come of such an affair, let us hope that it will teach the publisher of "Fraser's Magazine" not to encourage (even under pretence of deprecating personality) scurrilous personalities which are the disgrace of modern literature, and of which that magazine has generally enough in each number to form the solid groundwork of half a dozen actions for libel, the results of which would be more instructive than a dozen good quiltings.

REGICIDE.—It is to be hoped that the recent conduct of Louis-Philippe with regard to Spain, is founded on principles of a more liberal policy than he has hitherto adopted, and if he will only be as good and wise towards his own country, it will soon put an end to the king-killing furor. Nevertheless, the death of the noble-spirited Alibaud—misdirected and irrational as was the nature of the attempt which led to his execution—has caused a sensation in France of no common nature. "After his death," says the *Droit*, "the face of Alibaud was hardly at all altered. His long hair thrown back, left his forehead exposed, and his eyes, though dim, seemed still to look round. His lips were firmly pressed together, and his countenance had a look of pride upon it." How different was the conduct of the vain and vulgar vaunter Fieschi, who would have resorted to any abject meanness to have preserved his worthless life. But the refusal of Alibaud to sue for pardon of a wrong-doing king, though the pardon was offered for the asking, constitutes a principle of high and uncompromising character, and has made an impression, the importance of which will be generally understood when the monomaniacal fever of *regicide*, that prevailed among the young men of France, has subsided in the clear and general conviction that the firm and energetic union of moral power is the only permanent power; the only power that can effect good; the only power that *ought* to be permanent.

NEWSPAPERS.—Among the various new papers which the reduction of the stamp will induce, we rejoice to see the prospectus of a country one, bearing the title of the 'Star in the East,' and do not doubt of its success, and the great benefit it will confer on various parts of the country, by the introduction of liberal principles, with sound reasons for entertaining them. Many of the counties have the greatest need of such a local paper.—"Were the Chancellor of the Exchequer," says the prospectus, "to repeal, or even merely to reduce, the Window Tax, it is probable that many would be induced to increase their windows in order to admit additional light and ventilation to their dwellings. So the reduction of the Newspaper Tax seems an additional reason for increasing and improving our newspapers; for, if knowledge be to the mind as light to the body, and a window the medium of light, then should a newspaper be the medium of knowledge." This is well said, and we confess we have good hopes of such a paper as this promises to become, judging by the clear statement it makes of the liberal Politics it is pledged to advocate. We hear also that the 'Leeds Times' is in future to be edited by Robert Nicoll, and as we believe him to be a high-minded and unswerving reformer, we confidently anticipate the beneficial effects throughout Yorkshire. When there are a few local papers in the counties such as these; when, in the metropolis—the great focus of politics and literature—the Examiner, the Daily and Weekly True Sun, the New Weekly Messenger, and one or two more among the not very numerous papers who have been proved sincere and thorough-going, have completely taken possession of the vast mass of the unstamped (and the True Sun, being first in the field, has already obtained some fifteen or twenty thousand of them) we may then confidently hope that the cause of Reform will advance far more rapidly, inasmuch as Ministers will dread the multiplied thunders from educated and enlightened quarters that will fall on their heads if they ever again stand guilty of such a session as the last.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—This fine exhibition has just closed. Besides many noble works of Murillo, Poussin, Vandyke, and others, it contained several of the most exquisite landscapes of Claude, fully answerable to the matchless criticism of Hazlitt:—"His trees are perfectly beautiful, but quite immoveable; they have a look of enchantment. In short, his landscapes are unequalled imitations of nature, released from its subjection to the elements,—as if all objects were become a delightful fairy vision, and the eye had rarified and refined away the other senses." Something of a similar kind, but applied to the human form, may be said of the large altar-piece by Guido. The figures are the most enchanting idealisms of nature, the very personification of all the sweetness and sacredness of pure and impassioned religion. The collection contains many unrivalled studies; but artists are not to be allowed to copy them this year!

R. H. H.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A press of matter obliges us to postpone the article on Sir John Eliot's 'Monarchie of Man.' Some offence has been taken, we hear, at a certain uncomplimentary allusion to Sir Walter Scott and Mr Proctor, contained in the review of Forster's 'Eminent British Statesmen.' Surely it was sufficiently apparent that we only spoke of them as biographers, *i. e.* "out of their element."

"The British Auxiliary Legion" came too late.

The author of the "Circulating Medium," has not seen our last Number.

Argus is not very right in objecting to the brevity of many of our articles. He little knows the difficulty of keeping much meaning within few words, and ought to learn. Possibly we are too concise for those who read only with their eye-sight. Words are cheap enough; we want *thoughts*.

The Hudibrastic "Flagellation" is mighty ticklesome; but the length of the birch compels us to decline. May we use a part? We shall take the best—subject to a little modification?

The "Translator of 'Hector Fieramosca'" has our best thanks.

Mr Jacob Jones should forward his Advertisements to the publisher. We have nothing to do with that department.

We have received the newspaper from Hobart Town, and are much pleased with it. We wish the "Tasmanian Register" all the success it deserves. The announcement that "it will not be devoted to long, dull, and prosy articles, which prevent nineteen out of twenty persons from reading," is *a propos* to our previous notice. The folks of Sidney, New Zealand, and Van Dieman's Land, are not so stupid.

G. G. and the Ex-Moonshee must settle it between them. Is not G. G. aware that Prince Moulti is superseded, and that the new ambassador from the King of Oude was presented at Court on the 19th of last month? Prince Moulti has been continually to the India House; concerning the presents, no doubt, which he gave to the wrong person; but the Honourable Company will have nothing to do with him. Still, we trust he may not fare so hard on his return, as humourously hinted in "The Royal Suitors."

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