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CONTENTS.

NOTICE.

A Medallion Portrait of WILLIAM GODWIN *is in preparation. We regret that we cannot continue to give Portraits regularly every month, without raising the Repository to its original price, which it is still our wish to avoid if possible.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Reformers are exhorted to put forth all their energies in furtherance of the removal of the onerous Church-rates. *See* NOTES OF THE MONTH.—1. *Restitution.*

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE NORTH OF SPAIN.

By an Eye-witness.

[We have looked with an eye of interest to the affairs of the Peninsula, and have occasionally given brief statements and opinions concerning the principle and progress of Spanish affairs. But, previous to entering into any practical details, or elaborate discussion of the question, we resolved to wait until we obtained such *authentic* particulars concerning this Civil War as an intelligent and honest-minded eye-witness could alone collect and communicate. We are now placed in possession of a series of facts which have not hitherto been made public; and with a full copy of all the "General Orders" lying before us, we are enabled to give our readers such an account of the character of the war, and the movements and military government of the British Auxiliary Legion, as will demand the attention of Ministers, and be interesting to all parties. Some of our friends may not be pleased at what they will find; but all those among the philosophic reformers—to whom this magazine is chiefly addressed—will be glad to obtain truths, whether palatable or otherwise, as constituting the only sound basis for future arguments and deductions.—R. H. H.]

The north of Spain is still the arena of a civil war as cruel and sanguinary as any that has ever yet been recorded in the annals of any nation. To us, just returned from the seat of military operations, little appears to be understood in this country concerning either the physical and moral character of the war, or the prospects of the contending parties. His Majesty, in the speech delivered by commission before the House of Lords on the opening of the present session (1837), is made to say that "he laments that the civil contest which has agitated the Spanish monarchy has not *yet* been brought to a close;" that "he has continued to afford to the Queen of Spain that aid which, by the quadruple alliance of 1834, he engaged to give if it should become necessary;" and that "he *rejoices* that his co-operating force has rendered useful assistance to the troops of her Catholic Majesty." His Majesty's Ministers should not make their Royal master rejoice when there is nothing to rejoice at; for nothing has been yet accomplished which promises to terminate the struggle or pacify the disturbed state of the Peninsula. The origin of this civil war is too well known to require any very circumstantial recapitulation. It is notorious that Ferdinand the VIIth, (who in real life dramatized bigotry to the utmost, prostrating himself ostentatiously before priests and altars, and even embroidering with his own Royal fingers tippets and petticoats for the Virgin Mary; yet who, under this disguise of holiness, was, after all, a

wily monarch, who pandered to the prejudices and superstitions of the vulgar ;) abrogated the Salique law under the prospective contingency that the Queen, who was about to become a mother, would present him with a daughter. The provision was so far wise ; his anticipation was realized. His brother, Don Carlos, who had hitherto been the heir presumptive to the throne, immediately repudiated the act, and transmitted a solemn declaration to all the courts of Europe that he felt satisfied that he had "a legitimate right to the crown of Spain," and that he "would neither take an oath nor acknowledge any other right." This declaration,* accompanied by an expostulatory letter, he addressed to his brother previous to his decease, but in vain. On the death of Ferdinand, the Queen Mother, who was by his will † appointed Regent under the title of the Reina Gobernadora, assumed the powers of regency during the minority of the Infanta Isabella II, who was now formally proclaimed Queen of Spain. Her first act was to confirm the Ministers of the late King in their respective departments, among whom was M. Zea Bermudez, who denounced Don Carlos as a rebel, banished him the court and kingdom of Spain, and set a price upon his head should he cross the Spanish frontier. The flame of rebellion, which had been smouldering in the Northern provinces since the abolition of the Salique law in 1830, now burst forth, and the standard of revolt in favour of Don Carlos was raised in the mountainous districts of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa. The Spanish Government, which had at least 50,000 troops under its command, viewed the dawn of the insurrection with singular apathy and indifference. The adherents to Don Carlos were described to be a rabble of mendicant priests and deluded peasants, utterly insignificant and contemptible. The rebellion, however, soon assumed a more serious aspect, and, extending from province to province, spread through Catalonia, Arragon, and Valencia. Here, if we reflect on the early history of the civil war, even prior to the death of Ferdinand VIIth,‡

* Declaration of Don Carlos.—"I, Carlos, María, Isidore, de Borbon, y Borbon, Infante of Spain, being satisfied that I have a legitimate right to the Crown of Spain in case your Majesty should not leave any male heir, do declare that my conscience and my honour will not permit me to take an oath or acknowledge other rights. (Signed.) Carlos, Maria, Isidore de Borbon, y Borbon."

† By the Spanish Law III, Title 15, partida 2 of the 7 Partidas, the King of Spain is empowered to establish, in whatever way he may think fit by his will, the Regency; if, however, he leave no Testament, the Cortes forms a Council of Regency, which is presided over by the Queen when there is a Queen Dowager. The "will" referred to, was dated June 12, 1830.

‡ The character of Ferdinand VII is very much misinterpreted. He is constantly described as having been a man of the weakest understanding. This is a mistake; like apostolical sovereigns in general, his spiritual outshow was a mask under which he sought temporal aggrandisement. If the life of this needle-work

it will appear manifest that the subject-matter of contention referred solely to the disputed personal right of Isabella II, or Don Carlos to succeed to the throne. To talk of it as a war of principle is idle.* It was from the very beginning an international dispute concerning the legitimate right of one or other of these parties to the crown. In our judgment, therefore, Great Britain ought not to have interfered; for we hold it to be a sound political axiom, that one nation ought not to interfere with the internal jurisdiction of another nation.

The British Government, under the auspices of a Whig administration, was pleased to think otherwise; and having already recognised the infant daughter of Ferdinand as the legitimate sovereign, with an indecisive and trembling hand unsheathed the sword in her defence. His Majesty, at the opening of the Parliamentary session 1834, thus announced the projected policy:—"Upon the death of the late King of Spain I did not hesitate to recognise the succession of the infant daughter, and I shall watch with the greatest solicitude the progress of events which may affect a government, the peaceable settlement of which is of the first importance to this country as well as to the general tranquillity of Europe." If then Great Britain interfered at all, it is evident that she ought to have done so boldly, vigorously, and efficiently; but instead of this, under a shuffling profession of non-interference, she had recourse to the most anomalous and contradictory policy. In conjunction with France, Portugal, and Spain, she became a party to the Quadruple Treaty, which is, perhaps, as curious a piece of political patchwork as was ever laid upon the table of the House of Lords. It had not been in existence six months before all its stipulations were so manifestly useless and absurd, that it was found necessary to revise the whole, and, like the Irishman's old mended gun, with new stock, lock, and barrel, every article was remodelled. Already Don Carlos had arrived in Navarre, and placed himself at the head of the insurgents, who, under the skilful generalship of Zumalacarreguy, daily became a more imposing and formidable force. By this second edition of the Quadruple Treaty, the steps to be taken by the high contracting parties were more clearly defined. It stipulated that France should watch the frontier, and prevent the insurgents from receiving assistance of men, money, and ammunition; and that Great Britain should supply "such arms and warlike stores," for the use of the Queen's

mountebank be critically examined, he will be found to have been a suspicious, crafty monarch, whose holy eccentricities were infinitely more symbolical of knavery than folly.

[* We differ. There is a principle at stake on both sides. But the grand principle ought not to be a point of legitimacy, but of a strictly popular form of government.—R. H. H.]

troops, as the Spanish Government required; and that she should also render her Majesty every assistance by the co-operation of a naval force." Furthermore, that Portugal should co-operate by all the means in her power, if her assistance became necessary. The stipulation that Great Britain should furnish arms and warlike stores to one domestic party in another nation, in order that it might be enabled to vanquish the other domestic party, both being engaged in a purely international dispute, appears to us a gross violation of one of the most universally recognised laws of nations; besides which, the authority of Government for a British naval force to co-operate against the Carlists, without a declaration of war against them, is a political anomaly that is perhaps unparalleled in the history of Europe. And after all this Sphynx-like policy, if the Quadruple Treaty were fulfilled to the very letter, it would be inadequate to terminate the civil contest. This is not a mere surmise. It has been in operation for nearly three years,* and the war has not drawn in the slightest degree nearer to a conclusion. It is true that the siege of Bilbao has been twice raised, and there can be no doubt but that on both occasions the town was saved by the co-operation of the British force. When Lord John Hay arrived at Bilbao in 1835, the authorities, in full council, were in the act of deliberating on the surrender of the town; and by his judicious and energetic directions only was the enemy repulsed. In 1836, on the 24th of December last, Espartero would not have entered into action had it not been for the advice—we should rather say, the remonstrances—of Colonel Wylde, Colonel Colquhoun, and other British officers. "Thank those brave fellows," said he to the inhabitants of Bilbao, pointing to our blue jackets, "had it not been for their gallant conduct, we should never have got here." Our naval co-operation therefore, on these occasions, rendered her Catholic Majesty a certain degree of assistance; but the advantages gained have been absurdly exaggerated. It amounted only to this, that the besiegers having failed to take the town, retired back on their former positions; nay, six weeks after the last siege was raised the Carlists retained possession of the heights surrounding Bilbao, and the inhabitants could not move a league beyond its walls. During the last two years, Lord John Hay has had some five or six vessels belonging to his Majesty's squadron, with upwards of 1,000 marines under his command; but it is a long extent of coast to protect. In vain have the Reina Gobernadora and Isabella II, war steamers in the Spanish service, been cruising along the coast. The Carlists yet hold possession of several

* The Quadruple Treaty was ratified in London, 22d of April 1834; the supplementary stipulations—superseding the original—in August, of the same year.

small ports, into which quick-sailing craft, laden with military stores, every now and then enter. The battery of Lequeitio still salutes our friend, the James Watt steamer, with round shot as she ploughs her way past it; and not many months ago a vessel laden with Carlist arms and ammunition put into Bermeo. Much has been said against France for not having fulfilled more vigorously her share of the Quadruple Treaty, for it is well known that from Bayonne, both by land and by sea, the Carlists have been furnished both with arms and ammunition. However, she has recently shown an inclination to fulfil more strictly her share of the contract, for an ordinance has at length been issued forbidding the transit of provisions or stores of any description into the Carlist territory. But notwithstanding the reinforcement of the Custom House officers and the army of observation, when we look at the open and extensive character of the Pyrenean frontier, the task of cutting off the Carlist supplies is not so easy of execution; and with the *contrabandistas* and peasantry, almost to a man, in their favour, the utmost vigilance will hardly effect it. In the very infancy of the struggle the Carlists contrived to equip themselves almost entirely with the spoils taken from the Christino enemy who fell under the Guerilla system of fighting, and in their more combined and effective state the plundering system of Zumalacarreguy can surely be again had recourse to. It is stated by Mr Henningson that, among the muskets of the Carlists, many of those in their possession, which were taken from the enemy, have not only the Tower stamp upon them, but marks of French manufactories, significant of their having been made in virtue of the Holy Alliance. Not long ago Don Carlos is said to have expressed himself much gratified at the Queen's troops being supplied with arms from the Tower; for, expecting that they would soon fall into his possession, he added, that on account of the bronzed barrel he should prefer them to the bright shining muskets in use among his own soldiery. Even allowing the Carlists to be subjected, as they already have been, to inconvenience—nay, embarrassed—for the want of arms and ammunition, that will only protract, not terminate the war. The very policy of Don Carlos is procrastination. He can, as his resources permit, either advance on a town, besiege it, and if repulsed, retreat into the mountains; or, from the topographical strength of his positions, can always act on the defensive, or even afford a temporary suspension of active military operations. The artillery of the British and the marine force under Lord John Hay, may again and again relieve Bilbao and drive the insurgents from the banks of the Nervion; but they only retreat a few leagues into the interior of the country, and shouting "*Viva Carlos V,*" bid defiance, not

only to the regular Queen's troops, but to all the foreign auxiliaries who may have been induced to take up arms against them.

British Ministers, apparently aware of the inadequacy of the Quadruple Treaty to fulfil the desired end, with a shuffling left-handed policy next suspended, by an order of Council for two years, the Foreign Enlistment Bill, for the purpose of authorising some ten thousand British subjects to enlist in the Queen's service. The Quadruple Treaty restricted British intervention to a naval co-operation; but this Bill was suspended expressly to enable these newly-raised troops to march into the interior of the Provinces. Here, then, we have a *direct* intervention by sea with an *indirect* intervention by land, both under the authority of the same Government, which still reiterates the meek-mouthed cry of *non-interference* in the international affairs of Spain. If it be considered expedient to espouse the cause of the young Queen, why not do so openly and honestly? Why levy a body of recruits for the purpose? What is the use of our standing army? Then again, why restrict the suspension of the Foreign Establishment Bill to so narrow a period as that of two years? On the 10th of next June the term for which the Legion was engaged will unequivocally expire, and some 4,500 British subjects, who are now in a high state of discipline, and well understand the use of the musket, will be at liberty to throw down their belts and knapsacks, and refuse further submission to any military authority. How are these men to be dealt with? Already the reorganization of the Legion has been mooted at San Sebastian, upon the presumption that Ministers, in vindication of their past policy, will obtain another order of Council for the further suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, in favour of such British subjects as may still be inclined to serve her Catholic Majesty; but it would be well for Ministers to reflect seriously before they persist in persevering in a policy which has been already proved to be utterly inefficient.

The British Auxiliary Legion landed during the months of June, July, and August, 1835, partly at San Sebastian and partly at Santander. Its maximum strength never amounted to more than 8,500 men; and certainly does not at present (February 1837) exceed 4,500 effectives. Its arrival in the North of Spain was expected, in virtue of the victories which, in the old Peninsular war had thrown a glory over the name of Great Britain, to produce a signal moral effect on the insurgents. The Christino party circulated hand-bills throughout the Basque Provinces, announcing to the peasantry that it was useless their disputing any further the sovereignty of the Queen, as Great Britain, as well as France, had now taken up

arms in her defence. However, with so small a force as that of the Legion, even with the full complement of its original strength, it was impossible to undertake any extensive military movement. Neither the Spanish generals in the field, nor the Spanish authorities in garrison, gave it either support or assistance. It had to contend in the field with the treachery of Cordova, and at Vitoria and San Sebastian with the lurking hatred and antipathy of the Governor, Alcalde, and inhabitants. At Vitoria "*los pobres Ingleses*," while a dreadful fever was carrying hundreds to the grave, were refused by the town authorities the most essential and even trifling necessaries. When the French Legion arrived in that city of pestilence, their General, understanding that it was proposed to quarter the men in the same wretched churches and convents as had been appointed for the English, boldly expostulated with the authorities, and declared that unless the French troops were billetted in houses as the Spanish troops were, he would order them to force billets for themselves that night, and the next morning they should recross the French frontier. This remonstrance had the desired effect; but a large proportion, nearly one third of the men, under General Evans, died like dogs in holes and corners; a rag of a blanket was eagerly grasped at by the dying hand of half a dozen fever-stricken victims; and as for medical assistance, no supply of medicines arrived at Vitoria until the month of March. The disinclination of the Spaniards to render the Legion any service was on every trivial occasion manifested. After carrying the lines of San Sebastian, and securing for the inhabitants the privilege they had not for months enjoyed, of walking on the glacis, a comp aint was made to the Governor of the difficulty of procuring forage for the cavalry and artillery horses of the Legion; upon which, with characteristic Spanish gratitude, he significantly replied, pointing in direction of the Carlist lines, "there is plenty of hay and straw to be had at Hernani!" It appeared to us that at Bilbao, Vitoria, and San Sebastian, many of the inhabitants were in reality Carlists, afraid of expressing their real sentiments, and entertaining a deep hatred towards all the foreign Christino auxiliaries. It may be that, tired, harassed, and perhaps ruined by so protracted a civil war, a large proportion of them now care not whether Isabella II, or Don Carlos, succeed; but it is not to be concealed that Don Carlos carries with him the hearts of the peasantry in the North of Spain, and has an influence over them very similar to that which Prince Charles Steuart had over his own clans in the Highlands of Scotland. This is not a dreamy analogy. The mountaineers in the ranks of the Pretender's army in the North of Spain are in a position very

similar to what was once the situation of the followers of "Bonnie Prince Charley." Their attachment to Don Carlos is unbounded. "*Viva Nuestra buen Rey*" is their constant exclamation, and under his banners they fight with the most reckless enthusiasm. In him they recognize not only their lawful King, but the champion of their ancient rights and privileges. In an evil hour the Government of the Queen injudiciously abolished the *Fueros;* or certain fiscal immunities which the Biscayans, Guipuscoans, Alavese, and a large proportion of Navarese, had long enjoyed; and this has given to the civil war a Vendéean character it never otherwise would have assumed. A race of hardy, well-armed, and disciplined mountaineers, fighting in their own mountainous provinces for their ancient rights and privileges, is a very serious enemy to contend against. They have a motive for action, which inspires them with a zeal by which their antagonists cannot be animated. They generally enter into action singing their national airs; and on many occasions we have been surprised at their dauntless courage and feats of gallantry. On the 1st of October, 1836, when they attacked the strongly fortified lines of San Sebastian, the Chappel Jurries in front of Alza came up to the attack trailing their guns and singing as usual, and stood under a very heavy fire from the battery, to be literally mowed down by grape and canister. On the 10th of July, 1836, at the affair of Fuenterrabia, they again fought with desperate resolution, and succeeded in decidedly repulsing the Legion. As our troops were retreating across a bridge three Carlist officers, leading their own companies, pursued and gallantly leaped in among the 3rd regiment with the daring intention of taking prisoners. It was a rash, or rather mad act. One was shot dead; one threw himself over the bridge and was drowned, the enemy, as he was aware, having command of the river, and the other very narrowly escaped with life. On a late occasion, while a party of English officers belonging to the Legion was conversing with a Carlist officer in the neutral ground between the extreme outports, a shell from the Rodil battery burst near the group, which excited sufficient surprise; upon which the Carlist officer, without betraying the slightest emotion, said, in a good-natured manner—"Your artillery sometimes injures us *here;* but"—pointing to the high range of the Guipuscoan mountains—"*there* we do not care much about it! You cannot carry your cannon far into the interior:" and certainly the mountainous character of the country opposes physical obstructions to the operation of an invading army, which can scarcely be adequately appreciated. Yet, in the midst of these mountains are smiling valleys and fertile plains, which require little or no cultivation. The wants of the

Spaniards in the North are few, and these nature has supplied with a generous—almost unsparing hand. When, therefore, our politicians, who "sit by the fire side," talk of cutting off Carlist provisions, let them remember that the Carlists can live on the produce of the territory they occupy. All foreign auxiliary troops in such a country are in the position of invaders, and not knowing the topographical difficulties they have to encounter, cannot pursue the enemy into their mountain fastnesses without incurring an imminent risk of being cut off. The army of the Queen is numerous and might be powerful; but every officer who has been in the service knows that, left to themselves, they will march from one part of the country to another, and achieve nothing. It would appear as if the camp of almost every Spanish General were little better than a hot-bed of rivalry and intrigue; hence the troops want sustained energy, and month after month is permitted to elapse without any military movement of importance being undertaken. The apathy of the Christinos is remarkable. The sight of the enemy itself scarcely rouses them to action. After the Legion had left Bilbao the Carlists were allowed to come down upon the Begogna heights, and throw up their batteries without any interruption being offered to them. Again, notwithstanding the noble and commanding position of the Castle of San Sebastian, and the admirable fortifications of the town, they were permitted to encroach even upon the glacis, and throw up a series of formidable and extensive entrenchments within gun-shot range of its walls. The Christino Generals seem to play at hide and seek with the Carlist Chiefs;—they like fighting *à la distance*, that is, when the enemy is out of sight and they are out of gun-shot range. Hence, if one of these generals be apprised by spies that a large Carlist force is passing up one ravine, it is more than probable that he will turn off at a right angle, and march his men down the next ravine. If, however, an action be inevitable, and some scores or hundreds of prisoners are taken on each side, a flag of truce will a few days afterwards be sent in from one or other of the hostile camps, and a mutual exchange of prisoners take place, which again balances the strength of the contending parties. The Durango decree, it may be observed, applies only to foreign auxiliaries taken with arms fighting against Don Carlos, all of whom are unsparingly condemned to be shot. It has, however, this natural effect, that it induces the men when in action to fight more desperately. The excitement of a civil war calls forth, it is notorious, the darkest and most hideous passions of which human nature is susceptible. In a savage and vindictive spirit both the Christino and Carlist troops are in the habit of mangling the dead, and maiming the bodies of the

wounded and the dying. They seem to have a brutal gratification in cutting out the tongue, plucking out the eyes, stripping off the ears. After the battle of the 5th of May, several of the Spaniards were actually seen kicking the dead bodies of some of the Carlists who had fallen in the action. A private soldier of the Legion was carried after that engagement into San Telmo Hospital, San Sebastian, with 39 bayonet wounds. It appeared that, while he was lying wounded on the ground, every Carlist as he retreated past him gave him a stab with his bayonet; but they were all flesh wounds, and the staff-surgeon who mentioned to us the fact, informed us that he eventually recovered. It is melancholy to think that any part of Europe should, in this enlightened age, be the theatre of such revolting exhibitions, and we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that the presence of the foreign auxiliary troops aggravates this brutal and revengeful disposition. It is perfectly evident that hitherto the war has, by the Spanish Generals on the part of the Queen's army, been conducted without system, without energy, often without adequate means; and we are well aware that Lieutenant-General Evans has had to contend with difficulties which could not have been anticipated. Nevertheless, had he shown as much firmness and independence in his military negociations with the Spanish Government as he has done courage and personal gallantry in the field, his men never would have been subjected to the ill-treatment they have endured; they would never have mutinied; his best and most efficient officers would not have withdrawn from the service, and those who yet remain in it would not be sighing for the arrival of the 10th of next June.

[We are here reluctantly obliged to pause, and reserve the remainder of this article until our next number. Our correspondent proceeds to give a circumstantial account of the manner in which the Legion has been conducted, and details a variety of facts, which for the first time clearly expose the cause of the dissatisfaction which certainly has prevailed among both officers and men, and led to the propagation of so many rumours in this country prejudicial to the Queen's cause, which comes far nearer to our notions of liberty than the principles notoriously avowed by Don Carlos. We have reasons for thinking, however, that the radically Constitutional party is increasing in strength; and the compulsory assent of the Queen to the Constitution of 1812 is only the stepping-stone to more enlightened changes.—R. H. H.]

SHEEP-DOG.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By the Author of 'Jerningham.'

"He had worth,
Poor fellow!—but a humorist in his way—
Alas! what drove him mad."

SHELLEY.

I SHALL never forget poor WHITE. He was the junior classical master at Dr R——'s when I was a school-boy, and we honoured him with the *soubriquet* of "Sheep-dog."

Undoubtedly the originator of this nick-name was an individual of no ordinary intelligence. "The sheep-dog!" How striking is the application of the term; he who applied it was certainly a poet with a fine sense of metaphorical fitness. Now exists there, in the multitudinous ranks of things animate and inanimate, an object, sentient or insensate, more fit than this as the type symbolical of an usher? "The sheep-dog!" How finely it expresses the whipper-in to a pack of school-boys. The master is the shepherd, the usher the sheep-dog, and the congregation of school-boys is the flock.

I am not sure that this most poetical of nick-names did not originate in the bearer of it himself. I have a dim, flickering notion that the title was self-assumed. At all events poor White acknowledged the fitness of its application; and, as though he were impressed with an idea that the common duties of his calling did not sufficiently assimilate him to the guardian animal whose name he bore, he would at times, for he was of a playful disposition, assume the nature as well as the office of his canine prototype, running and *barking* after his flock as though in verity he had once been a sheep-dog, and that the metempsychosis had been imperfectly accomplished. I think that the fine qualities of his mind, delighting, like Mr Square's, in "the fitness of things," caused him to rejoice, if not in his *soubriquet*, in the abstract beauty of its application. If they had called him anything else it would have fretted him; but to be called a *sheep-dog!*—an antelope is more beautiful, a lion more noble, a swan more graceful than a sheep-dog; but to have called him an antelope, a lion, or a swan, would have been a *lucus a non lucendo*, a very pointed piece of irony indeed. The Sheep-dog is ungainly in person as in manners; the roughest of its kind; but this mattered very little to White. Had he been a lawyer, a sailor or an apothecary, the applica-

tion of this nick-name would have maddened him, but as he was an usher in a school, he saw no reason why he should not be called "Sheep-dog." It pleased him to think that in his own humble person he strikingly exemplified the "fitness of things."

Poor White! If I were to live a thousand years—a millenium crowded with incident—I do not think that I should ever forget him. We used to say that he had once been a post-boy, which was not otherwise true, than that his parents had kept the Post-office in Exeter, or in some other West-of-England town. He came to Dr R——'s as a very young man, with a truly Shakspearian knowledge of the classics; he had "small Latin and less Greek;" but he had a mine of pure gold within him, not less precious because it was uncoined. The little that he knew was self-taught; he had received no other than the commonest education, but he had the will and the power to learn; he had the germs of knowledge; he aspired nobly; and, putting forth his strength, he grappled with his past ignorance until, in a few months, the neglect and the idleness of his many boyish years was atoned for by the day-and-night labours of his intellect, now vigorous in its maturity. How beautiful and how grand is the triumph of native power over the antagonisms of circumstances, and yet how little was it appreciated, nay, how scorned it was in White, the "Sheep-dog."

I do not think that there was a boy in the school who saw anything to admire in White; indeed, it was the fashion to despise him. Breathing a conventional atmosphere as we did, with all the self-inflation of puerile aristocrats, we tossed up our heads at the unfortunate "sheep-dog," and having voted that he was no gentleman, we tacitly agreed to victimize him. There was nothing actually ridiculous in the man, but we soon made him appear ridiculous. How we did this will be speedily divined by all who ever have been to school. Oh! numerous were the up-settings of his desk, always contrived so as to deluge its contents with ink, the supplementary pins and cobbler's-wax appended to his seat, the gratuitous insertions of many strange articles in the magazine of his coat-pockets, the caricatures and the doggrel verses concerning him written in all the likeliest places, the sucked-oranges which would salute him on the face and be apologized for as intended for some one else; all these, and many more inflictions of a like nature, was he fated to endure. Not that he was unpopular, for he was neither cruel nor exacting; had he been so we should not have dared to treat him thus; but that he was ridiculous, at least we thought him so, and, like the frog-pelters in the fable, it was fine fun to us although it was death to poor White.

Where the yoke has galled the hard-working animal there the flies are sure to settle. So it was with us; for as we knew that White was poor, we took pleasure in the destruction of his property. I think that in most boys there is a leven of inherent cruelty; but our conduct in this respect far exceeds the common fly-killing barbarity of juvenile tortures. Knowing that he was very poor, and that he was strenuously endeavouring to cultivate his mind, almost with one consent we agreed to destroy his property, and to interrupt his studies whenever it was in our power to do so. We thought that he was stingy and a *sap;* we did not like him to economize nor to study out of school-hours; the other masters did neither the one thing nor the other; the senior classical usher was in debt, and we thought him an uncommon fine fellow, for he subscribed half-a-guinea to the cricket-fund, whereas White only doled out half-a-crown. And then he was "never dressed like a gentleman;" we criticised his clothes most unmercifully, and declared that they were cut out with a spade; the head-usher wore Wellington boots, but White contented himself with those hybrid creations, which we call high-lows, and we used always to declare that they must have been made by Vulcan, for they were shapeless, iron-clouted things, and had the property of enduring for ever. Then again—and this was made a serious charge against him—White drank neither coffee nor tea; but consoled himself morning and evening with a doubtful beverage of a brown muddy aspect, which looked like a concoction of tobacco-juice and saw-dust, and tasted—for sometimes poor White would present a portion of his second cup as a peace-offering to one of his tormentors—like a distillation of burnt crusts, and in those days we did not think it unpalatable; at all events it was much better than our own sky-blue, and we were glad enough to partake ourselves of this mystic preparation, although we heartily despised White for drinking it in the place of a more approved beverage. We were great sticklers for legitimacy in those days, even in the article of coffee and tea.

But at length the great secret was discovered; a cylindrical tin-case was found by one of the boys, and a label pasted thereupon betrayed the mysterious nature of the "Sheep-dog's" secession from established drinks. And the strange stuff, which, in its dilution, washed down White's daily meals; the dark, muddy, *illegitimate* compound, which so much offended our patrician sensibilities, was simply *Hunt's Roasted Corn.*

Now this we thought a most unheard-of prophanation, a wicked turning away from established rectitude, and poor White suffered accordingly. To patronize a radical and to drink roasted corn! It was plain that White must have been

a seditious person—a leveller, a dissenter, a freethinker, an enemy to the order of things—and who could say that he was not actually an atheist?

We never forgave White for saving his money and his time. He had time enough and money enough to be a better fellow, and as he had neither wife nor children we could not see any occasion for his husbandry. But still the "sheep-dog," disregarding popular opinion, "bore up and steered right onward." He was patient under affliction, and in action persevering; the conscience supporting him throughout all. He seldom complained, he was generally cheerful, and he played with the little boys at times as though he were quite infantine himself. He had apparently very good health, and he was neither pale nor attenuated from study, and this was mainly because he adopted the plan of taking exercise at the same time that he studied. Up and down the play-ground he would walk rapidly with a book in his hand, committing whole pages of *Greek primitives* to memory; and then, after a time, he would call a little boy to his side and say, "Hear me these;" then the usher and the pupil would change places, but White seldom missed a word, for he was endowed with extraordinary powers of memory, which seldom or never played him false. The lesson over, the sheep-dog would thrust his book into the capacious pockets of his green plaid *robe du matin*, and crying out, "Catch me, if you can!" he would run about the play-ground, like mad, shouting and making grimaces as he went, to the no small diversion of the beholders.

At length a whisper ran through the school that poor White was actually *mad*. I was then one of the elder boys, and I had long ago ceased from tormenting him. Indeed, I had begun by this time to respect him, for I had heard something about a widowed mother and a maiden sister, supported out of White's savings, and willingly accrediting the truth of this, admiration took the place of scorn in my young and compliant breast, and White became to me a hero. Somebody told me that White was mad, and I answered, "No more mad than you are."

But I watched him; and it was very evident that, though not actually mad, he was strange and flighty at times; he looked *oddly*, he said odd things, and when he was out in the playing fields, he would drive his squad of little boys before him like a flock of sheep, *barking* all the way as he ran. He had studied too much; and, although there was little to apprehend, the boys were not wrong in saying that he was "cracked," slightly, very slightly, as I thought. Studious men, in their hours of recreations, are often the most singular; philosophers jump over chairs and play divers antics to divert themselves, and White was only thus wildly exuberant, when he disporte

himself, that he might shake off entirely the oppressiveness which results from an over-exertion of the brain. I feel myself, at this very moment, a desire to rush into the streets shouting; yet, if I were to do so, I should doubtless be taken for a madman.

It was next given out in the school that White was about to leave us. I asked him, and he confirmed the truth of the report; he was *going to College*—to a college in Wales—St Mary's, I think—and the Bishop of ——— had given him a promise of ordination. He had long desired to become a minister of the gospel, and for this, year after year, he had toiled with unremitting perseverance. "I have worked very hard for this," he said in a touching voice, which brought tears to my eyes, "and now do I think that I have heaped up money enough and knowledge enough to sustain me until I enter the haven towards which I have been steering so long."

It was now easy to account for the economy and the studiousness of the usher. That which had once been mysterious was now plain. That which had once been deemed ignominious was now looked upon as ennobling—the reprehensible became the laudable, and poor White became the fashion. The upper boys were kind to him, and they threshed the lower boys who insulted him, and the sheep-dog, for the last few months of his sojourn at Dr R——'s, was suffered to drink his roasted corn in peace, and to learn his Greek primitives in quietness.

But still I discarded not my belief in the story of the widowed mother and the maiden sister, whom White's savings maintained. I clung to it, for if it were a delusion, it was a beautiful one, and worthy to be cherished.

So White, the "sheep-dog," left us, and another took his place in the school-room—a stylish young fellow, of good family and bad morals—a very indifferent classic, but a most unexceptionable cricketer. * * * * * * *

And nothing was heard of poor White, until one morning, about a year after his departure, a weary traveller, unwashed and unshaven, his clothes covered with dust, and his feet forcing their way through his shoes, presented himself at Dr R——'s many-windowed mansion, and claimed to be immediately admitted. The servant who opened the door knew him not, and as her master was engaged she would have repulsed him, but the stranger was importunate; he said that he was wearied and foot-sore, that he had walked all the way from Exeter, and that now, being hungry, athirst, and a beggar, he was much anxious to see Dr R——.

There was something singular in the aspect and in the demeanour of the stranger, which excited the attention and the

alarm of the servant. There was a wildness in his eyes, and an odd smile upon his face when he spoke, a mingled look of cunning and simplicity, which made the woman doubt whether the man she was conversing with were a knave or a fool, and this puzzled her—she was half afraid and half inclined to laugh, but she resolutely denied her master, and would have shut the door upon the applicant, had he not, perceiving her intentions, suddenly pushed it wide open, and running through the hall with a loud burst of laughter, rushed into one of the parlours, where he threw himself full length upon a sofa, and cried aloud with the air of a monarch, "Send the Doctor to me!"

The frightened damsel obeyed this imperious mandate, and in a few minutes Dr R—— entered the apartment of which his strange visitor had taken forcible possession.

"Good God!—*Mr White*—" he exclaimed.

It was actually the poor sheep-dog—and there he lay in the presence of the shepherd, rabid, an hopeless maniac—the thread of his reason utterly broken, a thing to be pointed at and mocked. And all his noble aspirations, all his long-abiding hopes, his patience, his struggles, his travail, had ended in this at last.

He laughed when he saw Dr R——, called for wine, and declared positively that he had run all the way from Exeter—a distance of nearly an hundred miles—without once stopping to take breath. He pointed to his trowsers, which were rent at the knees, and exhibited his hands, which were sadly lacerated, and as he did this he laughed exultingly, repeating, "I tricked them, yes, I tricked them," and he seemed to chuckle as he thought of some cunning act that he had himself recently committed. Then he talked about the boys, repeated the names of several who had formerly been under his care, and quoted some passages of Greek from the "Bacchanalians" of Euripides. "Don't you think, Doctor," he added, his voice subsiding from loud declamation into a subdued yet earnest tone of inquiry, "that Agave, when she got drunk, as you know, Doctor, she did, for there's no mincing the matter, she got *beastly* drunk—now don't you think—tell me candidly, for I wish your opinion—don't you think that she was very kind to her son Pentheus, in *only* tearing him to pieces?"

Dr R——, who had sent for a medical man, and who thought it best to humour the maniac, that he might commit no act of violence before the arrival of the physician, replied in a bland voice, "Oh! yes, Mr White, *very*."

"I thought, Doctor, that you would say so; it was very kind in the mother, when she was beastly drunk, to kill her son outright, it was—a leg there and an arm there, a headless, and a

limbless trunk, and all was over—but *I*, I live on still, Doctor! But won't you give me some wine—some water then, for I am thirsty as Tantalus."———

* * * * * *

I almost wish that I had never commenced this story.—If it were a fiction I should not care, for creating I may create at will; but this is, alas! too true: and as I have begun, so I must finish, in the truth.

But the truth is very painful to tell. Poor White, upon quitting Dr R——'s (I am now retracing the path of my narrative, and speak of the time when he abandoned his ushership) immediately removed himself to St Mary's. There, existing upon his slender professional savings, he laboured on with unwearying perseverance. Exercising the most rigid economy both of time and money,

"His faith, abiding the appointed time,"

he sustained his soul in the midst of privation. He had laid aside all selfishness; pleasure was to him a thing denied, and the only light which illumined his pathway was that of a quiet conscience and the hope of ultimate rest. This light ought to have struck sunshine into his soul; but I question whether it did; for indeed it is a hard thing to journey onward day after day, night after night, treading under foot the fairest flowers of life and gathering no corn into the granary, companionless and without sympathy in the world, enjoying neither health nor riches,

'Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure—"

Indeed it is *very* hard——

My pen seems to linger in this place, and I begin to generalize where I ought to proceed with my narrative. I set down a common-place instead of a fact; but the facts which *I* have to tell reflect no honour upon humanity. Evil things I am now about to speak of—things very hideous and debasing. I blush for mankind as I write them.

Poor White *had* a mother and a sister; they were his only relatives, and he supported them. I know not how he managed, for his receipts were very small, but he did support them—both the mother and the daughter. It was a noble thing; for them he laboured, for them he studied night and day, for them he denied himself not merely the comforts, but indeed the very necessaries of existence, for them he braved the contumely of the world, pining in solitude and despised. Many a night did he retire hungry to a bed but poorly supplied with coverlids—many a cold winter evening did he sit, with his only blanket pinned around his neck, for he had not wherewithal to buy fuel; and when he looked at his fireless grate he sighed not, but

smiled pleasantly, and drawing his blanket closely around him, exclaimed, "Well! I thank my God, that *they* are now sitting by a fire."

And with these thoughts did he sustain himself, crucifying all his desires, for a year. If any one had watched him closely throughout this time, it would have been said that the symptoms of insanity, which first developed themselves at Dr R——'s, every day were becoming more apparent. Too much study, if not too much learning, had made this poor disciple mad. His sensitive mind, fearfully acted upon as it was, by

"Solitude, pain of heart, distress and poverty,"

had given way beneath these repeated inflictions; for though he still looked forward and was strong in hope, his present was very cheerless—cold, hunger, and watching, combined with incessant intellectual exertion, had proved too strong for his reason to bear up against, and it tottered—it did not fall, for its *hope* sustained it; he thought of his mother and his sister, and these thoughts were for a time his salvation.

For a time—alas! that he should not have abided in this cheering faith to the end of his days; but it happened that one day he was seized with a desire of visiting his long-deserted home, and of embracing his mother and his sister. It was Christmas-time, and he thought that he might afford himself an holiday; so he started—upon foot be it remembered—for Exeter, which was the home of his fathers. As he went along he pictured to himself his own delight and that of his grateful relatives, upon finding themselves once again in the presence of each other, after so painful and so protracted a separation. He anticipated, with pleasant feelings of self-congratulation, their joy and their thanksgivings, their praises and their pride. He had not forewarned them of his coming, for it was his desire "to give them a surprise;" and as he trudged, with brisk steps, along the hard, dry roads, the keen frosty air bracing his relaxed frame, his mind, full of hope, seemed to sympathize with his body and was braced also, the anticipation of delight acting upon it with an invigorating freshness; and ere he reached the confines of his native county he was a new man—a 'giant refreshed;' but it would have been better for him if he had died by the way-side ere he passed the borders of that county.

It was evening when the weary pedestrian traversed the narrow street which led to his little homestead. With a beating heart and a noiseless step he crossed the threshold and opened the door of the apartment, wherein he knew that his mother always sat. "Mother!" he said; but this was the only word he uttered, for he saw that which suddenly deprived him of

speech, and where he stood there did he remain. He never passed the threshold of the room.

He leant against the door-post, and his straining eyes beheld too plainly the fearful exhibition which was prepared to greet his return, after long absence, to his home and to his kindred. There lay his mother and his sister, stretched out upon a carpetless floor, the little chamber which he had left so comfortable, denuded of almost all its furniture, and no spark of fire in the grate.

"And the mother and the sister, were they dead?" No; reader, much worse—they were *drunk*——

Filthily drunk—the old woman and her daughter, wallowing like swine, and ever and anon belching out an inarticulate blasphemy, an empty gin-bottle on the table, a broken glass on the floor, and liquor spilt over both. * * * * *
The old woman's cap had fallen off, and her loose grey hair, as she lay supine on the floor, was dabbling in a pool of liquor.
* * * * * *

White uttered no word, but turned away from the door and quitted the house, a hopeless maniac. The blow was too heavy for him to bear—so sudden and so horrible! He beheld! —and the thread of his reason snapt, never again to be united. He had toiled, struggled, endured, and it had all come to this at last! He had suffered cold, hunger, fatigue; he had laboured night and day in solitude and penury; he had walked in tattered garments amongst men who pointed at him, and all for this; all that his mother and his sister might wallow in the filthiness of intoxication, and become like the beasts that perish!

They found him next morning in the High street, and he was conveyed to a mad-house in the outskirts of the town.

Thence he escaped, I know not how, and he found his way up to S——. I have spoken of what happened there. Through the agency of Dr R—— he was removed subsequently to a lunatic asylum at F——. The boys made a subscription for their quondam usher, and as though they were anxious to atone for their past contumely, they were uniformly liberal in their donations. I think that we raised upwards of fifty pounds to supply his wants in the asylum, but neither skill nor care could restore him; no glimpse of light was ever destined again to enter the dark places of his brain. They pronounced him an incurable maniac.

When last I travelled through S—— I inquired after him, and he was still alive, if that can be called life, which—but I cannot repeat what they told me—it is too horrible, too disgusting to be written.

There are many who can bear witness to the truth of this story.—Alas! poor White!

DRAMATIC RECOLLECTIONS.

1. *The Bride's Tragedy.* By T. L. Beddoes. 1822.
2. *The Jew of Arragon.* By Thomas Wade. 1830.
3. *Joseph and his Brethren. A Scriptural Drama.* 1824.

'THE Bride's Tragedy,' by Thomas Lovel Beddoes, of Pembroke College, Oxford, has been published 15 years. Its author was a *minor*, and his work, which is one of extraordinary merit, having rarely been surpassed in its tenderness and pathos, and power of exciting the emotions both of pity and horror, has remained up to this period comparatively unknown. Mr Beddoes did not write with a view to the stage, from a conviction of the futility of such an attempt in its modern state. His tragedy has one grand defect in the principal of its construction, but with some alteration it would act well. It is rich in poetry and glowing imagery. We take its opening words as an example:—

"*Hesperus* (*alone*). Now eve has strewn the sun's wide billowy couch
With rose-red feathers moulted from her wing;
Still, scanty-sprinkled clouds, like lagging sheep,
Some golden-fleeced, some streaked with delicate pink,
Are creeping up the welkin, and behind
The wind their boisterous shepherd, whistling drives them,
From the drear wilderness of night to drink
Antipodean noon."—p. 1.

There is not much attempt at the development of minor characters, the interest being excited more by the passions and train of circumstances leading on to the tragic result in the two principal characters, than by the other individuals who are involved in them. *Hesperus* is young, excitable, and impulsive rather than impassioned; imaginative and easily wrought to excess of emotion, and weak in all things except in selfishness. He is of aristocratic birth, and having forgotten his early love, which was bestowed on a noble lady, on his union with whom was to depend his whole fortune, he has privately married *Floribel*, a beautiful girl of poor and obscure parentage. The drama opens with a scene between them in their early days of love and happiness, and it is a very sweet one, refined and delicate throughout. He leaves her to go to his lordly home, and finds his father imprisoned for want of the wealth his marriage with the rich *Olivia* would have secured; is reminded of her, and urged to complete the alliance he used to long for; and his unstable soul begins to weary of *Floribel*. He has no

rich life in his love, but is thrown into perplexity and longings after death as a relief.

He returns to *Floribel* after a longer absence than usual; she reproaches him, and so hurries on her fate. Their interview is drawn with nice discrimination and knowledge of nature, where in such matters it is common for the injured and loving one to end by suing for forgiveness:—

"*Hesperus.* Oh Floribel, you'll make me curse the chance
That fashioned this sad clay and made it man;
It had been happier as the senseless tree
That canopies your sleep. But Hesperus,
He's but the burthen of a scornful song
Of coquetry; beware, that song may end
In a death groan.

Floribel (sings). The knight he left the maid,
That knight of fickleness;
Her's was the blame he said,
And his the deep distress.

If you are weary of poor Floribel,
Pray be not troubled, she can do without thee.
Oh, Hesperus, come hither, I must weep;
Say you will love me still, and I'll believe it,
When I forget my folly.
Hesperus. Dear, I do,
By the bright fountains of those tears, I do."
Floribel. You don't despise me much? May I look up
And meet no frown."—p. 30, 31.

He very soon snatches at an occasion for jealousy, and leaves her in anger. Meets the beautiful *Olivia*, who has always loved him, and for whom his passion returns. Lashes himself into frenzy at the thought of his father's sufferings, and in the subtle workings of self-deception persuades himself he is impelled by duty to the wealthy marriage. The following scene, in which the image of the horrible crime which he afterwards perpetrates, begins to assume a form, is of harrowing power:—

"*Hesperus discovered in a disturbed slumber.*
Hesperus (starting from his couch). Who speaks? who whispers there? A light! a light!
I'll search the room, something hath call'd me thrice,
With a low muttering noise of toadish hisses,
And thrice I slept again. But still it came
Nearer and nearer, plucked my mantle from me,
And made mine heart an ear, in which it poured
Its loathed enticing courtship. Ho! a light.

Enter Attendant with a torch.

Thou drowsy snail, thy footsteps are asleep,
Hold up the torch.

Attendant. My lord, you are disturbed,
Have you seen aught?
Hesperus. I lay upon my bed,
And something in the air, out-jetting night,
Converting feeling to intenser vision,
Featured its ghastly self upon my soul
Deeper than sight.
Attendant. This is delusion, surely.
Hesperus. Lift up the hangings, mark the doors, the corners—
Seest nothing yet? No face of fiend-like mirth
More frightful than the fixed and dogged grin
Of a dead madman?
Attendant. Nought I see, my lord.
Hesperus. Heard ye *then?*
There was a sound, as though some marble tongue
Moved on its rusty hinge, syllabling harshly
The hoarse death-rattle into speech."—p. 47.

The horror works upon him more powerfully when he is alone again:—

" There is a snuff of blood.
[*Grasps his dagger convulsively.*
Who placed this iron aspic in my hand?
Speak! who is at my ear?
[*He turns and addresses his shadow.*
I know thee now,
I know the hideous laughter of thy face.
'Tis Malice' eldest imp, the heir of hell,
Red-handed Murther. Slow it whispers me,
Coaxingly with its serpent voice. Well sung,
Syren of Acheron.
I'll not look on thee;
Why does thy frantic weapon dig the air
With such most frighful vehemence."
* * * * p. 49.

There is another scene of the same thrilling power, by a suicide's grave. The dreariness of the place is perfectly conveyed in these words:—

" Know'st thou these rankling hemlocks?
Even now I heard a stir
As if the buried turned them in their shrouds
For mere unquiet."—p. 53.

The heavy consciousness of approaching fate is finely portrayed in *Floribel*, alone in her cottage waiting for her husband, and the charge to her mother as she goes out to meet him is sweetly natural:—

" How gloomily the clouds look, and the wind
Rattles among the brown leaves dolefully;
He will be very chill, heap up the fire."—p. 64.

She meets him in the wood, in darkness and storm, and he receives her with words of mystery and terror :—

" *Hesperus.* We loiter here,
The bridemaids are without: well picked, thou'lt say.
Wan ghosts of woe-begone, self-slaughtered maids,
In their best winding sheets; start not, I bid them wipe
Their gory bosoms; they'll look wondrous comely;
Our link-boy, Will-o'-the-Wisp, is waiting too,
To light us to our grave—bridal I mean.
Floribel. Ha! how my veins are chilled—why Hesperus!

* * * * *

Hesperus. What! Darest thou tremble
Under thy husband's arm, darest think of fear?
Dost dread me,—me?
Floribel. I know not what to dread
Nor what to hope; all's horrible and doubtful,
And coldness creeps ——
Hesperus. She swoons, poor girl, she swoons.
And treacherous dæmons, ye've allowed a drop
To linger in my eyes. Out, out for ever.
I'm fierce again. Now shall I slay the victim
As she lies senseless? Ah! she wakes; cheer up,
'Twas but a jest.
Floribel. A dread and cruel one;
But I'll forgive you, if you will be kind;
And yet 'twas frightful.

* * * * *

Alas! he raves again. Sweetest, what mean you
By these strange words?
Hesperus. What mean I? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery! To thy prayers and shrift;
Earth gives thee back; *thy God hath sent me for thee;*
Repent and die!
Floribel. Oh, if thou willest it, love,
If thou but speak it with thy natural voice,
And smile upon me; I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave,
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast—
Why dost thou thrust thy fingers in thy bosom?
Hesperus. Well, speak on; and then,
When thou hast done thy tale, I will but kill thee.
Come tell me all my vows, how they are broken,
Say that my love was feigned and black deceit,
Pour out thy bitterest, till untamed wrath
Melt all his chains off with his fiery breath,
And rush a hungering out.
Floribel. Oh piteous Heavens!
I see it now. Some wild and poisonous creature
Hath wounded him, and with contagious fang
Planted this fury in his veins. He hides
The mangled fingers. Dearest, trust them to me.

I'll suck the madness out of every pore,
So as I drink it boiling from thy wound
Death will be pleasant. Let me have the hand,
And I will treat it like another heart.
Hesperus. Here 'tis then! [*Stabs her.*
Shall I thrust deeper yet?
Floribel. Quite through my soul!
That all my senses, deadened at the blow,
May never know the giver. Oh, my love,
Some spirit in thy sleep hath stole thy body
And filled it to the brim with cruelty!
Farewell, and may no busy deathful tongue
Whisper this horror in thy waking ears,
Lest some dread desperate sorrow urge thy soul
To deeds of wickedness. Whose kiss is that?
His lips are ice. Oh, my loved Hesperus,
Help!"—[*Dies.*—pp. 68, 73.

The exceeding tenderness of this whole speech needs no comment, but there are some points about it which should be especially noticed. The love, stronger than death, blotting out the memory of evil in the object beloved, and carrying back the imagination to former feelings of trust in him; the fancy that the present suffering is inflicted by some other agency, and the appeal to her murderer to save her; form an amount of pathos and beauty sufficient to prove that excellence of creative power is within the reach of the mind that conceived it.

We feel disinclined for further quotation after this scene, which occurs in the third act. *Floribel* is the only great character in the drama; great in her gentleness, from her unity of purpose and strength of affection. With her the interest falls. Here is the error in the plan of the tragedy. The hero of a tragedy should never be a weak character. We care not enough for *Hesperus* to follow his fate with an interest proportioned to the emotion already excited. The action goes on to his marriage with *Olivia*; the discovery of his crime; his condemnation to death; and his escape from public execution by means of the poison furnished to him by the mother of *Floribel*, who wills not that the "cursing multitude" should see "the blackened features that *she* loved." This is fine, and so also is the sting of conscience in *Hesperus* when the attendant is lighting him to the wedding supper:—

"Why dost thou thrust thy taper in my face?
No price is set on't.
Lord Enest. Hither, Hesperus;
Thou dost not mark this company of kinsmen
Met to congratulate you, and partake
Your gladness.

Hesperus. Sirs, I thank you heartily.
(*Aside.*) A curse upon the gaping saucy rabble,
They must stare *too*."—p. 96.

Mr Beddoes could not write without eliciting fine things; but his hero has no power to keep up our sympathies. His love for *Floribel* returns, but he seems to love *Olivia* too, and at the end it appears very doubtful, and we feel very indifferent, which would possess the treasure, could either have it. *Olivia*, who might better have been a strong character, is made sweet and devoted, like *Floribel*, only much inferior. The mother's grief and madness are not successfully done.

In few words, the grand defect in this tragedy is, that the character of the hero is not made sufficiently powerful in evil, either to account for the murder of so exquisite a creature as *Floribel*, upon any natural principles, without much stronger motives than those furnished for him; or to excite for himself that interest, intense, painful, and rising into grandeur, which strength in wickedness often creates. In the real tragedy from which Mr Beddoes borrowed the idea of his plot, the criminal was an Oxford student, and his victim the daughter of the manciple of one of the colleges, whom he had married secretly. He murdered her in the Divinity Walk, where they met at night, and buried the body on the spot; married again, and escaped detection of his crime, which he confessed on his death-bed. We do not know enough of the characters involved in this dreadful story, nor of the circumstances in which they were placed, to hazard any conjectures about them.

The radical error which mars the effect of the 'Bride's Tragedy' in reading, would have injured it even more in acting, and might have caused its failure notwithstanding its many beauties. The 'Jew of Arragon,' by Mr Wade, failed on representation, but probably from a cause perfectly opposite. The high aim of a true poet pervades the tragedy, but that aim is not rendered sufficiently palpable to ensure its appreciation by any audience such as can be brought together at present. The character of *Xavier* the Jew is strong and elevated. He is actuated throughout by one master feeling—for which he lives and dies—the devoted love for his people.

There is a scriptural grandeur in the expression of his grief over their degradation. The passage we are about to quote was nearly all cancelled by the licenser: we insert it entire:—

"O Judah! thou art gone out from thyself;
My country! thou'rt the shadow of a name;
My countrymen! ye're scattered o'er the earth,
And feed on those that hate ye; yet ye prosper,

And are a mighty people, strong in gold—
The sceptre of all kingdoms! Were ye gather'd,
O, were ye gather'd, ye were terrible
Within the world—and holy, and set up
'Mid the prime potentates: the curse of Heaven
That hangs so dark and heavily upon ye
Cannot endure for ever; and ye shall be,
Ye shall be a proud nation once again—
And have your Prophets, Princes, and your Rulers,
As in the time of old: It is decreed!
But I, the rightful heir of your great kings
(Whose just inheritance were camps and thrones)
Must live a stranger to your renovation;
Find all my glory on the abject mart,
And die uncrown'd among ye! Yet I reign;
Reign in your hearts—in thousands of your hearts!
And so I have a glory; and being great
Amid the wreck of greatness, live content."—p. 7.

One of the most highly dramatic scenes in the tragedy is the pleading of *Xavier* with the King against the tyrannous edict he has just issued, tending to the ruin of the Jews. The free noble spirit of *Xavier* is brought into fine contrast with the King's royal insincerity—

"How can I serve thee, *Xavier?*"

Perhaps the audience thought the reproof too bold:—

"Is it possible?
That you, my liege—a king, for chivalry
By fame high trumpeted—
* * * *
Your fingers itching for that wrong's foul profit—
Unto that body's representative,
Coming to plead on justice' strict behalf
For mercy that's mere right—say with cold eye
And ignorant tongue—*How can I serve thee, sir?*
By Judah's God! my liege, it makes me mad,
And under foot beats reverence!"—p. 13.

But we believe it was when the daughter succeeded where the father had failed, and the King, leaving the *Christian* Princess to walk in the marriage procession as she best might, led out the beautiful *Jewess*, that the Christian House could bear it no longer; thereby evincing a strange standard of dramatic criticism; judging a point of nature by the circumstance of a creed.

In the failure of Xavier's attempt to raise the Jews to splendour and dominion; a failure caused by accident and the machinations of enemies immeasurably his inferiors, and involving his own destruction, and the ruin of his nation, there is finely shown forth the tendency of the noblest passions to tragic results

when those passions tend to action on outward things. In the final triumph of his spirit, victorious in defeat, is equally finely indicated the secure peace of self-centered power, which conquers destiny, rising above the "ignorant present," in the consciousness of innate dignity, and of the work it has done; seemingly in vain, but not without its great purpose in the vast progression of things. An audience might easily miss points such as these:—

"*Xavier.* I have learned a truth:
Our sun hath shone! *the weight of the world's scorn*
Is heavy on us, that we cannot rise;
Or rising for an instant, cannot stand:—
And 'tis a truth that makes me wish to die."—p. 74.

Or this—

"*Xavier.* *Leave ample space*
For the great exit of a mighty soul!
[*Draws a concealed dagger: they shrink back involuntarily.*
The last of all the race of Israel's kings
Passes from earth to heaven——his passport, this!
[*Stabs himself, and falls on his daughter's body.*
Ye are baffled dogs!——I'll die on thy hush'd heart,
My gentle daughter. Faith! I once did dream
Of building up a new Jerusalem
Here in this Saragossa; and had visions
Of Israel's resurrection: but, 'tis past—
Yet will her full hour come—hear it! 'twill come. [*Dies.*"—p. 81.

The immediate entrance of the imbecile King, his puerile lamentations, and the winding-up speech of the '*Princess Isabella,*' may have distracted the attention of the audience from this noble consummation of a devoted spirit, wrecked in the contest with an artificial world, but overcoming the world in the great simplicity of nature.

The difference between *Xavier* and his daughter, 'the Hebrew Queen,' whose beauty won for a brief space the crown for herself and freedom for her people, is marked with subtle power and delicacy. She is equally energetic with him, but she is distracted between contending passions. His aim is single, and disinterested; her's two-fold, and strongly tinged with selfishness. Hence his fixed constancy of soul, and her fearfulness in danger. How grand she is when she gives herself to one feeling with all the force of her great heart; as when, in the adversity of the King, she says:—

"To the most barren desert—the drear'st cave
That fore-shows hell's feigned gloom upon the earth,
I'll follow thee! if need; and thou shalt still
Call me thy *Hebrew Queen.* My heart's a spirit."—p. 61.

There is great pathos in her struggles :—

" *Xavier.* Thou'rt very pale and very silent, *Rachel,*
And I part fear the verdure of thy soul
Hath been much blighted by one passing storm;
That resolution in your woman's heart—
By love and high ambition palaced there—
Is somewhat reeling from her constancy:
I should be loth to deem thee feeble, girl.

Rachel. I've been upon the dark brink of the grave;
A hundred swords were thirsty for my blood—
And death, think what we will, is terrible—
I have been hurled from a most mountainous
And giddy elevation of delight,
To the low valley and drear depths of woe;
Arragon's king and *Rachel's* high heart's god
Hath shut me from his throne and from his heart,
I look'd to wear a crown where now are ashes—
* * * * *
O would I did not love him!—'tis my heart
That, beating, shakes the fix'd strength of my soul."—pp. 50, 51.

In the last scene the two characters come together in still more forcible contrast. Their cause is ruined, their lives in instant peril, and *Rachel,* alone in the Jew's Temple, is leaning before the altar :—

" *Rachel.* There is a peace and holy quiet here,
At variance with my spirit, which it lulls not.
The shadow of some lowering ill falls on me,
Arguing the substance nigh—O, what's to fear?—
That horrible dream! 'tis on my vision now;
And like the ghost o' the murder'd, will not vanish!
Ha! that dull bell seems tolling for my death—
There's tumult in the streets, and in the temple!
What should the meaning be?—is the end come?
* * * * *
[*Noise of a bolt falling.*

Enter Xavier in his Priest's habit.

Xavier. 'Tis bolted; and a breathing space is left us.
Rachel, our hour is come; think on thy soul,
For it must straight to heaven: this being fades—
Even now the consciousness of life's half gone.
And at the portal of Eternity
Darkly we stand sublime. O, what a terror
Stares in thine eye!—Scion of Israel's kings!
Fear'st thou to die? I've heard thee speak of death
As of a pleasing and an intricate maze,
Leading in mystery to mystery;
Even to be coveted; how is it now?
Thy soul is dead already!

Rachel. Horrible! horrible!
My love hath made me coward—Oh!—'tis fearful:
'Tis cruel, now to die—in youth to die—
Ere a grey hair is on my head, to die!
Is there no hope?
* * * * *
Give me the means!—
And, oh! no blood—let it not be in blood!"—pp. 77—79.

The love of *Xavier* for his daughter is a beautiful part of his character. Thoughts of her have alone the power to shake his resolution; early in the drama they move him to fear:—

"My sweet child?
They would not tread to earth that blushing flower?
They would not flaw that precious diamond?
Not drag death's cloud athwart that living star?—
'Twould be a way to kill me: but, too cruel:"—p. 32.

His speech over her body, after she has taken the poison, is exquisitely pathetic:—

"There Xavier's life
Gasped into dull oblivion! this rough frame
Holds not his being; but in thee, thou fair
And exquisite image of the living God!
He breath'd, and mov'd, and joy'd. Cold! cold! my child;
No fire is on the altar of thy beauty;
Thy lips are idly ope, for balmy breath
Of sighs, nor sweet word-music, ever more
Shall pass from their deep crimson—poison'd—pale;
Thine eyes, that shone so gorgeous with rich light,
Where the soul dwelt, a clear and visible thing,
Are—my tears rise—I see not what they are.
The holy pressure of a father's kiss
Seal up thy lips!—their venom poisons not,
O'ermatch'd with sweetness."—p. 80.

We have said nothing of the inferior characters of the drama, feeling, as we do, that with their prominence and their baseness they have injured its effect as a whole. *Reuben*, however, should not be omitted; he is admirably drawn and minutely finished. The style throughout is elegant and highly dramatic.

It is an ungrateful task to review a tragedy as adapted for the theatre. Even the insertion of the parts cancelled by the licenser, as in the present instance, do not fill it up. We feel impressed with the conviction, that, of the living whole which existed in the mind of the author, what we possess is in many respects but the skeleton. That high thoughts, poetical imagery, and the full and free expression of emotion, have been curtailed or omitted, to make room for the bustle and excitement, and to ensure all the proprieties of the modern stage as by the managers established.

We turn to a work which, having been published little more than twelve years, is not yet much known. We allude to 'Joseph and his Brethren.' It is entitled a Scriptural Drama, a class of composition which, including, as it does, all mythologies, "is most favourable to the just presentment of the thoughts and feelings of man in a wild and wilful state of nature, as well as to the impassioned pathos of the story itself."—*Preface*, p. 1. We do not notice this fine poem in an article devoted to dramatic literature, because we think it dramatic in its construction, far less capable of being adapted for representation; but because, notwithstanding careless and hasty composition and inartificial arrangements, evidences of power are stamped on every page; power, of every kind requisite to create the finest order of drama. The Bible story is followed very closely, and the time included extends through the whole life of *Joseph*, from the period when he began to excite the jealousy of his brethren, till he "made ready his chariot and went up to meet *Israel*, his father, to Goshen." Whether it be, that the simple narrative of this catastrophe, as told in the Bible, is incapable of being equalled; or that it is so endeared to us by recollections of the days when our childish ears drank it in with eager attention, that we cannot appreciate another; the poem fails in our estimation in that part where *Joseph* makes himself known to his brethren, and in that which relates how they told their father, "*Joseph* is yet alive, and governor over all the land of Egypt." With these exceptions, the history is finely developed, and is embodied in poetry rich in natural imagery of Patriarchal simplicity and grandeur, fresh as if it had been conceived,—

> "In the dim age when yet the rind of earth,
> Unworn by time gave eager nature birth,
> Zealous to furnish what the seasons wore,
> That in a vigorous brightness flourished;
> When light and dark and constellations bright,
> The splendid Sun, the silent gliding Moon
> Governed men's habits."—p. 1.

These are the opening lines of the drama. The first evening is thus exquisitely introduced:—

> "The shepherd beats his bell; the tranquil herds,
> Lowing obedience from the freckled spring,
> Slow wind the hill; and in their staked folds
> Snuff the fresh straw and scent the keener wind;
> Crook their sleek knees to welcome night's repose.
> The sun was sinking from his daily round
> And starred the Heavens like a fiery flaw,
> Glancing the moon and frighting her faint beam.
> The dying embers of the burnished king,

Low sunk behind the mountained hemisphere,
Were fading fast away. He was declined,
Not like pale Cynthia to her bath, a lake
Rich in its violet sward and jasmine bowers,
A god gigantic habited in gold,
Stepping from off a mount into the sea.
The evening breeze that whispers of repose,
And fans the crimson'd marygold to sleep,
Grew sharp and brisk; and silence on the light
Gain'd step for step, as light retir'd to shade.
The tawny harvest-men from yellow fields
Their sweet repast, their lated meal enjoy'd,
Hard by their tents, beneath some ample oak,
Or vine, or fig-tree burthen'd with its fruit
And fragrant to the air. Now Jacob's sons,
Who kept their flocks and cattle on the hills
Retire from folding to their father's tent.
Lo! Joseph meets them with a welcome smile,
A basket on his head, with purple grapes
O'erswelling from the brink, and o'er his cap,
And hair, and shoulders, hanging gracefully,
Shows like an angel."—pp. 5, 6.

The characters most finely drawn are *Reuben*, and *Phraxanor*, the wife of *Potiphar*. The scenes between *Reuben* and his brothers are of high dramatic power. It is scarcely possible to give, by extracts, an idea of the completeness with which the nature of *Reuben* is developed in the course of the action. He is a man of powerful intellect, tender affections, and a combination of gentleness with intense depth of passion. The other sons of *Jacob*, though individual and finely drawn, are mere outlines. *Reuben* alone among them loves *Joseph*, and opposes himself to the malignant feeling against him; and the power with which his impassioned eloquence works upon their fierce and stubborn minds, keeping their dangerous strength at bay by the mental force which staggers and confounds them, is extremely grand; while, on his failure to avert the evil, his frenzied grief, merging into despair, is fearfully pourtrayed.

Our extracts must necessarily be short and imperfect.

On the first perception that the envy of his brothers is about to end in violence, *Reuben* expostulates with them earnestly:—

"Have ye no fear
That the star-blasts will strike you?
Or the spell'd quaking of the tremulous earth
Swallow you whole in its remorseless womb?
Think you those blooded hands will not draw slant
The storm-bolt in its fury?
Issachar. A little sugar will not catch our wit;
A little fear will never scare our will.

Simeon. We will no longer think upon this deed.
Issachar. But do it.
Reuben. Will you stand in the lightning when 'tis done?"

The dreadful interest of the scene rises with the entrance of *Joseph*, who is attacked with savage insults and menaces:—

"*Joseph.* Great God! ye will not murder me?
Issachar. Oh no:
Ask our clubs.
Simeon. Strike!
Reuben. Hold! hold! hold!
Simeon. Keep Reuben back, or strike him down too."

Reuben obtains a minute's respite, and questions his own mind as to the means of influencing them in the following subtle soliloquy:—

"What is the cause?
What is the cause, my brain, and the preventive means?
Quick—quick. The will's a coward at heart;
Unless 'tis deaf, and savage like a beast's—
Where feeling is, the will sins on its knees;
And lack of reason upon nature acting
Doth force a courage that is bold and false,
That gathers resolution in the dark,
Like to a violent giant who is blind."

Acting upon the hope that with his brothers, "feeling *is*," he advises them to the half-measure of putting *Joseph* into the pit. This is followed by the arrival of the Egyptians' caravan, to whom they sell him as a slave in the absence of *Reuben*. These scenes are extremely fine; and that in which *Reuben* goes to the pit expecting to find *Joseph*, and finds only "a treacherous silence," is deeply touching. He rejoins his brothers as they are counting their silver, and questions them of *Joseph*:—

"You have not seen him then?
Simeon. No.
Judah. How should we?
Reuben. May the first thunderbolt that spurns the hand
Of the invisible archer of the clouds
Sink in amongst you. And I would that now
A deaf'ning storm, from either corner gather'd,
Made havock o'er your heads!
Simeon. What—what is this?
Issachar. The man is raving mad.
Reuben. Issachar, you are a villain,
* * * * *
Bustle, and shift your stands. I will be heard.
And he that stirs a foot, or moves his staff,
Though but to wave it doubtful of offence,

I'll mar his manhood with so sure a blow,
Dealt keen and deadly as the eye of Fate,
And after, scuffle dang'rously with the odds.
A giant well may fear a desperate man:
And ye do look so mean and impotent,
That I should scorn myself for shunning you.
Issachar. I ne'er was braved before.
Simeon. He dares and threats!
Reuben. Where'er they sleep
Clothe them with heaviness! and with mad dreams
Busily forge on the imagination,
That they may quake, and from their limbs distil
Those agonizing drops that horror breeds!
* * * * May they never
Laugh again!
Simeon. Reuben, this is vain.
Reuben. Oh! never may the jocund harvest bell
Ring its sweet battery unto their ears,
Tuning the anthem voluble and loud
Sacred to plenty for the garners full.
Thus let them crave!—Bondsmen at stranger's stalls,
Where choking be their hire!
Judah. This is enough.
Reuben. Oh! I could weep that Joseph is no more
Till marble should be furrowed with my tears;
Then, like the forlorn Image of despair,
Sit dumb and think past words.
Judah. I have a fear
He will betray us to our father's wrath.
Reuben. Have you a fear? You were a better man
Ere you had worked a cause to fear your friends.
* * * * *

What well were deep enough to hold my grief?
What secret place would hide my anguish up?
Old Jacob, too,
Sobs at the sight, and groaneth in my ear,
And wrings his hands, and ravisheth his beard,
And takes no relish in his faltering prayers.
Come forth, Despair, and fold me in thine arms!
Thou giant mandrake with the livid skin,
And ireful eye, and meagre, sinewy form!
Come forth, and glare upon me, King of tombs!
A whirlwind singeth in thy scanty hair,
And rocks unfix them underneath thy hands;
At horrid shrieks a smile creeps o'er thy lips,
And howls of danger lull thee to repose.
Thou iron wrestler! wrinkling Fate's might,
Arouse thy boiling brain, and from thy bed
Of blasted rushes interknit with briar
Take thy pale lamp that's fed of dead men's eyes,
And smile upon thy victim!—Hail, Despair!"—pp. 40—80.

We feel that comment on the impassioned strength of these scenes would be superfluous. The effect is heightened by the discourse of the brothers, when, on *Reuben* leaving them, they recover the use of their senses. *Levi* first speaks :—

> " Is this the May-born Reuben, whose low song
> Ever beguil'd his hearers of some tears ?
> Is this the gentle brother of our land,
> The minstrel of all revels and all hymns,
> The first to pity and the last to rave ?"—p. 80.

Our limits will not permit us to do any justice to the character of *Phraxanor.* She is represented as a woman "exalted and abandoned, artful, voluptuous, and cruel." Such a woman, powerfully described as she is here, cannot be treated of in a small space. We only quote a few lines, to give an idea of her :—

> " *Phraxanor.* I am a woman, and am proud of it.
> We are content that man shall take the lead,
> Knowing he ever will look back on us
> With doting eye, not caring how he steps.
> Walking thus blindly, we may guide him so
> That he shall turn which way shall please us best :
> So we can beckon him where'er we will,
> And lead him ever round about his grave,
> And *in* whene'er we list."—p. 120.

But finely as the whole action is conducted in which she is concerned, up to the return of *Potiphar,* it sinks with his entrance into a lengthened marital lecture, in which *Potiphar's* good-man gabyism is carried to such an extent as makes us believe that the author intended this for the comic part of his drama. It has the effect of one of Milton's jokes :—

> " The elephant, to make them sport,
> Writhed his proboscis lithe."

Towards the close, though there is a constant recurrence of splendid poetry, there are evident marks of haste and a desire to conclude ; and, with the exceptions we have made, there is throughout a want of individuality in the characters introduced. The magicians, for example, might as well be called by any other name.

We have room but for one more extract, and amongst the numbers that crowd upon us, we take part of the description of *Pharaoh* in the triumphal procession at the installation of *Joseph* as Ruler in Egypt :—

> " I did but glimpse
> His car, for 'twas of burnished gold. No eye
> Save that of eagles could confront the blaze

Which seemed to burn the air, unless it fell
Either on sapphire or carbuncle huge
That rivetted the weight. This car was drawn
By twelve jet horses, being four abreast,
Pied in their own foam. Within the car
Sat Pharaoh, whose bare head was girt around
By a crown of iron: and his sable hair
As strakey as a mane, fell where it would,
And somewhat hid his glossy sun-burnt neck,
And carcanet of precious sardonyx.
" At his side there lay
A bunch of poppied corn; and at his feet
A tamed lion, as his footstool, crouched,
After him, cased o'er in plates of gold,
I, horsed, did bear an eagle on a shaft
From which great Pharoah's royal banner stream'd."
Then came the cars
Of different men of state: some brass, some iron,
Some silver, and some steel. After, a train
Of officers and horsemen of renown,
All habergeon'd and armed to the heel;
Precious in shew as demons of the mine.—pp. 190, 191.

With this gorgeous picture our task must end. It has been one of great difficulty, for where fine passages present themselves in nearly every page, it is hard to choose, and, having chosen, hard to stop. The genius displayed throughout the poem cannot be surpassed even by the carelessness, both being of the most perfect order.

In answer to all we have said, and even to all we have quoted, the anti-dramatic critics of the time, headed by the scythe-armed chariot of the *Athenæum*, will doubtless ejaculate, with chin elate, "What does all this prove? The finest extracts can no more prove the existence of a drama than a brick can be the specimen of a house." To which we reply, that the finest bricks will make the finest houses, if properly put together. A line they may consider as a brick, and a scene as a wall; and it will never be denied that he who can build one wall can build four, and that four will make a tower. But this is talking mechanically. All we mean is, that we have quoted passages and scenes evincing such a degree of power as nothing but the total absence of encouragement or countenance could have prevented from being developed to the most complete results. The three works of fine genius which constitute the substance of this article were all produced while the authors were under age; and it is probable that such of them as may be still living will only regard these noble productions as the amusement of their early years. But still there is no encouragement.

M.

FRAGMENTS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

NO. I.—THE FORLORN-HOPE MAN.

THE life of a soldier is proverbially full of incident; but the character of the sphere in which he is destined to move, can only be understood by those who have actually moved in it. The generality of authors,—historians, novelists and poets,—in describing battles, fill their pages with the roar of cannon, the fumes of smoke, and the groans and the cries of the wounded and the dying. But hear the narrative from the lips of an old soldier: he throws aside all superfluous detail, all attempt at high colouring, and relates facts exactly as they occurred, with as much precision as he would go through his exercise at drill. In the course of a recent campaign, I met with an officer who, to his honour be it spoken, had risen from the ranks, and who had won the several orders which he wore, not by interest nor intrigue, but by hard fighting in the heat of many a well-contested battle. The adventures he had encountered, the scenes he had witnessed he related in strong graphic language, and after some persuasion he consented to give me a few fragments of his life. Reader! the sketches I subjoin are not fictions, nor exaggerations "founded upon fact;" they are the stern realities which chequer the career of a soldier in the field and in the camp, and as such will not be found undeserving the attention of those who feel interested in the study of human nature.*

X. P.

THE FORLORN-HOPE MAN.

At an early age I entered the first battalion of the 95th regiment, now the Rifle Brigade, and served in it from the retreat of Corunna to the battle of Waterloo. As I had volunteered on the Forlorn Hope at Cuidad Rodrigo, and escaped without a scratch, I was determined to have a touch at Badajos, so volunteered for the taking of that town also. You may wish to know what a Forlorn Hope is—I will tell you. It is the van-guard, generally few in number, or, as the French more truly express it, the "*enfans perdus*" of an army determined to take a town by storm. It is constituted in the following manner. The captains of companies, upon private parade, call their companies to attention; and telling them that a certain place is to be stormed, inquire if any men will volunteer on the Forlorn Hope. Such as volunteer come to the front, and he then takes down their names; but if none volunteer, it

* Moreover, the world ought to know what war really *is*, and then think of 'glory'.—Ed.

it, I believe, customary to hit at random on a certain number of men, who are in that case ordered on the duty. I never, however, witnessed any such case of compulsion, and I must say our regiment was never backward in volunteering on such occasions. The Forlorn Hope party having been thus formed, always starts before the division which is to attack the town, and being the first to receive the enemy's fire, is of course exposed to the greatest danger.

I am now about to give an account of one of the bloodiest contests a British soldier had ever to contend with; compared to which the battle of Waterloo itself appeared to me, during the action, like a field-day in Hyde park. At about seven o'clock in the evening of the 6th of April 1812, the storming party fell in, each man having been previously served with a double ration of rum. I gave my knapsack to Robert Fairfoot, then acting corporal, now quarter-master in the Rifles, with my father's address, in case of being killed; and joined the stormers of the light division, which was composed of the 43rd and 52nd regiments, and our 2nd and 3rd battalions of Rifles. We then fell in for the attack, our regiment, as usual, taking the front. I happened to be on the right of the front section, when Major O'Hare,* who commanded the four companies to which I belonged, came up in company with Captain Jones of the 52nd regiment, both in command of the storming party. I believe a pair of uglier men nature never made; but a brace of better soldiers never stood before the muzzle of a Frenchman's gun. "Well, O'Hare," said Captain Jones, "what do you think of to-night's work?" "don't know," replied poor *Peta* (for so we familiarly called Major O'Hare) "I think it will be my last, for, I know not how it is, I cannot keep my spirits up." "Tut, tut, man!" answered Captain Jones, "take a drop of the *cratur*," and at the same time handed him his calabash. A countryman of my own, Sergeant Flemming, then coming up, told Major O'Hare that a ladder-party was wanted, and asked what he was to do? "Take the right file," said the Major, "of each section." No sooner said than done, for I and my rear-rank man were instantly tapped on the shoulder for the ladder-party. I now gave up all hope of ever returning. At Rodrigo we had fatigue parties for the ladders, but now it was not the case; besides which, the ladders were here much longer than at Rodrigo. I may just mention that, whatever may have been my own forebodings on the occasion, the apprehensions of my poor old captain, Major O'Hare, and those also of Captain Jones, were soon fatally realized; for, in less

* None of the names mentioned in these sketches are fictitious. Many of the parties are still living, and will not fail to recollect the incidents referred to.

than twenty minutes after the above conversation, both fell, riddled with bullet holes. I now put my shoulder to the ladder, and, assisted by my comrades, moved onwards. There were six of us supporting the ladder to which I belonged, and I contrived to carry my grass-bag before me.* We had not proceeded far when we heard a jabbering noise as of persons talking on our right, upon which we halted, and, supposing they might be enemies, I disengaged myself from the ladder, and, cocking my rifle, prepared for action. One of our party, however, cried "Take care! 'tis the stormers of the 4th division coming to join us." It proved to be the case. There was a small ravine through which ran a rivulet of water to our right, and their crossing it caused the noise which startled us. This panic over, we continued advancing, the rifles, as before, keeping in front. We had to pass close to a fort on our left, near the town. As we neared it the sentry of the French challenged. A shot was immediately fired from the fort, and another from the walls of the town. In a moment a fire-ball was thrown out, which threw a bright red glare of light all around us; and instantly a fire of grape-shot, canister, and small arms, poured in among us at a distance of about thirty yards, while we were yet on the glacis.† Three of the men carrying the ladder with me were shot dead in a breath, and the weight of the ladder falling on me, I fell down with the grass-bag on my breast. The remainder of the stormers rushing up, not minding my cries nor yet the cries of those around me, were shot as rapidly as they advanced, and several of them fell dead upon me. I was drenched with blood; the weight was intolerable: had it not been for the grass-bag on my chest, I should have been suffocated. It was now in vain that I endeavoured to cry out. At length, by an effort of nature, I managed to extricate myself, in doing which I left my rifle behind me, and then drawing my sword, I rushed towards the breach which had been already effected by our cannon. There I found four men putting a ladder down the trench, and not daring to pause, fresh lights being still thrown out of the town with a continued discharge of musketry, I slid quickly down the ladder, and, before I could recover myself, was again knocked down and covered by the dead bodies of those who had been shot in attempting the descent. Again I succeeded in extricating myself from underneath the bodies, and rushed forward

* A grass-bag is used to throw down into the trenches for the men to jump on, so as to prevent them hurting themselves. They are from five to six feet long and two feet in circumference, and are generally filled with hay or recent grass.

† The glacis means a gentle slope of ground extending from the parapet of the outer ditch going round a fortified town. It leads into the country, and terminates at a distance of about sixty yards.

to the right, when to my surprise I found myself suddenly up to the neck in water. Until then I was composed, but now all moral feeling left me, and driving through the water, with my sword still drawn, with great difficulty, although a good swimmer, I attempted to rush up the breach. In doing this I lost my sword. However, without rifle, sword, or any weapon of defence, I clambered up the breach, and came near to a *chevaux de frise,** composed of swords revolving upon an axis; but just before reaching it I was struck on the breast; whether by a grenade, a stone, or by the butt-end of a musket by some French soldier, who, seeing an unarmed man, did not think him worth the skivering; I cannot say, but down I rolled and lay senseless, how long I know not, drenched with both water and blood. As my senses gradually returned, I perceived our gallant fellows still rushing forward, each seeming to share a fate more dreadful than my own. The fire continued horrible; it appeared to me as if the mouth of hell had opened; or as if some more than earthly volcano was pouring forth destruction on mankind. I now, strange as it may appear, began to feel if my legs and arms were entire, for at such moments a man, I believe, feels not his wounds. At this time, losing the phrenzy of courage, which I had before possessed, I felt on a sudden all the weakness and cowardice, as it were, of any woman, and endeavoured to protect myself by squeezing myself in among the dead bodies that surrounded me. As I lay in this condition, the fire still continued blazing over me. I now for the first time for many years put up a prayer. The fire presently slackened from the breach, and I heard a cheering which I knew to proceed from within the town, and shortly afterwards a cry of "Blood and Ouns! Where's the light division? The own's our own! Hurrah!" I then attempted to rise, ut was so feeble that I could scarcely stir, indeed could not stand! I now found that I had been wounded, I know not when, but a ball had passed through the lower part of my right leg. Two others had passed through my cap, which I should have lost had it not been tied down under my throat with pieces of twine, as we had not then scales to our caps. At this moment, seeing two or three men moving towards me, and not knowing who they might be, I laid down, but, as they approached nearer, I knew by their voices that they were some of our own men. Again I sat up. One of them happened to be a man of my own company, named O'Brien; the other, if I recollect right, belonged to the 3rd battalion "What! is that you, Ned?" exclaimed O'Brien, and, seeing the helplessness of my situa-

* A *chevaux de frise* is an obstacle used in fortification, consisting of an horizontal beam of timber with pointed stakes radiating from its centre. It is used to defend a pass, to form an impediment to cavalry, or to stop a breach. The French ever ingenious, instead of wooden stakes, at Badajos, had recourse to radii of sword.

tion, they assisted in raising me up. The *chevaux de frise*, however, still remained, so that we could not enter the breach until more men arrived and forced it down. I think it was the 3rd division which was then within the town, for they got in on our right by the castle, where there was no breach. When we reached the top of the breach where we were, we found another trench with a plank of wood going across leading into the town. I moved with difficulty. I was so feeble that I was still obliged to lean on the arm of O'Brien, who lent me for additional support his rifle, which, placing the butt-end under my arm, I used as a crutch. Not until then I felt drops of blood trickling down my face, and found that one of the balls in passing through my cap had torn the upper part of my head. In this crippled state, supported in the manner just described, I and my comrades entered the town, towards the centre of which we heard a running fire with occasional cheering. As we turned the corner of a street we observed two men advancing towards us, and thinking they might be some of the enemy, I clapped the rifle which I had been using as a crutch to my shoulder, at the same time asking O'Brien if it were loaded? He answered in the affirmative. One of them entered a house on the opposite side of the street, and the other, who, by the light in a window opposite to us, we perceived to be dressed in a blue coat with green wings on his shoulders, seemed to be making a rush towards us. Just as he came up O'Brien collared him, and, twisting his firelock from him, struck him with his shut fist a blow on the side of the head. I then said, "O'Brien, let me have the pleasure of shooting this rascal, for he may be the man who has left me in the state I am now in!" I then presented my rifle close to his breast, with the full intention of shooting him through the body, but in an instant, just as my finger was about to snap the trigger, he dropped upon his knees and implored mercy. He lifted up his hands clasped together in the most earnest manner; I paused—hesitated,—and dropping the piece on half-cock, said, "O'Brien, I cannot shoot the scoundrel, 'tis cowardly, he is unprotected;" and then taking him by the hand, I told him in Spanish to get up! He did so, and immediately threw his arms round my neck, and, trembling very violently, bestowed several kisses on my cheek. I desired him to follow me, and leaning my weight on his shoulder; while O'Brien carried the musket he had wrested from him, and I used O'Brien's rifle once more as a crutch; we proceeded to the house opposite, in one of the windows of which was the light above mentioned. We knocked against the door—no answer; we repeated the summons—still no notice taken of it; we then put the muzzle of a rifle to the key-hole, and discharging its contents through

it, the door was burst open. We now entered the house, in which we found a young Spanish woman, crying bitterly and praying for mercy. We told her we would not hurt her. She said that she was the wife of a Frenchman not there to protect her. I asked her if she had any money? She answered, in Spanish, that there was nothing but her poor self in the house! O'Brien then inquired if she could give us some spirits?—upon which she produced a bottle and gave me a cake of chocolate which I eat with much relish. Here we were not content to remain, because there was no appearance of money; the house itself looked miserably poor. I may remark that, however some may boast of courage, the generality of men who enter on a case of Forlorn Hope like the present, do so in the hope of plunder. It was, I confess, my own case, for, although very ill prepared, I was determined to have some "*blunt*," at all events; so I said, "We will leave this place: there's nothing here;" upon which, supported by the Frenchman and O'Brien, I returned into the street and proceeded towards the Market place. It was a dark, though still night. The confusion and uproar in the town cannot be conceived. Arrived in the Market place, we found a number of Spanish prisoners rushing out of a gaol which had been broken open by some men of the 3d division. They appeared like a set of savages suddenly set free; some had chains rattling about their limbs, others none; and in the midst of the crowd were numbers of our own men, chiefly of the 5th and 88th regiments, holding lighted candles in their hands. I said to O'Brien, "I am getting very tired; let us go somewhere where we can find a place to rest." We then turned down an opposite street, and came to a house which we perceived to be occupied, and on entering it found a number of men there belonging to the 88th regiment; they were in the act of plundering. One of them seeing blood on my face, took up a full bottle, and breaking it off by a blow with a bayonet immediately below the neck, desired me to drink. I did so. There was a good fire blazing on the hearth, and I advanced towards the fire-place. It is the custom, I may mention, for soldiers who enter a house under such circumstances, to make a fire of whatever they can lay hold of. I have seen chairs, tables, and the most finished mahogany furniture broken up for the purpose; nay, on these occasions so reckless are men of the value of property, that I have seen the face of the finest mirror smashed into pieces merely to obtain a bit of looking-glass to shave at. I had not long been seated at the fire when I heard the screams of some one in distress coming from the adjoining room, and on entering it I found the old man of the house on his knees imploring mercy, and one of the British in

the act of levelling his musket at him. I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that he would not give the men his money; they declared he had some—he swore he had none; upon which I begged that they would not shoot him, but allow me to speak to him, as I thought I could speak better Spanish than the rest. It was agreed. I then said to him, "Diga me *Vmd* [usted] donde esta su dinero?"—Tell me where is your money? "Da *Vmd* a mis camarados."—Give it my comrades! He then rose, kissed my hand, and going to a huge clay wine-vessel, which rested upon cross sticks, and which was round, or rather pot-bellied in the middle, and tapered towards a point at each end, he drew out from underneath a bag of dollars, which he laid with trembling hands upon the counter. There were six of us present; four of the 88th, and two rifles, *viz.*, I and my comrade O'Brien. It was immediately agreed to divide the dollars, without the trouble of counting them, into six heaps, and allot one to each. Accordingly one of the 88th stood with his back towards the counter, and while another man, pointing to one of the heaps, cried, "Who shall have this?" He who had his face turned from the money answered, such or such an one, belonging to the 88th, or to the rifles. Thirty-six Spanish dollars fell to my share. I now returned to the fire-place and requested the Frenchman to lend me his jacket, as my own was thoroughly wet through. Grateful for my having spared his life, he did so in a moment, indeed he said over and over again that he would not leave me; that he would follow me through the world. I was sitting by the fire with this Frenchman's jacket on, when the street door of the house was forced open, and a number of Portuguese soldiers entered. One of them, supposing me to be a Frenchman by my jacket, snapped his musket at me; I immediately, as well as my wounded leg allowed me, rushed at him, and some of the 88th also interfered. A scuffle took place, which ended in one of these Portuguese soldiers being run through the body with a bayonet, and the rest of the party, with the dead body, were ejected into the street. I had not long returned to my seat when some of the men, in ransacking the house, discovered the two daughters of the old man, who had concealed themselves up stairs. They were both young—they could oppose only a feeble resistance to any violence. Hitherto their mother had escaped; but she too was now dragged from her hiding-place, and their concealment so long was cruelly avenged. Without dwelling on the frightful details, it may be sufficient to *add* that our men, more infuriated than before, seized on the old man and insisted on a fresh supply of money. His protestations that he had given them all he possessed were vain, and

while his wretched family—his wife and two daughters—were lying senseless on the ground, he was—shall I go on?—shot through the body!

It is to be lamented that the memory of an old soldier should be disturbed by such painful recollections! But it is to be considered, that the men who besiege a town in the face of such dangers are generally desperate characters; and when once they get footing within its walls, flushed by victory—hurried on by desire of plunder, and heated with excess of drink—they stop at nothing. They are mad, they know not what they do! I do not say this in justification—I only state what I have observed human nature on these occasions to *be*. I now determined to leave this scene of horrors, and accompanied by the Frenchman, went in search of another house. We observed one open on the other side of the way, and he having helped me across the street, for my leg much disabled me, we entered it. Here we found a number of our men of the 3d division, who were drinking chocolate, made, not with water, but with wine. They were more sober and peaceable than those we had just left; but here also, indeed in every house in Badajos that night, the most fearful outrages were committed. For my own part, I felt tired and anxious to get some sleep; I therefore laid down, but fagged as I was could obtain little rest. The next morning, being determined to rejoin my regiment, I left the house accompanied by the Frenchman, who rendered me every assistance in his power. It appeared to me that the town was still in a state of great confusion and uproar. In one of the streets I saw the Duke of Wellington giving directions about the erection of gallowses for the punishment of men guilty of plunder, or of such atrocities as had been enacted over-night. Poh! He was surrounded by a number of British soldiers who were drunk, and who, holding up bottles with the necks knocked off, containing wine and spirits, cried out to him, "Nosey! old boy! will you drink? The town's our own*! Hurrah!" A little further on I found two carts standing each on end, and a pole running across between them, on which were suspended two halters; but I am not aware that any one was really hanged. One man of my own company—whose name was Johnny Castles—as quiet a creature as ever lived, was brought out, and being placed under the gallows, was threatened with

* This exclamation, "*The town's our own!*" deserves attention, inasmuch as it explains the notion which all soldiers entertain on entering a town they have besieged. Not actuated or guided by any reflecting principle, they imagine that every description of property they can seize is truly their *own*, to carry away or destroy. Even the persons of women—no matter whether old or young—they conceive themselves licensed to outrage! Hence, every house reverberates with shrieks of horror—every hearth reeks with blood. Such, even in the hour of victory, are the characteristic horrors of "glorious war."—Ed.

death. It was never, however, intended to hang him; but the fright made him ill for some time, and rendered him the subject of many a hearty laugh among his comrades afterwards. The division of the regiment to which I belonged was about two miles out of the town, where we were encamped to the left, the 4th division being in the centre, and the 3d to the right. Feeling tired, notwithstanding I had been leaning, as I hobbled along as well as I could, on the arm of my French companion, we sat down on a bench opposite the bridge which leads to Fort St Christopher. We had not been long seated when I was amused by a large baboon, which was surrounded by a number of soldiers who were tormenting him. The poor animal had been wounded in the foot, probably by one of our men, and by his chattering, grinning, and droll gesticulations, he shewed as much aversion to the red coats as any of the French—then our enemies—could possibly have done. To me however, and the Frenchman by my side, seeing us in dark jackets, he wanted to come as if for protection; but a man of the 4th, stating he was the servant of the colonel of that regiment, claimed him as the property of his master. Hereupon a scuffle took place, in which, as usual, several of the men got wounded and one bayonetted. We now saw a number of Frenchmen guarded by British soldiers coming over the bridge; they were those, it appeared, who had defended Fort St Christopher, which had just surrendered, and they were immediately marched into town as prisoners. They were soon surrounded by our men, who began to ransack their knapsacks; a number of watches were tumbled out of one, dollars out of another, shirts, handkerchiefs, socks, &c. out of another, and the spoil was eagerly seized and divided. I now, having rested myself, wished to proceed towards the camp, and assisted by my companion, renewed my attempts to walk. As we proceeded along I saw two mules tied to a door-way; no person was with them; they appeared to me worth seizing, so without further ceremony we untied them. Assisted by the Frenchman I mounted on one, and he guiding the other by the rope-bridle behind me, we moved slowly onwards towards the camp. It was to me a welcome change. We had just passed the gates of the town when an officer of the 83d regiment, whose name was either Jackson or Johnson, but I think Jackson, meeting us, asked me whether I would sell the mules? "Yes," was my reply. "How much do you want for them?" said he. "Forty dollars," was my answer. "I will give you twenty," he replied. "Done," said I; but in consideration of my wound, it was agreed that I might continue mounted on the mule until I reached my own regiment. We halted however, the officer being with us, at the camp of the 83d, which was part of the

third division; and having dismounted, I sat down on a knapsack waiting for the money; the Frenchman stood by the side of me. Here an unfortunate accident occurred: while one of the men was cleaning the firelock of his musket, the piece went off and shot a corporal through the head, wounding also the arm of another man. The Frenchman was dreadfully frightened. He turned as pale as ashes; he perhaps thought the shot aimed at him, as the corporal fell dead beside him. It struck me as a forcible example of the casualties that attend the adventurous life of a soldier. I could not, indeed, help feeling for the poor corporal, who, after escaping through all the dangers of the previous night, now lost his life by a clumsy hand cleaning a firelock. The money for our four-legged booty was sent out to me by a servant who had directions to accompany me to the camp and bring back the mule, and I then parted, as I thought for ever, with the faithful Frenchman, and giving him part of the money I had just received, advised him to return to Badajos.

It may seem strange that I did not wish to remain in Badajos, but I was suffering from my wound and preferred the camp, because I thought I should there get more rest; however, a few days afterwards I was removed into the town and admitted into hospital, where I continued under medical treatment until sufficiently recovered to rejoin the army, which I did near Ciudad Rodrigo. I have been in many sieges and in many actions, but I never witnessed such horrors as surrounded me when on the Forlorn Hope at the Siege of Badajos.

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SPEECHES OF HIS MAJESTY, WILLIAM IV.

SINCE HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE;

Showing the Progress of Political Philosophy, and his contributions thereto. Sample and Sageman. 1 vol. 1837.

HAPPY idea! A collection of the speeches of no less illustrious a personage than his Majesty, William IV! What a treasure for posterity! How much trouble will now be spared to the antiquaries of succeeding ages! Excellent and patriotic publishers, Messrs Sample and Sageman! What a record of practical political philosophy!—all condensed into one neat little duodecimo volume, bound in the rarest calf. Thanks, gentle publishers—it shall have a niche in the Temple of Fame;

for ever since we were children, and visited the Tower during the Midsummer holidays, we have been fond of lions and unicorns. But hush!—the Lords spiritual and temporal of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland have assembled—the legislators from the House of Commons summoned, not by the wand of Merlin, but by that of the Usher of the Black Rod, are huddled together in one listening heap; the King is on the throne! Hist! He is about to open his Royal lips. Only listen to the mellifluous voice of Majesty. How silver-toned the cadences—how clear the enunciation—how graceful the action! The Archbishops, Bishops, Peers, Barons, Yeomen, Knights of Shires, and Country Gentlemen around—all prick up their ears, lift up their eyes, and are absorbed in attention. Would that every sound falling from such august lips could be caught, condensed, and preserved, like the crystallized tear-drop of Cleopatra, in spirits, to adorn the shelf of a museum!—Only imagine the speeches of all the Kings belonging to the House of Hanover and the House of Brunswick, crystallized and suspended in small stopper-phial bottles, all ranged along a shelf underneath other natural curiosities in the Hunterian Museum! But we candidly confess that since we visited the capital of Scotland, and heard the caw-me—caw-thee—after-dinner-style of eloquence of certain professors of the 'Belles Lettres,' we have been rather sick of speechifying in general. Nothing can be more tedious, for example, than the speeches made at select vestry meetings, no matter in whatever parish the same be convened; nothing more mawkish than the majority of electioneering harangues delivered by aspirants for Parliamentary honours; nay, the last dying speeches and confessions which are blown through tin-horns about the streets of London have even failed to excite our interest; but not so the speeches of his Most Gracious Majesty, William IV, the King of Great Britain and all agitated Ireland! These are gems—these we grasp with a hand of fervid loyalty. True, we may be waxing rather old in the political service of our country, but we know the importance of speeches being delivered in *propria personâ* by Majesty itself. If the King did not go down to open and close the two Houses of Parliament himself, attended by a retinue of Judges, Prelates, and a guard of honour, his subjects might forget that so gracious a Sovereign existed. If he did not open his lips officially once or twice a year, he might become altogether silent. This would be a pity. It is a wise principle, therefore, in our Constitution, and strictly in accordance with what Fielding's pundit calls the "eternal fitness of things," that his Majesty should, at the opening and adjournment of every session, go down in state and deliver an address before the assembled Parliament of Great Britain and

Ireland. It is also an admirable provision that the speech should be made for him, otherwise the King might be *too* eloquent.

His present Majesty succeeded to the Throne of his "lamented brother" in the year 1830, and as our Almanack-makers have, by common consent, agreed that this is the year 1837, he has clearly completed what the disciples of Pythagoras would designate the first septennial, or infantile section of his reign. This being the completion, therefore, of a climacteric period, is the fittest season that could be chosen for collecting the *Nugæ Canoræ* which he has really delivered from the Throne. Nay, as a certain Roman Emperor estimated the size of Rome from the quantity of cobwebs collected in it, so may our politicians draw very shrewd inferences from the speeches of William IV, concerning the progress of political philosophy in Great Britain during the last seven years. We have read them with profound attention, and do not remember to have met with anything like them in the history of ancient or modern oratory. They are infinitely more concise than anything that is to be found in the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes; and are pervaded by a sort of family resemblance, which is remarkable. They are as like one another as the two Dromios. The speech for 1834 would do very well for 1835—that of 1835 for 1836, and so on. Nothing but an art *sui generis* could have accomplished this. It is done by a sort of political alchemy, by which one principle of government can be dexterously converted into another; and both, when expedient, be still further melted down into one of a perfectly different character. Thus, the principle upon which the Catholic Emancipation Bill was so long opposed was suddenly; as the Duke of Wellington was presiding over the cauldron, stirring up the elements of discord with his Field Marshal's baton; converted into a principle in favour of its being passed. The principle upon which the citizens of Paris were allowed to choose their own King, after a three days glorious struggle, was convertible into the very opposite application in the case of the Troy citizens of Madrid. The crown of the Bourbons was permitted to be hurled into dust, while the crown of the bigotted Ferdinand is yet to be secured to his immaculate descendants, at the point of the British bayonet. Admirable consistency! Then again, these Royal speeches are all of them dictated in a tone of unrivalled policy. Machiavelli himself need no longer be cited a the prince of wily politicians. The art of false prophecy, as everybody knows, consists in predicting a certain number of events vaguely. Sybils, soothsayers, astrologers, gipsies, come within the same category. None of their oracles, however, are conceived in such a convenient spirit, and admit of such an universality of application as the inaugural and

valedictory addresses of his Majesty to the British Parliament. Individually and collectively they are so fashioned as to suit any administration; no matter whether the dog-star of Toryism or the Ursus of Whiggism reign in the ascendant—they will apply to any policy. This is, to say the least, ingenious. Then again, look to the hopes which they so munificently hold forth. At every opening of Parliament, promise after promise is made to reform abuses at home, and preserve the peace and happiness of the countries to which we are allied abroad. The Royal lullaby charms the nation like a petted infant to repose, and in the meantime session after session is permitted togo past, and nothing really is accomplished.

We regard the Speeches, therefore, of his Majesty, William IV, as practical nonentities; they are, however, interesting, curious, precious documents, and the only use to which they can be advantageously applied, in our judgment, is that of being taken as patterns for young ladies' fancy work. The speech, for instance, delivered before the House of Lords on opening the present session of Parliament, would, if embroidered sampler-fashion, in different party-coloured worsteds, on a dark ground, make a very pretty variegated drawing-room ottoman; and might be sold at Fancy Fairs, or by the publishers of Annuals and other ornamental literature.

AN ADMIRER.

SONNET.

By ALFRED WHITEHEAD, Author of the 'Usurper,' the 'Curse of Plutus,' and other Poems.

AH! where is all that beauty now—where gone
That when of late amid these paths I stray'd,
Freak'd in the golden colours of the morn,
Flourish'd around? Here, by the soft wind sway'd,
The gaudy tulip liv'd, and here the rose,
And thou, poor laurel, in thy simple guise,
The honest yeoman of the woods did rise,
Shamed by these sunny nobles of all hues.
Still in robustious youth when they are fled,
Unharm'd, unhurt, as first when summer led
Her mellow-bosom'd daughters to the lea,
Standest thou unsubdued. Oh! like to thee
Shall stedfast virtue in its simple pride
Endure, when all the gay—the falsely great have died.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO MODERN HISTORY

From the British Museum and the State Paper Office. By F. Von Raumer. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. 1 *vol. London: Charles Knight.* 1836.

THE present volume will be interesting to all those students of history who feel a curiosity to analyse the characters of two extraordinary Queens, who lived nearly three centuries ago.

The characters of Elizabeth and Mary present a singular contrast. Elizabeth was essentially a Queen; Mary essentially a woman. Elizabeth was an epitome of the principle of royalty, in all its splendour of Divine right and inviolable dignity; Mary of all the feminine qualities, degenerated by peculiar constitution and most unpropitious circumstances, into weaknesses and vices. Elizabeth was able to sacrifice to the duties of royalty, such as those duties were in her eyes, all her feelings and faculties; Mary did not even perceive that as a Queen she had duties, she only felt she had power and the means of enjoyment. Elizabeth was able to maintain a despotism in spite of the growing spirit of liberty, because she never gave her subjects the advantage of granting or refusing her supplies, and was popular in spite of her tyranny, because she did not oppress them for their money. Had her successors been equally prudent, Charles the First would not have been brought to the scaffold. Mary lost all power, and nearly all hearts, by indulging a lively and sanguine temperament in a puritanical age; she was a licentious *Queen* of a people who would scarcely have borne a licentious *King*, and she became through her passions the slave of one man after another.

We believe with M. Von Raumer that Elizabeth did sincerely espouse the cause of Mary against her rebellious subjects, but it was simply because Mary was the Queen, and they were subjects. She, on this occasion, nearly forgot her policy in her prejudices. See her charge to Throgmorton :—

"To assure them that Queen Elizabeth will oblige them by force to grant liberty to their sovereign; that her faults are to be covered by their humble petition and request, and not at all by force. That princes' hearts are only in the hand of God, to whom they are amenable."—p. 106.

The defence of the Scotch presented to her in answer, reads very finely after this :—

"The nobility and people of Scotland are a free people, who at first chose their kings, and appointed a council of the wisest men to assist them. Nay, ever since royalty was admitted in the kingdom, the nobles

entertained the conviction, that it was their right to correct the enormities of their princes; and all the kings have acknowledged this, as well when they exercised tyranny, as when flattery altered them and hardened their hearts."—p. 152.

For the same reason we believe that it was a true feeling, not a hypocritical pretence, which made Elizabeth vacillate so long about the execution of Mary. She murdered the principle of royalty in the person of her rival Queen. Had the rank of the victim been but one step lower, her executioners would have experienced no such compunctuous visitings.

M. Von Raumer expresses a very decided opinion on the subject of Mary's guilt with regard to the murder of Darnley—

"As far as I am myself concerned, a mathematical problem is hardly more clearly demonstrated than the historical one, that Mary was not innocent of the death of her husband, not ignorant that she was marrying his murderer."—p. 374.

While we do not perceive that this problem is proved, we think the evidence very strong which favours its correctness. At the time of the murder, Mary was entirely under subjection to the ruffian Bothwell, through her devotion to him; and even could no proof be adduced of her knowledge of his designs, it would be a natural conjecture that she knew of them. Her own wrongs from Darnley were sufficient to have created resentment and a desire for revenge, being of a kind which a woman, such as she was, could least brook; and though she might never have committed the crime herself, she may easily be imagined to have connived at it in another. She had loved Darnley passionately. She offended Elizabeth and alienated her own subjects by her resolute determination to marry him. It appears that she nursed him through a dangerous illness with the greatest care and tenderness, and after the marriage she was entirely devoted to him; but he almost immediately began to give proofs of his morose and brutal nature. On the 31st July, 1565, when they had only been married two days, Randolph writes to Leicester:—

"All honour that may be attributed to any man by a wife, he hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of him he lacketh not from herself. All dignities that she can endue him with, are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him; and (I say more) she hath given unto him her whole will to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh. *She cannot as much prevail with him in any thing that is against his will.*"—p. 64.

Within a few months we find it hinted that 'Darnley followed his pleasures more than was agreeable to the Queen;' and in Feb. 1566, the following account of him is given in a letter from Mr Drury, the English Envoy to Cecil:—

"The people say that Darnley is too much given to drinking. It is

certainty reported there was some jar between them, at a mert's (merchant's house at Edinburgh, she only dissuading him from drinking and enticing others; in both which he proceeded, and gave her such words, that she left the place with tears, which they that are known to these proceedings, say is not strange to be seen."

The savage murder of Rizzio followed close upon this; it was committed in March. We take some extracts from the detailed report addressed by the Earl of Bedford and Randolph to the English Privy Council.

"Upon Saturday at night near eight o'clock, the King conveyed himself, the Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and two others, through his own chambers by the privy stairs, up to the Queen's chamber. Going to which there is a cabinet about twelve foot square; in the same a little low reposing bed and a table, at the which there were sitting at supper, the Queen, the Lady Argyle, and David, with his cap upon his head. * * * Lord Ruthven offering to have taken him by the arm, David took the Queen by the plaits of her gown, and put himself behind the Queen, who would gladly have saved him. But the King loosed his hands, and holding her in his arms, David was taken out of the cabinet, through the bed chamber into the chamber of presence, where were Lord Morton and Lord Lindsay, who intended that night to have reserved him, and next day to hang him. So many being about them that bore him evil will, one thrust him into the body with a dagger, and after him a good many others, so that he had in his body about fifty-five wounds. It is told for certain that the King's own dagger was sticking in him; whether he struck him or not we cannot tell for certain. He was not slain in the King's presence, as was said, but going down the stairs into the chamber of presence."

* * * * *

"Before the King left talking with the Queen, in the hearing of Ruthven, she was content that he should lie with her that night. I know not how he neglected, but he came not, and excused himself to his friends that he was so sleepy that he could not awake in due time."—p. 80—82.

Here then, may the student of history, and of human nature, discover a key to some of the secret and most anomalous actions of a very extraordinary character. The belief of Darnley's love, urged by passionate protestations, inducing her to be reconciled with him, after his murdering one for whom she evidently entertained a regard, and within the same hour; and her lasting hatred of the murderer, when she found that his protestations were only made to pacify her, and not from the feeling she had believed; all tend to give a peculiar insight into her mind, temperament, and general character, and lay open many of its recesses for interesting, though painful analysis.

The entire history of Queen Mary proves her to have been a woman of determined will and strong animal courage, which rose in the last scene of her tragical life into moral fortitude. There is something about the circumstances both immediately

before and at the time of her execution peculiarly appalling, and sufficient to have shaken a stout heart; yet it is well known that she preserved to the last a calm dignity of demeanour. More than two months previous to her violent death "they removed the canopy from her chamber, and hung the walls and beds with black." This piece of unnecessary cruelty is quoted from a letter of the French Ambassador to Henry III; and was as well calculated as any thing that can be imagined to create horror and gloomy apprehension. It is added, "they sent her a clergyman to console her;" thus adding insult to the species of torture inflicted. She did not admit him to her presence. A private execution, the being conducted into a familiar apartment and finding erected in it a scaffold covered with black, a few people collected around it, and the executioner awaiting the victim—all these things seem peculiarly terrible and trying, yet all the accounts give the same impression of the firmness of Mary throughout. The official report, given by an eye witness, says:—

"She went to the hall of execution with an undismayed countenance, and without any fear. The scaffold was two feet high and twelve broad, and as well as the cushion and block covered with black. A chair was brought her."

The sentence of death and order for the execution was then read.

"During the reading of the commission the Queen of Scots was very silent, listening unto it with so careless a regard as if it had not concerned her at all; marry, with such a cheerful countenance, as if it had been a pardon from her Majesty for her life."

That this cheerfulness continued to the end is well known, enduring even through the brutal custom of disrobing, until 'she was stript of all her apparel, saving her petticoat and kirtle,' lest, we suppose, the executioner's perquisite should be injured.

"Her head was severed at two strokes; the countenance changed the first moment, so that it could not be recognized, and the lips trembled for nearly a quarter of an hour after. When the executioner collected the clothes, he found the Queen's little dog, which would not be drawn away, but laid himself down between her head and her shoulders."

This volume is a valuable addition to historical literature, inasmuch as it condenses a great quantity of information, hitherto spread over a wild and confusing extent. It certainly does not do much more than other works have done to establish the guilt of Mary, in several instances. Be it, however, acknowledged that she was guilty in them all, we must still give it as our opinion that she was, in many respects, a very fine creature, perverted by circumstances far more than by nature.

LIBERAL MATHEMATICS.

NO. II.—A REPLY TO THE LANCET.

THE article, under the above title in our January Number, in which we denounced an equally unjust and wild-minded attack on Mr Finlaison, that had appeared in the 'British Medical Almanack,' has produced a rejoinder in the 'Lancet' of the 21st of last month, from a person who styles himself "T. K. Edmonds, Esq. B. A., author of 'Life Tables,' and who, as he says, "now throws off his mask," and avows that he wrote the anonymous attack in question. We remarked it as passing strange that the Almanack had in the same number an article "on the Statistics of Mortality;" in which a table, copied from Dr Southwood Smith's work, on the 'Laws of Mortality in Fever,' and computed by Mr Finlaison, is praised (see page 137) as one of the two "most important contributions which have yet been made to medical statistics." The Almanack announced this article to be "By T. K. Edmonds, B. A., author of 'Life Tables'"—whereas, in the other article, entitled "On the incapacity of the statistical officers employed by the English Government," which was then anonymous, but now avowed by the same unblushing individual to be also his production, the very table, so supplied to Dr Smith by Mr Finlaison, is abused. —See page 179. He states "Dr S. Smith furnished him (Mr Finlaison) with a report of deaths and cases of sickness at each age occurring at the London Hospital. Mr Finlaison gave his results, but adhered to his general practice of withholding the facts on which his results were founded." We showed that Dr S. Smith, not Mr Finlaison, withheld the facts because the publication of them was not necessary for his immediate object. We may now add, as Mr Edmonds seems to be incapable of speaking truth even by accident, that Dr Smith did *not* furnish Mr Finlaison with any *report* of deaths, &c. &c. but did much better. He placed in the calculator's experienced hands the original books of the hospitals, who deduced all the facts himself, as well as the important arithmetical results of which this detractor has availed himself. But let us enquire into this "T. K. Edmunds, *Esq.* B. A., who, on the self-same topic, in the same publication, bestows well-merited praise in the article written with his "mask" off, and wholesale detraction with his mask on?

We remarked in our previous comment that the writer "had evidently been influenced by some personal pique or other." It now appears we were pretty right. He says, "in my Life Tables, published five years ago, I stated, without mentioning

Mr Finlaison's name, that the Government Tables 'rested upon the authority of a person whose qualifications for the task undertaken were unknown to the public.'" A most logical ground truly, for repudiating them! But he omits to state the castigation which he forthwith received from an able hand in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' for this very absurd and derogatory sentence concerning an individual about whom he admits that he knows nothing; and we may add that his acquaintance with that individual's labours amounts to very nearly the same totality of ignorance. He further rejoins, "In my own case I have, during the last five years, repeatedly affirmed that these [the Government] Tables were not worth the paper on which they have been printed; whether the results be true or false, is a matter of the utmost indifference." Ay! indeed! Now, for our part, we think true results, deduced from an immense number of facts, are by no means a matter of indifference as the basis of Tables of Life Annuities. Moreover, if the results were false, the Tables would be worth much less than the mass of paper that would have been wasted.

It appears, then, that this Mr Edmonds has for five years hooked on to Mr Finlaison, like a barnacle to a West Indiaman, and with no greater impediment to the vessel's rate of sailing. He says he had two fellow labourers in this work of detraction,—namely, the late venerable Mr Morgan, and Mr Francis Corbaux, whose names, not forgetting himself, he modestly opposes to those of Mr Lubbock and Mr Babbage. We pray Mr Edmonds, once for all, to desist in future from affirming anything whatever as a fact, inasmuch as Nature seems to have denied him the capacity of enunciating truth. The two writers above-mentioned commented, not on Mr Finlaison's 'Report' containing all the data for his tables, but on a few insulated results given in Mr Finlaison's evidence before the Committees on Friendly Societies, in May 1825 and 1827. Mr Morgan was then in the extreme of old age, and, as we previously mentioned, he was the person who advised, in 1808, the use of the Northampton tables, by which the loss of millions had been sustained.

We have ascertained that Mr Morgan, being in some little spleen at the time, had not, when he wrote, seen Mr Finlaison's report at all. We further say that it was the object of Mr Corbaux in his petition to the House of Commons, dated 20th March 1829, which now lies before us, to prevail on Parliament to desist from adopting Mr Finlaison's tables until the evidence on which they were founded should be produced. He could not be aware when he wrote, that such evidence was to be produced on the 30th day of the same month, and then ordered to be printed. But Mr Corbaux had retired, before he ever saw

that report, to France, where his curious treatise on mortality was written and printed in 1833; all which Mr Edmonds, who quotes from the book, very well knows, and so may any body who takes the trouble to look at it.

We convicted Mr E. of wilful untruth (by a positive quotation) in stating, at great length, that Mr Finlaison had not explained his meaning of the ages of the persons registered by him; whether that age referred to the last or the next birth-day, or a mean between the two. Does he deny the charge? No; but he recriminates, and says he never admitted that the speculation on aged lives was contrary to Mr Finlaison's advice. We refer the reader to the original article in the Almanack, which quotes the evidence of Mr Rickman, clerk of the House of Commons, (printed in the *Medical Gazette* of last year,) that Mr Finlaison, from the first, most earnestly opposed all and every speculation of the kind. We refer to the whole body of the Stock Exchange for evidence that a public notice was set up in the National Debt Office, announcing that no more annuities would be granted. Whereupon the dealers in that speculation repaired to Lord Althorp, and even then carried the point against Mr Finlaison, notwithstanding the notice. This is matter of notoriety. But what says the veracious Mr Edmonds?—why, that it "is a notorious fact, never denied by Mr F. himself, that the transaction was entered into solely at the recommendations of Mr Finlaison!" The rest of the misstatements are equally gross.

We have neither space nor time for any further comments on Mr Edmonds who has proved himself out of court; but as that part of the science of statistics which relates to human life is of great public importance, we shall take an early opportunity of supplying further details on the present and past state of knowledge on that subject. Of course we shall take no further notice of Mr Edmonds, who seems so anxious to lift himself into something visible, by trying to do mischief to his betters.

W. K.

LES PRETENDANS, OU PRETENDUS DE LA PRINCESSE VICTORIA.

A CONTINENTAL PARAPHRASTIC.

EVERYBODY must have remarked the extreme tenaciousness of our contemporaries of the daily press, with respect to the acknowledgment of the quarter from whence an article, or extract is taken. They have reason to be angry when this acknowledgment is not made, inasmuch as the appropriation of

their materials amounts in this case to nothing less than the provocation of a rival gaining credit for originating things which in reality he has stolen. This tenaciousness, not of copy-right but of credit for ownership, applies in the same degree to the weekly press, with reference to all substantive articles, and to all other periodicals. Of this injury the *Monthly Repository* has often had reason to complain. We have never noticed the circumstance before, because we rejoiced at the dissemination of our principles, and because we are far from having any cause to be querulous at the general behaviour of the press towards us. What we are now about to make known is done in perfect good humour, and without the least dudgeon, albeit the instance is "a little too bad."

Our subscribers of last year will recollect an article, entitled *The Royal Suitors.* It appeared in the number for August, 1836, vol. x. p. 469. The author of the 'Great Metropolis' speaks particularly of this article as having produced a 'sensation,' and says it was from the pen of Mr Peacock, author of 'Headlong Hall,' &c. We are not at liberty to say who wrote it, but it was not that gentleman. The 'sensation,' however, seems not to have been confined to the 'Great Metropolis,' as the article has been the rounds of the Continental newspapers in a paraphrastic form. We believe the paraphrase first appeared in the *National.* Not having seen this number of the paper, we cannot positively say there was no acknowledgment made of the source whence the idea and most of the material originated; but as all the other foreign papers quote it as from the *National,* the said paper may have put forth the article as exclusively its own. Be it as it may, this time they are welcome; but we hope the next will be acknowledged.

The article looks well in its foreign dress, and as the paraphrast has frequently added an excellent 'touch' of his own proper wit during the progress of the amorous narrative, we shall give a few extracts just as they stand. We cut out our specimens from *L'Estafette, Mardi,* 18 *Octobre,* 1836. It is right to say that the introduction is neither a translation or paraphrase from our article—it is French wit, exclusive. We should also state that the remarks on the blindness of Prince George of Cambridge find no archetype in our pages—we did not think such an affliction a fair subject for satirical animadversion. The remainder, here quoted, is all more or less paraphrastic.

"Ils affluent au palais de Kensington avec une déplorable abondance! Saxons et Hanovriens, Teutons et Bavarois, tout ce qui peut produire quelques quartiers, tout héritier ruiné de nobles manoirs; tont ce qui reste de mendiantes lignées; tout avorton de cet arbre monarchique aux branches flétries, et qui nourrit encore de sa maigre sève quelques pousses étiolées; tout principicule enfin, haut ou bas, jeune ou vieux, est venu offrir son rang,

sa naissance, ses chiens, sa jeunesse, son expérience, sès chevànx, ses bastions et sa main.

" Choisissons les moins grotesques d'entre ces figures pour donner une idée de cette curieuse galerie. Entre rois et princes, tout se passe, comme on sait, par cousinage. Il faut donc commencer par les plus proches. Le premier de tous est aveugle ; il s'applle George de Cumberland, et il a l'honneur d'être l'héritier de ce nom qu'on n'ose pas prononcer devant des femmes honnêtes, tant il résume d'impuretés. Un roi aveugle égaliserait peut-être un peu la partie contre des peuples aveugles aussi. Mais la princesse tient à conserver tous ses avantages, et d'ailleurs elle a déclare qu'elle veut pour mari un homme complet. Passons donc au second : c'est encore un cousin-germain, George de Cambridge. Celui-ci n'est pas aveugle, mais myope, extrêment myope, myope à ce point que traversant un jour Hyde-Park au galop, il prit un innocent groupe de vaches pour un rassemblement populaire. Du reste il rachète cette infirmité par des qualités éminentes. Il est Anglais, mais il a été élevé en Hanovre, et il possède toutes les grâces d'un prince Allemand. C'est le plus intrépide valseur de la confédération ; rien n'a été négligé pour développer sa force musculaire ; la gymnastique fait son bonheur et sa gloire. Il monte ses chevaux au galop, traverse un cercle de papier et retombe d'aplomb ; il descend du premier étage du palais à l'aide d'une seule corde et d'une seule main. D'ailleurs il est de l'âge de la princesse ; sa figure blême que *les plus violens exercices ne colorent jamais* est douée de cette expression immobile et inepte qui le fait reconnaitre au premier coup-d'œil pour un prince du sang royal. Il fait tout ce qu'il faut pour plaire à sa cousine ; il assure qu'il l'adore et que son amour est bien désintéressé. Mais la cruelle le traite avec une légèreté qui le désole. Aussi qu'est-ce que cet amour en comparaison de celui de Charles de Solms Bromfels ! C'est encore un neveu du duc de Cumberland, et un neveu tout à fait digne de son oncle. La première fois qu'il vit la princesse Victoria, il se sentit attiré par un charme invincible, et depuis ce moment il éprouve tous les symptômes d'une passion brûlante. Ce qui le domine surtout, c'est la reconnaissance, car depuis qu'il aime la belle héritière, il a une idée,—*et c'est la première fois que cela lui arrive.*

" Elle seule pouvait lui faire connaître ce monde nouveau, et quoiqu'il ne puisse pas s'y familiariser beaucoup, il n'apprécie pas moins le service qu'elle lui a rendu. Qu'elle dise un mot, et il traversera les flammes. Malheureusement il n'a pas grand'chose à lui offrir. Sa fortune est à peine celle d'un bourgeois. C'est, du reste, le seul contact qu'il ait jamais eu avec le peuple. Nul n'est plus fier, ne porte la tête plus haute, et ne redouterait autant de se mésallier. Il n'a eu garde de s'occuper de politique. Son oncle est son seul modèle, et il n'a appris de lui qu'une chose, c'est qu'il faut massacrer les factions, encourager l'église, étayer l'aristocratie qui croule de vétusté, et redonner enfin à la couronne ces formes tranchantes et souveraines qu'elle a perdues depuis Charles Ier. Il est obligé de convenir qu'il est fort laid. ' Mais qu'est-ce que la beauté ? disait-il un jour avec cette originalité qui le distingue ; ' une fleur qui se fane !' Il paraît que sa cousine a là-dessus des idées moins philosophiques, et, de profil comme de face, elle trouve ce prince matamore très déplaisant.

" Tous ces princes sont encore d'un âge assez tendre, et, comme dit Molière, *sont-ce des hommes que de jeunes blondins?* Est-ce aux hasards de l'étourderie, aux caprices d'imaginations vagabondes, à la turbulence de passions inquiètes qu'il faut s'abandonner dans une chose aussi sérieuse que le mariage, surtout quand la dot est une couronne à laquelle se rattachent les destinées de la Grande-Bretagne ? Il faut à cette situation de la maturité, de l'expérience, une habitude de réflexion qui donne aux idées leur assiette la plus raisonnable. Voilà les observations que fait souvent entendre le prince Ernest de Hesse-Philippstadt. Il est le frère de la reine d'Angleterre, et son attachement pour la maison régnante ne lui permet pas de voir avec indifference le concours de tant de ridicules prétentions. Ce noble seigneur a pour

la jeunesse ce même mépris stoïque que le precédent professe pour la beauté: il la juge avec une égale rigueur; mais au lieu de prendre ses comparaisons dans les jardins, il cherche des analogies moins fades et plus près de lui: '*La jeunesse! la jeunesse!* s'écrie-t-il, *eh mon Dieu! nous avons tous passé par là! c'est une flamme de punch qui brûle.*' Et ces mots souvent répétés sont accompagnés d'un geste qui lui permet de faire briller un magnifique diamant logé entre les bourrelets épais de son petit doigt. Ce diamant est un cadeau de sa tendre sœur, et la seule coquetterie que le prince Ernest ait à son usage. Ce n'est pas qu'il n'aspire plus que tout autre à la main de Victoria, mais il dédaigne toutes ces seductions vulgaires d'esprit, de grâce, de talens auxquelles les femmes s'obsinent à se laisser prendre. Et! que peut-on trouver à redire à un homme qui a cinquante-trois ans, les yeux bouffis, le teint rouge, les favoris tombans. Il est vrai qu'il est pauvre, lui aussi, mais son âme est au-dessus des biens de ce monde, il n'a pas d'états qui l'inquiètent, et il pourra se dévouer tout entier à ses sujets par alliance. Et puis, souvenez-vous qu'il appartient à cette puissante maison de Hesse qui lève toutes les années une armée de 27 hommes, et qui fournit dix soldats pour son contingent à la confédération; maison qui possède encore plus de vertus que de puissance.

"Mais nous n'avons pas fini avec la maison de Hesse. Voyez-vous là-bas ce jeune homme de vingt-six ans, dont de larges moustaches ombragent la figure? A cette attitude imposante, à cette face où se reflète la satisfaction de l'orgueil personnel, à cette démarche retentissante, vous devinez que vous avez affaire ou à un prévôt de salle d'armes, ou à un des aristocrates les plus insolens de la Germanie. Vous ne vous trompez pas: c'est le prince de Hesse-Hombourg, qui tient parfaitement sa place partout. Auprès de la noble héritière, il roucoule une romance; sur la route de Douvres à Londres, il a crevé deux chevaux; au tir au pistolet, il coupe une balle en deux sur la lame d'un sabre, et à table, il dévore plus de choucroûte que la plus forte tête couronnée. Parlez-lui de naissance, il a dans sa poche un parchemin de seize quartiers: parlez-lui de puissance, il lève une armée de 200 hommes, il commande à deux mille carrés, il a une chapelle, trois aumôniers, une laiterie et deux troupeaux de mérinos; parlez-lui d'amour, il est passionné pour la princesse, si passionné qu'il regrette qu'elle soit appelée à un si bel héritage, parce qu'on peut se méprendre sur ses sentimens; il voudrait qu'elle fût bergère, pour pouvoir lui offrir ses vaches, sa belle voix, ses magnifiques moustaches, et sa principauté d'Hombourg? Victoria ne s'y trompe point, et on assure qu'elle est décidée à lui donner la préference...si jamais elle devient bergère.

"De la Hesse à la Saxe, la distance n'est pas très grande, et nous pouvons la franchir d'une enjambée. Mais ici le terrain s'étend et le prince pullule; il faut se circonscrire et choisir. Laissons de côté le Saxe-Gotha, le Saxe-Manheim, le Saxe qui a un autre nom barbare; laissons aussi le royaume de Saxe proprement dit, et bornons-nous au Saxe-Cobourg. La graminée est encore ici forte abondante."

The remainder of the article proceeds to the end in the same paraphrastic style. We consider the whole very capitally done, and beg to inform the *National* that the writer of the original article is highly delighted with the translation of his wit, and no less with the additional shapings and touchings up, *au talon de rasoir!*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Country Curate's Autobiography. 2 vols. London, 1836.

THE object of this Curate's history of Himself and Church, is twofold:—1st, to magnify his own merits; 2nd, to glorify the "Establishment." What he is likely to get by it, we do not enquire. His method of accomplishing his task is certainly rather strange. For instance, he tells us of himself—how he fell in love with a beautiful Highland girl, and won her affections; then suddenly recollected they were both very poor, so made an offer to the rich daughter of a stockbroker; was rejected, and went back to his first love, who very good-naturedly married him.

Of the Church he tells a good many awkward stories. He does not at all like to be a poor curate while there are fat rectors and princely bishops, nor to be despised and neglected by them in their luxury, while he works hard, and preaches the Gospel *at such a rate.* He complains pitifully of his clerical brethren:

> "Some of them are Hon.'s, and some are Dons; some have married wives with money, and are very genteel; some are allied to titles, and hold family livings; but I am poor, married to a poor woman, and come of a poor (albeit a highly-respectable and ancient) family. There are fox-hunters and fortune-hunters; but I—am *only a curate.*"

But for all this, Mother Church is the object of his supreme love and veneration. Her doctrines are all truth; her forms all perfection; her ministers descended in a direct line from the Apostles and the Holy Ghost—(Hon.'s, Dons, fox-hunters, and fortune-hunters!)—"No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." It is horror to him if you oppose these opinions. They are "apostles"—or you lie! It happens too often now, he says. He is an abusive divine. Before the French Revolution "men were submissive," but *now* "things are different." Of dissenters he has no measure in his abuse: hypocrisy, fraud, cant, conceit, &c. &c. are liberally applied to them. Then, their ministers were not "sent!" He would, however, kindly allow them to assist in the vineyard, if they have not a schismatical and opposing spirit, because Christ said, "He that is not against us is on our part." After serious consideration, and long pages of discussion, he decides that the descendants of the apostles may go to certain dinner-parties; nay, are duty-bound so to do. He quotes several texts to prove it; among others, "a certain *Pharisee* besought him to dine with him; and he went in and sat down to meat." He demurs very much about whist-playing, and being unable to find a text in its favour, yet being, as we suppose, fond of the game, he says, that "to the pure all things are pure," therefore it is allowable. Music and

dancing puzzle him much; his imagination pictures to him their "operatic or seductive fascinations," but fortunately he recollects that in the parable of the prodigal son, "the father (the emblem of our Father which is in heaven) makes merry and is glad;" at all events he "concedes music and dancing to the laity." He concludes his chapter by "*giving judgment* that no clergyman ought, *as* a clergyman, to be seen at a play-house. He may go disguised.

We strongly suspect "Mother Church" would rather be spared such an advocate. In one of his attempts at her defence he calls Cobbett to his aid, whose language "contains," he says, "more of the bitterness of truth than I am willing, in my own language, to display." What a specimen of *conscience!* Arguing with a dissenting preacher, Cobbett says:—

"If I ask of *what* use his teaching is, he tells me, he must tell me, that his teaching is *necessary to the salvation of souls.* Well, says I, but why not leave that business to the Established Church, to which the people all pay tithes? Oh, no! says he, I cannot do that, because the Church does not teach the true religion. Well, says I, but *true or false,* if it serve for salvation, what signifies it?" Vol. I, p. 205.

The Curate, of course, maintains the "paramount necessity of upholding the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, as in every part of our dominions, even against a majority of numbers."

Altogether these volumes would be intolerable from their stupid absurdity, were they not amusing from the very gravity of their excess in those qualities, and from the serious mischief they will do the Black Bench by the unconscious exposures and ridiculous advocacy of their gross abuses of all religion and decency.

Scripture Geography. By John R. Miles, Librarian and Secretary to the Athenæum, Manchester. Johnson, Manchester.

An excellent and almost indispensible companion to the study of biblical history, containing, in a catechistical form, a concise and interesting account of the past and present condition of all the places mentioned in the old and new Testament. The maps of the most interesting sections of the Holy Land are clearly and beautifully executed; and the chronological synopsis of the most remarkable events recorded in sacred history, will be found extremely useful. Such a compendium of scriptural geography was much wanted, and Mr Miles has executed his task in a very able and efficient manner.

Memoirs and Trials of the Political Martyrs of Scotland. Persecuted during the years 1793 *and* 1794. William Tait, Edinburgh. 1837.

Reformers are much indebted to Mr Tait for this successful attempt to revive in their country's reverence the names of some

of her noblest sons, whom, according to her common practise, she rejected in their day. We rejoiced to see the large attendance at the meeting on Monday, called together in commemoration of them. The noble letter of Godwin to Gerrald immediately before his trial, which is quoted in the 'Memoirs,' is worthy to be written in letters of gold; and its concluding words may even now be addressed to the memory of the accomplished martyr. 'You,' said Godwin, 'REPRESENT US ALL.'

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Part V. C. Tilt.

This interesting publication maintains its excellence. In the present number we admire the boldness and breadth of shadow in 'Flamborough Head,' though we think a more precipitous effect might have been produced by bringing the second range of rocks lower down. As a design, we give the preference to 'Burlington Quay.'

Portraits of Ellen Tree and Miss Taylor in the characters of Olivia and Viola. By Miss M. Gillies. Moore, West street, St Martin's lane,

We are seldom pleased with any portraits in lithography. The circumstances, both mechanical and chemical, requisite to their execution, seem to render the result always doubtful, and in most cases, a foggy mediocrity. Miss M. Gillies is known as a talented miniature painter, and we have had great satisfaction in speaking highly of her productions exhibited in the Academy these several years past. We do not consider this print worthy of her hand; but when compared with all other theatrical portraits and figures "stuck up" in the print-shops of the metropolis, everybody who has an eye for design and expression must acknowledge that this lithograph, however ineffective (because too refined), is the production of one who has the feeling and taste of a true artist.

The Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations. By Francis J. Grund. 2 vols. Longman and Co., 1837.

America has, perhaps, been more vituperated than any other nation upon earth. Her form of government, her civil and moral institutions, the habits, manners, and character of her people, have been held up to every possible derision; and why? because she enjoys the blessings of a Republican dynasty. Hence all this outcry. The British public, however, does not countenance such manifest injustice, and one half the testimony of these jaundiced tourists has already been repudiated. Had their evidence been given on oath in any Court of Justice, many of them would have incurred

the penalty of perjury;—*anglicè*, have been doomed to exhibit a full-faced portrait within the frame work of the pillory. As it is, their anti-American labours are of so Sysiphean a character, that they wantonly, at every effort, drag down the dust of oblivion on their own heads. A vindication of America and the Americans is now not wanted; still it is interesting to hear the results which are derived from the experience of one who has not only resided in the country many years, but who appears *ex facie* by the vigorous and philosophical tone of his observations, to be a competent witness; one who does not see through the *chiar-oscuro* of any particular description of political spectacles, but who can analyse fairly and impartially those political and moral conditions which contribute to the importance of a nation in its foreign relations, and are essential to its own internal and domestic happiness. The author of the volumes before us is of this class. He gives a very clear and energetic description of the character of the Americans in all their political and social relations, analysing as he proceeds the causes by which some of the most prominent features of their character were originally developed and subsequently confirmed. All who have read Basil Hall, Hamilton, or amused themselves with the caricatures of Mrs Trollope, or with the gossip of Mrs Butler, concerning America, should read attentively these volumes by Mr Grund. They contain a great deal of authentic information, and are extremely interesting. Mr Grund, however, should not go out of his way to meddle with poetry and the fine arts, about which he puts forth some ludicrously mercantile notions and non-comprehensions; but his statistics are valuable, and the tables he gives will be found very useful to all those who wish to enter minutely into American affairs.

A Treatise on Painful and Nervous Diseases, and a new Mode of Treatment for Diseases of the Eye and Ear. By A. Turnbull, M. D. Churchill.

Dr Turnbull enjoys the merit of having called the attention of medical men to the very remarkable action which certain alkaloids have on the nervous system in a state of disease. The discovery of these medicines forms an important era in medical science. Dr Turnbull has not only pointed out the chief cause of inflamation, but also its remedy. Cataract, Gutta-Serena, nervous deafness, will derive signal benefit from these discoveries; indeed, these painful diseases may now be considered in a manner under the control of the practitioner. It is a curious fact, discovered by Dr Turnbull, that aconitine possesses the peculiarly property of contracting the pupil. His researches and discoveries in this important department of medical science entitle him to no ordinary degree of praise and confidence.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

1. RESTITUTION.—We possess information from the first source, that the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer which will come before the House of Commons on Monday night (after our last sheet has been worked off) on the subject of Church Rates, will include a plan for their abolition *for ever*, which cannot rationally meet with any objection from any religious sect, or political party—the restitution-making party excepted. We are not permitted to state what the plan is; (the *Examiner* of last Sunday comes so near it, in speaking of the administration of ecclesiastical funds, that the writer might be said to 'burn';) but we may state what we know the plan is *not*. The Church rates will not be paid by a general tax upon the people: nor will the exquisitely absurd current idea of the Tories be realized,—namely, that the registration of all the adherents of the Established Church, and of the Dissenters respectively, will take place, in order that the former may be assessed with the Church rates exclusively. The plan is upon a totally different footing. Political equality among the different sects of christianity is the first principle; and this is valuable because it includes freedom of conscience. We had that before, individually; *let the mass of the people take up the cause against the No-restitutionists, and the great grievance will be destroyed for ever.—Ed.*

2. SIGNS OF RE-ACTION.—The Irish Corporation Reform Bill passed the House of Commons on the 22nd ult.; and the Tories enjoyed the sweets of "re-action," in a majority of 80 against them. The *Standard*, *Morning Post*, and other organs of Toryism, console themselves that the majority against them was not greater, and call upon the House of Lords to exercise their hereditary privilege by crushing or crippling the measure before it becomes the *Lex Scripta* of misgoverned Ireland. The remarks of the *Examiner* on the defeat of the Tories are, as usual, of the finest wit. After observing that "there is a time for everything," and that "the time for Toryism is manifestly the recess," the *Examiner* adds—"In September the frog begins to swell, and to call upon all the world to bear witness he is as big as the bull; by Christmas the bull is a mite to him; and by February the frog bursts in measuring with the bull." Toryism is also compared with admirable aptitude, "to a ditch, which grows the greater the more it is hollowed out." It is indeed time that the vast sink, which has so long been filled from year to year with the mangled hearts of the people, should at last be hollowed out, and, after sufficiently exciting our wonder at the extent of its maw, be filled up with earth, over which honest men may drive the plough.

3. SLAVE-TRADE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—This execrable description of traffic is yet continued on the coast of Africa;—in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, and also, although not to the same extent, between Gambia and Sierra Leone. We rejoice to observe, therefore, that some important captures of slave ships have been recently made by our British cruisers. The *Curlew*, under command of Lieutenant Norcott, has been signally successful. This enterprising and intrepid naval offi-

cer, within the short space of a fortnight, has succeeded in capturing two important slave vessels; one a ship, the other a brig, and in releasing from slavery upwards of 900 Africans. The circumstances under which both these vessels were chased and taken, reflects the greatest honour on the naval skill and gallantry of Lieutenant Norcott, and we only regret that we have not space for the details which are highly animating and interesting. The British Government will, we hope for the sake of humanity, persevere in putting down a system which was too long trifled with by the Tories when in office.

4. The Oxford Chronicle.—The apothegm of Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun," seems to be much endangered by a recent "visitation" upon the Tories of Oxford. Behold, Oh Champions of Darkness! a light has gleamed upon Acheron—a liberal paper is come down upon ye! It might have been entitled *The Oxford Chronicle* versus *The Duke of Wellington and his Army of Divines!* Such a paper rising up beside the University, and refusing to bow down before the brazen idol of its Chancellor's Nose—that royal-arch of masonic purity in religion and war—creates in our bosoms a fervid glow more patriotic and not less ardent even than that which is communicated by those beamy reflections upon the idolaters. What must all the Dignitaries feel?—what think?—as they see the "hand-writing on the wall" regularly every week assuring them that their kingdom is passing away! The fox-hunting Bacchanalian *alumni* may curse and stamp at the decree amidst their gowned orgies,—but their reign is finished! Let them turn Reformers as soon as possible; let them read the *Oxford Chronicle* instead of Eusebius and the Fathers. We wish this paper every success, and hope to see it soon take its place beside the bold-spirited *Sheffield Iris*, *The Star in the East*, *The Cheltenham Free Press*, *The Brighton Patriot*, *&c. &c.*

5. Civil War in Spain.—Latest Intelligence.—A combined movement of the Christino troops against the Carlist insurgents, is daily expected, when General Evans, at the head of 10,000 men, will march on Irun and Fuenterrabia, and probably also on Hernani. The attack, we anticipate, will be successful; and we hourly expect talegraphic intelligence to that effect. The communication between France and San Sebastian will in this case be thrown open to the Christino forces;—but this victory will by no means terminate the war. The vigilance of the British Auxiliary troops along the French Frontier may assist in cutting off the *ostensible* Carlist supplies, and this will be all. To talk of starving a race of hardy mountaineers out of their own fertile mountain provinces, is extravagant. Stronger measures must be adopted to end this civil war.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank C. T. for his paper on the change of the 'Social System,' though we have some doubt as to whether we can avail ourselves of his kindness.

The poetry by L. G. we are sorry to be obliged to decline. The print is not so satisfactory as we could have wished.

W. L. T.'s criticism;—the conclusion of the *Standard of Taste*, and of the *Civil War in Spain*, in our next.

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